

pet your praises as one of the most gracious of mankind. Proceed from small civilities to essential benefits, go out of your way to evince an anxiety for the promotion of his interests; extend your disinterested kindness from himself to his family; get an appointment for his eldest boy; invent a new hair day expressly to accommodate his wife, and lose a guinea a night to him at whist, the whole season round; bind him more and more tightly in obligations to you, and bear him proclaim you, nine times a day, for nine years, the best friend he ever had in the world—the most generous of mortals, the noblest of benefactors; and then, at the very moment when he is your own for ever, only just refuse to lend him your gun, or your horse—or tell him you could not think of writing to the Review to solicit a puff of his new pamphlet—that's all! How in such case, will the grateful fellow, to whom you have rendered the ninety-nine good turns, turn round upon you. He will teach you, no time, a curious lesson—that it takes years to confer obligations, but only moments to forget them. You dragged him out of the river once, saving his life at the risk of your own; you lent him a thousand pounds; you introduced him to all the connections in which he finds the best charms of society. Does he remember one of these little incidents? No; he only recollects that you yesterday refused to buy a share or two in the crazy speculation he was so rashly concerned in.

**THOU ALONE WAST FAIR.**  
 My heart a silent look  
 Flashed from thy careless eyes,  
 And what before was shadow, took  
 The light of summer skies  
 The first born love was in that look,  
 The Venus rose from out the deep  
 Of those inspiring eyes.  
 My life, like some lone, solemn spot,  
 A spirit passes o'er,  
 Grew instinct with a glory not  
 In earth or heaven before.  
 Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,  
 And shook the leaves of every thought,  
 Thy presence wandered o'er!  
 My being yearned and crept to thine,  
 As if in times of yore;  
 Thou shouldst have been a part of mine,  
 Which claimed it back once more.  
 Thy very self no longer thine,  
 But merged in that delicious life,  
 Which made us one of yore!  
 There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,  
 There murmured tones as sweet,  
 But round thee breathed th' enchanted air,  
 'Twas life and death to meet.  
 And, henceforth, thou alone wast fair,  
 And, though the stars had sung for joy,  
 Thy whisper only sweet!

**New Works.**

From Ben Bradshaw, the Man without a Head. A novel in 3 volumes.  
**SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF WEALTH.**  
 "Since the receipt of his legacy, Ben had been so taken up with his brother's departure to have little time to look around him; but now he had nothing else to do; and it must be confessed that he was surprised at the extraordinary change that had come over the town, or rather the inhabitants of Overhampton. Ben was certain there was no change in himself; he was the inside as out. He was remarkably fond of an old white hat, somewhat shapeless about the crown, but turned up with green at the brim. People used to laugh at his old white hat, and he had got his old white hat on just as usual; his straight cut, brown frock was just the same; his trousers without straps; his shoes, his shoes, his white garters, his hazel stick, the head of which he was wont to whistle upon or tap his mouth with; this to be sure, was now carried in a perfect horizontal position under one arm, because, as aforesaid, his hand was employed in his pockets—but that could not make any difference—no, he was the same Ben Bradshaw, though he felt half disposed to doubt the fact, and three quarters inclined to look at himself in the druggist's bottles to satisfy himself of his own identity. Had he been really walking in the way he seemed to be in those beautiful bottles, that is perambulating Overhampton on his head, instead of his heels, he could not have been more surprised than he was at the change that had come over the good folks of the town. Ben must have heard those exquisite lines—we know not whether to attribute them to Moore or Byron, which run:—  
 "If I be I, as I don't think I be,  
 I've a little dog at home and he knows me."  
 "Ben could no doubt that he himself, for everybody knew him; people who used to not, now shook hands, and people who took no notice now nodded. Ben, from long residence, knew every face in the place, but he had never known before that every face knew him. The man without a head," so well was his name known, but an unlucky urchin happened to raise that cry just as the beadle was unluckily passing, received a severe cut across the shoulders, pain, and crying, "vats that ere for?" until the beadle was out of reach, when he spread his fingers to his nose, and shouted, "you're another," and so fled.  
 Everybody into whose shop he glanced looked pleasantly at him as he passed; he was sure any of them would have given him credit now he did not want it; he touched his white hat to the parson, and, good gracious! the parson touched his shovel hat to him—the very banker, as he made a civil bow, rubbed his hands in

