

Poetry.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By a shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown:
So come and drain a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I love the open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than to toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine [Brown;
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown;
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unweaved, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

Select Tale.

EASY WARREN.

RAYMOND WARREN was a "nice" man—everybody's clever fellow, as I heard a public man once remark, "a very extensive office," with numerous duties, never discharged. Raymond used to sit in the chimney-corner late, very late on winter's nights, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after a while the fire burned low—the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney-corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would sneak to rest, where his wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavoring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of her husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm left him by his father. It was good land, but the fences were not in repair, and everybody's cattle roamed through the fields, and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked, but for want of proper attention the cattle became poor—the sheep were never folded, even in the most rigorous weather, and many of them died. The wool was never properly sheared and washed, and when taken to market would not bring the market price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife, who was a business woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessities of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended to by himself, but were a neighbor sick, no man was more willing to work in his place. He was relied upon as the man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody else. He could never set himself at his own farm work, but he was considered an excellent hand, when, to oblige a neighbor, he took a job in his field.

It was a bleak morning in mid winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barn-yard foddering the cattle—Raymond was in bed. The light of a brisk fire which his wife had built, shone directly in his face. It awakened him—the room was warm, and Raymond was persuaded by its inviting appearance to rise. He sat down by the fire-place in his shirt sleeves, and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed his feet he felt that he had reason to con-

gratulate himself on his happy situation, and he said to himself—

"Taint every man's got such a wife as I have. Here she's made a good fire, and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done, and Raymond had scarcely finished his soliloquy, when the useful wife hastened to the fireplace to warm her hands, which had become thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork, with which she had been throwing hay and straw to the cattle.

It might be supposed that these occurrences took place early in the morning—not so. It was ten o'clock when Raymond Warren left his bed. His wife had been sewing for two hours before she prepared her breakfast; then she urged Raymond for an hour longer to get up. He made fair promises but left them all unfulfilled. She waited until it was nine o'clock, and then knowing her husband's easy habits, and ashamed to have the cattle unfed at that hour of the day, she determined to attend to their wants herself.

Raymond's first salutation to her as she stood by the fire, was,

"I wish I had some tea, Sally—but never mind, you've put the things away—a little warm water, with a little milk and sugar in it, will do just as well, and while you're about it you may get me a little piece of bread; but just as you choose; no matter about it anyhow." "Taint every man's got such a woman for a wife."

She might have answered,
"It is not every woman that has such a husband."

But she knew such remarks would only make bitter feelings, and though fatigued with the violent exercise she had taken, she went cheerfully and prepared her easy, good natured husband a cup of tea, and a slice of toast, and then asked him if he would not cut some wood.

"To be sure, I will," was his response.

His breakfast over, he took up his axe, mounted the wood-pile and cut half a dozen sticks, when along came a neighbor, who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw-mill about two miles distant, and assist in loading upon a sled some boards which had been sawed for him—of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to keep the house warm until the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance a feeble woman, but she had endured hardship which would have destroyed the constitution of one more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, yet she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and was often disturbed with fears in regard to her, but he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble, until she was seized with a violent cough. Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor, as he passed their house with his ponderous medicine portmanteau on his arm, and the benevolent gentleman, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar failings, left the woman an innocent tincture, and forbade exposure to the cold atmosphere under any circumstances, and also declared that her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the Doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for the physician, he obeyed him as nearly as his constitutional failings permitted him, but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed cattle, and taking a severe cold, she faded as would fade the summer rose in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate and his fireside cheerless, he saw what had been his great error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned his wife deeply. It must be said in his favor, both as a helpmate and a companion. He rented his farm and managed to live "easily" for one year; but he was a domestic man—he was not satisfied with a childless widower's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman, who he confidently felt would fill the place vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond Warren disappointed. A few weeks elapsed and he fell into his old habits, with complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbor in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home, late at night, hungry, and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have, ready for his refreshment, an inviting supper. In this hope he had refused to take supper with the neighbor whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No frugal board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good natured to complain, and silently he ventured to explore the cupboard for a

crust on which to satisfy the gnawings of his appetite. Not a crumb was there. It was evident that his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless; and supperless to bed he did go, grieving seriously over his hard lot. He had never before been so badly treated, and he thought it indeed distressing, but yet his disappointment was not sad enough to revolutionize his constitutional good nature, and without a murmur he fell sound asleep.

Raymond Warren did not hear chanticleer salute the morning as it dawned after the night of his grievous disappointment. It was spring time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife, who had risen before the sun, call him,—“Mr. Warren, here I've been for an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned. It's time I had some cut. If you want any breakfast, you had better get up.”

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the Spirit Land? Not so: it was a voice from the wife that dwelt with him in this sphere of existence, that came to remind him of duties not discharged, upon the performance of which depends the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded visions of feasts upon his hours of rest. All this he felt, and still he did not offer to leave his couch.

“Raymond Warren,” again said the voice, “you left me yesterday without wood to help a neighbor get wood for his wife, and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with.”

