

## Literature, &amp;c.

From Graham's Magazine.  
CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when I was very small,  
When my whole frame was but an ell in  
height,  
Sweetly as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a horseback on best father's knee;  
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,  
And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown  
to me.

Then seemed to me this World far less in  
size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;  
Like points in heaven I saw the stars arise,  
And longed for wings that I might catch a  
star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
And thought "Oh! were I on that island  
there!  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how  
fair!

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western  
skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow, early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson  
light.

And thought of God, the gracious, Heavenly  
Father,  
Who made me and that lovely sun on high,  
And all those pearls of Heaven thick strung  
together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all  
the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to me;  
"Oh, gentle God! Oh, let me strive away  
Still to be wise and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the town;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar brother,  
Who bent with age, went sighing up and  
down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood per-  
ished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cher-  
ished—  
God! may I never, never lose that too.

## New Works.

From the Heart; a Novel. By Martin Far-  
quhar Tupper.

## THE END OF THE HEARTLESS.

FOR many months I had seen a sullen low-  
ering fellow, with cropped head, ironed legs,  
and the motley garments of disgrace, driven  
forth with his gang of bad companions; a slave,  
toiling till nightfall in piling cannon balls, and  
chipping off the rust with heavy hammers; a  
sentinel stood near with a loaded musket; they  
might not speak to each other, that miserable  
gang: hope was dead among them; life had  
no delights among; they wreaked their silent  
hatred on those hampered cannon balls. The  
man who struck fiercest, that sullen convict  
with the lowering brow, was our stock jobber,  
John Dillaway. Soon after that foretaste of  
slavery at Woolwich, that ship sailed, freighted  
with incarnate crime; her captain was a ruffian  
(could he help it, with such cargoes!); her  
crew the offspring of all nations; and the  
Chesapeake herself was an old rotten hull, con-  
demned, after one more voyage, to be broken  
up; a creaking, foul, unsafe vessel, full of rats,  
cockroaches, and other vermin. The sun glar-  
ed ungenially at that blot upon the waters,  
breeding infectious disease; the waves flung  
the hated burden from one to the other, dis-  
dainful of her freight of sin; the winds had no  
commission for fair sailing, but whistled through  
the rigging crossways, howling in the ears of  
many in that ship, as if they carried ghosts  
along with them; the very rocks and reefs but-  
tered her off the creamy line of breakers, as  
sea unicorns distorting; no affectionate fare-  
wells blessed her on her departure; no hearty  
welcomes await her at the port. And they  
sailed many days as in a floating hell, hot, mi-  
serable, and cursing; the scanty meal was flung  
to them like dog's meat, and they lapped the  
putrid water from the pail; gang by gang for  
an hour they might pace the smoking deck,  
and then and thence were driven down, to fes-  
ter in the hole for three-and-twenty more. O  
those closed hatches by night; what torments  
were the kennel of that ship! Suffocated by  
the heat and noxious smells; bruised against  
each other, and by each other's blows, as the  
black unwidely vessel staggered about among  
the billows, the wretched mass of human mi-  
sery wore away those tropical nights in horrid  
imprecation; worse than crowded slaves upon  
the Spanish Main, from the blister of crime  
upon their souls, and their utter lack of hope-  
fulness for ever. And now, after all the shat-  
tering storms, and haggard sufferings, and de-  
grading terrors of that voyage, they reared the  
metropolis of Sin; some town in Botany Bay,  
a blighted shore, where each man, looking at  
his neighbour, sees in him an outcast from  
heaven. They landed in droves, that ironed  
flock of men; and the sullenest looking scound-  
rel of them all was John Dillaway. There  
were murderers among his gang; but human  
passions, which had hurried them to crime,  
now had left them as if wrecked upon a lee

