

ground, day by day. If it is true of woman that she can hope against hope, and toil against unceasing discouragement, there is no question what she can and will do towards a work whose completion is, if she will believe it, in her own hands.

LONDON, 1834.

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#### LETTER TO THE DEAF.

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

THE deafness under which I have now for some years past suffered, has become, from being an almost intolerable grievance, so much less of one, to myself and my friends, than such a deprivation usually is, that I have often of late longed to communicate with my fellow-sufferers, in the hope of benefiting, by my experience, some to whom the discipline, is newer than to myself.

I have for some time done what I could in private conversation; but it never occurred to me to print what I had to say, till it was lately not only suggested to me, but urged upon me as a duty. I adopt this method as the only means of reaching you all; and I am writing with the freedom which I should use in a private letter to each of you. It does not matter what may be thought of any thing I now say, or of my saying it in this manner, by those who do not belong to our fraternity. I write merely for those who are deeply concerned in the subject of my letter. The time may come when I shall tell the public some of our secrets, for other purposes than those which are now before me. At present I address only you; and as there is no need for us to tell our secrets to one another, there may be little here to interest any but ourselves.

I am afraid I have nothing to offer to those of you who have been deaf from early childhood. Your case is very

different from mine ; as I have reason to know through my intimacy with a friend who became deaf at five years old. Before I was so myself, I had so prodigious a respect for this lady, (which she well deserves,) that if she could have heard the lightest whisper in which a timid girl ever spoke, I should not have dared to address her. Circumstances directed her attention towards me, and she began a correspondence, by letter, which flattered me, and gave me courage to converse with her when we met, and our acquaintance grew into an intimacy which enabled me at last to take a very bold step ; — to send her a sonnet, in allusion to our common infirmity ; my deafness being then new, and the uppermost thing in my mind, day and night. I was surprised and mortified at her not seeming to enter into what I had no doubt in the world must touch her very nearly ; but I soon understood the reason. When we came to compare our experiences, we were amused to find how differently we felt, and had always felt, about our privation. Neither of us, I believe, much envies the other, though neither of us pretends to strike the balance of evil. She has suffered the most privation, and I the most pain.

Nothing can be more different than the two cases necessarily are. Nine-tenths of my miseries arose from false shame ; and, instead of that false shame, the early deaf entertain themselves with a sort of pride of singularity, and usually contrive to make their account of this, as of other infirmities, by obtaining privileges and indulgences, for which they care much more than for advantages which they have never known, and cannot appreciate. My friend and I have principles, major and minor, on which our methods of managing our infirmity are founded ; but some of the minor principles, and all the methods, are as different as might be expected from the diversity of the experience which has given rise to them. Nothing can be better for her than her own

management; and, of course, I think the same of my own for myself, or I should change it. Before I dismiss this lady, I must mention that I am acquainted with several deaf ladies; so that no one but herself and our two families can know whom I have been referring to.

I am afraid some of you may be rather surprised at the mention of plans, and methods, and management,—for, alas! we are but too apt to shrink from regularly taking in hand our own case. We are left to our own weakness in this respect. We can have but little help,—and we usually have none, but much hinderance. I do not mean by this, to find any fault with our neighbours. I have met with too much sympathy, (as far as sympathy is possible,) with too much care, and generosity, and tenderness, to have the least inclination to complain of any body connected with me. I only mean that this very tenderness is hurtful to us in as far as it encourages us to evade our enemy, instead of grappling with it; to forget our infirmity, from hour to hour, if we can; and to get over the present occasion somehow, without thinking of the next. This would be considered a strange way of meeting any other kind of evil; and its consequences in our case are most deplorable. If we see that the partially deaf are often unscrupulous about truth, inquisitive, irritable, or morose; suspicious, low-spirited, or ill-mannered, it is owing to this. It is impossible for us to deny that if principles are ever needed, if methods are ever of use as supports and guides, it must be in a case where each of us must stand alone in the midst of temptations and irritations which beset us every hour, and against which no defence of habit has been set up, and no bond of companionship can strengthen us. What these temptations and irritations are, we all know:—the almost impossibility of not seeming to hear when we do not,—the persuasion that people are taking advantage of us in what they say,—that

they are discussing us, or laughing at us, — that they do not care for us as long as they are merry, — that the friend who takes the pains to talk to us might make us less conspicuous if he would, — the vehement desire that we might be let alone, and the sense of neglect if too long let alone; all these, absurd and wicked fancies as they are seen to be when fairly set down, have beset us all in our time; have they not? For my own part, though I am never troubled with them now, I have so vivid a remembrance of them all, that I believe a thousand years would not weaken the impression. Surely that degree of suffering which lashes us into a temporary misanthropy when our neighbours are happiest, which makes us fly to our chambers, and lock ourselves in, to hide the burning tears which spring at the mirth of those we love best, which seduces us into falsehood or thanklessness to God and man, is enough to justify and require the most careful fixing of principles, and framing of methods. We might as well let our hearts and minds — our happiness — take their chance without discipline in all cases whatever, as neglect our own discipline in this.