“There's plenty of chips,” said Raymond, in palliation, rising on his elbow as he spoke.

“Get up, then, and bring them into the house,” said the resolute wife. “I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite to eat in this house, unless you take it uncooked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you.”

Raymond started bolt upright, and it was not many minutes before he was at the woodpile. Diligently did he work until he had cut an armful, which, like a dutiful husband, for the first time in his life, he carried into the kitchen.

His wife made no allusion to what had passed between them, and Raymond, although burning with curiosity to know where she had learned what she had revealed to him, dared not commence conversation in relation to it. The train of ills it might revive was fearful to the easy man's mind. His breakfast over, forgetful of its lesson, careless Raymond wandered away from home, his necessary labors in the farmyard unattended to, and his woodpile unvisited. He returned home at noon, strong in the faith that he should sit down to a good dinner, because he was one of those men who think that a wife should always give her husband a good dinner, whether she have anything to cook or not. Mrs. Warren had enough to cook, but nothing to cook with; however, much to Raymond's satisfaction, when he entered his home he found the table spread, and he knew he would soon be invited to take a seat nearer.

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed to contain meat; and, truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher's. Raymond was not a cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover of another dish; there were potatoes just as they had been dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There were turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples handsomely sliced for sauce, and there were numerous other edibles; but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea-leaves floating in the cup, but the tea looked remarkably pale; nevertheless, Raymond, by force of habit, blew it vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips he found that he had wasted his breath; for the water was as cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He pushed back his chair deliberately, and thought aloud:

“In the name of heaven, what does this mean?”

Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled pleasantly, and answered:

“The victuals were all on the stove at the usual time.”

“It's strange they were not cooked!” said Raymond.

“Not at all,” replied Mrs. Warren; “there was no wood to cook them with.”

In an instant easy Warren then saw what a “moral” there were in his novel dinner, and with a keen appetite, he went to work on the wood-pile. He took his dinner and supper together that day, and he remembered that Mrs. Warren said:

“Now, Raymond, whenever you leave me without wood, you must eat victuals that have been cooked on a cold stove.”

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness, or shiftlessness, as the reader pleases.

One day there was no flour in the house, and Raymond was about to go with some neighbors to a town meeting, when his wife hid his best coat, and reminded him of the empty flour-barrel. Another day, his corn was to be gathered, when a neighbor asked him to assist him with his horses and wagon. It was a neighbor who often received favors, but seldom rendered them; yet easy Warren could not refuse him. But when he went to hitch up his horses before the wagon, he found that one of the wheels were missing. Of course the neighbor was disappointed. In the afternoon when Raymond expressed a wish to draw his corn, his wife told him where he could find the lost wagon wheel.

Thus was easy Warren's household managed, until he began to realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said: “Warren's farm looks much better than it did some years ago.” Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with his injustice to his own interests.

Raymond's cattle were well cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were down, if he did not replace them, his wife employed a neighbor to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers and read; she knew the state of the market, and to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in the market when the price was highest. Some people said:

“Easy Warren was a hen-pecked husband.”

But he knew better; and he often boasted that his wife was more of a “business man” than he was.

They had lived together peaceably some years, when, one day, Raymond was in a good humor thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife; “I'm a woman's rights man of the true grit. They may say you wear the breeches, if they please;—I'm satisfied to have you do the thinking for our firm. And now I see what a fool I have been, I must make up for my shiftlessness.”

He did make up for his early shiftlessness; and under his judicious wife's training, he became industrious, instead of Easy Warren.

Mrs. Warren had the correct idea of woman's rights and woman's wrongs. We commend her management to those who have “easy husbands.” Especially do we recommend it to those unfortunate women who have earned for themselves the opprobrious title of “scolds.”

Miscellaneous.

☞ We have received a copy of “A commemorative Oration, delivered at the Encenia in King's College, Fredericton, June 23, 1857, by Professor Jack, D.C.L.” We rise from the perusal of this Oration with the same feelings which we always experience, after reading emanations from the accomplished Professors of King's College; that feeling is one of regret that their talents and abilities, which are of so eminent an order, should be comparatively wasted in so limited a sphere as King's College presents at present.

From the Oration before us we take the Professor's remarks upon the new College Bill, as being, to the majority of our readers, its most important feature:

“Before I conclude, it may be expected that I should offer a few remarks upon the Bill relating to King's College, which has been recently laid before the public, under the auspices of the College Council. This Bill merits attention, not only on account of the source from which it emanates, but also for the important alterations which it contemplates in the administration of the Institution.—The scheme which it embodies may not probably correspond with the ideal which many of us may have formed; but we ought to bear in mind that the Council may have considered the existence of the College at stake; and that at a crisis when decided changes were expected, it would be well for the honor and educational prosperity of New Brunswick, if these could be so controlled as to prevent their assuming an excessive and violent character. Such being the position of affairs, it might be matter for grave consideration whether it would not be sound policy to concede some of