

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"The world belongs to cold hearts."—MACHIAVEL.

A thousand millions walk the Earth,  
Whom Time and Death control;  
Alone! and lonely from our birth,  
Each one a separate Soul!

Yet the Great God who made all things,  
And "good" He saw they were,  
Gave not a Man a Seraph's wings,  
To quit this lower sphere!

(Though sheathed plumes the spirit hath,  
In Life but half unfurled,  
To float him o'er its burning path,  
In Thought's aerial world.)

Not wings to bear us far away,  
God gives his creatures here,  
But tendrils of the heart which may  
Unfold each blessing near.

Affections—sympathies divine—  
High inspirations wake;  
Each seeking with its like to twine,  
And joy to give and take.

These are His gifts, that strongest glow  
In Genius' burning breast,  
Which can but half its radiance show,  
Soul-lit at His behest!

Alone!—through childhood's lagging hours,  
Which creep until our prime,—  
Heart-longing, like the folded flowers,  
To reach a gladder time.

Alone!—for even then begin  
The discipline and wrong,  
Which crush the nobler soul within,  
And make it of the throng;

Even in just proportion due  
As the young heart is warm  
To mould to loftier things and true,  
It takes the shape of harm.

Torn are the tendrils soft and strong,  
That may not cling aright;  
Yet how instinctively, for long,  
They struggled towards the light!

Alone! We never know how much,  
Till we that trial dare,  
When Care, who heaps with stealthy touch,  
Bids us our burthen bear,—

A fardel made of many things,  
Of sorrows unforeseen,  
And hopes whose knell keen memory rings  
To show what might have been!

Life's errors wreck the little store  
Of Time which moulds our fate;  
And seldom beacons shine before,  
But mock us when too late.

Alone—Alone!—each highest thought,  
The one least understood;  
Till oh, in Death—Life's battle fought,  
We are Alone with God!

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell. 3 vols. London: Smith, Older and Son, 1847.

Currer Bell is one of those three brothers Bell, who lately published in concert, a volume of rhymes;—with success enough, it would seem, to make the name, on the title-page of an anonymous book, a respectable passport for it into the literature of the day. The work so introduced, is not, as might be fancied from its title, an authentic narrative of anybody's life. It is a novel—a very clever and striking one, moreover, though written in the quiet, sober style of the old school, and, in its interest, entirely independent of contemporary commotions and discussions.

The heroine begins her story pretty far back in her life,—when she is quite a little girl,—an orphan one, moreover, neglected and fed, but miserably treated, by a wealthy widow lady, her relative, who with her children nearly worry to death the timid little unfortunate outcast. The wretchedness of a shy and tormented child, in such a situation, is vividly portrayed; not less so the sudden outburst with which, when goaded to desperation, she turns on the oppressive widow lady, who in astonishment and almost fear packs her off to school. "Lowood Institution," to wit, a picture, drawn to the life, of an English proprietary girls' school,—with its tolerable teachers, intolerable fare, and the pastoral superintendence of a neighbouring clergyman, who with wife and daughters drowned in finery, comes every now and then to inspect, and order here a ribbon, there a curl, to be cut away, for sanctity's sake. It is at Lowood that Jane's turbulence gets calmed down,—the only touch of direct philosophy in the book, and not a very happy one,—by the example of meekness in a fellow pupil, and the precepts of a good head governess. Nay, so good does she herself become, that on the removal of the latter to another "sphere of usefulness," Jane is made head of the establishment. But after a few years, she wearies of the monotony of her situation, and, wanting another, straightway does, what those who want that or anything else, should always do, namely, advertise. The advertisement is answered; all things go well; and in a few weeks, the young lady of eighteen, impassioned and clever, quiet and demure though she looks, finds herself transported to "Thornfield," a squirearchical manor house in the North Midland Counties, with a little French girl for her pupil, and for other companion only an old lady who keeps things trim during the long absence of Mr. Rochester, the owner.

