

was one of the most delightful specimens of cheerful old age I ever met with. He had spent a life of activity and usefulness, and was ever ready to sympathise with and encourage the young in a similar course. He very soon discovered my source of regret; but he did not make any remark until a circumstance occurred which gave him an opportunity of teaching me a lesson.

'I accompanied him on a visit to an exhibition of pictures, where, amongst other gems of art, was an exquisite painting, the subject of which was similar to the engraving we have before us. I was much struck with it, and stood for some considerable time rivetted to the spot; then turning away with a bitter smile, 'Ah, would,' I murmured, 'that I had been the fortunate discoverer of that stone!' This brief exclamation was not intended to meet the ear of my aged companion; but it did so; and he eagerly enquired whether I desired the fame of the discovery, or the unbounded wealth it would produce. 'The wealth, sir!' I energetically replied; 'but not for its own sake, for I am not avaricious,' and, encouraged by his manner, I then proceeded to open my heart to him, by making him acquainted with my severe disappointment. Nothing further passed on the subject until we were on our way home, when, with a good-humoured smile the old gentleman addressed me: 'I have, my dear young friend,' he said, 'been turning your wish over in my mind; and thinking it unlikely that it will be realised, I have hit upon an excellent substitute.' I looked up not a little puzzled to divine his meaning, but made no remark. 'The Philosopher's Stone,' he resumed, 'is, I believe, now generally admitted to have been a mere chimaera of the imagination; but it is in your power to effect a transmutation of infinitely more value, and this is no secret science. The experiment may be tried by any one.' 'I really do not understand you, dear sir,' I returned with some anxiety, supposing that he was about to make a revelation which would further the objects of my desire. 'Providence has not permitted you to follow the bent of your own inclination,' he resumed. 'You are dissatisfied, and consequently unhappy: thinking, like the prophet Jonah with his gourd, that you 'do well to be angry.' Now, if, instead of brooding over what you deem to be your misfortunes, you were to try, by the magic power of a moral alchemy, to transmute your duties into pleasures, you would, I think, find the result successful. You look surprised and incredulous, my young friend,' he pursued; 'but I can assure you that the thing is practicable, because I have made the experiment myself. When the occupation is simply manual, we may employ our thoughts upon more agreeable and congenial subjects; but when they are necessarily chained down to an uninteresting employment, the very fact of its being a duty, if it be discharged with a cheerful spirit, may invest it with a charm. Will you try this moral power?' he asked, affectionately taking my hand. 'I will—I will indeed, ashamed of my discontented spirit.' And I did try it, my children, and having experienced in happy effects, recommend you all to make the same experiment for yourselves.'

From the People's Press.

GETTING MARRIED.

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking about the rubbish of the world, till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know that delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life—a dog is not a touch to her. She is of more service too, than you can at first imagine. She can soothe your linen and your cares for you—mend your trousers and perchance your manners—sweeten your moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness, instead of harrow teeth, in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood, dig potatoes for dinner; her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him except receiving company in her every day clothes.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double devotedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and immutable. She won't change it except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers, as if loth to part like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against 'doing the deed' ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this, if blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much more need of annexation, for in union, there is strength. Get married, I repeat young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb among a host of Susans, Marys, Loranias, Olivias, Elizas, Augustas, Betsies, Leggies, Harriks, and Dorotheas—allowing to each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you as you journey through this 'lowly vale of tears'—somebody to scour up your whole life, and whatever lin-

en you possess, in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

Young women! I need not tell you to look out for husbands, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch them, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat for a mouse.—But one word in your, if you please.—Don't bait your hook with artificial beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust.

Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love, and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gew-gaws, flippejigs, fol-de-rols, and fiddle-de-dees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to live and die a self-mann-factured old maid.

My readers!—get married while you are young; and then when the frost of age shall fall and wither the flowers of affection, the leaves of cannibal love will still be green, and perchance a joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree, like ivy adorning and entwining the time scathed oak.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

THE LILLIES OF THE FIELD.

Each at the dawn uprears its dewy chalice,
Breathing forth incense to the early morn-
ing—

Gems that make bright the lone sequestered
valleys,

The woodland green, and silent glen adorn-
ing!

God said, 'Let there be light,' and lo! crea-
tion

Shone forth with smiles, emparadised and
fair.

Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were
there!

Ye came to bless the eye, when sin had
shrouded

The fate of man in dark and fearful peril—
Ye came to cheer the heart, when evil cloud-
ed

The glorious earth, and made its bosom
sterile!

And ye have power, with your most sinless
beauty,

When in the heart unworthy passions
sway,

To win the spirit to the path of duty,
And guide the wanderer's step in wisdom's
way.

Ye speak with silent eloquence: your voices
Come to the soul with accents breathing
lowly,

To tell how virtue gladdens and rejoices,
And stirs the heart with feeling pure and
holy!

