

feeling for our fellow creatures—softens and tones down their foibles, errors, and short comings—renders us suspicious of, and sceptical concerning our own deserts, and willing and able to discover good intentions, where without its aid, we should observe only selfishness.

Like perceives like in the human mind, and, consequently, selfish people are ever the most acute in detecting selfishness in others, while benevolent men will discover kindness and self denial, where the worldly minded see nothing but unmitigated love of self.

To the lovers of ease, and the believers in practical philosophy, it must be no slight recommendation to charity that like mercy "it is twice blessed," "it bleaseth him that gives and him that receives."

Charitable constructions of other people's deeds renders us happier,—a man who is ever on the alert to discover bad intentions, is the victim of his own suspicions, whilst the opposite character is in charity with all men—happy himself—and so secured by his charitable disposition, that even the envious and malicious pass him, awed by his repose.

Charity begets charity, so that a charitably disposed man, must inevitably partially call into operation the charitable feelings of all those with whom he associates.

We should think of the influence which our conduct has upon society, for however insignificant atoms we may be, we still form part of the great whole, and in our sphere can do much good or evil.

From Graham's Magazine.

TO THE FUTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height
Can I behold thy stretch of Peaceful bowers?
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
Thy nestled homes and sun illumined towers?
Gazing upon the sunset's high heaped gold,
Its crags of opal and of crysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold
Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven
Sometimes a glimpse is given,
Of thy most gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted
Ed blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf
And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom leaps,
As to a mother's, the o'er wearied heart,
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,
The hurrying feet, the eures without number,
And, circled with the glow Elysian,
Of thine exulting vision,
Out of its very cares woes charms for peace
and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile
Thou bleasest her, and she forgets her bands,
And her old wo-worn face a little while
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor
Looks, and is dumb with awe;
The eternal law
Which makes the crime its own blindfold redressor,
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom
From out the trembling gloom
As silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading.

What promises hast thou for Poets eyes,
Awary of the turmoil and the wrong?
To all their hopes what everjoyed replies!
What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song!
Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling clangor
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor;
The humble glares not on the high with anger;
Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for more;
In vain strives Self the godlike sense to smother;
From the soul's deeps
It throbs and leaps;
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long
lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his knee
Welcome as children; thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;
The Prophet cries to the when hearts are cold-
est,
And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss
Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disen-
chanted.

Then bringest vengeance, but so loving kindly
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee

Pierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith
blindly

Their own souls they were scarring; con-
querors see

With horror in their hands the accursed spear
That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,
And from their tropics shrink with ghastly fear;
Thou, too, art the Forgiver,

The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;
The arrows from thy quiver
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for
healing.

O, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams,
From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye
bear me?

Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,
This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!
Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night
He is a coward who would borrow

A charm against the present sorrow
From the vague Future's promise of delight:
As life's alarms nearer roll,

The ancestral buckler calls,
Self-clanging, from the walls
In the high temple of the soul;

Where are most sorrows, there the poet's
sphere is,
To feed the soul with patience,
To heal its desolations

With words of unshorn truth, with love that
never wearies.

We copy the following extracts from the
Scottish Guardian, that our readers,
may see the superiority of our position
in this land of liberty; the industrious
poor not being left at the tender mercy
of the aristocracy, to be thrust out of
house and home.

THE LIVING TENANTS OF A CHURCHYARD—A SCENE IN ROSS-SHIRE.