Mr. Rochester, the owner, does of course come home sometime,—a strange, stern, eccentric, cynical, plain-spoken gentleman, young enough to be fallen in love with, and, though he can scarcely believe it, to fall in love himself. Jaded and sceptical as he is, he is fascinated by the truth, ardour, and hidden fire of his little Adèle's little governess, sees she is too modest to allow herself to be fascinated by him, and fetches over, accordingly, some neighbour household of aristocratic ladies and gentlemen, to one of the former of whom he makes assiduous love, and thus unsuspectingly educes Jane Eyre's secret. Finally, he offers his hand, which, finally, is accepted. They go to church, and at the point of being married, when some one steps forward, and proclaims the ceremony impossible; for, we hear, Mr. Rochester has already a wife, and alive—a half-a-live, a wretched, ferocious maniac, chained up in Thornfield itself. Too true; there she is; and Mr. Rochester cannot deny that with all his fine gifts, wit, and noble-mindedness, and heavenly beauty of person, he has behaved like a scoundrel, calculate it as he may. Though indeed there is some room for extenuation, with a novel-reader, if not with a jury; for Mr. Rochester had been married to her against his will, when quite a young man, and had borne gently all the mad excesses (for she was of West Indian origin) that drove her into real insanity. And this, fairly over, he had betaken himself to foreign travel, and only been tempted by the sight of such a prize as Jane into the semi-commission of bigamy.

Poor Jane, in her horror, hastily doffs her marriage-garments, and rushes out moneyless into space,—an adventure which, as it falls in some bleak outskirts of the manufacturing districts, gives occasion for a good deal of effective painting. She finds a refuge with two young ladies and their brother, a clergyman, who take pity on her though she refuses to reveal her story, and get her made a village schoolmistress. The same young ladies turn out afterwards to be cousins of hers, and she has the satisfaction of presenting them with a share of the fortune which falls to her by the discovery of her parents. At last, she hears the voice of her former lover and betrothed, shouting (as she fancies) her name one evening, and hurries forth to find him,—in better style than when she left him. She finds him shorn of those proportions which had been his pride,—for Thornfield one night took fire, and in the *melée* he had lost an arm and an eye; but this philosophical justice fairly enacted on him, we see that happy days are in store for him: his wife was burnt in that fire, which, indeed, had been one of her kindling,—and now, happy Jane! happy Rochester! there is no longer any obstacle to the union!"

We called this novel a very clever one, and it is so in many respects, far beyond the average of its class. The delineation, remarkably quiet, is also remarkably correct; and of the three parts into which Jane's story is divided, only the first, that of her residence and intimacy with the two help-mates of the clergyman, fails to excite a deep and true interest. The way, too, in which the use and progress of the affection between her and Rochester is managed seems to us admirable; and a quiet humour, which mingles with the tenderness of the "love passages," makes these the only tolerable ones that we have met with in any recent novel. Yet it must be confessed, if there is no straining after effect in the style, there is a little of it in the incident; the idea, for instance, of the unhappy wife chained and foaming while the husband and hero is leading another to the altar is rather revolting, and the burning her to death to make the two lovers happy is not very delicately imagined. Still, with all its defects, it is an impressive novel,—one which might do honour to a veteran occupant of the circulating libraries, much more to a mere beginner.

If we are asked, however, what is the net result of these three carefully and cleverly written volumes, we should be somewhat at a loss for an answer. Really, every time one reads a new novel, the thought becomes stronger and stronger, "Would not the talent here expended in delineating (strictly speaking) nothing, have been far more usefully employed in noting down for us something that actually is or was in this actual existence of ours; much in which that is memorable we see disappearing or left lying wholly neglected. "Truthful," "natural," "life-like," these are all very well; but then what are the "truth," "life," "nature," represented? The loves of an imaginary Miss "Jane Eyre" and Mr. "Rochester"! Our readers remember from childhood the story of that foolish Persian king in want of a "new pleasure," and so mightily taken with a fellow who came forward and imitated to perfection the squeak of a pig! It was a perfect imitation, undoubtedly; and yet, because the sound imitated was a wordlessly one, we ridicule the foolish Persian king! Might we not employ our ridicule a little nearer home?

