

LITERATURE.

GIVE EVERY DAY.

Let us give something every day,
For one another's weal;
A word, to make the gloomy gay,
Or the crushed spirit heal;
A look, that to the heart will speak,
Of him that's poor and old;
A tear for her, o'er whose wan cheek
Full many a stream has rolled.

The object of our love and care,
In every path we see—
And when they ask a simple prayer,
O, shall we selfish be,
And turn away with haughty thrust,
As if the God above,
Were partial to our pampered dust,
And only us did love!

Let us give something every day
To comfort and to cheer;
'Tis not for gold alone they pray,
Whose cries fall on the ear:
They ask for kindness in our speech—
A tenderness of heart—
That to the inmost soul will reach,
And warmth and life impart.

We all can give—the poor—the weak,
And be an angel guest;
How small a thing—to smile—to speak,
And make the wretched blest!
These favors let us all bestow,
And scatter joy abroad,
And make the vales of sorrow glow
With the sweet miles of God.

THE BLACK PIN.

"I'll never love another woman; no let her be ever so beautiful, I'll hate her," exclaimed Charles Romer, as having quitted one ball-room where things had gone wrong, he entered another of those assemblies, which chanced though at the close of the London season, to be given during the same night.

"I detest rayen tresses," he continued; "fair hair, blue, black, hazel, and all manner of coloured eyes—dimples, blushes, ruby lips, white teeth, pretty feet, pressures of the hand, soft sighs, and gentle accents. Othello's occupation's gone,—and they may all fly to the four quarters of the globe for all I care. In future nothing shall effect my heart but horses, hounds, dogs; guns, nets, flies, rods and other spears. I'll have no society but that of port-drinking parsons, who neglect their parishes, and annoy their neighbours six days out of seven, having nothing else to do. Yes, though there are some gentleman-like, efficient, and religious men, who drink nothing but port wine, I'll eschew even their society, and live with red-nosed rectors of the wrong sort, and crafty curates, who cheat the church, and laugh at the Bishop, because a breach of all the laws that regulate civilized society, beating their wives, boxing with their parishioners, bullying the poor, and lying and slandering, are not considered, in the eye of ecclesiastical law as clerical delinquencies sufficient for expulsion from the House of God."

Just as our hero had arrived at his doughty resolution, and lamentable conclusion, and had reclined against a door-post, to give stability to any farther reflection, his wandering eye was attracted by a very beautiful figure moving gracefully to the air of one of his favourite waltzes. The room was getting thin, and every moment he had better opportunities of observing her. Dressed in the most approved fashion, her fine person, from its position against her partner's right hand, appeared to its full advantage; and the velocity of the dance causing her dark ringlets to play round her rather oval face, in spite of his newly formed resolution to detest the sex, our hero could not help envying the man whose hand was on her waist; a feeling which was rapidly increased, as at this moment, the waves of her glossy hair seemed almost if not quite, to touch her partner's apparently unconscious cheek.

It was the last waltz of the evening. The dancing ceased; but the object of our hero's unwilling admiration still held her partner, awaiting the announcement of the carriage. There were now but three or four persons left in the room, when Rosa Newardine, for such was her name, encountered the gaze of Charles, and she became aware of his earnest and fixed observation. Feeling abashed by this discovery, her eyes fell on the ground, and, as if at a loss for a better subject of conversation to avert his detection of her slight confusion, she touched, with her little foot, a black pin which lay on the floor, and calling her companion's attention to it, made hastily the following remarks:

"The nonsense and heartless folly which have been uttered in this room to-night, will, by to-morrow, no more be recollected by those who have spoken them, than I shall ever again remember that I beheld that black pin."

Her carriage was then announced: but ere she reached the door she turned her head, and saw Charles stoop—pick up—and place in the breast of his coat, the very same pin that had elicited her remark.

The last carriage had rolled down the street; and the host and hostess, with their daughters, were sitting on a sofa in a little crimson boudoir, much amused by our hero's deep and lonely reverie. He seemed to be making melancholy observations on the site of the now silent band, on the empty chairs and benches, and on the wan-

ing candles struggling with the rosier light of morn: in short his mind was evidently lost in contemplation of spangles, pins, and crushed and faded flowers, the mournful relics of departed pleasure. After remaining some moments thus, starting from his trance, he bade his friends adieu; when, having previously dismissed his carriage, he walked home, striking with his jeweled cane at every cat that ventured to run across his path.