Only a few days since, I witnessed a most
unusual and affecting sight, in a wild and re-
mote strath in the highlands of Ross-shire. If
you think the following unvarnished narrative
of that scene worthy a place in your columns,
I know not a more suitable channel for such a
delineation than the *Scottish Guardian*. With-
out any pretension to poetry or painting—and
simple truth can afford to dispense with such
auxiliaries—I shall present your readers with
the impressions left on my mind by what I saw
and heard on the occasion I allude to. Who has
not heard of the little vale of *Glencalvie*?
though few, if any, once thought, its "homely
joys and destiny obscure" would ever be heard
of outside the high and rugged mountains by
which it is bounded. The pen of Mr Robert-
son, not long since, gave the humble glen, and
its tribe of Rosses, celebrity; and now the
Times takes up the cause of the hapless tenants
of that locality, and gives them and their sor-
rows place in its columns. The noblest privi-
lege of power is to succour the suffering weak.
The opposition to the Maynooth grant, and
their able advocacy of the claims of the desti-
tute poor, will be among the lasting trophies of
the leading journal. Eighteen households, or
about fourscore and ten persons, old and young,
have just been ejected from a remote highland
strath, to make room for sheep and game, far
more valuable and profitable doubtless than
mortal men with immortal spirits. When the
simple and primitive occupiers of that glen,
where their tribes had been for at least five
centuries, and to which they claimed a right of
prescription, won for their feudal lord by their
brand and their brow, were first legally sum-
moned to quit their homes and holdings, they
were stunned with surprise—"they were as
men that dreamed." An avalanche from the
mountains pouring over their little fields below,
and spreading sterility and ruin, could not be
more unexpected and appalling. Entreaty,
resistance, remonstrance, wailing, were all in
vain. The arm of the law is irresistible, when
power is inflexible and demands its aid. Out
they must go, and out they are; and they went
peaceably, but sorrowfully. "The world was
all before them," when they left their happy
valley, but "where to choose?" was not theirs,
though "Providence their guide." They had
no foot of land to call their own—no home to
welcome them in all the green universe—and
they went at once to the churchyard of their
native parish. There I saw them, and that
was the "sight" I alluded to, affecting as it
was humbling—the homeless living amongst the
housed and buried dead.

The Highlander claims the churchyard, com-
posed of the hallowed dust of his kindred dead,
as his heritage and his patrimony. Will the
heritor dispute that right with him too? We
think not. There the poor and the rich meet
—there master and servant are equal—and
there superior rights are no longer contented
for. The tomb is the "sister" of the great
and the lowly—death is the only lord para-
mount there. "If thou seest the oppression
of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment
and justice in a province, marvel not at the
matter; for he that is higher than the highest
regardeth, and there he higher than they."

I came upon this strange encampment at the
time of evening worship, and the burst of
praise which rose from the place of the dead,
and was wafted along the hill side, was almost
thrilling. The singing was in Gaelic, and the

psalm most appropriate (the 145th). The ver-
ses I heard were the following—and they seem-
ed to have a new meaning in such a scene, so
sweet and suitable is the inspired word of pro-
mise in every possible variety of situation and
experience:—

Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
And of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the need
Of every thing that lives.

The Lord is just in all his ways,
Holy in his works all,
God's near to all that call on him,
In truth that on him call.

He will accomplish the desire
Of those that do him fear:
He also will deliver them,
And he their cry will hear.

There was a large peat fire kindled in the
churchyard, with a group of females and chil-
dren around it—the poor women sad enough
and thoughtful, but the thoughtless little ones
seemingly pleased with the novelty and variety.
Amongst the men were the aged and weak,
and the stout and hardy and young. A long
range of beds lay along the low wall or dyke,
roofed over with sheets of tarred canvases,
readily furnished by a most kind hearted ex-
tensive sheep farmer in the immediate neigh-
bourhood. In front their tents were closed in
with blankets, the whole structure resembling
the merchant-booths common at one time at
country fairs. The wild mountain scenery,
the solemn sequestered burial ground, the open
air worship, all put the mind back two centu-
ries to the hallowed times of the covenant and
the conventicle; only the insolence of the
dragoon, and the report of the carbine, were
wanting to fill up the picture.