Sparks from the Anvil. By Elisha Burritt, A.M. London: C. Gilpin, 1847.

The latest and neatest, and a very cheap, reprint of a work, which will long continue to be a favourite with the friends of peace, temperance, and anti-slavery.

Extracts from the Writings of Eminent Authors: Moral, Historical and Poetical. Selected by Miss Emily Barker. Third Edition. Two vols. London: Whittaker and Co. 1847.

Two volumes of extracts which seem to have met with considerable success,—to read a "Third Edition" is somewhat a rare attainment for a book of such solid contents. We have inspected the first volume, which is devoted to "Moral Extracts," and can testify that they are of a varied and always instructive kind. They are for the most part of a tolerable size, which we think is an advantage for a book, and many of them are from works such as Montaigne, Burton's *Anatomy*, Shaftesbury, Bayle, &c. which the youthful reader may be attracted to by seeing specimens of them,—when otherwise in these days of Reviews and Magazines, they might escape his notice altogether.

The Philosophy of Religion; or, an illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe. By Thomas Dick, LL.D. Author of "The Christian Philosopher," &c. London and Glasgow: W. Collins, 1847.

Mr. Dick's former efforts to popularise science and Christian metaphysics have made his name very well known to a large mass of the reading public. "To delineate," he says in the preface, "the moral bearings of the Christian revelation—to display the reasonableness and the excellence of its precepts, and the physical and rational grounds on which they rest, and to exhibit a few prominent features in the moral aspect of the world—were some of the principal objects which the author had in view in the composition of the following work." The treatise is divided into four chapters, the first being "On the moral relations of intelligent beings to their Creator;" the second on "Love to all subordinate intelligences;" the third "On the moral law, and the rational grounds on which its precepts are founded;" while the fourth and last is devoted to "A cursory survey of the moral state of the world." It is this last chapter, we believe, with its historical detail, that will prove most interesting to the general reader, but the whole work is written in the serious vein which distinguishes Mr. Dick's productions, and may be safely left to find its own way to those for whom it is intended.

Remarks on Geography as a Branch of Popular Education, &c. By W. Hughes, F.R.G.S. author of "The Construction of Maps," &c. London: George Bell, 1847.

Geography is one of those studies which may obviously be made most attractive as well as instructive; and yet few school hours, in the memory of the majority of men, are connected with more tedious associations than those which were devoted to it. Mr. Hughes is a practical and theoretical geographer of repute, well known as a drawer of maps and as a lecturer on geography,—and in these Remarks he steps forth to indicate what capabilities his favourite science presents to the ingenious teacher. The chief point on which he dwells, is the necessity of making the learner know something else than names and forms, and of connecting these in his mind, with men, and their industrial and other peculiarities. "If a boy," says Mr. Hughes, "be merely taught to 'learn by heart,' as it is termed, that Essex and Suffolk, Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire, Berkshire and Oxfordshire, are agricultural, and Lancashire and Cheshire, Warwickshire and Staffordshire, Derbyshire and Leicestershire, manufacturing counties, and that each of them contains such and such towns,—his memory alone is called into exercise, his task (that of remembering a long list of hard, and, in themselves, meaningless names), is soon forgotten, and no wonder that geography comes to be regarded as a dry and repulsive study. But if the same facts are taught in connection with the map of England,—if there is pointed out on it the extent of those districts which are by nature best adapted for cultivation, and of those which are fitted by the abundant distribution of coal and iron below the surface of the ground for the pursuit of the various kinds of manufacture,—if it be shown how the large commercial towns are situated near the mouths of those rivers which furnish a natural outlet for the industrial produce of the people who dwell upon their banks, and if the various features of topographical description are traced in their natural order of arrangement,—the attention of even the duller pupil will be awakened, his intelligent and thinking faculties will be cultivated,—and a perception of the clear sequence traceable in the facts to which his attention has been directed will stimulate his mind to further inquiries, from which it will soon be apparent that his subject is

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But a perpetual feast."