The London season was concluded; fashion had finished her last white bait, water parties were over, chaperons were turned out to grass, Crockford's laid no more suppers up stairs, and White's boasted only one or two hats in its bay window, and not above half a head. Our hero had been to every thing and every where, but the fair girl who he now found himself forced by the wilfulness of his heart, to remember, was not again to be seen; so, with renewed determination to devote himself to the woods and wilds, he left town; and once more ensconced himself in the country.

He had not long enjoyed his rural felicity, when he received an invitation to a visit of some weeks from a friend of his, in the adjacent county of Wilts; which invitation he accepted.

It was a beautiful day about the 29th of August, on which, having sent forward his servant and his luggage, he arrived on horseback, in sight of Little Langford Manor House. During the last half mile his path had led him by the side of Grovely Wood: when now, entering the grounds of Langford, he approached its ancient pile by still, shady, and sequestered path, and presently came in sight of a grotto. Here, reposing from the heat of the sun, he found his host, Sir John Heatherfield, and his two daughters.

"Welcome, Charles—exclaimed the latter gentleman in his usual hearty style—"how wags the world now with you?—After your fatigues in town you must be glad of a little quiet. Here we are," he continued, much the same as usual, only I've lost old Henderson, my head game-keeper; and my best greyhound, who won the cup at the Deptford coursing meeting last year, is dead. Lots of young ones coming on though, and loads of game, the account of which shall serve to season our wine. Adieu, then, till dinner. My girls will entertain you, as my steward waits some orders."

Thus saying, off flew the good Sir John; leaving our hero to make the most of a flag end of a discourse, in which it was his resolution to find delight, and to enjoy the conversation of his amiable companions. The better to do this, Charles fastened his horse to the bough of a tree behind the grotto, and seated himself between his friends.

"Now," he exclaimed, addressing Emma Heatherfield, "tell me about the sweet fresh country, how have you been? what have you been doing? and whom have you seen? and have you any one staying with you? I detest London. foh—the name of it is sooty."

The first interrogatories having been duly answered—in reply to the last, the young ladies exclaimed together—"Oh! Charles, we have such a delightful companion to introduce to you, such a friend of ours, so good-natured, so beautiful—"

"Stop!" cried Charles, interrupting them, "let me guess what it is."

"It!" exclaimed his companions.

"Yes, I know," he continued, regardless of their surprise—"it wags its tail—its sits on its hind legs—it—"

"Oh, you very great love," exclaimed a soft sweet voice behind the grotto, "you dear good-tempered thing, I must pat you," and a little hand was heard caressing the arching and sleek neck of our hero's steed.

"There she is—that's our friend," cried the two ladies, running forth, closely followed by their guest—"Rosa, let me introduce to you Mr. Charles Roomer, Miss Newardine."

She was looking still more lovely than when he last saw her in town. Early hours and the fresh air of the country had heightened the perfections of her figure, and added to the bloom upon her cheek, which was covered with blushes, when she recognised the man whose ardent gaze she knew herself to have attracted.

They were proceeding to the House when Emma Heatherfield culled a rose, and stopped to place it in Charles' button-hole.

"Oh, how appropriate!" she exclaimed, "here I declare, is a large black pin ready to fasten it. Why, my dear Charles, you must have expected it a bouquet."

Rosa raised her head; perhaps, it was the flower that excited her curiosity; but in gratifying it she looked at Charles; and her blue eyes seemed more lustrous than ever.

The hour of dinner arrived; and though Charles did not sit by Rosa, he found it very difficult to adhere to his sporting resolutions, or to contoul his imagination to follow his host over fields and fences. His mind would neither gallop nor jump, but at every turn of the conversation he found it ambling softly back to summer houses, little feet, and glossy ringlets, and finally pausing on the black pin which still confined the flower. How happy was Charles when coffee was announced, and the party joined the ladies in the drawing room! How he hung over the pianoforte, and dwelt on the rich tones of Rosa's soft but melancholy voice, as she sang some of Moore's melodies! When Rosa's eyes met his during the sweetest passages of the song, as if in search of sympathy beyond the vacant admiration of the majority of the guests, how these glances, though cursorily bestowed, found their way to his heart, and expelled every ruder emotion! Oh, love, what a world of strength has thou, when thou wingest thy shaft from the song of beauty! Melody on melody succeeded, while the rest of the male visitors played whist, or mutually secured by the button-hole, gathered themselves in corners, and canvassed the sports of the field; thus leaving Charles to enjoy a delicious but dangerous trance.

