



LITERATURE.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

MAN'S SUNNY SIDE.

THOUGH dark may be the heart of man,
And deeply stained with sin,
Yet there's a light which flickereth
And brightly burns within;
It needs but some to cheer him on
With mercy for their guide,
To prove, that though depraved his soul,
"Man has a sunny side."

Yes, yes, there is within each heart,
Let men say what they may,
A secret path which God does light
By his all-smiling ray;
And though the rugged soul may strive
Its softer thoughts to hide,
Yet oft does chance reveal to us,
"It has a sunny side."

The rugged stones, dug from the mines,
Look common to the eye,
And with contempt we on them gaze,
Or pass unnoticed by;
So oft it is with rugged souls,
They in their chambers hide
Much that is pure and beautiful—
"They have a sunny side."

Then, though depraved and trodden down
Beneath the weight of sin,
There is no heart, but words of love
Will light the fire within;
For if the blessings we receive,
Be shared with hearty hand,
Our looks of love, our kindly acts,
No nature can withstand.

Then, oh, despair not of the good
Which lieth in mankind;
For a gleam of light still flickereth
In e'en the darkest mind;
But let us strive to reach each heart,
Let kindness be our guide,
And then with beaming eyes of love
We can see "Man's sunny side."

THE TWO LEGACIES.

Miss Deborah Pilkington had reached the mature age of seventy-four, when a paralytic stroke deprived her of the use of her left side; but Miss Deborah had ten thousand pounds in the bank, so it may be easily credited that she had many friends.

One of the most assiduous of these was her cousin, Mr. Samuel Spindles.

On the first of January Samuel came, as usual, early in the morning, to present his dear cousin with a new year's gift. Touched by such an ardent zeal, Miss Deborah invited him to partake of her breakfast, and Samuel, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that never before in his whole life had he tasted such butter, such bread, such coffee, or such cream.

Mr. Samuel Spindles was thin and pale; his face, furnished with a long sharp nose and little restless eyes, always put one in mind of a weasel; his body was equally strange as his face—its extreme smallness, and the extraordinary length of his legs, gave him the appearance of a crane. Breakfast over, he went and sat by the fire opposite Miss Deborah, who, gazing at his long thin legs, sticking straight out, reached entirely across the fireplace, testified her gratitude to him in the following touching words:—

"Yes, cousin, I shall remember you in my will."
Spindles' eyes twinkled with delight, but he repressed, as well as he could, his feelings, saying, in a whining tone: "Oh! but cousin, you will have quite time enough to think of that, you know."

"I am not too sure of that. Why should I deceive myself? I know that the day is near, and when it comes I shall have no reason to complain. I have been now seventy-four years in the world, and, to tell you the truth, I have not made a bad use of them."

"I know it cousin," whined Samuel; "and a life so full of good deeds, so worthy of every happiness, deserves—"

His intended hypocritical speech was here interrupted by the door opening, and poor Miss Deborah had to receive a second cousin, a second compliment and a second new year's gift.

The new comer, Mr. Timothy Blobber, was the exact opposite of Samuel Spindles. He was fat and rubicund, and carried on a pair of short stumpy legs the most voluminous corpulence. Although still young, he was very asthmatic. At the age of thirty he had fancied himself in love with a very rich and ugly heiress. Unfortunately, in the middle of the most passionate declaration his breath failed him, and the young lady taking advantage of this hiatus by bursting into a violent fit of laughter, Timothy became furious, and from that time fully resolved never to marry.

"Is that you, Cousin Timothy?" said Samuel, in the tone of a man who feels his advantage.

"Yes," replied Timothy, seeking to conceal his spite; "but it's not my will that has prevented me from being here as soon as you. I live very far from here, as cousin

Deborah knows; besides my legs are not quite as long as yours; and I've had the grief of losing money."

What Samuel Spindles most disliked in the world was any reflection upon his legs; and his lips trembled with rage as he addressed his antagonist, with a diabolical smile:

"Oh, as to that, Cousin Blobber, I don't in the least question your eagerness. No grampus could blow much harder than you do at this moment."

Miss Pilkington, quietly ensconced in her comfortable arm-chair, secretly enjoyed this altercation, which resembled the fighting of two curs for a titbit, while the third dog quietly walks off with the bone of contention. Miss Deborah, however, fearing they would become noisy, thought it prudent to interfere.