There might be about fourscore people in all
present. It is among the lingering superstitions
of the mountaineer that he is not very fond of
counting heads, and the exact number they did
not say. They had worshipped through the
day with the rest of the parishioners in the usual
place, beside a dark sluggish stream, fringed
with alders, recalling, doubtless, to not a few
of them, the voiceless harp of captive Judah,
who wept by the darker rivers of Babylon,
when they remembered Zion. An intelligent
elder of the Free Church led their devotions,
and I was told by an English gentleman who
was on the spot at the time, that altogether the
scene was one peculiarly striking and heart-
touching. That Englishman, humane and tal-
ented, was sent down—why should it be con-
cealed—by the liberality of the *Times* news-
paper, to investigate on the spot the circumstan-
ces of this distressing case. The cry of *Glencalvie*
had spread throughout broad Scotland,
and is already entering the ears of generous
England. It is literally "Blue bonnets over
the border." The *Glencalvie* men, exiled
from their own homes, peopled with early,
happy, holy associations, have found an asylum
in many a noble home, and commiseration in
many a feeling heart, far and wide.

The great fire of London, dreadful and des-
tructive calamity as it was, stayed the plague
that made the metropolis of Britain one vast
sepulchre. The ejected inhabitants of *Glencalvie*,
tented among the graves of their kindred,
in the churchyard of Croick, up among the
mountains, may be the death-blow to the
inexcusable and unfeeling system, too long en-
dured, of throwing upon the world whole vil-
lages and districts of happy, peaceful peasantry.
Mankind thinks that field sufficiently
"weeded" already, and public indignation
will not suffer another poor virtuous family to
be plucked up and cast away as worthless. He
will be a bold man who will attempt a "clear-
ance" of small tenantry in the Highlands for
half a century to come. The time is gone
by for making a whole county *taboo*, or herme-
tically, sealing a single parish or property.
Oppression may speak in the ear in closets;
but independence will proclaim its secret
whispers on the house-tops. "For there is
nothing covered that shall not be revealed,
and hid, that shall not be known." Even the
glitter of a star, or the pride of a coronet, may
not shield the trampler on the spiritual rights
of conscience, or the civil rights of man.

The public press is an engine of tremendous
influence; and when skillfully wielded, and
honestly directed, it is one of the main pillars
of a country's liberties. And, oh, what a
scourge, and plague, when unrighteously and
venally used and applied, even in a land of
freedom! I heard one of the ejected remark,
"There were just two smokers in the glen last
night." The remaining sixteen fires were
quenched, and as many humble but happy
hearths become cold. The nettle and the
dock may now grow wild, where affection
and hope nestled, and where joy and grief
waxed and waned in turn. "The glen" is
now desolate and silent, and henceforth, in-
stead of the hum of human voices, and the
cheerful prattle, and simple sports of happy
childhood—will be heard the bleating of the
sheep, and the croak of the raven. And why
is all this crushing of the weak, and racking
of feeling, and bursting of heartstrings? Sure-
ly, rather to quiet the cravings of avarice,
than from wanton wrong or cruelty?

I envy not the man who is to inherit the
curses, not loud, but deep, left behind. And
even those who would not curse, who could
forgive an injury, left no blessing for the injur-
ers!

It is well that the glen-men, now "dwelling
among the tombs," are located out of sight of
their "happy valley," else I believe, like the
exiled Swiss, they would pine away and die
of home-sickness. What strange mysterious

sympathies in all the wide world link the heart
and spirit of the mountain-child so closely to
the rude rock, heath-hill, and dashing cata-
ract! These objects seem entwined with his
very being; and the tempest and the torrent
become a part of himself, and colour and re-
gulate his inmost emotions.

