

the Spaniards brought for the purpose. The diabolical intention of this proceeding soon became apparent. A large stack of fire wood, which the peasants had built up near the shed, had by the cura's orders, been distributed around it. To this had been added branches broken off the trees, and straw, of which a considerable quantity had been brought for the horses. Torches were then applied in fifty different places, and in an instant the corral was in flames!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TOO LATE!

Too late! the curse of life! Could we but read In many a heart, the thoughts that inly bleed, How oft were found Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound (Curse of our mental state!) Too late—too late!

Tears are there, acrid drops, that do not rise Quick gushing to the eyes; Kindly relieving, as they gently flow, The mitigable woe; But oozing inward, silent, dark and chill Like some cavernous rill That falls congealing; turning into stone The thing it falls upon.

But now and then, may be the pent-up pain Breaks out restless, in some passionate strain, Of simulated grief; Finding relief In that fond idle way For thoughts on life that prey.

'How truthfully conceived!' with glist'ning eyes Some list'ner cries— 'Fine art to feign so well!' Ah! none can tell So truthfully the deep things of the heart Who have not felt the smart.

Too late!—the curse of life!—take back the cap So mockingly held up To lips that may not drain; Was it no pain, That long heart-thirst, That life-giving draught is offer'd first On that extremest shore, Who leaves, snail thirst no more!

Take back the cap.—Yet not who dares to say This mockingly presented?—Let it stay— If here too late, There is a better state:

A cup that this may typify, prepared For those who've little of life's sweetness shar'd Nor many flow'rets found On earth's ground:

Yet patiently hold on, abiding meek The call of him they seek— 'Come, thou that weapest, but hast stood the test— Home to thy rest.'

From the London New Monthly.

DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?

The greatest admirers and practitioners of the laconic, however, are those modern representatives of a deripatetic sect whose wisdom cries out in the streets in the shape of sundry pithy apothegms, which are current for a while in every mouth, though clothed in a jargon whose origin it is not always easily traced. The slang philosophers are decided partisans of the *multum in parvo*, forcible in their epithets, comprehensive in their predicaments, deciding all things with a slap-dash intuition, and their thoughts in a deinoitic phraseology, startling, energizing, and eminently suggestive. Let us take an instance, the question at present heard at every turn. 'Does your mother know your'e out?' It would puzzle the most practised attorney that ever hanged a man upon an *invento*, to set forth at length the whole that is implied in this comprehensive expression. A pig out of his lay, a Jerry Sneak absent from home without leave, an apprentice mitching on a lark, it is impossible to give them, in more civil and inoffensive terms, the intimation that they are 'twigged,' or more delicately to insinuate that they are in the pursuit of some one of the infinitely numerous modifications of the 'pleasant but wrong,' which are conveyed under the popular phrase of being 'after no good.' Where the moralists in such a case to pull up his friends in the career of their humor with a lengthy prose, on the impropriety of their ways, and the sinfulness of sin, it is to be doubted whether they would stop to hear them out; and it is certain that the adviser would have his labor for his pains; but the *opea pterocenta* of the peripatetic go home to the heart; and if they do not change a purpose, will at least teach it greater discretion in the execution.

There is another phrase—'Go it, my harty,' which, uttered with an appropriate emphasis, contains the entire substance of those pompous and very tedious harangues which historians fancy the leaders of armies wake when on the eve of a

battle, just as a stage singer sings a song at his operatic opponent before the crosses swords with him. This encouraging 'go it' determines the volitions of the multitude with an energy with laughs all ordinary rhetoric to scorn; and is only to be equalled by the 'Up guards, and at them!' of the greatest of modern generals.—It is at any time a receipt in full for a streetful of broken windows on the police, or the ducking of a pickpocket. So also 'blue ruin' condenses into two words the whole philosophy of a temperance society, the entire life of a Father Matthew; 'a screw loose' is an effectual notice to quit, in all matters of doubt and difficulty, from a tottering ministry to a bankrupt bill dealer, from a baffled party attack in the House to 'a nose' among the crackmen—fully explaining to the densest understanding, that the thing is 'no go;' which again is a phrase, that in the way of salutary caution is worth the best Q E D in the five first books of Euclid.

Amidst these and a thousand other similar scraps of philosophy, which are excellent, it would be difficult to say which is the best:—There is one, however, to which we are particularly inclined, as containing by implication an infinite variety of hopeful truths, and affording at the same time the finest rebuke of the innumerable follies which poor human nature commits, under the guidance of its own ill considered desires, and disproportioned expectations: need we add, that the phrase in question is 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

In the vastness of its comprehension, this sentence of philosophy touches upon the system of all the several schools. In the mouth of a man of cheerful disposition and serene temper, it embodies the *poco curante* indifference of a genuine epicurean. Such a man, if he sees his political enemies in possession of a mare's nest, and high in hope of making it an instrument for forwarding their own sinister purpose, he does not fall into a rage, call names, and toss about in his bed, as old Homer has it, 'like a haggick roasting before the fire;' he does not storm and swear at an opponent, or knock him down and pistol him afterwards; he only (in his mind's eye, Horatio) applies the top of his thumb to the tip of his nose, extends his fingers to their full range, and calms his rising bile with a stage whisper of 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

With the misanthropist and the rigorist, the phrase may embody the whole force of the stoical *ne te quavis eras*: it is a perpetual commentary on the necessity of self reliance, and on the duty of taking a knock on the head from a bustling world as coolly as you would a blow from a falling axon; *Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae*. In his mouth 'Don't you wish you may get it?' is indeed a page of Epictetus fit for an Emperor—a lesson of fortitude to the disappointed, of moderation to the over sanguine.

In its primitive signification, as applied by the 'prentice boys on the Queen's highway, it is the very impersonation of cynicism. Diogenes himself, when he took a lantern into the streets to look for a man, did not express his contempt for his fellow creatures with half the energy. Plato, it may be imagined, was too polite an arguer to make use of this figure; but it can scarce be doubted that when the aforesaid Diogenes rebuked his pride and sneered at his Persian carpets, the divine philosopher at least tacitly derided his envy with something like the reply in question. Pythagoras, too, when he baffled the rather prying curiosity of his followers by his mystifications concerning numbers, seems plainly to have said: 'Don't you wish you may get at the knowledge of causes?' and Socrates, as he emptied the poison cup, might have typified his full consciousness of his own superiority, by making the sign at his frustrated and impotent enemies.

That Galileo was moved by the spirit of this maxim, when persecuted to renounce the truth by a set of intolerant and self interested priests, and to admit that the earth stands still, while the sun is whirled around it along the sky's railroad, is no unlikely conjecture; and if he did not make use of the precise terms, it was probable because the formula had not then been invented. The words actually adopted by him on that occasion—'e pur si muove'—(it moves all the same), suggest the *pied de-nez* accompaniment as plainly as if he had used the modern expression; and they cannot be better done into elegant atticism of 1841, than by the equivalent 'Don't you wish, &c.'

In like manner, in the case of the philosophers of our own day, when we catch a German adept shut up in a dark closet, looking for 'the absolute,' or closing his eyes the better to see through the sub-

lime mists of ontology, what more opposite demonstrations could be given of the error of ways, than 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

'Don't you wish you may get it?' contains also the whole philosophy of diplomacy. Francis I, when he bilked Charles V, by building a chateau called Madrid, to which he returned, and not to the capital of Spain, as he had promised,—could not have used a better formula for expressing his high consideration. In morals, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' containing a whole sermon on spiritual pride, and might be employed to save a world of disagreeable prosing.

NEW WORKS.

From James's New Novel, entitled "Corse De Leon."

LIFE.