The first thing to be done is to fix upon our principle. This is easy enough. To give the least possible pain to others is the right principle. How to apply it requires more consideration. Let me just observe, that we are more inexcusable in forsaking our principle here than in any other case, and than the generality of people are in the generality of cases. Principles are usually forsaken from being forgotten, — from the occasion for them not being perceived. We have no such excuse while beginning to act upon our principle. We cannot forget, — we cannot fail to perceive the occasion, for five minutes together, that we spend in society. By the time that we become sufficiently at ease to be careless, habit may, if we choose, have grown up to support our principle, and we may be safe.

Our principle requires that we should boldly review our case, and calmly determine for ourselves what we will give up, and what struggle to retain. It is a miserable thing to get on without a plan from day to day, nervously watching whether our infirmity lessens or increases, or choosing to take for granted that we shall be rid of it; or hopelessly and indolently giving up every thing but a few selfish gratifications; or weakly refusing to resign what we can no longer enjoy. We must ascertain the probability for the future, if we can find physicians humane enough to tell us the truth: and where it cannot be ascertained, we must not delay making provision for the present. The greatest difficulty here arises from the mistaken kindness of friends. The physician had rather not say, as mine said to me, "I consider yours a bad case." The parent entreats to be questioned about any thing that passes; brothers and sisters wish that music should be kept up; and, what is remarkable, every body has a vast deal of advice to give, if the subject be fairly mentioned; though every body helps, by false tenderness, to make the subject too sacred an one to be touched upon. We sufferers are the persons to put an end to all this delusion and mismanagement. Advice must go for nothing with us in a case where nobody is qualified to advise. We must cross-question our physician, and hold him to it till he has told us all. We must destroy the sacredness of the subject, by speaking of it ourselves; not perpetually and sentimentally, but, when occasion arises, boldly, cheerfully, and as a plain matter of fact. When every body about us gets to treat it as a matter of fact, our daily difficulties are almost gone; and when we have to do with strangers, the simple, cheerful declaration, "I am very deaf," removes almost all trouble. Whether there was ever as much reluctance to acknowledge defective sight as there now is defective hearing, — whether the mention of spectacles was ever as hateful as that of a trumpet

is now, I do not know; but I was full as much grieved as amused lately at what was said to me in a shop where I went to try a new kind of trumpet: "I assure you, Ma'am," said the shopkeeper, "I dread to see a deaf person come into my shop. They all expect me to find them some little thing that they may put into their ears, that will make them hear every thing, without any body finding out what is the matter with them."

Well, what must be given up, and what may be struggled for?

The first thing which we are disposed to give up is the very last which we ought to relinquish — society. How many good reasons we are apt to see, — are we not? — why we should not dine out; why it is absurd to go into an evening party; why we ought to be allowed to remain quiet up stairs when visitors are below! This will not do. Social communication must be kept up through all its pains, for the sake of our friends as well as for our own. It can never be for the interest of our friends that we should grow selfish, or absorbed in what does not concern our day and generation, or nervous, dependant, and helpless in common affairs. The less able we become to pick up tidings of man and circumstance, the more diligently we must go in search of the information. The more our sympathies are in danger of contraction, the more must we put ourselves in the way of being interested by what is happening all about us. Society is the very last thing to be given up; but it must be sought, (and I say it with deep sympathy for those of you to whom the effort is new,) under a bondage of self-denial, which annihilates for a time almost all the pleasure. Whatever may be our fate, — whether we may be set down at the end of a half circle, where nobody comes to address us, or whether we may be placed beside a lady who cannot speak above her breath, or a gentleman who shouts till every body turns to see what is

the matter ; whether one well-meaning friend says across the room, in our behalf, "do tell that joke over again to——," and all look to see how we laugh when they have done ; or another kind person says, "how I wish you could hear that song," — or "that harp in the next room," or "those sweet nightingales," if we happen to be out of doors, — whether any or all of these doings and sayings befall us, we must bravely go on taking our place in society.