shore,—humbled and remorseful, and heaven's  
happier sun shed some light upon their faces:  
there were burglars; but the courage which  
could dare those deeds, now lending strength  
to bare the stroke of penitence, enabled them  
to walk forth even cheerily to meet their doom  
of labor: there was rape; but he did himself,  
ashamed, vowing better things: fiery arson,  
too, was there, sorry for his rash revenge: also  
conspiracy and rebellion, confessing that ambi-  
tion such as theirs had been wickedness and  
folly; and common frauds, and crimes, and  
social sins; had enough, God wot, yet hopeful:  
but the mean, heartless, devilish criminality of  
our young Dagon beat them all. If to be hard  
hearted were a virtue, the best man there was  
Dillaway. And now these were to be billeted  
off among the sturdy colonists, as farm servants  
near akin to slaves; tools in the rough hands  
of men who pioneer civilization, with all the  
vices of the social, and all the passions of the  
savage. And on the strand, where those task-  
masters congregate to inspect the new-comer  
droves, each man selected according to his  
mind: the roughest took the roughest, and the  
gentler the gentlest; the merry-looking field  
farmer sought out the cheerful, and the sullen  
backwoods settler chose the sullen. Dilla-  
way's master was a swarthy, beetle-browed  
cattiff, who had worn out his own seven years  
of penalty, and had now set up tyrant for him-  
self. As a hewer of wood, and a drawer of  
water, in a stagnant little clearing of the forest,  
our convict toiled continually, continually—  
like Caliban: all days alike; hewing at the  
mighty trunk, and hacking up the straggling  
branches: no hope, no help, no respite; and the  
iron of servile tyranny entered into his very  
soul. Aye, aye—the culprit: convicted, when  
he hears in open court, with an impudent as-  
surance, the punishment which awaits him on  
these penal shores, little knows the terror of  
that sentence. Months and years, yea, haply  
to grey hairs and death, slavery unmitigated,  
—uncomforted; toil and pain; toil and sorrow;  
toil, and nothing to cheer; even to the end  
vain tasked toil. Old hopes, old recollections,  
old feelings, violently torn up by the roots. No  
familiar face in sickness, no patient nurse be-  
side the dying bed: no hope on earth, and no  
prospect of heaven: but, in its varying phases,  
one gloomy glaring orb of ever-present hell.  
It grew intolerable—intolerable; he was bea-  
ten, mocked, and almost a maniac. Escape,  
escape!—Oh, blessed thought!—into the wild  
free woods!—there, with the birds, and flow-  
ers, hill and dale, fresh air, and liberty!—Oh,  
glad hope—mad hope! His habitual cunning  
came to his aid; he schemed, he contrived, he  
accomplished. The jutting heads of the rivets  
having been diligently rubbed away from his  
galling fetter by a big stone—a toil of weeks—  
he one day stood unshackled, having watched  
his time to be alone. An axe was in his hand,  
and the saved single dinner of pea-bread. That  
beetle-browed task-master slumbered in the  
hut; that brother convict—(why need he care  
for him too!—every one for himself in this  
world)—that kinder, humbler, better man, was  
digging in the open field, if he wants to escape,  
let him think of himself: John Dillaway has  
enough to take care for. Now then, now un-  
observed, unsuspected; now is the chance! Joy,  
life, and liberty! Oh, glorious prospect—  
for this inland world is unexplored.

He stole away, with panting heart, and fear-  
fully exulting eye; he ran, ran, ran, for miles,  
—it may have been scores of them,—till night-  
fall, on the soft and pleasant greensward under  
those high echoing woods. None pursued;  
safe, safe; and deliciously he slept that night  
beneath a spreading wattle-tree, after the first  
sweet meal of freedom. Next morn, waked  
up like the starting kangaroos around him,  
(for John Dillaway had not bent the knee in  
prayer since childhood), off he set triumphant  
and refreshed; his arm was strong, and he trust-  
ed in it; his axe was sharp, and he looked to  
that for help: he knew no other God. Off he  
set for miles, miles, miles; still that continuous  
high acacia wood, though less naturally park  
like, of times choked with briars, and here and  
there impervious ahead. Was it all this same  
starving forests to the wide world's end? He  
dug for roots, and found some acrid bulbs and  
tubers, which blistered up his mouth; but he  
was hungry, and ate them; and dreaded as he  
ate. Were they poisonous? Next to it, was  
Dillaway: so he hurried eagerly to dilute their  
gripping juices with the mountain stream, near  
which he slept: the water at least was kindly  
cooling to his hot throat; he drank huge  
draughts, and stayed his stomach. Next  
morning, off again: why could he not catch  
and eat some of those half-tame antelopes?  
Ha! He lay in wait hours, hours, near the  
torrent to which they came betimes to slake  
their thirst; but their beautiful, keen eyes saw  
him askance—and when he rashly hoped to  
hunt one down a foot, they went like the wind  
for a minute,—then turned to look at him  
afar off, mockingly—poor, panting, baffled  
creeper. No; give it up—this savoury hope  
of venison; he must go dependently on and on;  
and he filled his belly with grass. Must he  
really starve in this interminable wood? He  
dreamt that night of luxurious city feasts, the  
turtle, turbot, venison, and campaign; and  
then how miserably weak he woke. But he  
must on, wearily and lamely, for ever through  
this wood,—objectless, except for life and li-  
berty. Oh, that he could meet some savage,  
and due him battle for the food he carried: or  
that a dead bird, or beast, or snake lay upon  
his path; or that one of those skipping kangar-  
oos would but come within the reach of his  
oft-aimed hatchet! No; for all the birds and  
flowers, and the free wild woods, and hill and  
dale, and liberty, he was starving, starving; so  
he browsed the grass as Nebuchadnezzar in his  
lunacy. And the famished wretch would have  
gladly been a slave again. Next morning, he  
must lie and perish where he slept, or move