Both teachers and ordinary readers will find something suggestive in Mr. Hughes' Remarks.

Miscellaneous Extracts.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.—From the moment that a child becomes subject to any intimacy, a special relation between him and his mother begins to exist: and their confidence must become special. She must watch for, or make occasions for speaking to him about his particular trial; not often, nor much at a time, but so as to leave an opening for the pouring out of his little heart. If he is not yet conscious of his peculiarity, this is the gentlest and easiest way in which he can be made so. If he is conscious, he must have some pain at his heart which he will be the better for confiding. Humpbacked people are generally said to be vain, haughty, fond of dress, forward and talkative, irritable and passionate. If not so, they are usually shy and timid. I cannot see anything in their peculiarity to cause the first-mentioned tendencies; and I believe they arise from the mismanagement of their case. The fond mother and pitying friends may naturally forget that the child does not see himself as they see him, and fancy that they soothe his mortifications by saying whatever they can say in favour of his appearance—letting him know that he has pretty hair, or good eyes. They may even dress him fine, to make up to him in one way for his faults of appearance in another. Under the idea of encouraging him under his supposed mortifications, they may lead him on to be forward and talkative. And then, again, his mortifications, when they come upon him unprepared, may well make him irascible. How much of this might be obviated, as well as the shyness and timidity of those who are left to themselves, by timely confidence between the mother and child! When they are alone together, calm and quiet, let her tell him that he does not look like other children, and that he will look less like other people as he grows older. Never let her tell him that this is of no great consequence—never let her utter the cant that is talked to young ladies at schools, that the charms of the mind are everything, and those of the form and face nothing. This is not true; and she ought to know that it is not; and nothing but truth will be strong enough to support him in what he must undergo. Let her not be afraid to tell him the worst. He had better hear it from her; and it will not be too much for him, if told in a spirit of cheerful patience. The child, like the man, never has a happier hour than that which succeeds the reception of bad news, if the nobler faculties are allowed their free play. *Miss Martineau, in the People's Journal.*

CAN ITALY REFORM ITSELF.—Her resurrection must needs be gradual and painful. Uphill work for many a generation to come. Centuries must elapse ere she has provided for her material well being. The very air is contaminated, the earth corrupted and rotten. Talk of pre-eminence indeed! Half Tuscany, and all the sea-coast, is but a pestilential morass. Man and time have conspired to deface the garden of Europe. In the same manner, the vast majority of the population lies in hopeless prostration. Look at one of the *festas* of the *Madonna* and dream of mental superiority! The Italian mind is tainted at its very sources; its emancipation from gross superstition will prove even more arduous a task than the draining of the Pontine Marshes. The depth of its abjection is even proportionate to the loftiness of its original aspirations, and vastness of its capabilities. On the whole there is nothing more mean and idle than this miserable vaunt about superiority of race. Mr. Disraeli equally rates about the pre-eminence of the Hebrew people, "the most unmixt branch of the great Caucasian stock." Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, have had their own day, no less than Italy. It would be difficult to prove on what ground the former countries could aspire to a revival of their moral and social influence, or else by what privilege the latter could hope for exemption from the laws of rise and decline, which are the common lot of all sublunary things. Gioberti lays all his expectations on a revival of Catholicism in all its primitive integrity, but Catholicism itself is not essentially and indissolubly identified with Italy. Christianity invariably followed in the wake of civilisation. Palestine gave it birth. It had its seat in Rome, so long as Rome was the centre of the world. It follows now the westward march of mankind. Were the Christian tribes again to rear up a common altar, it is more than questionable whether its shrine would still be at the Vatican. The living faith sits ill at ease amongst the ruins of departed greatness. Rome, like Jerusalem, is little better than a desert—perhaps equally irreclaimable. Meanwhile, every hour leaves Italy a thousand miles in the rear of those northern who followed once in her track. Speed Italy! for human progress is almost losing sight of thee! The spark of life thou harbourst still in thy bosom is waning fast. Let thy struggle be for existence; leave to the more fortunate the unprofitable question of pre-eminence.—*The Prospective Review for November.*