Taking our place, I say. What is our place? It is difficult to decide. Certainly, not that of chief talker, any more than that of chief listener. We must make up our minds for a time to hold the place that we may chance to be put into, — to depend on the tact and kindness of those near us. This is not very pleasant ; but if we cannot submit to it for a while, we cannot boast much of our humility, nor of our patience. We must submit to be usually insignificant, and sometimes ridiculous. Do not be dismayed, dear companions. This necessity will not last long, and it is well worth while undergoing it. Those who have strength of mind to seek society under this humiliation, and to keep their tempers through it, cannot long remain insignificant there. They must rise to their proper place, if they do but abstain from pressing beyond it. It is astonishing how every thing brightens, sooner or later. The nightingales and the harp will be still out of the question : but they will be given up almost without pain, because it is a settled matter to every body present that they are out of the question. Friends will have discovered that jokes are not the things to be repeated ; and that which is repeated will be taken as coming in due course, and will at length consist of all that has been really worth hearing of what has been said. Other people may laugh without occasioning a nervous distortion in your countenance ; and it is quite certain that if your temper have stood your trial, you will never pass an evening without meeting with

some attention which will touch, some frank kindness which will elevate your feelings, and send you home wiser and happier than you came forth.

This can only be, however, if you have stood your trial well, if you bring an open temper and an open countenance. It is a matter of wonder that we are addressed so much as we are; and if, in addition to the difficulty of making us hear, we offer the disagreeableness of (not a constrained, that will be pitied, but) a frowning countenance, we may betake ourselves to the books or prints on the table, but may as well give up all hope of conversation. As a general rule, nothing can be worse than for people to think at all about their countenances; but in our case it is worth while, for a time, and to a certain extent. I was kindly told, a few years ago, that many people wished to converse with me, but that I looked as if I had rather not be spoken to. Well I might; for I then discovered that in trying to check one bad habit, I had fallen into another. I had a trick of sighing, to cover which I used to twist my fingers almost out of joint, (and so do you, I dare say,) and the pain of this process very naturally made me frown. My friend's hint put me on my guard. Instead of twisting my fingers, I recalled my vow of patience, and this made me smile; and the world has been a different place to me since. Some such little rule as turning every sigh into a smile will help you over a multitude of difficulties, and save you, at length, the trouble of thinking about either smiling or sighing.

It has always been my rule *never* to ask what is going forward; and the consequence has well compensated all I had to go through from the reproaches of kind friends, who were very anxious that I should trouble them in that way. Our principle plainly forbids the practice; and nothing can therefore justify it. There is at first no temptation; for we had then rather miss the sayings of the wise men of Greece,



than obtain them by such means; but the practice once begun, there is no telling where it will stop. Have we not seen—it sickens me to think of it—restless, inquisitive, deaf people, who will have every insignificant thing repeated to them, to their own incessant disappointment, and the suffering of every body about them, whom they make, by their appeals, almost as ridiculous as themselves. I never could tolerate the idea of any approach to the condition of one of these. I felt, besides, that it was impossible for me to judge of what might fairly be asked for, and what had better be let pass. I therefore obstinately adhered to my rule; and I believe that no one whom I have met in any society, (and I have seen a great deal,) has been enabled to carry away more that is valuable, or to enjoy it more thoroughly than myself. I was sure that I might trust to the kindness of my neighbours, if I was but careful not to vex and weary it; and my confidence has been fully justified. The duty extends to not looking as if you wanted to be amused. Your friends can have little satisfaction in your presence, if they believe that when you are not conversing you are no longer amused. “I wonder every day,” said a young friend to me, when I was staying in a large well-filled country house, “what you do with yourself during our long dinners, when we none of us talk with you, because we have talked so much more comfortably on the lawn all the morning. I cannot think how you help going to sleep.” “I watch how you help the soup,” was my inconsiderate reply—I was not aware how inconsiderate, till I saw how she blushed every day after on taking up the ladle. I mentioned the soup only as a specimen of my occupations during dinner. There were also the sunset lights and shadows on the lawn to be watched, and the never-ceasing play of human countenances, — our grand resource when we have once gained ease enough to enjoy them at leisure. There were graceful and light-hearted girls, and there was an

originality of action in the whole family, which amused me from morning till night. The very apparatus of the table, and the various dexterities of the servants, are matters worth observing when we have nothing else to do. I never yet found a dinner too long, whether or not my next neighbour might be disposed for a tête-à-tête — never, I mean, since the time when every social occupation was to me full of weariness and constraint.