on: he turned to the left, not to go on forever;  
probably, aye too probably, he had been creep-  
ing round a belt. Oh, precious thought of  
change! for within three hours there was light  
ahead, light beneath the tangled underwood:  
he struggled through the last cluster of thick  
bushes, longing for a sight of fertile plains, and  
open country. Who knows? are there not  
men dwelling there with flocks and herds, and  
food and plenty? yes, yes, and Dillaway will  
do among them yet. You envious boughs, de-  
lay me not! He tore aside the last that hid  
his view, and found that he was standing on  
the edge of an ocean of sand—hot yellow sand  
to the horizon!

He fainted—he had liked to have died; but  
as for prayer—he only mattered curses on this  
bitter, famishing disappointment. He dared  
not strike into the wood again—he dared not  
advance upon that yellow sea exhausted and  
unprovisioned; it was his wisdom to skirt the  
wood; and so he tramped along weakly, weak-  
ly. This liberty to starve is horrible! Is it,  
John Dillaway? What, have you no com-  
punctions at that word starve? no bitter, dread-  
ful recollections? Remember poor Maria, that  
own most loving sister, wanting bread through  
you. Remember Henry Clements, and their  
pining babe;—remember your own sensual  
feastings and fraudulent exultation, and how  
you would have utterly starved the good, the  
kind, the honest! This same bitter cup is fil-  
led for your own lips, and you must drink it to  
the dregs. Have you no compunctions, man?  
nothing tapping at your heart? for you must  
starve! No! not yet, not yet! for chance  
(what Dillaway lovingly called chance)—in his  
moments of remorse at these reflections, when  
God had hoped him penitent at last, and if he  
still continued so might save him—sent help in  
the desert! For, as he reelingly tramped  
along on the rank herbage between this forest  
and that sea of sand, just as he was dying of  
exhaustion, his faint foot trod upon a store of  
life and health! It was an emen's ill protected  
nest; and he crushed, where he had trodden  
one of those invigorating eggs. Oh, joy joy,  
—no thanks, but sensual joy! There were  
three of them, and each one meat for a day;  
ash-coloured without, but the within, the with-  
in, full of sweet and precious yolk! Oh, rich  
feast, luscious and refreshing: cheer up, cheer  
up: keep one to cross the desert with: aye,  
aye, luck will come at last to clever Jack! how  
shrewd it was of me to find those eggs! Thus  
do the wicked forget thee, blessed God! Thou  
hast watched this bad man, day by day, and all  
the dark nights through, in tender expectation  
of some good. Thou hast been with him hourly  
in that famishing forest, tempting him by  
starvation to—repentance; and how gladly did  
Thine eager mercy seize this first opportunity  
of half-formed penitence to bless and help him,  
even him, liberally and unasked! Thanks to  
Thee, thanks to Thee! Why did not that  
man thank thee? Who more grieved at his  
thanklessness than Thou art? Who more sorry  
for the righteous and necessary doom which  
the impetuosity of heartlessness drags down  
upon itself? And Providence was yet more  
kind, and man yet more ungrateful; mercy  
abounding over the abundant sin. For the fa-  
mished vagrant diligently sought about for  
more rich prizes; and, as the manner is of  
these unnatural birds to leave their eggs care-  
lessly to the hatching of the sunshine, he soon  
stumbled on another nest. "Ha, ha!" said he,  
"clever Jack Dillaway of Broker's Alley  
isn't done up yet: no, no, trust him for taking  
care of number one: now then for the desert;  
with these four huge eggs and my trusty hatch-  
et, deuce take it but I'll manage somehow."  
Thus, deriving comfort from his bold bad heart  
he launched unhesitatingly upon that sea of  
sand: with aching toil through the loose hot  
soil he ploughed his weary way, footsore, for  
leagues, leagues, lengthening leagues; yellow  
sand all round, before, and on either hand, as  
far as the eye can stretch, and behind already  
in the distance that terrible forest of starvation.  
But what then, is the name of this burnt plain,  
unwatered by one liquid drop, unvisited even  
by dews in the cold dry night? Have you not  
yet found a heart, man, to thank Heaven for  
that kind supply of recreative nourishment,  
sweet as infants' food, the rich delicious yolk  
which bears up still your halting steps across  
this world of sand? No heart, no heart of flesh  
—but a stone, a cold stone; and hard as yon-  
der rocky hillock. He climbed it for a view—  
and what a view! a panorama of perfect desola-  
tion, a continent of vegetable death. His  
spirit almost failed within him; but he must  
on, or perish where he stood. Taking no  
count of time, and heedless as to whether he  
might wander, so it be not back again along  
that awful track of liberty he longed for, he  
crept on by little and little, often resting, often  
drooping from fatigue, night and day, day and  
night: he had made his last meal; he laid him  
down to die—and already the premonitory  
falcon flapped him with its heavy wing. Ha!  
what are all those carrion fowls congregated  
there for? Are they batten on some dead  
carcase? No; they are waiting for you.