a most significant manner. But the most desperate demonstration in his favour occurred at the Three Cock Sparrows. As he was passing the door of that dispensary of cordials and compounds, two or three young fellows, to whom he was slightly known, rushed out, and entreated the pleasure of his company in the warmest and most determined manner. Resistance was vain. He was carried captive into the parlour, where the weekly club of jolly cocks was holding its hebdomadal sitting; a large red book was handed down, a pen thrust into Ben's hand, and he had signed himself a jolly cock before he well knew where he was. Five shillings was then demanded for his footing. The entrance money, indeed, was half a crown but in honor of that glorious occasion it was made five shillings, and not one of the members objected to the advance; as it happened however, it effected Ben alone, as they had all paid their footing long ago, and where, indeed members of some years standing. It is said that the entrance money was reduced again to its original amount soon after Ben became a jolly cock, so it must be supposed that the members found it expedient; but of this we cannot speak from personal experience. Ben felt extraordinary satisfaction at the high honor done him; he had no notion of his own importance; as to the possibility of becoming a jolly cock, it was an eminence of human dignity of which he had never dreamt. Great men are apt to look down upon little men, and think their pleasures and pursuits contemptible, but if we take the amount of happiness attainable, little men would have little to complain that great men have no great deal to boast of. My Lord Fitzoverreach, panting for place and power, would look down upon Benjamin Bradshaw as a mite or a nit, or some such thing as might be regarded by a great, big, black beetle, yet what were it for my Lord Fitzoverreach to obtain the seals, compared with Ben's obtaining a seat among the jolly cocks; he did not think it had been in him.

**From Carlyle's new work, of "Past and Present."**

**LABOR.**  
 There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in Work. Here he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature: the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.  
 The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy Work, and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to know it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better part.  
 It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself in working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-workers as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!  
 Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos but a round, compacted World. What would become of the earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old earth, as long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Has thou looked on the Potter's wheel;—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel, and far older! Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny with a human soul that would rest and be at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man, the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch;—let her spend on him that expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.  
 Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a Life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making instead of pestilential swamp a green fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small. Labour is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given force, the sacred celestial

Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his honest heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, "self knowledge" and much else, so soon as work fully begins, Knowledge? The Knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued off in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt" of whatever kind can be ended by Action alone."

And again hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time! All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black, ruined Stoneheaps, of foolish, unarchitectural Bishops, red tape Official, idle Nell-Gwynne Defenders of the Faith, and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yes or no. Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous Masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwynne Defenders, to blustering red tape Official, foolish, unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly. Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these—if he is able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself, is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrains her not. His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England has far scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold, are so loud and near. O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these—and on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland stone there!

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will be diffused through Immeasurability; inarticulate, undiscovered except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any boanaceous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immeasurables, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature;—work is of a brave nature; which is in the name of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how its loyalty supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-Captain, Norse Sea-King—Columbus, my hero, royalist Sea-King of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine in the waste, deep waters; around the mutinous, discouraged souls, behind the disgrace and ruin, before the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild Water-Mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems they have other work than floating thee forward; and the huge Winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the Kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small-shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them; see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South wester spend itself, saying thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Matiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself; how much will thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World Soldier, thou of World Marine-Service—thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured world here around thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on—to New Americas, or whither God will.

**THE WAY IN ROME.**

Murder, in Rome, when instigated by vengeance, is called a *colpa*, a mere act of manslaughter; so little interest is excited on behalf of the sufferer, that though an individual be stilled in the public streets, not a single person

(unless it be a stranger) will think of either pursuing the criminal, or succouring the wounded man. For instance, a woman who had two admirers, gave one the preference, and married him. The other, enraged at his rejection, followed her constantly, to prevent which she threatened to apply to the police. That very night he concealed himself behind her house door, and as she came out stabbed her in the throat. She ran to a neighbouring apothecary, and entreated his assistance; but he refused, saying he dared not admit her into his house, as it would be risking his own life. The wound was slight, but she died in the night from loss of blood.