Another rule which I should recommend is always to wait to be addressed: except in our own houses, where the exception must be made with our guests. Some, I know, adopt a contrary rule, for this reason, that if we ask a question to which we can anticipate the answer, the awkwardness of a failure at the outset is prevented. But my own feeling is against obliging any one to undertake the trouble of conversing with us. It is perfectly easy to show, at the moment of being addressed, that we are sociably disposed, and grateful for being made companions; and I, at least, feel the pleasure to be greater for its having been offered me.

I think it best for us to give up also all undertakings and occupations in which we cannot mark and check our own failures; — teaching any thing which requires ear, preaching, and lecturing, and music. I gave up music, in opposition to much entreaty, some reproach, and strong secret inclination; because I knew that my friends would rather put up with a wrong bass in my playing, and false tune in my singing, than deprive me of a resource. Our principle clearly forbids this kind of indulgence; therefore, however confident we may be of our musical ear, let us be quite sure that we shall never again be judges of our own music, or our own oratory, and avoid all wish of making others suffer needlessly by our privations. Listen to no persuasions, dear companions, if you are convinced that what I have said is right. No one *can* judge for you. Be thankful for the kind intentions of your

friends ; but propose to enjoy their private eloquence instead of offering your own in public ; and please yourselves with their music, as long as you can, without attempting to rival it. These are matters in which we have a right to be obstinate, if we are sure of the principle we go upon ; for we are certainly much better able to judge what will be for the happiness of our friends, in their common circumstances, than they can be of ours, in our uncommon ones.

How much less pain there is in calmly estimating the enjoyments from which we must separate ourselves, of bravely saying, for once and for ever, "Let them go," than in feeling them waste and dwindle, till their very shadows escape from our grasp ! With the best management, there is quite enough, for some of us, of this wasting and dwindling, when we find, at the close of each season, that we are finally parting with something ; and at the beginning of each, that we have lost something since the last. We miss first the song of the skylark, and then the distant nightingale, and then one bird after another, till the loud thrush itself seems to have vanished ; and we go in the way of every twittering under the eaves, because we know that that will soon be silenced too. But I need not enlarge upon this to you. I only mean to point out the prudence of lessening this kind of pain to the utmost, by making a considerable effort at first ; and the most calculating prudence becomes a virtue, when it is certain that as much must at best be gone through as will afflict our friends, and may possibly overpower ourselves, our temper and deportment, if not our principles and our affections. I do not know how sufficiently to enforce these sacrifices being made with frankness and simplicity ; and nothing so much needs enforcing. If our friends were but aware how cruel an injury is the false delicacy which is so common, they would not encourage our false shame as they do. If they have known anything of the bondage of ordinary false shame, they may

imagine something of our suffering in circumstances of irremediable singularity. Instead of putting the singularity out of sight, they should lead us to acknowledge it in words, prepare for it in habits, and act upon it in social intercourse. If they will not assist us here, we must do it for ourselves. Our principle, again, requires this. Thus only can we save others from being uneasy in our presence, and sad when they think of us. That we can thus alone make ourselves sought and beloved is an inferior consideration, though an important one to us, to whom warmth and kindness are as peculiarly animating as sunshine to the caged bird. This frankness, simplicity, and cheerfulness, can only grow out of a perfect acquiescence in our circumstances. Submission is not enough. Pride fails at the most critical moment. Nothing short of acquiescence will preserve the united consistency and cheerfulness of our acknowledgment of infirmity. Submission will bemoan it while making it. Pride will put on indifference while making it. But hearty acquiescence cannot fail to bring forth cheerfulness. The thrill of delight which arises during the ready agreement to profit by pain — (emphatically the joy with which no stranger intermeddles) — must subside like all other emotions; but it does not depart without leaving the spirit lightened and cheered; and every visitation leaves it in a more genial state than the last.

