

Literature, &c.

The British Magazines
FOR AUGUST.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHERE IS THE LAND THE
SPIRIT LOVES?

Where is the land the spirit loves?
Where finds the heart its choicest treasure?
Where, in a new existence, proves
Unbroken rest, unfading pleasure?
Where shall the instincts of the mind,
Those voiceless promptings, point for rest;
Or man another Eden find,
The brightest, fairest, last and best?

Beneath the tropic's fervid sway,
Where earth in rich abundance pours
Her glowing fruits—where smiles the day
On golden sands and glittering shores?
Or yonder, where the glorious lays
Of ancient bards the theme unfold—
The classic lore of other days,
The deathless memories of old?

Or far, by Jordan's sainted shore,
Or Siloam's brook, or Salem's towers,
Where Israel's chosen race once more
Shall pass the consecrated hours?

Alas! the sunniest lands are stain'd
With blood in ruthless passion-shed,
And richest ore has there been gain'd
Where slaves have toil'd and groan'd, and
bled.

And vainly might the poet mourn
The mould'ring wrecks of elder time;
The spoilers hand hath scathed and torn
Those treasures of a storied clime;
And Jordan's stream but sadly flows
Where Zions songs no more are sung,
And Israel, in his wanderings, knows
The harp is on the willows hung.

But yet a land the spirit loves
Exists in its immortal bloom,
Where life exults and pleasure moves,
Apart from time, and past the tomb.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear discern'd,
Grief cannot crush, nor time destroy,
And earthly sense hath never learn'd
Its deep and mystic thrills of joy;
And poorly can we picture here,
By all as yet to mortals given,
The glories of that distant sphere
Our bright'ning home—our native heaven.

From the same.

PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

DR GREGORY had just returned from an early professional call, one bitter morning in November. On alighting from his chaise, he caught the eyes of his daughter, rivetted upon some object in his equipage, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seemed to be struggling for the ascendancy. Turning round to see what thus attracted her attention, the doctor (he was in haste for his breakfast) now for the first time perceived a little ragged and barefooted boy, who was hanging at the bits of his horse, with an air of as resolute determination to hold on, as if he had seized Bucephalus by the head-stall. Dr Gregory was both humane and a humourist, and was in particularly good spirits just then, having relieved a fellow-creature from intense suffering, and received therefor a reasonable fee—two events which, conjoined, constitute a physician's happiness; and though the good physician, like Mr Gregory, would infinitely rather miss the last than the first, it cannot be denied that they are pleasant associate circumstances.

'Hullo! you little centaur reversed,' he cried, 'who pays you for holding a horse that wouldn't run if you whipped him?'

'Is it me you mane? It's the less trouble to hold him then if he won't run,' said the boy; 'and if your honour should forget to give me the sixpence I shall be no poorer than I was before!'

'Ah! ha!' said the doctor, imitating his brogue, 'it's a wit you are! Here John,' he said to the groom, who had now come round, turn the horse into the stable, and this little savage into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee, with rolls, and half a pound of chaps.'

Dr Gregory, seated at his comfortable breakfast with his family, soon forgot that such a being as little Patrick existed. This we say without scandal to his benevolence; for so many calls were made upon him for professional and other aid, that he fell into the habit of prescribing for temporary relief, and thinking no more about the applicants. But his daughter Helen, who had youth, charity, and leisure, took good care that her father's humane credulity should never be misdirected or imposed upon, so far as she could prevent it; nor did she permit it to slumber, when any object came under her attention which deserved more than the casual notice which served for immediate assistance. Mrs Gregory was pleased at the influence which Helen exerted over her father, and an excellent understanding knit toge-

ther the inmates of the happy household. The doctor, though he had two or three young sons, was himself the youngest person in his family. A mind conscious of rectitude, good bodily health, and a most cheerful temper, kept up in his spirits the continual flow of youth. He never permitted himself to be startled out of his equanimity, or made angry by any trifle, and thus, in prosperity never unduly elated, and in adversity never unreasonably cast down; he kept ever on the sunny side of life. To such a man, no day was a blank, and no night came without pleasant reflections. The little beggar boy, whose wits had been sharpened by poverty, divined so much of his character from his manner, and from what was seen and heard in the kitchen, that he resolved not to lose his acquaintance. Helen, who was disposed to see how the shivering boy looked after a warm breakfast, returned from the kitchen, reporting:

'Well, father, your little Irish patient says he is ready to go now.'