Meekly ye tell an emblematic story
Of the Creator's love, with pathos true,

For Solomon with all his regal glory,
Was ne'er arrayed so fair as you!

Ay! ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Much solemn truth that wakes sublime
emotion;

And wisdom, gazing, still grows wiser, feel-
ing

How much ye bring of worship and devo-
tion.

For who may look upon you smiling sweetly,
Or who with thoughtful gaze your beauties
scan,

Nor see on every leaf inscribed most meet-
ly,

A living moral unto sinful man?

Ye neither toil nor spin, yet God hath made
you

More to be loved than all that art can ren-
der:

In nature's silken robes he hath arrayed you,
And ye are clad with more than queenly
splendour!

More bright ye are when, by the shining river,
Ye offer to the sky your mild perfume,

Than aught that art can boast or bring—than
ever

Were richest fabrics of the Indian loom!

Ye come to mingle in the dreams of child-
hood

That o'er the soul of mem'ry's shrine are
stealing—

Ye tell of joys by fountain, mead, and wild-
wood,

The hallowed scenes of life's glad morn re-
vealing!

With thankful joy we feel the precious plea-
sures

That flow from him that is all-wise and
good.

And you, ye gentle, sinless things, are trea-
sures

That win our love and wake our gratitude.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

MY DEAR PERCY,—You are young and you are clever; it is natural, therefore, that you should be ambitious. God has gifted you with an intellect, which, like a mettled steed, is impatient at activity, and to which you long to trust yourself in the adventurous steep-chase of life. Be it so. Hope on, hope ever. Determine to be great, and you will be great. To connect your name with some project for the advancement of mankind flatters your vanity, while responding to the ardent love of truth and goodness which has empire over your soul. You wish to stand out from among your contemporaries, conspicuous yet honoured. You thirst for fame. Notoriety, if not coupled with infamy, would tempt you. That feeling would be dangerous in one less noble; but you, Percy, although ardently desiring to be one of the world's captains, have not, I am sure, sufficient moral obtuseness to become a demagogue. Therefore I have no fears for you.

Life spreads its broad plain before you. Many paths, devious and intricate, lead to the goal of ambition; but they are crowded with aspirants, and some of them lie under so many low portals, and through so many murky tunnels, that you must crawl on your knees if you would save your head from striking against the roofs. You wish to walk erect; your joints want the suppleness of those who crawl. There are consequently but few paths left from which to choose, and you ask me 'Which shall I choose?'

It is a momentous question; one, seldom to be answered in perfect and unhesitating calmness of conscience. But when I think of your capacities and your studies—when I remember how at school you followed for awhile the quiet and sequestered studies of literature, and how quickly growing impatient, your energetic spirit, eager to plunge into the tumult of action, threw you into that which most resembled action—the stormy discussions of the Debating Club; when to this I add your ardour in joining societies in the metropolis, your fondness for public meetings, your proneness to disturb a placid after-dinner chat with vehement discussions on current topics, then, I cannot hesitate to answer, 'Choose politics.'

Having chosen, you must prepare yourself; you must commence your political education. Above all things, be assured that to rush into the arena with no other guides than your enthusiasm, your sincerity, and your eloquence, will lead you to no enviable goal. Distinction is not to be carved out of such materials. In these free-spoken times, in this free-spoken country, such qualities are not rare enough for destruction; and to make the matter worse, they are diamonds which should be set in a setting of steel, and not in a paste, which to the vulgar eye shall shine with equal lustre.

Therefore, do not for an instant suppose your desire for the public good sufficient. It may be a noble passion, and yet be mistaken by the world for an ignoble calculation. It may be sincere, but it is only a passion, and not a doctrine. Now passion is a powerful momentum in the political world, as elsewhere, but it is blind; it animates, sustains, carries onwards with irresistible force the prejudice or opinion it is called upon to serve, but it is mere brute force which can cut but cannot see the way. Great passions sway the world; headed by great convictions, they shape the world. Therefore I say, if you would be more than hundreds of those around you, get new ideas.

It may look like the affection of paradox if I say, that from no existing parties can you get ideas. Yet I must say so. They all seem to me utterly incompetent to any social re-organization; utterly incompetent to take the efficient command of society with the co-operation of all thinking men. The Tories alone, the Whigs alone, the Radicals alone, are incompetent to rule England for one month upon their own principles. Meanwhile, England has to stagger along as she best can, without the least unanimity of political opinion, and with flagrant social injustice as the consequence. But of this anon. Here I would call your attention to the fact of the advent of a new party being at hand.

Yes, at hand. The necessity for a new doctrine is exemplified in the very fact of our intellectual anarchy—in the fact, that in all classes of society, and in all grades of intelligence, there is profound dissidence on the most fundamental topics. The readiness to accept a new doctrine is shown by the fact that only such men as have ideas distinctly conceived can gain importance. The nation is weary of watch words; it wants ideas. 'Church and State,' no longer forms an answer to an argument; our 'Glorious Constitution,' producing inglorious misery, has become laughable; and the 'Rights of man' is found to be an empty declamation. We are tired of routine; we demand principles; and principles when distinctly conceived, and luminously set forth, thanks to the diffusion of knowledge, now triumph over prejudices: the abolition of the corn laws is a sample of the bloodless victories to follow the march of mind. Widely divergent are men's opinions—anarchical as is the state of all social questions, I yet distinctly see that the public is ripe for a new doctrine, provided that doctrine be large enough to embrace the whole question and to include the doctrines of each party. A new reformation is at hand.

You are about to form a political credo. Let me, as briefly as I can, indicate to you the vital points in the problem you, and others, have to solve. Government, properly speaking, is the executive of institutions. In despotic countries, much greatly depends upon the caprice of the sovereign; but even there, institutions, in some way conformable with the ideas and condition of the people, are the staple principles of government; the autocrat is controlled by them. Institutions are the embodiment of ideas. The social hierarchy is always founded upon a social theory and a social necessity.

Now you will readily admit that when the thinking members of society are divided amongst themselves respecting fundamental ideas and institutions, and these divisions are not the result of sordid motives, but of honest speculative inquiry, the state of things must be characterised as anarchical.

Such is the state of England at this moment. The great basis of society (the ideas of which its institutions are the symbols) is unsettled, is tottering. To this crisis it has been slowly growing. Ever since the theocracy of Catholicism—when all Europe was bound together by a common creed, and subordinated to one social hierarchy which was undisputed—there has been no example of a government fully conformable with the exigencies of the age. But that theocracy was from the nature of it short-lived. The doctrine which is to equal it in unity, must surpass it in the extent of its application; for social phenomena are singularly more complex than they were in those days.

Is there any existing doctrine capable of achieving that unity, and that power?

To enable you to understand the force of my negative to this question, I will just indicate the leading points of the current political doctrines, in relation to the great social problem.

The grand principles of social existence are Order and Progress. Order that there may be security, peace; Progress, that there may be no stagnation, no tyranny of forms which society has outgrown. Without stability, society would be impossible. No reform is ever undertaken except with a view of being consolidated into Order. Perpetual progress would be the defeat of the very object of progress. Therefore all men recognise the necessity of permanence, of Order. On the other hand, there is an irresistible tendency towards an amelioration which is implanted in the human mind, and which flourishes in all free states. I do not, with Turgot and Shelly, believe in the perfectibility of the human race. I think with Auguste Comte that the hypothesis rests upon the fallacy of taking an indefinite for an infinite progression. But I cannot refuse my assent to those who point out the progress of the species as the most legible fact in human history. The discovery of to-day is the common-place of to-morrow. Each step we take is a step in advance; and if, to a casual observer, the race occasionally seems to retrograde, yet it is no more than the regression of the waves of a tide steadily flowing in, to use the happy illustration once given by Macaulay. At any rate, if we do not improve, we change; there is no disputing that. Accordingly the institution which was fitted to our ancestors is irksome if not tyrannous to their children. We claim institutions conformable with the spirit of our present condition; not conformable with the spirit of a past condition. Thus, however desirable, however necessary Order may be, yet is it antagonistic to the other, equally necessary, principle of Progress.

Are order and progress irreconcilable? In antiquity they were universally deemed so. But modern civilization daily proclaims them to be the true source of all social doctrines the grand principle of social existence. It is obvious, therefore, that the problem for political science is: How to reconcile these antagonistic principles? How form a doctrine which rising from both these principles shall give to each its true activity and destination, by connecting them with some higher principle?

This being premised, let us see what existing parties make of the question. Let us see if any one is capable of being the satisfactory exponent of the nation's ideas. At the first blush it might appear that in the three great parties, now fighting in the arena, we have exponents of the three great principles necessary for the preservation and development of society.

In the Tories we have the exponents of Order and Stability.

In the Radicals we have the exponents of Progress.

In the Whigs we have at once the exponents of Order and of Progress, short of the excesses of each.

Look closer, and this formula will be found a bubble. Each party is the exponent of an instinctive feeling, not of a philosophical conception. Instinctively men cling to Order, instinctively they clamour for Progress, and instinctively they feel the danger of both demands if either be exclusively fulfilled, and thus take a middle course. Men dread anarchy; and they abhor tyranny. Here at once are Tories and Radicals. Others are afraid of both; and these are Whigs.

This looks like a defence of Whiggism, say you? It is nothing of the kind. In my subsequent letters I shall endeavour to show—

That the Order demanded by the Tories is not the Order which can give stability to modern society:

That the Progress demanded by the radicals is too vague to be anything more than an aspiration after a better state, and is useful as a critical and destructive weapon, but useless as a means of organisation, until it