'Not so,' said the Brigand, 'not so!' We are fools to think that life is to be a bright day, unchecked with storms or with misfortunes. There is but one summer in the year, lady; the winter is as long; the autumn has its frosts and its sear leaves; and the spring its cold winds and its weeping skies. In the life of any one the bright portion is but small, and he must have his share of dangers and sorrows as well as the rest. They will be lighter if you share them, and if he shares yours.

HAPPINESS IN EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

The observation may seem trite, that to every period of life is assigned by the Almighty and Monificent Being, who at our creation adapted to each part of our material form the functions that it was to execute, and the labors it was to sustain, either peculiar powers of endurance or counterbalancing feelings, which render the inevitable cares and sorrows apporportioned to every epoch of our being lighter and more easy to be borne. The woes of childhood are, in themselves speedily forgotten. The pains are soon succeeded by pleasures, and care, gnawing care, the rack of after-life, is then unknown. Boyhood, eager, enthusiastic, hopeful boyhood, the age of acquisition and expectation, though it may know from time to time a bitter pang, scarcely less in its degree than those that afflict mature life, has so many compensating enjoyments, its own sunshine is so bright, the light that shines upon it from the future is so dazzling, that the griefs serve but as a preparation and a warning, too little remembered when once they are past. Old age, with its decay, with the extinction of earthly hopes, with the prospect of the tomb, has also dulled sensibilities that allow us not to feel many of the more painful things of early years. The blunted edge of appetite may not give so keen a zest to pleasure; but the apathy which accompanies it extends to griefs as well as joys, and if wisely used, is one of the best preparations for a resignation of that state of being which we have tried in the balance of experience and have found wanting—wanting in all that can satisfy a high and ethereal spirit—wanting in all things but its grand purpose of trial for a life to come. But besides all this, unto that period of old age, thus prepared and admonished for another state, God himself has also given comfort and consolation, a promise and a hope—a promise brighter than all the promises of youth—a hope brighter than all those that have withered away upon our path of life.

THE LIGHT OF HAPPINESS.

Acts that have made us very happy leave behind them a sort of tender but imperishable light, which invests all who have had any share in them, and brings them all out in brightness to the eye of memory, from the twilight gloom of the past, like those salient objects in an evening landscape, upon which we still catch the rays of the sun that has long set to our own eyes. Not only the willing agents of our happiness, but those that bore an uninterested part therein—objects animate or inanimate alike—the spot—the accessories—the very scene itself—all still retain a portion of that light, and shine to remembrance when other things are forgotten.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

The great tamers of strong spirits, the quellers of the rebellious heart, the conquerors of the obdurate, the determined, and the enduring, Silence and Solitude, were upon Bernard de Rohan. To know nothing of what is passing without—to have no marker of the steps of time—to see no sun rise or set—to have not even the moving shadow upon the wall to tell us that another lapse of the wearisome hour has taken place—to have nothing, in short, to link us on to human destinies, and to show us that we are wending on our way with our fellow beings—nothing but the dull beatings of the heavy heart, and the grinding succession of bitter thoughts; this, surely, is not life; and if it be not death, it is something worse. Where there is no change of any thing to mark its passing, time seems, in truth, to sink back into that ocean from which it was called at first—Eternity.

TYRANNY.

'Ah, ah, accursed implements of tyranny!' he muttered. 'When, when will the time come that ye shall be no longer known? God of heaven! even then it must be remembered that such things have been. It must be written in books. It must be told in tradition, that men were found to chain their fellow-

creatures with heavy bars of iron, to make them linger out the bright space given them for activity and enjoyment, in dungeons and in fetters, till the dull flame was extinguished, and dust returned to dust. Would to heaven that there were no such things as history, to perpetuate, even unto times when man shall have purified his heart from the filthy baseness of those days, the memory of such enormous deeds as fetters like that record! Out upon it! Was it for this that man learnt to dig the ore from the mine, and forge the hard metal in the fire?

WHO SHALL ONE DEPEND UPON IN THIS WORLD?