'Irish patient—oh, the little rogue I sent into the kitchen after his breakfast! Well why don't he go then?'

'Because, he says, you would never forgive him, if he left without paying his respects. Betty says he is 'a dry little stick,' and my own ears have heard that he keeps the kitchen in an uproar.'

'So! well, we might as well laugh too. Have him passed up, Helen.'

'Now, then,' said the doctor, affecting a very severe look, as Pat awkwardly bowed into the room: 'now, then, young man, what do you wish to see me for?'

'I'm entirely too much like yourself to forget that, your honour. Sure you don't give up a fat case till you are regularly discharged!'

'Indeed!' said the doctor, laughing heartily.

'I have a most precocious subject in you, at any rate. Pray what have you been doing all your little life?'

'Oh, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another.'

'But what were you doing last?'

'Eating my breakfast at your expense,' answered Pat.

Helen laughed now, and so did her mother, but the doctor was puzzled, and only muttered 'So-o-o,' as was his custom when in a quandary. Pat was a more curious specimen of natural history than he had ever met before, and the doctor did not know exactly where to place him. His wife, who had been looking with pity at the lad's unprotected feet, brought a pair of one of the children's shoes, and bade Patrick put them on.

'Oh, millia murter!' shouted Pat, throwing up both his hands with well-feigned horror. 'Sure it's not my mother's son would do the likes of that!'

'What?' cried the doctor, astonished at what he supposed was the insolent pride of the little beggar boy. 'What is it you would not do, pray?'

'There's many things I wouldn't do, your honour,' said Patrick, looking roguishly around the circle whose eyes were now curiously fixed upon him. 'Beautiful teeth your ladyship has!' he said to Helen, who closed her lips with half a pout at his impertinence, but lost all command of them in a clear bell-like laugh, as Pat added—'Many things I would not do—and one of them is to disgrace the shoes of a son of your honour's by putting my naked feet into them. Sure they never saw the like!'

'Give the young scamp a pair of silk hose!' shouted the doctor, as soon as his cachinnatory paroxysm permitted.

'Lamb's wool will answer, if you please, ladies,' said the little adventurer, nothing abashed at the storm of laughter he had raised.

'Where do you live? Have you a father? mother? sisters? a place? do you want one?' said the doctor, hurriedly, rattling one question after the other, in order if possible to confuse the young hopeful.

'Blind Alley,' answered Patrick, putting his hands behind him, and standing erect—'No sir. Yes your honour. Five of them. I wish I had. Try me once.'

'Are you really in distress, or only shamming?'

'May be I shammed hunger! Ask Betty if I ate my breakfast—then go and ask my mother and five sisters when they took meat enough off the table to feed six, after they had done?'

'Another hint, Mrs Gregory,' said the doctor, smiling. 'Just load a basket for this little original.'

Pat was soon fitted out with shoes, warm socks, and a basket of broken food. 'Now,' said the doctor, 'will you be sure and come back to-morrow morning.'

'Will a duck swim, your honour? Will a fly come back to the traacle?'

'Be sure then and bring home the basket,' said Mrs G.

'I'll do that thing, and another one too,' said Pat, making them his best bow, as he backed out of the room, wishing them all the top of the morning.

Pat hardly reached the street, before he sat down on the curb-stone to put on his shoes.

'So-o-o,' said the doctor, watching him from the window; 'Helen! The daughter came and stood beside him. 'Now!' continued the father, 'see how little is necessary, how easily a person may be satisfied, and with how little we ought to be content. A toilet-table, glass, and bureau, for somebody's chamber, when she reached her twentieth birthday a short time since, cost me three cases of hooping-cough, two fevers, and a compound fracture—a whole year's practice of extraordinary amount in my cabinetmaker's family; and yet that little fellow

borrow my pavements and makes it answer in the place of all those superfluities!'