"Cousin Timothy," said she, "I believe equally as much in your affection as I do in that of Cousin Samuel, and am equally grateful to you for it. Yes, my good friends, my kind friends," said she, holding out to them her hand, "you are both equally dear to me, and shall be remembered in my will you may depend."

Having said this, Miss Deborah intimated a wish to be alone. They both took their leave; and as they silently descended the stairs, they considered whether it would be better to remain enemies, or to become allies, when an unexpected incident decided their pursuing the last named course.

On their reaching the hall a young girl passed them with a rapid step. Her cotton dress, plain straw bonnet, and leather shoes, as well as a bandbox which she carried, betrayed her humble capacity; but the leather shoe enclosed so delicate a foot, the cotton dress embraced a form so supple and so graceful, the straw bonnet disclosed so sweet a face, such sunny silken hair, that no body, on seeing her, could have wished she had worn a richer dress. As she ran up stairs, showing at every step glimpses of a pretty ankle clad in a neat cotton stocking, the two cousins seemed to have taken root upon the door-mat. Samuel, who at the sight of her frowned, suddenly interrupted Timothy's mute contemplation by such a violent poke of his bony elbows into the fat which covered his ribs, that it nearly deprived him of his breath.

"I say, Timothy, how you stare!" said Samuel. "Between ourselves, one wouldn't think you had sworn eternal hatred to the wicked sex."

"Well, cousin," said Timothy, rubbing his side, with a grin, "you know there's no rule without an exception.—Besides, where's the harm in looking?"

"What! at such a girl as that? Do you happen to know who she is?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, then, I can tell you. That little jade is one of our most dangerous enemies."

"Indeed, cousin?"

"Yes, indeed; for she is the daughter of William Pilkington, the nephew of our respected relation."

"Zounds! and the devil!" said Blobber, puffing for breath.

"And it's very easy to guess that it's not without some motive that she is here to-day skipping up the stairs. I didn't even suspect she knew our cousin. I tell you there's some treachery, Tim, you are quite right in hating the women. I know what they are all capable of, and this one in particular. I think I see her now, smirking at her aunt cajoling, carneying, and doing a hundred other meannesses to ensnare her. Old women are so weak, and the young jade will not allow her to forget she's her niece, be sure of that. As if that was any reason! A shop girl!—a little hussey, depend on it! And shall we allow ourselves to be robbed in this way of such a splendid property—eh, Tim?"

"Certainly not," said Timothy, who was puffed with indignation; "and rather than allow ourselves to be thus cheated, let us see—can't you think of something, Sam?"

"Perhaps I can. Cousin Deborah is a very pious as well as a very moral person. Suppose she was to hear that her niece was—"

"I understand," wheezed Tim, quite proud of having showed so much intelligence. "I shall immediately go and make some inquiries."

"And while you are making your inquiries, she will make her will, and the second stroke of paralysis, which I so apprehend, will take place. No, cousin, no time must be lost. Heaven knows how much I hate deception. But consider the risk we run with a girl like that—so poor, and so good-looking. Besides, none of the milliners are any great things. So let us to work at once, and we can seek our information at leisure."

Timothy had not the least objection to this plan of proceeding, and Miss Deborah Pilkington received an anonymous letter two days afterwards, written in an unknown hand and hypocritical style, in which the writer declared he could not refrain, however disagreeable the task, from enlightening her as to the scandalous conduct of Mary Pilkington, her niece, who dishonoured the name she bore by those errors which, &c., &c.

Unfortunately for Cousin Sam, Miss Deborah never knew she had a grand-niece, and Mary Pilkington's visit, the day she was observed, by the two cousins, was to a person who lived on the second floor, and not, as they supposed to Miss Deborah.

Before we go any further, let us throw a glance at Miss Deborah Pilkington's former life.

She was born in London; her father held a situation in the choir at Westminster Abby, and had brought her up with great care and piety. She was remarkably beautiful, and possessed one of those rich and powerful voices which produce so much effect when study and experience have mellowed them. The organist of the abby, who was her father's friend, taught the young girl music, and with so much success that she soon excelled in singing several operas, which was her favourite style. She soon became tired of remaining in England; her ideas of music were of an elevated character, and she wished to acquire advantages not to be obtained in London. She ultimately joined an Italian company, and in a short time appeared in Italy under the name of Signora Albertini. She soon met with immense success, and did not resume her real

name until she returned to England, still young, but tired of the stage and satisfied with the fortune she had acquired. Her father had died during her absence, and his brother had taken his place in the choir; but she did not announce to him the fortune she had made, this brother declared that he never acknowledged for his niece one, who had disgraced her family by going on the stage.