And now, what may we struggle for? I dare say the words of the moralist lie as deep down in your hearts as in my own: "We must not repine, but we may lawfully struggle!" I go further, and say that we are bound to struggle. Our principle requires it. We must struggle for whatever may be had, without encroaching on the comfort of others. With this limitation, we must hear all we can, for as long as we can. Yet how few of us will use the helps we might have! How seldom is a deaf person to be seen with a trumpet! I should have been diverted, if I had not been too much vexed,

at the variety of excuses that I have heard on this head since I have been much in society. The trumpet makes the sound disagreeable; or is of no use; or is not wanted in a noise, because we hear better in a noise; nor in quiet, because we hear very fairly in quiet; or we think our friends do not like it; or we ourselves do not care for it, if it does not enable us to hear general conversation; or — a hundred other reasons just as good. Now, dear friends, believe me, these are but excuses. I have tried them all in turn, and I know them to be so. The sound soon becomes anything but disagreeable; and the relief to the nerves, arising from the use of such a help, is indescribable. None but the totally deaf can fail to find some kind of trumpet that will be of use to them, if they choose to look for it properly, and give it a fair trial. That it is not wanted in a noise is usually true; but we are seldom in a noise; and quiet is our greatest enemy, (next to darkness, when the play of the countenance is lost to us.) To reject a tête-à-tête in comfort because the same means will not afford us the pleasure of general conversation, is not very wise. Is it? As for the fancy, that our friends do not like it, it is a mistake, and a serious mistake. I can speak confidently of this. By means of galvanism, (which I do not, from my own experience, recommend,) I once nearly recovered my hearing for a few weeks. It was well worth while being in a sort of nervous fever during those weeks, and more deaf than ever afterwards, for the enlightenment which I gained during the interval on various subjects, of which the one that concerns us now, is, — the toil that our friends undergo on our account. This is the last topic on which I should speak to you, but for the prevalent unwillingness in our fraternity to use such helps as may ease the lungs of all around them as much as their own nerves. Of course, my friends could not suddenly accommodate their speech to my

improved hearing; and I was absolutely shocked when I found what efforts they had been making for my sake. I vowed that I would never again bestow an unkind thought on their natural mistakes, or be restive under their inapplicable instructions; and, as for carrying a trumpet, I liked it no better than my brethren till then; but now, if it would in any degree ease my friends that I should wear a fool's cap and bells, I would do it. Any of you who may have had this kind of experience, are, I should think, using trumpets. I entreat those of you who have not been so made aware of your state, to take my word for what you are obliging your friends to undergo. You know that we can be no judges of the degree of effort necessary to make us hear. We might as well try to echo the skylark. I speak plainly; it may seem harshly; but I am sure you would thank me ere long if I could persuade you to encounter this one struggle to make the most of your remnant of one of God's prime blessings.

Another struggle must be to seize or make opportunities for preserving or rectifying our associations, as far as they are connected with the sense which is imperfect. Hunger and thirst after all sounds that you can obtain, without trouble to others, and without disturbing your own temper; and do it the more strenuously and cheerfully, the more reason you have to apprehend the increase of your infirmity. The natural desire to obtain as much pleasure as we can, while we can, would prompt us to this; but my appetite was much sharpened during the interval I spoke of; as yours would be, if you had such an interval. I was dismayed to find, not only what absurd notions I had formed on some small points, but how materially some very important processes of association had been modified by the failure of the sense of hearing. In consequence of the return and increase of the infirmity, I have now no distinct notion of what these intellectual faults are: but the certainty then impressed that

they exist, has taught me more than one lesson. I carry about with me the consciousness of an intellectual perversion which I can never remedy in this world, and of which neither I nor any one else can ascertain the extent, nor even the nature. This does not afflict me, because it would be as unreasonable to wish it otherwise, as to pray for wings which should carry us up to the milky-way; but it has stimulated me to devise every possible means of checking and delaying the perversion. We ought all to do so; losing no opportunity of associating sounds with other objects of sense, and of catching every breath of sound that passes us. We should note street cries; we should entice children to talk to us; we should linger in the neighbourhood of barrel organs, and go out of our way to walk by a dashing stream. We cannot tell how much wisdom we may at last find ourselves to have gained, by running out among the trees, when the quick coming and going of the sunshine tells us that the winds are abroad. Some day will show us from how much folly the chirp of an infant's voice may have saved us. I go so far as to recommend, certainly not any place of worship for purposes of experiment, but the theatre and the House of Commons, even when "the sough of words without the sense" is all that can be had. The human voice is music, and carries sense, even then; and every tone is worth treasuring, when tones are likely to become scarce, or to cease. You will understand that it is only to those who can rule their own spirits that I recommend such an exercise as this last. If you cannot bear to enjoy less than the people about you, and in a different manner; or if you neglect what you came for, in mourning what you have lost, you are better at home. Nothing is worth the sacrifice of your repose of mind.

