

Literature, &c.

From the Dial for October.

AUTUMN.

A VARIED wreath the autumn weaves
Of cold grey days, and sunny weather,
And strews gay flowers and withered leaves
Alone my lonely path together.

I see the golden-rod shine bright,
As sun showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

I see the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

I saw an ash burn scarlet red
Beneath a pine's perpetual green,
And sighing birches hung their head,
Protected by a hemlock screen.

Yet light the verdant willow floats
Above the river's shining face,
And sheds its rain of hurried notes
With a swift shower's harmonious grace.

The petals of the cardinal
Fleck with their crimson drops the stream,
As spots of blood the banquet hall,
As some young knight's romantic dream.

No more the water-lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue weed's cluster's ride
Add mock the heaven's element.

How speeds from in the river's thought,
The spirit of the leaf that falls,
Its heaven in this calm bosom wrought,
As mine among these crimson walls.

From the dry bough it spins to greet
Its shadow in the placid river,
So might I my companion meet,
Nor roam the countless worlds for ever.

Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dream-like company.

Our skies glow purple, but the wind
Sobs chill through green trees and bright
grass,
To day shines fair, and lurk behind
The times that into Winter pass,

So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay,
Yet through our night glows many a star,
That still shall claim its sunny day.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

OR THE LAW OF ARREST.

By E. L. Bulwer.

ONCE on a time there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant by the name of Meyer; he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted, that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth where Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty, which in my opinion should, in a free country, never be permitted, viz—the liberty of applying for the money owing to him.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger in that town, but not altogether unacquainted with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Capt. Jones.

"And vat," said he to a man whom he asked to conduct him to the Captain's house, "vat ish dat fine vessel yonder?"

"She is the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta, sails to-morrow; but, there's Captain Jones's house, sir, he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed and knocked at the door of a red brick house; door green, brass knocker. Captain Jones was a tall man, he wore a blue jacket without skirts, he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was elegant of what is generally called the bluff honesty of seamen.

Captain Gregory Jones seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend; he begged for a little time. The merchant looked grave, three years had already elapsed—the Captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the captain blustered—and the merchant angry, he threatened. All of a sudden Capt. Jones's manner changed, he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed, his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat, and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, here comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached, the

latter one whipped out what seemed to be a receipt to Meyer. Ah, ver well, I will sing, ver well.

"Singing, sir, is usual, you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, sir; my house is extremely comfortable; gentlemen of the first fashion go there, quite moderate too: only a guinea a day, and your own wine."

"I do—do—understand sure," said the merchant, smiling, amicably, "I'm very well off here—thank you—"

"Come, come," said the other gentlemen, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo, monseer, you are a prisoner. This is a warrant for £10,000 due to captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant started, the merchant frowned; but so it was. Gregory Jones arrested Mynheer Meyer for £10,000, for as any one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer, in a strange town, to get bail. Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dat be a strange way of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scrapped acquaintance with some of his fellow prisoners.

"Vat be you in prison?" said he to a stout respectable looking man, who seemed in a violent passion; "for fat crime?"

"I, sir! crime!" quoth the prisoner, "sir, I was going to Liverpool, to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposing candidate had me arrested for two thousand pounds. Before I get the bail the election will be over."

"Vat's that you tell me? Arrest you to prevent you from giving an honest vote? Is dat justice?"

"Justice! no!" said our friend, "it's the law of arrest."

"And vat be you in prison?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin, cadaverous looking object who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to his eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill if he could find a few names to endorse it. The bill became due; the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill—there were eight of us; the law allows him two guineas for each, there are sixteen guineas, sir, for the lawyer—but I, sir, alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there is a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folks."

"But is dat justice?"

"But," no, sir—it's the law of arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession, "dey tell me in England a man may be called innocent till he be proved guilty; but here am I who because you carron of a sailor, who owes me five hundred pounds, takes an oath dat I owe him ten thousand—here am I on dat scoundrel's single oath clapped in prison. Is this a man's being innocent till he is proved guilty, sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer, primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases, but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that's quite a different thing—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime?"

"De tufel! but sare, is there no remedy for a poor merchant?"

"Remedy? oh, yes, indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he is gone ten thousand miles off—Calcutta."

"That's certainly against your indictment."

"And I cannot get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And have I been arrested instead of him?"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only one word to say, is dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Myner, but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate, and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

"But is dat justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated, as no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate—he told his case—he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Capt. Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine goot sare—yesh."

"He sailed for Calcutta yesterday. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer—He's a clever fellow—Gregory Jones."

THE RELATION OF THE POET TO HIS AGE.

[We take the following beautiful extract from a discourse delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, on the 24th ult., by George S. Hilliard, Esq.]

Looking at the life, and the society that are around us to-day, if there be something disheartening in the plain level on which everything here rests, and in the absence of those picturesque and melodramatic institutions, there more unchecked development, which is thereby given to simple humanity. In our free air, all hues of many-colored life glow more vividly. Love is more spontaneous, ambition is bolder, the veins of time. There is no occasion here for the poet to fold his arms in silent despair.