O, hope, hope! there is a smell upon the  
wind: up, man, up, battle with those birds,  
drive them away, hew down that fierce white  
eagle with your axe; what right have they to  
precious food when man, their monarch, starves?  
So, the poor emaciated culprit seized their pu-  
trid prey, and the sacred fowls hovered but a  
little space above, waiting instinctively for the  
new victim; they had not left him much—it  
was a feast of remnants—pickings from the  
skeleton of some small creature that had per-  
ished in the desert—a wombat, probably, starved  
upon its travels; but a royal feast it was to  
that famishing wretch; and, gathering up all  
the remainder of those priceless morsels, which  
he saved for some more fearful future, again he  
urged his way. Still the same, night and day,  
day and night—for he could only travel a lea-

gue a-day; and at length a shadowy line be-  
tween the sand and sky—far, far, off but cir-  
cling the horizon as a bow of hope. Shall it be  
a land of plenty, green, well watered meadows  
the pleasant homes of man, though savage, not  
unfriendly? O hope, unutterable! Or is it (O  
despair!) another of those dreadful woods, starv-  
ing solitude under the high arched gum trees.  
Onward he crept; and the line on the horizon  
grew broader and darker; onward still; he  
had conquered, he was bold and hard as ever.  
He got nearer, now within some dozen miles;  
it was an indistinct distance, but green at any  
rate; huzza—never mind nightfall; he cannot  
wait, nor rest, with this elysium before him:  
so he toiled along through all the black night,  
and a friendly storm of rain refreshed him, as  
his thirsty pores drank in the cooling stream.  
Aha! by morning's daws he should be standing  
on the edge of that green paradise, fresh as a  
young lion, and no thanks to any one but his  
own shrewd indomitable self. Morning dawn-  
ed, and though the vague twilight loomed some  
high and tangled wall of green foliage, stretch-  
ing seemingly across the very world. Most  
sickening sight! a matted, thorny jungle, one of  
those primeval woods again, but closer, thicker,  
darker than the park-like one before; rank  
and prickly herbage in a rotting swamp, crowd-  
ing up about the stately trees. Must he battle  
his way through? Well, then, if it must be  
so, he must and will; anything rather than this  
hot and blistering sand. If he is doomed by  
fate to starve, be it in the shade, not in that  
fierce sun. So he weakly plied his hatchet,  
flinging himself with boldness on that league  
thick edge of thorns; his way was choked with  
thorns; he struggled under tearing spines, and  
through prickly underwood, and over tangled  
masses of briery plants, clinging to him every  
where around, as with a thousand taloned  
claws; he is exhausted, extrication is impossi-  
ble; he beats the tough creepers with his dulled  
hatchet, as a wounded man vainly; ha!  
one effort more—a dying effort—must he be  
impaled upon these sharp aloes and strange  
leafed prickly shrubs; they have caught him  
there, those thirsty poisoned hooks, innumera-  
ble as his sins; his way, whichever way he  
looks, is hedged up high with thorns, thickest  
thorns, sturdy tearing thorns, that he cannot  
battle through them. Emaciated, bleeding,  
rent, fainting, famished, he must perish in the  
merciless thicket into which hardheartedness  
has flung him! Before he was well dead,  
those flapping carrion fowls had found him out;  