'Upon none of those,' replied Corse de Leon, 'whom men are accustomed to depend upon. Not upon the gay companion of the wine-cup, who aids us pleasantly to spend our wealth, or to squander our more precious time—not upon him—not upon him, young gentleman! Not upon the smooth spoken and the plausible adviser, who counsels with us on things where our own interest and his are combined, and who uses our exertions and our means to share in our fortune and our success—not upon him, I say, not upon him! Not the sweet flatterer, who either dexteriously insinuates how virtuous, and great, and wise we are, or who boldly overloads us with praise, in the hope of some, at least, being received—not upon him, I say. Not upon the pander to our vices or our follies, even though he sell his soul to pamper us with gratification—not upon him. Not upon the light wanton, who yields us what she should refuse, vowing that it is love for us which conquers, when love for many another has gone before—not upon her. Neither on the priest that preaches virtue without practising it; neither upon the soft hypocrite, nor upon the rade hypocrite; neither upon the one who assumes sleek sanctity, nor upon the other who builds the reputation for honesty upon a rough outside. There are some that will weep with you, and some that will laugh with you—some that will discourse, and some that will sport with you; but trust in none but him that you have tried, but him whom you know to be honest to himself, and who has proved himself honest to you.

INCONSTANCY IN MAN.

'Ah, my Henrietta,' she said, 'the love of man is not so difficult to keep' if women do but use the same efforts to retain it as she does to win it. We often make men fickle who would be faithful, thinking that to captivate them once is all-sufficient. How many do I daily see, Henrietta, who take all imaginable pains to win affection, who are gay and cheerful, courtions and kind, willing to please and ready to be pleased, robing themselves, as it were, in small graces and sweet allurement; and who, when the object is attained, cast away, at once, every effort; are dull and cheerless, exacting, sullen, harsh, and then wonder that the won heart is lost more quickly than it was gained! When children catch flies, my Henrietta, they put not down a drop of honey which the insects can eat and fly away. There must be enough honey to keep them, my child.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HAPPINESS.

Let us love as we may, let us enjoy the society of those to whom our heart is given as much as it is possible, there will be still— from the touch of earth in all our affections—something which renders the memory of love, when fate has severed the tie, more sweet, more intense, than even while its mortal course was running. Perhaps it is, that—as when we are removed at some distance from the beautiful things we see them better than when we are in the midst of them—perhaps it is, that when the moments of enjoyment are passed, we feel them collectively, rather than separately, and that the whole of our happiness, when gone, gathered together by recollection, is more powerfully and duly estimated than when scattered over the pathway of many hours.

WHAT WOULD LIFE BE WITHOUT ITS VARIETIES?

I forget where I have met with it—whether in the works of Kant and his disciples, or in the thoughts and imaginations attributed to Zoroaster, or in some of the lucubrations of Plato, or in the fragments of Epicurus, whose doubtful philosophy has left the world at war as to his tendency towards good or evil, virtue or vice; certainly it was not Pyrrho, who had nothing good in him, or in Confucius, the great teacher of a tea-growing nation—I forget where I have met with it; but amongst the many speculations, wise and foolish, learned and ignorant, fanciful and earthly, with which we children of the lower sphere from time to time have amused ourselves, sometimes reverently, sometimes impiously, sometimes with humility, sometimes audaciously, there is to be found a theory—perhaps it merely deserves the name of an hypothesis—which attributes to the Deity, almost as an attribute, but, at all events, as a necessity, the endless variety of creations, and a satisfaction, if we may use the term, in viewing the infinite multiplicity of his own works.

Without presuming, however, to raise our eyes to scan things that are hidden from us, or to reason upon any attributes of God, such as he has deigned to reveal to us—without daring to lay down limits to infinity, or, like the stupid idolaters of ancient times, the Greek and the Roman inventors of the most barbarous worship that ever perhaps was devised, who after making to themselves gods, and clothing those gods with all the most infamous of human passions, ended by enchaining their very dei-