'Yes, most magnanimous papa—but who asked you for all those superfluities?' Who contrived that his daughter should be packed off on her birthday, directly after breakfast, that when she came in to dinner, the furniture of a princess's chamber might surprise her? you are quite a good preacher, I will admit, even to find your own text, as you did in this case. For my part,' she continued, blushing scarlet, and turning half aside as the old gentleman looked her keenly and somewhat quizzically in the face—'for my part, I should be satisfied with a house furnished at no more cost than my single room is. I am willing to give up superfluities, if—if—if—'

'So-o-o—here we come again. Love in a cottage—the romance of an ardent affection—proof against adversity, like a salamander safe—poetry and boiled cabbage—children without clothes, and potatoes with their jackets on. Very fine and pleasant to walk about by moonlight, in midsummer—very cool and uncomfortable with the thermometer at zero, and no coal in the grate!'

'I suppose you were rich when you married?'

'Hey!—ah, there's John with the horse!' said the old gentleman, hurrying away from the conversation which he suspected might be about to take a wrong turn. There was a certain young gentleman whose preference for Helen had become too marked to be overlooked; and as the suitor was an unexceptionable person, his addresses had been tacitly allowed, while the careful father indefinitely postponed, and dexterously evaded listening to any formal communication, inasmuch as that would imply a period to the suspense in which the old Esculapius was determined to keep the young people.

The most unfortunate position in which a poor suitor for a rich young lady's hand can be placed, is when her father happens to be a successful member of the young man's own profession. The wealthy lawyer, physician, merchant, or tradesman, knows so well the difficulties and discouragements of those who are just entering upon the pursuit by which he has made his wealth, that he scans their pretensions and characters with a most careful and critical eye. No mere hope is entered by such a father as cash in the account; and no 'expectations' are credited as actual capital. The young merchant may pass for more than he is worth with any body but the merchant, and the young lawyer or doctor may be rated above his professional value by any body but the veteran in his own line of life.

Such were the disadvantages under which young Dr Henry aspired to an alliance with the family of old Dr Gregory. Probably he over-estimated his difficulties—and probably, too, the old doctor intended he should. It is a trick of the experienced to pile all sorts of impediments in the way of the young, in order to test their capacities, prove their quality, and fire their ambition. Many a young man, who esteems a certain old father to be a terrible ceremony, would, if he could really discover the thoughts of the arctic gentleman find him saying in his heart, 'Had I three ears' (three pairs, to keep up the canine parallel), 'I'd hear thee.'

The little Irish boy left, on the whole, a good impression on the minds of the doctor's family, though they were sadly nonplussed by his free and easy demeanour. The doctor was captivated by his ready wit—the wife and the daughter pitied his evident though uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little enigma consisted in a word beyond which no city reader will need any explanation. Pat was, or rather had been, a 'news-boy'; as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as such he had learned the readiness of reply, and keenness of repartee, which astonished the doctor's household. As soon as Patrick had completed his street toilet—for, with stockings and shoes in his possession, he instantly discovered what he had not the gift of before, that it was too cold to run barefooted—he started for home at a good pace. As he knew that his mother and sisters were half-famishing, he was delighted to have it in his power to render them substantial aid and comfort. The supply was indeed most opportune. The father of the little family had died but a short time previously after a long illness, which had eaten up their small earnings, and sent their moveables, one by one, to the pawn-broker's and the second-hand auction stores. Contemptible in value as these poor chattels seemed, every sixpence is a treasure to the suffering poor, and the widow Murphy was looking in vain for some article convertible into cash, though ever so trifling, when Patrick arrived with his basket of provision. If Dr Gregory had seen how like famished bears the little flock fell upon the broken food, he would have owned that here was, indeed, no 'shamming!'

'Oh, Paddy, dear,' said his mother, wiping her eyes, which had filled while her children ate so greedily, 'how hard you must have begged to get all this!'

'Sorrow the bit, then, did I get by begging,' answered the boy. 'I told them my mother and five sisters were starving with cold and famishing with hunger, and begged for a penny or two to buy them bread; but the people either pushed me aside and looked 'you lie,' or told me so and done with it. At last, and here the little fellow stood up proudly, 'I tried another way for it!'

'You did not stale, Paddy!' cried his mother looking frightened. 'And the boy has shoes and stockings to his feet, too!—That ever it should come to this!'

'Is it my own mother that asks me that?' Said Pat, his eyes glistening with tears of pride and sorrow. 'Did she tache me thou shalt stale, by mistake? No, I did not stale, mother! I shamed a rich and good-natured man out of what he will never miss—and look, how it helps the childer! Takehold yourself, mother. I've had my breakfast, and by the same token, the same man is good for to-morrow!'