they were famishing too, and half forgot their  
natural distaste for living meat. He fought  
them vainly, as the dying fight; soon there  
were other screams in that echoing solitude,  
besides the screeching falcons; and when they  
reached his heart (if its matter aptly typified  
its spirit), that heart should have been a very  
stone for hardness.

So let the selfish die! alone, in the waste  
howling wilderness; so let him starve uncared  
for, whose boast it was that he had never felt  
for other than himself—who mocked God, and  
scorned man—whose motto throughout life,  
one sensual, unsympathising, harsh routine,  
was this,—"Take care of the belly and the  
heart will take care of itself"—who never had  
a wish for others' good, a care for others' evil,  
a thought beyond his own base carcase; who  
was a man—no man—a wretch without a  
heart. So let him perish miserably, and the  
white eagles pick his skeleton clean in yonder  
tangled jungle!

Travels in Scotland: by J. G. Kohl.

## A PICTURE OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is especially beautiful of an even-  
ing, and I believe there is no town in Europe  
which is equally adorned by the lighting of the  
lamps in the streets, and the candles in the  
rooms, especially the old town, whose houses,  
piled one over the other, are to be seen oppo-  
site from the whole of the magnificent Prince's  
Street, which runs along the edge of the wa-  
terless, but flower and tree-decked valley, like  
a quay by a river. This old town gleams,  
even on ordinary week days, with unnumbered  
lights, like a starry sky, and like other towns  
on high holidays. The rich display of light,  
however, is the effect of poverty, for all these  
vast lofty buildings are filled with poor people,  
up to the very roof. Every roof is inhabited by  
a family, and as these people are occupied till  
late in the evening, there is to be seen a can-  
dle flickering out of every window, whilst in  
the houses of the rich, whole suites of rooms  
frequently lie in darkness. "You must go  
yourself into the narrow streets of this old  
town, and see in what misery and filth the poor  
people live there," said a German countryman  
to me in Edinburgh; "for if you do not do so,  
you will probably return, like so many other  
strangers, to Germany, and praise the magni-  
ficence of these English cities, the hospitality  
of their inhabitants, the splendid dinners, and  
I know not what besides, and forget the poor  
entirely, as the English themselves do. I tell  
you that if you will creep about in yonder hou-  
ses with me, you will see unheard of things,  
such as you never saw; for there exist there  
such scenes of filth and misery, as do not, and  
could exist in a well-ordered state." In fact,  
had I not seen the poor in the towns of Poland,  
and had I not in other parts of the world be-  
held much sorrow, filth, and misery, bound up  
with poverty, I should have said that the mise-  
ry, and wretched condition of the poor in parts  
of the old town of Edinburgh, was the most  
miserable that could be seen on earth. I have  
never found the poor anywhere cleanly, for it  
is only prosperity which introduces love of or-  
der and cleanliness. In England it requires a  
great degree of prosperity before it leads to  
order, and I may add, to cleanliness and eco-  
nomy. The English poor are but too frequent-  
ly profligate, drunkards, and buried in filth.  
Among the Scotch poor I think this is even