

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SLIGHTED ONE.

"Man was made to mourn."

The sentiment at the head of this sketch appears to meet the approbation of many persons. Indeed, some authors take pleasure in repeating the very words. Why this should be the case is the question. Do not such persons know that they assert a palpable falsehood? It is true that some persons do mourn, and that some have a great share of suffering in this world—sufficient indeed, to afford them an excuse for mourning. But, to assert roundly, that "man was made to mourn," is to assume a position that cannot be sustained by a course of sound reasoning. When you look upon a chair you at once conclude that it was made to sit upon. When you see a coach, you know that it was made to ride in; and when you see a watch you are certain that it was made to keep time. The fact is palpable upon the face of it. But suppose you see somebody break up a chair and use it for firewood, would you then be justified in saying that chairs were made to boil the teakettle with? So if you saw a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail, would you assert that dog's tails were made on purpose to support tin kettles and that the latter articles were intended as ornaments to be suspended from the tail of a dog. Again, if you see a man on the scaffold with a rope about his neck, would you declare that such was the end of man's creation? On the contrary, we can produce good authority to show, that the very worst use which you can make of a man is to hang him.

Let us then examine the creature man, and see if we can discover these infallible marks of design that would warrant us in proclaiming that he was made to mourn. Firstly, man is said to be the only laughing animal in existence, for we cannot call the noise of the hyena a laugh. With much more propriety then could we say that man was made to laugh. Other animals can mourn. The cow utters loud complaints at the loss of her calf, the dog whines and howls; and the crocodile weeps. But man only can laugh. There are many things which man can do, and he possesses both the organs for accomplishing them. He can do many things much better than he can mourn.—If man was made to mourn, all creation then must be hung in black. It is a fact almost self evident, that man was not made to mourn.

Those, therefore, who give themselves up wholly to grief, act an unnatural part. They do not subserve the purposes of their creation,—they deny themselves the only consolation, apart from the brutes, which belongs to the physical nature. But such an individual will plead with extenuation of his monstrous and continued sorrow, that he has been visited by some "peculiar misfortune."—That is no valid excuse. They cut off heads in France, and where is there a more merry and careless people? A Frenchman invited to a ball, though beheaded in the afternoon, would take his head under his arm and go to the ball in the evening. Every misfortune is peculiar. Every source of unhappiness sends us bitter waters; otherwise it would not be unhappiness. But why permit grief to overcome you? You thus chase from you those resources which are calculated to alleviate your grief; for it remains to be as true now, as in the days of Collins, that "pale melancholy" sits retired. Nobody cares to meddle with her. The eye aches when it is fixed on impenetrable blackness, and turns for relief to the soft green of the soul—to those cheerful hillocks on which the sun beams rest as they glance through the foliage of leaves and blossoms. The world shrinks from those who can impart no pleasure.

Many a fair one has given herself up to an all devouring grief on account of disappointment in love. 'She has been disappointed,' is supposed to be a sufficient reply, when the sad and downcast eye, the trembling lip, and pallid visage have drawn the attention of a stranger to some neglected forlorn maiden, who shrinks from the gaze of others, and sits in a distant part of the room, wrapped in a speechless sorrow, 'like patience on the monument.'

We knew a light hearted damsel once, who had the misfortune to fall in love. She fancied one who was, in most respects, her inferior—and certainly so in point of sincerity. She gave him her heart embathed in sighs, and its insense went up to him like a perfume of a holocaust from the plains of Israel. In

return he gave her fair words. He was without feeling, but he could discourse; he had no heart, for nature had worked it all up in tongue, and like the tongue of the serpent it wrought only venom on those who placed dependence on the words which flowed from it. The maiden became attached to him. She supposed that his admiration was equal to hers. It was not his intention to dishonor her, for that would have involved the possession of some feeling on his part.—He had none. His vanity was gratified by her love, and he permitted her to love on.—Why she did love him was difficult to tell. An ordinary person, set off by a fashionable dress, was all that he could boast of. In the course of a few months he left her, and sought another dupe.

Here was food for sorrow. Here was a maid forsaken—true love crossed, and a real and loving heart betrayed! The sickly pall of grief fell over her visage. Her bright eye became dim and wandering. Her head drooped, and she scarcely seemed sensible of the presence of others. Her response to their words was faint and low. She was like a fading flower whose stem was bruised.

The case was a desperate one: for who can administer to a mind diseased, and least of all, diseased by hopeless love? She loved to sit for an hour together, by the side of a running brook, with her eyes fixed upon the stream; and if a cloud came over the sky, and the drops of rain began to fall, it was slowly and carelessly that she moved off to a retreat in the very heart of the grove, where the thicket was blackest and securest. There she would sit and weep. She would repeat the name of him who had deserted her, as if there were not other names more musical—she would bring before her mind's eye his features, as if there were not other features more comely—and would ponder upon the fine things he said to her, as if more ingenious and pleasing things did not remain to be said.

Thus for eighteen months she lingered on, refusing to be comforted; and whenever a word was drawn from her, it breathed only of the hopelessness of her lot; and the weariness of blighted existence.

Remarkable as the fact may seem her runaway lover having visited distant lands, and become cloyed to the vanities of this gay world, did, most unexpectedly, return to the town where the melancholy dove abided; presented himself to her, and repeated his vows in truth and in sincerity. In this event, there was more truth than poetry, and this may be also said of the substantial puddings and tarts which graced the board on their wedding day.

Now seven long years have passed and our plaintive, desolate heroine, counts four bouncing boys when she ranges the dishes on the table. She is a notable housekeeper; and if her husband intrudes too carelessly on a washing day, or is guilty of any other inadvertency which seems to invade her province, her voice is lifted up against him with an uncertain sound. For his part he is a valiant trencher man, and an enterprising grocer.—His wife is careful of the pence, and sees that nothing goes out of the family in a profitless manner. She likes her husband for just what he is worth; she thinks him a good provider; and a decent sort of a body, but she wishes him to keep on his side of the house, and she will manage her own affairs. She wonders that she ever pined and wept at his desertion, for she is sure that since her marriage she has seen fifty men as good as he—when she is particularly angry, she says better.

Sad, sorrowful, pining, and melancholy maids, if you cannot get husbands, you are free from many cares and anxieties—rejoice. Have you been deserted by a lover?—mourn not, but arouse and seek some other source of enjoyment; for the sorrow you feel is the grief of inexperience. Had you married him, a few years would have shown you that your fine fancies were but the dreams of ignorance, and that he for whom we now mourn, was worth just as much and no more.

## OLD SAINT PAUL'S.

An Historical Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth.

What befel Chowles and Judith in the vaults of St. Faith's.

HAVING now seen what occurred outside Saint Paul's, we shall proceed to the vaults beneath it. Chowles and

[Chowles and Judith were connected in the plot for setting the city on fire.]

Judith, it has been mentioned, were deserted by Leonard, just before the outbreak of the fire, stealing into St. Faith's, and carrying a heavy chest between them. This chest contained some of the altar plate, which they had pillaged from the Convocation House. As they traversed the sides of Saint Faith's which were now filled with books and paper, they could distinctly hear the raging of the fire without, and Judith, who was less intimidated than his companion, observed, 'Let it roar on. It cannot injure us.'

'I am not so sure of that,' replied Chowles, doubtfully. 'I wish we had taken our hoards elsewhere.'

'There is no use in wishing that now,' rejoined Judith. 'And it would have been wholly impossible to get them out of the city. But have no fear. The fire, I tell you, cannot reach us. It could as soon burn into the solid earth as into this place.'

'It comforts me to hear you say so,' replied Chowles. 'And when I think of those mighty stone floors above us, I feel we are quite safe.—No, no, it can never make its way through them.'

Thus discoursing, they reached the chancel at the further end of the church, where Chowles struck a light, and producing a flask of strong waters, took a copious draught himself, and handed the flask to Judith, who imitated his example. Their courage being thus stimulated, they opened the chest, and Chowles was so enraptured with its glittering contents that he commenced capering round the vault. Recalled to quietude by a stern reproof from Judith, he opened a secret door in the wall, and pushed the chest in a narrow passage beyond it.—Fearful of being discovered in their retreat, they took a basket of provisions and liquor with them, and then closed the door. For some time they proceeded along the passage, pushing the chest before them, until they came to a descent of a few steps which brought them to a large vault, half filled with bags of gold, chests of plate, and other plunder. At the farther end of this vault was a strong wooden door. Pushing the chest into the middle of the chamber, Chowles seated himself upon it, and opening the basket of provisions, took out the bottle of spirits and again had recourse to it.

'How comfortable and secure we feel in this quiet place,' he said, 'while all above us is burning. I declare I feel quite merry, ha, ha!' And he forced a harsh and a discordant laugh.

'Give me the bottle,' rejoined Judith, sternly, 'and don't grin like a death's head. I don't like to see the frightful face you make.'

'It's the first time ever you thought my face frightful,' replied Chowles, 'and I am beginning to think you are afraid.'

'Afraid!' echoed Judith, forcing a derisive laugh in her turn, 'afraid, of what?'

'Nay, I don't know,' replied Chowles, 'only I feel a little uncomfortable. What if we should not be able to breathe here? The very idea gives me a tightness across the chest.'

'Silence,' cried Judith, with a fierceness that effectually ensured obedience to her command.