What else may we struggle for? For far more in the way of knowledge than I can now even intimate. I am not

going to make out, as some would have me, that we lose nothing after all; that what we lose in one way we gain in another, and so on; pursuing a line of argument equally insulting to our own understandings, and to the wisdom and benignity of Him who framed that curious instrument, the ear, and strung the chords of its nerves, and keeps up the perpetual harmonies of the atmosphere for its gratification. The ear was not made that men should be happier without it. To attempt to persuade *you* so, would above all be folly. But, in some sense, there is a compensation to us, if we choose to accept it; and it is to improve this to the utmost that I would urge you and stimulate myself. We *have* some accomplishments which we may gratefully acknowledge, while the means by which we gain them must prevent our being proud of them. We are good physiognomists — good perceivers in every way, and have (if we are not idle) rather the advantage over others in the power of abstract reasoning. This union of two kinds of power, which in common cases are often cultivated at the expense of each other, puts a considerable amount of accurate knowledge within easier reach of us than of most other people. We must never forget what a vast quantity we must forego, but neither must we lose sight of whatever is peculiarly within our power. We have more time, too, than anybody else: more than the laziest lordling, who does nothing but let his ears be filled with nonsense from morning till night. The very busiest of our fraternity has, I should think, time every day for as much thought as is good for him, between the hours of rising and of rest.

These advantages make it incumbent upon us to struggle for such compensation as is placed before us. We must set ourselves to gather knowledge from whatever we see and touch, and to digest it into wisdom during the extra time which is our privilege. What the sage goes out into the



field at eventide to seek, we can have at table, or in the thronged streets at noonday, — opportunity for meditation, one of the chief means of wisdom. If to us the objects of sight are more vivid in their beauty, and more distinct in their suggestions than to others, — if to us there is granted more leisure, and stronger inducement to study the movement of the mind within, from us may be expected a degree of certain kinds of attainment, in which it is as much of a sin as a misfortune for us to be deficient.

Finally, we, like all who are placed in uncommon circumstances, are so situated that our mental and moral constitution can scarcely fail of being either very weak or very strong. If we are dull and slow of observation, and indolent in thought, there is little chance of our being much wiser than infants ; whereas, if we are acute and quick of observation, (and for us there is no medium,) and disposed for thought, nothing is likely to prevent our going on to be wiser continually. In like manner, there is an awful alternative as to our morals. If we cannot stand our trial, we must become selfish in principle, sour in temper, and disagreeable in manners. If we are strong enough for our discipline, we cannot fail to come out of it with principles strengthened, affections expanded, temper under control, and manners graced by the permanent cheerfulness of a settled mind, and a heart at ease. If you can make this last your lot, you have little more to fear. If you have stood this proof, you can probably stand any which comes in the shape of affliction. If you have brought vigor out of this conflict, you are not likely to be unnerved. If, in your enforced solitude, you have cultivated instead of losing your sympathies, you can scarcely afterwards grow selfish. If, as your enjoyments were failing you, you have improved your serenity, your cheerfulness will probably be beyond the reach of circumstance. The principal check which must be put upon

these happy anticipations, is the fear that while the privation cannot be lessened, the pain of it may disappear too soon and too entirely. I now suffer little or no pain from my privation, (except at moments when comparisons are forced upon me before I am ready for them;) and I cannot help dreading a self-deception, to avoid which I would gladly endure over again all I have suffered. I had infinitely rather bear the perpetual sense of privation than become unaware of any thing that is true, — of my intellectual deficiencies, of my disqualifications for society, of my errors in matters of fact, and of the burdens which I necessarily impose on those who surround me. My dependence for being reminded of these things is — not on those, who incur trouble and sacrifice for my sake, but on the few occasional mortifications which I still meet with, and which are always welcome for the sake of their office. We can never get beyond the necessity of keeping in full view the worst and the best that can be made of our lot. The worst is, either to sink under the trial, or to be made callous by it. The best is, to be as wise as is possible under a great disability, and as happy as is possible under a great privation. Believe me, with deep respect,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

*March 16, 1834.*

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ON COUNTRY BURIAL-GROUNDS.

THE feeling which first prompted men to bury their dead in the neighbourhood of their places of worship is natural and universal. If a stranger, an impartial person, unbiassed by our predilections in favor of long-established customs, were asked to point out the spot best fitted for so awful a deposit, he