PARIS BY NIGHT.—Paris by night wears an aspect of such complete mournfulness and desolation—an aspect so utterly unlooked for in the physiognomy of the so-called "busy capital of the civilised world"—that it is impossible to pass along its silent streets without an involuntary feeling of dread, and an uncomfortable shudder—one scarce knows why. The face of Paris by night resembles as little the face of Paris by day as the corpse of a man who has died of some loathsome disease resembles the same being animated by life and in the heyday of youth, beauty, and gay spirits. The lively multitudes that crowded the streets in gay confusion, intent on pleasure or on business, on the exercise of the act of killing time or saving time, are gone. It is natural. The world sleeps. But the chance wanderer by night shudders to find that the world of Paris is dead, not sleeping. There is no longer the least breath or respiration. The city is a corpse. The only lingering symptom of life which he meets is all gangrene, mortification, pollution. Perchance, he may stumble upon some crawling wretch, whom vice or dissipation has placed upon the very lowest step of life's ladder—one of those fearful villains with whom Paris tennants, fearful when associated, despicable when alone, who seeks his daily garbage among the filthiest moral mud of the great capital—or he may cross in his path one of those pitiable beings who earn his livelihood in the last stage of industry, and gathers from the dirt and ordure of the streets everything that by remote possibility can be in any way employed to human purposes—no matter what those purposes may be—and who tosses into the refuse basket on his back every scrap of rags that has a form, however shapeless—bits of paper, matter, morsels of iron, old nails, shreds of leather, even soiled and withered cabbage-leaves, at which well fed country pigs would turn up their snouts—pell-mell. Such objects he may meet, but little else; and happy may he be that it is nothing more hideous. A few corruges may still rattle to and fro from the ball room door in some streets of fashion's haunts; but elsewhere, throughout the greater part of the great city, the only equipage that crosses his path is one of those great slow and heavy carts (the disgrace of a civilised capital, in which millions are bestowed upon exterior embellishments and nothing upon unseen sewers, so necessary to comfort, health, even life) which rumbles wearily along the stones which shake beneath its creaking massive wheels, and stops before some fated door in order to suck in its long black proboscis the contents of common drains, poisoning the air around with pestilential stench at fifty paces distant, and adding its foul breath to the myriad of other mephitic vapours that float-like exhalations from infernal spectres along the thoroughfares of a crowded and debauched metropolis. Where a thousand varied objects of sale, a thousand gay and gaudy trifles, glittered behind the bright and polished windows of the shops—where the rainbow arabesques of the richly-painted *cafés* dazzled the eye by day—a mournful row of long dark shutters, bound with iron bars and held by heavy screws, rise up before the retarded wanderer, like coffins erect upon their ends, and forming, as it were, entrances to the chambers of the dead. Instead of the innumerable lights that streamed from the shop-windows, and gave the brightness of day to the still crowded, busy streets during the evening, a faint colourless glimmer shines alone from the sparingly supplied gas-lamps; if, indeed, as is still the case in parts, it is not from a dim lantern; alone suspended from the middle of the street—thus scarcely rendering "darkness visible," to aid the passenger on his stumbling shuffling way. Heaven! help the *flâneur* in Paris from the mania, so common to all *flâneurs*—the mania of wandering by night!—*Bentley's Miscellany.*