Chowles again had recourse to the bottle, and deriving a false courage from it, as before, commenced skipping about the chamber in his usual fantastical manner. Judith did not attempt to check him, but remained with her chin resting upon her hand, gazing at him.

'Do you remember the Dance of Death, Judith,' he cried executing some of the wildest flourishes he had then performed, 'and how I surprised the Earl of Rochester and his crew.'

'I do,' replied Judith sternly, 'and I hope we may not soon have to perform that dance together in reality.'

'It was a merry night,' rejoined Chowles, who did not bear what she said 'a right merry night—and so to-night shall be in spite of what is occurring overhead. Ha, ha,' and he took another long pull of the flask. 'I breathe freely now.' And he continued his wild flourishes until he was completely exhausted. He then sat down by Judith and would have twined his bony arms round her neck, but she roughly repulsed him.

With a growl of displeasure, he then proceeded to open and examine the various bags, chests, and caskets, piled upon the floor, and the sight of their contents so excited Judith, that, shaking off her misgivings, she joined him, and they continued to open case after case, glutting their greedy eyes, until Chowles

became aware that the vault was filled with smoke. As soon as he perceived this, he started to his feet in terror. 'We are lost!—we shall be suffocated!' he cried.

Judith likewise arose, and her looks showed that she shared in his apprehensions.

'We must not stay here,' cried Chowles: 'and yet,' he added, with an agonised look at the rich store before him, 'the treasure! the treasure!'

'Ay, let us, at least, take something with us,' rejoined Judith, snatching up two or three of the most valuable caskets.

While Chowles gazed at the heap before him, hesitating what to select, the smoke grew so dense around them, that Judith seized his arm and dragged him away.

'I come—I come!' he cried, snatching up a bag of gold.

They then threaded the narrow passage, Judith leading the way and bearing the light.—The smoke grew thicker as they advanced, but regardless of this, they hurried to the secret door leading to the chancel. Judith touched the spring, but as she did so, a sheet of flame burst in and drove her back. Chowles dashed passed her, and with great presence of mind, shut the door, excluding the flame. They then retraced their steps, feeling that not a moment was to be lost if they would escape.—The air in the vault, thickened by the smoke, had become so hot that they could scarcely breathe; added to which, to increase their terror, they heard the most awful cracking of the walls overhead, as if the whole fabric was breaking assunder to its foundation.

'The cathedral is tumbling upon us! We shall be buried alive!' exclaimed Chowles, as he listened with indescribable terror to the noise overhead.

'I owe my death to you, wretch!' cried Judith, fiercely. 'You persuaded me to come hither.'

'It is you who lie!' cried Chowles. 'It is a lie! You were the person who proposed it. But for you, I should have left our hoards here, and come for them after the fire was over.'

'It is you who lie,' returned Judith, with increased fury. 'That was my proposal.'

'Hold your tongue, you she devil,' cried Chowles. 'It is you who have brought me into this strait—and if you do not cease taunting me, I will silence you forever.'

'Coward and fool!' cried Judith, 'I will at least have the satisfaction of seeing you die before me.'

And as she spoke she rushed towards him, and a desperate struggle commenced. And thus, while the walls were cracking overhead, threatening them with instant destruction, the two wretches continued their strife, uttering the most horrible blasphemies and execrations.—Judith, being the stronger of the two, had the advantage, and she had seized her opponent by the throat with the intention of strangling him, when a most terrific crash was heard, causing her to loose her gripe. The air instantly became as hot as the breath of a furnace, and both started to their feet.

'What has happened said Chowles,

'I know not,' replied Judith, 'and I dare not look down the passage.'

'Then I will,' replied Chowles, as he advanced a few paces up it, and then hastily returned, shrieking, 'it is filled with boiling lead, and the stream is flowing towards us.'

Scarcely able to credit the extent of the danger, Judith gazed down the passage, and there beheld a glowing silvery stream trickling slowly onwards. She saw too well, that if they could not effect their retreat instantly, their fate was sealed.

'The door of the vault,' she cried, pointing towards it. 'Where is the key? where is the key?'

'I have not got it,' replied Chowles, distractedly. 'I cannot tell where to find it.'

'Then we are lost,' cried Judith, with a terrible execration.

'Not so,' replied Chowles, snatching up a pick-axe, 'if I cannot unlock the door, I can break it open.'

With this, he commenced furiously striking against it, while Judith, who was completely horror stricken, and filled with the conviction that her last moments were at hand, fell on her knees beside him, and gazing down the passage, along which she could see the stream of molten lead, nearly a foot in depth, gradually advancing, and hissing as it came, shrieked to Chowles to increase his exertions. He needed no incitement to do so, but nerved by fear