The procession from the "glen" to the
Clachan (burying ground), a distance of two
miles, was, I am informed, a sad and sorrowful
one—a living funeral in the twilight of a Sa-
turday eve. There was no leave-taking, for
all went out together; but the big pang of
parting for ever with the little world that once
enclosed their joys, and griefs, and loves,
kept them silent. Their houses were left en-
tire, and locked, never to be opened, and en-
tered by them any more. In the green sister
isle they manage these things rather differen-
tly. On the occasion of a very late clearing
there, for it seems they have arrant human
"weeds" as in the Highlands of Scotland, a
posse of constables and law authorities pre-
ceeded to the doomed spot to thin out the over-
rank Irish population. But their work was
found ready done for them, not a weed to be
found, and the field, according to the most ap-
proved mode of agriculture, "pared and burn-
ing"—the houses and property a smoking waste,
and silence brooding over the smouldering
ruins.

In *Glencalvie* the sole remaining inhabitant
is the worthy old pensioner, who was too ill to
bear removal, and to whom the factor, on ap-
plication, granted leave to remain behind.
Like a father who has survived his entire fa-
mily, he feels solitary and unhappy; and the
deserted strath is now a new world, from which
he longs to escape—and too likely he is soon
to leave it for the house appointed for all liv-
ing. The work of destruction will then be
complete, and the valley a perfect desolation.
Men will yet be telling as a marvel that they
remember to have seen *Glencalvie* peopled!
And births and marriages will be dated from
the year in which fourscore human beings
took refuge in a churchyard, because they had
no other home on earth. The beautiful lines
of Goldsmith are as true as they are often re-
peated:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

—The Deserted Village.

The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle's first night in France.—

"Shameful Indifference" of Caudle at
the Boulogne Custom House.

I suppose, Mr. Caudle, you call yourself a
man? I'm sure, such men should never have
wives. If I could have thought it possible
you'd have behaved as you have done—and I
might, if I hadn't been a forgiving creature,
for you've never been like anybody else—N
I could only have thought it, you'd never have
dragged me to foreign parts. Never! Well, I
did say to myself, if he goes to France, per-
haps he may catch a little politeness—but no,
you began as Caudle, and as Caudle, you'll
end. I'm to be neglected through life, now.
Oh yes! I've quite given up all thoughts of
anything but wretchedness—I've made up my
mind to misery, now. Your's glad of it?
Well, you must have a heart to say that, I
declare to you, Caudle, as true as I'm an ill-
used woman, if it wasn't for them, I'd never
go back with you. No: I'd leave you in this
very place. Yes; I'd go into a convent; for a
lady on board told me there was plenty of 'em
here. I'd go and be a nun for the rest of my
days, and—I see nothing to laugh at, Mr. Cau-
dle; that you should be shaking the bed-things
up and down in that way.—But you always
laugh at people's feelings; I wish you'd only
some yourself. I'd be a nun, or a Sister of
Charity. Impossible? Ha, Mr. Caudle, you don't
know even now what I can be when my blood's
up. You've trod upon the worm long enough;
some day won't you be sorry for it!

Now none of your profane crying out! You
needn't talk about Heaven in that way: I'm
sure your last person who ought. What I
say is this. Your conduct at the Custom
House was shameful—cruel! And in a foreign
land, too! But you brought me here that I
might be insulted; you'd no other reason for
dragging me from England. Ha! let me once
get home, Mr. Caudle, and you may wear
your tongue out before me into outlandish places
again. What have you done? There now
that's where you're so aggravating. You be-
have worse than any Turk to me,—what? You
wish you was a Turk? Well I think
that's a pretty wish before your lawful wife!
Yes—a nice Turk you'd make, wouldn't you?
Don't think it.

"What have you done? Well; it's a good
thing I can't see you, for I'm sure you must
blush. Done, indeed! Why, when the brutes
searched my basket at the Custom House? A
regular thing, is it? Then if you knew that,
why did you bring me here? No man who
respected his wife, would. And you could
stand by, and see that fellow with mustaches
rummage my basket; and pull out my night-
cap, and rumble the borders, and—well! if
you'd had the proper feelings of a husband,
your blood would have boiled again. But no!
There you stood looking as mild as butter at
the man, and never said a word; not when
he crumpled my night-cap—it went to my