It is not my intention to detail each succeeding circumstance; a course which would be as uninteresting to

the general reader, as displeasing to the Editor of this miscellany; who, with a hardness of heart common to the gentlemen in his capacity, cares not for the length of an author's face, provided he can secure the shortness of his story, and thus reserve full space for other contributors. Let it suffice then to say, that on the following morning Charles heard with dismay, that Rosa had for some time been engaged to wed the hero of the unconscious cheek, Mr. Vortex, with whom he had seen her waltzing. He was rich in lands and money; while she was poor in all but friends and beauty. The match, therefore, had been deemed, by all save one, a desirable alliance; and that one was Rosa.

The vehemence and severity of her relations had been too much for her gentle disposition; and her objections had been for a time silenced. Thus matters stood, and at the expiration of one short month, she would be called upon to fulfil her engagement.

I have often thought it a pity, that when ladies are engaged to be married, they do not wear some symbol or ornament in their hair, or on their dress, to show they are affianced. How many fascinating creatures do we see at balls, dancing almost every dance, and apparently unattended by their destined husbands, with whom it is possible for unsuspecting youths to fall in love. The heart of man, or at least of many men, is not unlike to a head strong and pulling horse; it is easy enough to prevent his running away if never let out of hand; but once suffer him to get his head down, or the bit fairly between his teeth, and the arm of Hercules himself would be insufficient to restrain him.

We will now pass over a fortnight which had intervened since Charles' arrival, as well as the many excuses he made to escape from participation in the sports of the field; but at the end of that time we must resume the thread of our discourse.

Towards the middle of the day, a carriage was seen approaching the hall, by the usual avenue; it had neared the ancient porch, and Charles was proceeding to the same place by a laurel walk in some anxiety to ascertain who the visitor might be. At a turn of the path, he met Rosa hastening from another direction, but evidently intent on the same object; her haste was so great, that ere she could stop herself she was encircled by Charles' arm, which he had outstretched to prevent a more serious concussion. In the moment of their meeting he recognised also the expression of her lovely face—it was that of consternation and grief.

Ere she had time to extricate herself from his arm, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Miss Newardine, what has happened—nay, you cannot support yourself—rest on me, and tell me, I conjure you, whence this distress?"

They were within fifty yards of the back of the house, and the carriage had by this time reached the door, the steps had been let down, and the guest, whoever he was, had descended.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed—"I beseech you let me go—I cannot tell you now—you will know all too soon; loose me—I am recovered."

In spite of her words, she would have fallen if Charles had not persisted in his support; a step was heard approaching; she attempted to move—for the arm had ceased to hold her—in vain; a double black pin in the breast of Charles' coat, had become entangled in her dress, and it held her fast till a person came in sight. With a desperate effort, at length she broke away and fled; but not until her intended husband reached the spot.

"So, sir," exclaimed Mr. Vortex, when recovered from his surprise, "you seem on excellent terms with that amiable young lady."

"Sir," replied Charles, "I am on terms of friendship with Miss Newardine, and I feel myself honoured in being able to make this avowal. But if you mean to insinuate aught against the nature of that friendship, I have only to assure you, sir, that you mistake."

"All very fine, sir," rejoined Mr. Vortex, "but in the relation in which I stand to that young lady, I have some reason to doubt the propriety of the situation in which I found her—your arm encircling her waist."

"I entreat you," interrupted Charles, "as you value justice, sir, form no hasty conclusions, respecting Miss Newardine. You have my honour as a guarantee to my assertion, that the situation in which you discovered us was purely accidental. We were both hastening to the house from different directions; at a turn of the path we came into sudden contact; she was overcome by her emotion, and would have fallen had I not supported her."

"A most improbable story," resumed Mr. Vortex, "but your honour, sir, pledge to the truth of it, and I trust that your feelings of propriety will lead you to adopt a line, the necessity of which is evident. I conclude, sir, that you are a guest of Sir John; after what has happened, for the sake of the young lady's feelings and mine, you will of course quit this house immediately. Indeed, circumstances require that I should insist on your adoption of this course."

"Indeed, sir," replied Charles, "from the tone of the request, and the turn the matter has taken, I feel myself compelled to refuse my compliance to your obliging proposal."

"Then, sir, your remaining here I shall conceive as personally insulting to myself," bitterly rejoined Mr. Vortex.

"Of that you are the best judge;" and with this remark, Charles turned on his heel, and proceeded to the house.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Four-story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple on it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.