She judged that she could not better revenge herself for so severe a decree than by submitting to it without a reply. She established herself in London, and so completely forgot her uncle, that until the day she received the anonymous letter elicited by the jealousy of Spindles and Blobber, she never knew her uncle was dead, nor that his son was ruined, nor the precarious situation of her grand-niece.

"What!" exclaimed she, "is it possible! the descendant of the Pilkingtons a milliner! a shop girl! What can have happened to them! Perhaps she is different to her grandfather, and will not refuse to see me. But where shall I find her? Ah! here is the address; Regent Street! Here James, take my carriage, go to all the milliners in Regent Street, and ask for a young person of the name of Mary Pilkington, when you have found her, bring her to me immediately; and stay, take some money and bring me also lace collars and a pelerine—whichever you like best—but make haste."

James had often executed a more difficult commission than this, and soon returned with his young charge.

"What a sweet face!" said Miss Deborah. "Don't you think, James, she's very like me?"

"Who? I, ma'am?" exclaimed the young girl, much shocked.

"James," said the old lady, smiling, "bring me the miniature which hangs over the chimney-piece in the drawing-room."

James returned with the portrait of Signora Albertini, in all the freshness of her youth, her charms, and her glory.

"Look, child, if you have much to complain of, and if I have paid you a bad compliment. You are called Mary Pilkington, I believe?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And your father, where is he?"

"He is gone to Manchester."

"Then you are quite alone in London?"

"Alas! yes, ma'am, we are so poor!"

"With such a face as that, I suppose you have a great many lovers?"

"Who? I, ma'am? I have but one, I assure you."

"Only one! What a wicked world this is! Poor child, you have only one sweetheart. Well, I suppose you meet him out very often?"

"No, indeed; ma'am," said Mary, blushing deeply. "I have never been out with him but once, and that was yesterday evening. But oh, I had many things to tell him."

"Only once! Oh this wicked world! Well good bye, child. I'm delighted to have seen you. Stay, you mustn't have come for nothing. Here, try on this pelerine—now this collar."

"Who? I, ma'am?"

"Yes, I want to see their effect. They are really rather nice. James has excellent taste. How charming she looks thus! There, keep them on, child, and in return give me a kiss. There, if they ask you where you have been, tell them with old Aunt Deborah."

"What, is it you, ma'am?"

"Don't say ma'am to me; say aunt. And mind you come and dine with me on Sunday, child! and don't forget to bring your sweetheart!"

A few weeks elapsed, and the second paralytic attack took place as Spindles had predicted, and eight days after, the funeral took place. Spindles and Blobber attended as chief mourners, and on their returning to hear the will read, they were struck aghast at discovering their most dangerous enemy, Mary Pilkington, who in deep mourning, sat quietly by the fireside with a lawyer.

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer, in his most oily tone, "Miss Deborah Pilkington, my late respected client, has deputed me to read to you her last will and testament."

Then he sat down, slowly unfolded the precious document, coughed three times, and read as follows:

"I, Deborah Pilkington, wishing to leave to all the members of my family a token of the affection with which they have inspired me, do wish and desire that my worldly goods and chattels should be disposed of as follows:

"1st. I bequeath to my cousin Samuel Spindles my kitchen tongs, they being the longest and thinnest in the house.

"2nd. I bequeath to my cousin Timothy Blobber the kitchen bellows, they being the largest and the greatest I possess.

"The remainder of my property I give and bequeath to my niece, Mary Pilkington, whom I charge to faithfully deliver the above legacies to the aforesaid Spindles and Blobber, in consideration of their kind exertions in her behalf; as had it not been for them, I should never have known I possessed so charming a niece as sweet Mary Pilkington."

Thus were the two discomfited cousins justly punished for their avarice and wickedness.

SETH HAWKINS' LARCENY.

There is a tradition in Hometown, and very generally believed to be true, which, though true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkins' courtship—a courtship otherwise not remarkable for incidents other than the common sort, viz. suspicion of intention, accredited attentions, and happy consummation—as "everybody does it."

This little incident, so the talk ran among the neighbours, was a jewel in its way, and shook with laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very toe nail of the local body politic.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly devours, as Mrs. Hornby would say; and his road to neighbour Jones' whose daughter