A rude knock at the door interrupted Pat, and summoned an anxious cloud upon the face of his mother. 'The immediate and abrupt entrance of the—stranger, we were about to say—followed. But, alas! he was one of those who are no strangers to the poor!'

'Come, Mrs Murphy,' he said, 'if you can't pay your rent, it is high time you gave way, to make room for those who can. Three weeks behind, terms weekly, in advance, is a hard loss for us—but,' and he gave a scrutinising look about the bare apartment, 'we shall have to put up with it, and let you go, scot free.'

'Let us go! Where are we to go to?'

'Well, that's not our look-out, you know. We can't harbour you rent free any longer, at any rate. What, Pat! comfortable shoes and stockings, eh? You've improved on yesterday. You must be fitted out, I suppose, whether your mother's honest debts are paid or not!'

'Truth, sir,' said Pat, a little angrily, 'they were not bought but a free gift, and made by a man who does not begrudge your shoes, nor the heart of the man who stands in 'em!'

'Hoity! toity! little Paddy bantam! I meant no harm, I'm sure,' said the man, provoked but ashamed to betray it. 'You might as well have begged money to keep a house over your head, as shoes for your feet, while your hand was in.'

'Beggars can't be choosers,' said Pat, with provoking calmness. 'If they could, we shouldn't be your tenants!'

'I'll chose for you, then,' said the man, now thoroughly enraged. 'Don't let me find you here to-morrow. If I do, the whole troop shall be bundled off to the almshouse, except you, sir, and you shall be sent to the house of refuge!'

'Maybe he thinks he carries the keys of all them places in his pocket,' said Pat, as he closed the door which the unfeeling fellow had disdained to shut after him.

'Heigho!' sighed the old woman, as she shivered over the ashes, which she was raking about with a bit of lath, in the hope to coax heat out of the tinder-like embers of pine shavings—'Heigho! we are all born, but we are not all buried yet! Them as is at the top now, may find themselves at the bottom be ore they die!'

'True for you, mother—but never say die, yet. Maybe there's room for us at the top too, without pushing any body else down,' said little Pat.

'Heaven forgive me, and so there may be, Paddy, dear! But one can't help thinking, Well, the sun has risen to-day, but it isn't set.'

'No—nor it won't, neither, till it sets on brighter faces, for here he comes that never came without a welcome, nor left without your blessing,' said Patrick, going from the window to the door.

A gentleman of some five-and-twenty entered, cheerful and humane in countenance, kind, yet not mincing in his manner. 'Heyday, good folks!' he said, 'all in the dumps! Who is sick?'

'No one, sir,' said Pat.

'Not you all will be, if you don't keep warmer; but that's poor comfort, you say, to those who can't. Come, Mr Murphy tell us all about it.'

Patrick, in a clear and straightforward manner, told the new comer what the reader already knows. When he had done, the stranger said: 'One, two, three, four dollars—is it I? Well, I can't afford to give you that—but, Mr Murphy, I'll tell you what. I'll lend you five four for the rent, and one for you to start afresh on.'

Pat and his mother overwhelmed him with thanks which he did not stop to hear, but was off before the widow could reach him, or she certainly would have thrown herself at his feet and clasped him by the knees.

'There, mother, I told you the sun was not set yet,' said Pat, executing a most difficult stage negro pas, in his new shoes. News boys are familiar with 'theatricals'—that is, such as they prefer, and the prospect of going back upon the penny paper vending Rialto, no longer a 'lame duck,' but as he expressed it, 'in town again, with his pocket full of rocks,' elated little Paddy quite as much as a recovery from hopeless bankruptcy could have pleased any one of his seniors. His head was already as full of plans for the future as his heels were of a tivity. He counted the provision to be drawn from the doctor's kitchen as good for a couple of days at least; and being now in comfortable circumstances, he began to think of enabling his sisters in some way to contribute their share to the maintenance of the household. How very little will suffice to make the poor happy! And how readily might the fact be experimentally tested by thousands who know nothing of it, but, repining amid competence, excuse their heartless indolence, and indifference to the real sufferings of others, with the deceptive plea, that they should be glad to do good if it were only in their power.'

'Come, father,' cried Helen, the next morning, 'do lay down that pamphlet, and come to breakfast. You are too old a man to be completely swallowed up by the shop. You care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious medical periodical than see your family. I declare you are so redolent of pulverised knowledge, and