**From Titmarsh's Irish Sketch Book.**

**COTTAGE HUSBANDRY IN IRELAND.**  
 Stretching away from Killeullen bridge, for a couple of miles or more, near the fine house and plantations of the Latouche family, is to be seen a much prettier sight, I think, than the finest park or mansion in the world. This is a tract of excessively green land, dotted over with brilliant white cottages, each with its couple of trim acres of garden, where you see thick potato ridges covered with blossom, great blue plots of comfortable cabbage, and such pleasant plants of the poor man's garden. Two or three years since, the land was a marshy common, which had never since the days of the deluge fed anything bigger than a snipe, and into which the poor people descended, draining and cultivating, and rescuing the marsh from the water, and raising their cabins and setting up their little enclosures, of two or three acres upon the land which they had thus created. "Many of 'em has passed months in jail for that," said my informant (a groom on the back seat of my host's phaeton); for it appears that certain gentlemen in the neighborhood looked upon the titles of these new colonists with some jealousy, and would have been glad to depose them, but there were some better philosophers among the surrounding gentry, who advised that instead of discouraging the settlers, it would be best to help them; and the consequence has been, that there are now two hundred flourishing little homesteads upon this rescued land, and as many families in comfort and plenty.

**LIMERICK.**

They say there are three towns to make one Limerick; there is the Irish town on the Clare side; the English town with its old castle, (which has sustained a deal of battering and blows from the Danes, from fierce Irish kings, from English warriors who took an interest in the place, Henry Secundian; Elizabethans, Cromwellians, and *vice versa*, Jacobites, King Williamites,—and nearly escaped being in the hands of the Robert Emmettes); and finally the district called New-Town-Pery. In walking through this latter tract, you are, at first, half led to believe that you are arrived in a second Liverpool, so tall are the warehouses and broad the quays; so neat and trim a street does not, in a few minutes, appear to be so wealthy and prosperous as it shows at first glance, for of the population that throng the streets, two-fifths are bare-footed women and two-fifths more ragged men! and the most part of the shops which have a grand show with them, appears, when looked into, to be no better than they should be, being empty make shift looking places, with their best goods outside. Here, in this handsome club house, with plenty of idlers, you may be sure, loitering at the portico; likewise you see numerous young officers, with very tight waists, and absurd brass shell-capulettes to their little absurd frock coats, walking the pavement—the dandies of the street. Then you behold whole troops of pear, apple, and plum women, selling very raw, green looking fruit, which, indeed, it is a wonder that any one should eat and live:—the houses are bright red the street is full and gay, carriages and cars in plenty go jingling by, dragoons in red are every now and then clattering up the street, and as upon every car which passes with ladies in it you are sure (I don't know how it is) to see a pretty one, the great street of Limerick is altogether a very brilliant and animated sight.

If the ladies of the place are pretty, indeed, the vulgar are scarcely less so. I never saw a greater number of kind, pleasing, clever looking faces among any set of people. There seem, however, to be two sorts of physiognomies which are common; the pleasing and somewhat melancholy one before mentioned, and a square high cheeked flat nosed physiognomy, not uncommonly accompanied by a hideous staring head of dry, red hair. Except, however, in the latter case, the hair flowing loose and long is a pretty characteristic of the women of the country; many a fair one do you see at the door of the cabin, or the poor shop in the town, combing complacently that "greatest ornament of female beauty," as Mr Rowland justly calls it.

Guilt may attain temporal splendour, but can never confer real happiness.  
 Cowardice of mind is the never-failing concomitant of a guilty conscience.

He who violates his word is the first person that is injured by so doing.

As the malignant nature can never forgive the innocent being it has injured, so the ungrateful nature forgives the generous man who has served it.

Nicety at the Gallows.—There existed some curious old customs in Abbeville: a man condemned to be hung, might be saved if a woman offered, of her own accord, to marry him. This piece of good fortune happened to a robber at Hautvilliers in 1400; but the girl was lame, and he actually refused her, say to the hangman, "Alle cloque, je n'em veux mie; attaqu' me!"—"She limps, I do not at all like her for a wife; tie me up!"