All the primal elements of his art stand round him like ripened corn in the fields of the world. Here is man, nowhere more energetic, more persevering, more brave; here is woman, nowhere more pure, more lovely, more self-devoting; here are the dazzling hopes of youth; the evening shadows of age pointing eastward to the dawn of a new life; love that emparadises earth; the mother and her child; the ever new mystery of birth; the marriage benediction; the grave waiting for all. Above us are the unwrinkled heavens; the sleepless ocean murmurs around; and all the shows of earth are at our feet.

There is something fearful in the rapidity with which the industrial development of the country goes on; in the magic speed with which prairie grass is turned into pavements, and the primeval forests into court-houses, blacksmith's shops, and lawyer's offices. As we travel westward, we go back into the vanished centuries, and in the settler, with his axe before the giant woods of Michigan, we find a cotemporary of the Greek under the oaks of Dedona. All these things—even railroads, canals, and steamships, have, in their relation to human happiness and improvement, their poetical aspect. The poet who finds no "thoughts, that voluntary move harmonious numbers," suggested by the Thames Tunnel, or the Croton Aqueduct, is but a Tyro in his noble art.

If there be no lack of themes and inspirations, there is surely none of impulse and motive. Nowhere is the poet more imperatively called upon to speak out whatever is in him of divine birth. We need the charm and grace which he alone can throw over the rough places of life. A nation skilled in the arts that multiply physical comforts and conveniences, but in which the imaginative faculty lies paralysed and lifeless, disturbs us with the sense of something incomplete and imperfect. It reminds us of a world without children. It is a Shaker community on a gigantic scale. In some points we recognize the superiority of Sparta to Athens; but what to us are the institutions of Lyncurgus, compared with the choruses of Sophocles and the frieze of the Parthenon? As the idea of a cathedral includes not only the central nave, the long-drawn aisle, the high embowed roof, the massive buttress, but also, the roses blooming in stone, the quaint corbels, the twining wreaths of foliage, and the stained glass, blushing with the blood of martyrs and the glories of sunset; so in the idea of a state are comprehended, not only armies and navies, politics and government, the custom house and the post-office, the judge and the sheriff, but whatever sweetens and decorates life, the arts that reproduce the beauty of stars and clouds, and childhood's cheek—poetry, painting, sculpture, and music.

The motion to intellectual action press upon us with peculiar force in our country, because the connection here is so immediate between character and happiness, and because there is nothing between us and ruin, but intelligence which sees the right, and virtue which pursues it. There are such elements of hope and fear mingled in the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself not only to the general, but to the individual ear. By the wrecks of shattered states, by quenched light of promise that once shone upon man, by the long-deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has been done and suffered in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles, whose hearts have been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins—it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our hands.

That fine natures should here feel their energies by the cold touch of indifference, that they should turn to Westminster Abbey, or the Alps or the Vatican, to quicken their flagging pulses, is of all mental anomalies the most inexplicable. The danger would seem to be rather that the spring of a sensitive mind may be broken by the weight of obligation that rests upon it, and that the stimulant, by its very excess, may become a narcotic. The poet must not plead his delicacy of organization as an excuse for dwelling apart in trim gardens of leisure, and looking at the world only through the loopholes of his retreat. Let him fling himself with a gallant heart, upon the stirring life, that heaves and foams around him. He must call home his imagination from these spots on which the light of other days has thrown its pensive charm, and be content to dwell among his own people. The future and the present must inspire him, and not the past. He must transfer to his pictures the glow of morning, and not the hues of sunset. He must not go to any Phaphar or Abana, for the sweet influence which he may find in that familiar stream, on whose banks he has played as a child, and mused as a man. Let him sow the seeds of beauty along that dusty road, where humanity toils and sweats in the sun. Let him spurn the baseness which ministers food to the passions, that blot out in man's soul the image of God. Let not his hands add one seductive charm to the unreasoned form of pleasure, nor twine the roses of his genius around the reveler's wine cup. Let him mingle with his verse those grave and high elements befitting him, around whom the air of freedom blows, and upon whom the light of heaven shines. Let him teach those sterner virtues of self control and self renunciation, of faith and patience, of abstinence and fortitude—which constitute the foundations alike of individual happiness and of national prosperity. Let him help to tear up this great people to the stature and symmetry of a moral manhood. Let him look abroad upon this young world in hope, and not in despondency. Let him not be repelled by the

coarse surface of material life. Let him survey it with the piercing insight of genius, and in the reconciling spirit of love. Let him find inspiration wherever man is found; in the sailor singing at the windlass; in the roaring flames of the furnace; in the dizzy spindles of the factory; in the regular beat of the thrasher's flail; in the smoke of the steamship; in the whistle of the locomotive. Let the mountain wind blow courage into him. Let him pluck from the stars of his own wintry sky, thoughts serene as their own light, lofty as their own place. Let the purity of the majestic heavens flow into his soul. Let his genius soar upon the wings of faith, and charm with the beauty of truth.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

BY T. HOOD.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahony was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealacreegh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leander's distance, from which the unknown might have awum. Meanwhile, the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diving a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrit voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahony.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course what I am?"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step aside in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest people in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connor for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "Success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he learn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his long drawn, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Begad, that's true," exclaimed the Repealer.

"And in course you'll have heard of the Repealer?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favour in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life, nor shame Mike," provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will half me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murder alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honour's tail?"

"That very same," said the Merman. "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow. But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be killed entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself, "Divil a bit of a Repealer without that!"

"Not a drap, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort