

rhubarb, that I am almost sick of the sight and odor of you!"

"Why, Helen," said her mother, "how you do run on! I declare I am quite ashamed of you."

The good old doctor smiled with arch meaning, as he submitted to his daughter's raillery. "Never mind, wife," he said, as he took his seat at the table. "Physicians are such nuisances that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to that number of the Medical Examiner, it's a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack, named Harry, or Henry, or some such name."

Helen laughed and blushed, and blushed and laughed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against her, and she had nothing to do but to look out that she did not scald her fingers in doing the honours of the breakfast table, while her father, making the most of his advantage, pressed her unmercifully. The real truth was, that the report of Dr Henry's case, in which Dr Gregory had been so much absorbed was a most interesting one, skillfully treated, and reported in a manner which shewed the young man to be a master of his profession, and a most excellent practitioner. Helen had shrewdness enough to perceive that her father was in a most excellent mood as regarded her wishes and hopes, and therefore courted rather than deprecated his mirth. She was, therefore, more disappointed than pleased when her father changed the subject, by saying to his wife:

"Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons yesterday?"

This question being answered in the negative, the doctor continued: "Then unless little Pat considers your basket to be worth more than anything he would be likely to get here to-day, he will come back this morning."

"To be sure he will come," said Mrs Dr Gregory.

"To be sure he will, father," said Helen.

"Well—perhaps—" said the doctor, pretending to have his doubts. Knowing that all womankind are more or less inclined to contradiction, the doctor cunningly took care that their negatives should support the affirmative he wished to reach. Betty here announced that the young gentleman was already below stairs.

"Give him some bread fast, Betty," said the doctor, "and then send him up. Now, you see," added the doctor, turning to his daughter, "that little Pat is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a shad. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while."

"You hard-hearted old gentleman," said Helen, "how can you be so uncharitable! He knows that honesty is the best policy."

"He will come to the gallows in the end," said the doctor, winking to his wife to observe how their daughter's fine face lighted up with the excitement of contradiction.

"He will come to a fortune, and own a whole square!" retorted Helen.

"So-o," said the doctor; "good so. And I'll tell you what: my pretty propheticness—I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith: you shall marry this young Dr Henry, or Harry, or whatever his name is, whenever Pat has a house to let you; and the happy father laughed immoderately at his own wit. His wife joined—and Helen, though she rose from the table, and pretended to be angry, could not help joining too.

Before she could return a reply, Betty announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was the lessee of several large old houses, in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain city improvements would entirely ruin the property.

"So-o," said the doctor, "a hard improvement that. They pay me little more than the taxes now; and if they are improved at that rate, I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir."

At this moment Pat made his appearance at the door. Helen went to him, led him to a farther window, and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another boy this morning—hope and pleasure shone in his face, and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful. The doctor's lessee, soon took his leave, having first conversed in an undertone for a moment or two, with a frequent look towards Pat. The doctor's countenance showed that the lad had gained but little in this interview.

"Now," said the doctor, as Helen led the lad to him. "Your name is Patrick, I believe?" Patrick bowed. "I am very sorry," the doctor continued, "to learn that you are a very bad and a very impudent boy—though I might have guessed the best."

Helen and Mrs Gregory looked astonished, and poor Pat, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head, and burst into tears—"Sure, sir, that will be news to my poor mother, wherever you heard it."

"Come, come, sir," said the doctor, "no more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard—and if you are deserving, I would do you good. Your sharp answers will serve for an hour's amusement; but if you are, as I am told, a very bad boy, you are a dangerous plaything; and if you can establish your character, I would do something more than amuse myself

with you, for, to tell the truth, you have interested me very much. Now, answer me, without evasion:—What have you ever done to maintain yourself?"

"I sold the papers, sir."

"So-o. Yes—that explains something. Why don't you sell them now?"

"My father took sick, sir, and was very bad—and one day with another, sir, I spent my little money, and lost my stand, sir, and other boys got my customers, sir, and my heart was gone, and my mother and sisters were starving, and the rent wasn't paid, sir—and the Lord save you and yours from tasting the bitter cup!"

Helen turned her head to brush away a tear, and Dr Gregory continued his questions, but in a tone more kind: "But how could a boy suffering all this be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have been to-day, if everything had gone as you expected?"

"Oh, sir, there's many ways in the wide world, and them as travels in one don't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I'd shivered barefooted in the cold and told the people what I told you just now, sir, and I couldn't get a sixpence. So I thought of trying another track, and your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—and that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no blackguard, if I look like one."

"Very well put in—very well told, Patrick. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is mine, and your landlord is my tenant—"

"Then I hope," said Pat, "he's a better tenant than landlord!"

"Well, he tells me that yesterday you lied him down that you hadn't a dollar in the world—"

"Lied him down! Sure it was the blessed truth, sir!"

"But he says he threatened you with the house of refuge, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent in full. Now you must either have had this money; or—I am unwilling to say it—you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very poor."

"Ah, look at him, your honour! Think of this backbiter once! He knows I am poor, he says—and he threatens me with the house of refuge for not paying my mother's rent; and perhaps he didn't tell you that, but he told me that I might as well have begged money as shoes, and abused me for the very kindness which your ladyship had for me. And then he says I stole the money, and still he put it in his pocket without a tear."

"Patrick, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you have not helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly—where did this money come from?"

"It was loaned to me, sir."

"Loaned!" and the doctor smiled his disappointment at what seemed a new evasion.

"Yes, sir," said Pat, proudly, "loaned! Maybe you think the impudent little blackguard has no friends, but there's a God above, sir, who remembers the widow and the fatherless, and he sent a friend to us when we were all in the sorrow."

The man that loaned Pat Murphy five dollars—four for the rent, and one to buy papers—and here it is," said Pat, as he showed it—that man knows Pat Murphy will pay, if he leaves his body to the surgeons to do it with. And it isn't the first good thing he's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, time and again, to soothe the pain of the poor who could not give him fee nor reward, and then he's put his hand into his own pocket, over and over, to pay for the medicine and the food for the dying man, when he knew he couldn't live so much as to thank him—the blessings of heaven fall on him for it! And now my poor father is in heaven and Dr Henry may one day meet him there—may it be long day off, for the good of the poor on earth! Good morning, ladies, and you, sir too; and when next you would play with the poor, don't put the face before the tragedy, if you please sir, for that's not the way at the Bowery."

Helen was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.

"Here Pat, stop!" shouted the doctor, as the boy moved away.

"Is it more play you want, sir?" asked the boy, turning half round.

"Your name is Murphy, and the doctor's is Henry—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here," continued the doctor, taking up the Medical Examiner, "is your father's case all printed."

"I can read sir," said Pat, proudly. "Don't play with the bones of the dead, if you please sir."

"No—no—Patrick," said Dr Gregory, taking him kindly by the hand, and drawing him to him. "I know Dr Henry, and there are those in this house who know him better than I." Pat shrewdly looked toward Helen, and she blushed crimson. "We shall enquire about you. What rent do you pay?"

"A dollar a week."

"Fifty-two dollars a year. And how many rooms have you?"

"One, sir."

"And how many tenants are there in the whole house?"

"Ten, sir, besides the corner grocery."

"So-o-o!" hunched the doctor; "why, the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for three—and he wants me to reduce his rent at that. Miserably are the poor oppressed by such harpies!"

"True for you, sir," said Pat—"if your honour would only take the house into your own hands."

"I can't do that, my boy," said the doctor,

amusing. "Pat!" said he, after a pause, "how old are you?"

"Seventeen, come Easter."

"So-o. Well, I'll ask Dr Henry about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you do him, I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent-free, and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. And I'll not renew his lease for any of them, neither. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

Pat's heels flew involuntarily into the first position of another negro pas—but he blushed; hung his head, stood still, and wept his thanks, while even Dr Gregory's eyes moistened.

"Call here to-morrow," said the doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.

"Patrick!" said Helen, calling him back, "I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?"

"Anan!" said the boy astonished.

"What?" asked Dr Gregory.

"Why, father," said Helen, "you certainly have not forgotten your promise made this morning, that when Pat has a house to let I may be married?"

"Oh, you baggage!" said the doctor. "Well when one has a pill to take, the sooner it is off his mind the better. Marry as soon as your mother can get you ready—for I see you are both of a mind. But don't you go now and tell Dr Henry what depends on his endorsement of Paddy here!"

"Sure Dr Henry would never tell a lie to save a kingdom," said Pat, earnestly.

"Get out of the house, you little rogue," said the doctor; "You've done in two hours what my wife and daughter have been trying in vain to do for two years!"

Is anybody so dull as not to guess the end!

New Works.

THE FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

There is a charm in the thought, that the pleasure derived from wild flowers lies open to the youngest and the poorest of mankind. It has been said of birds, that they are the poor man's music; and we may observe of flowers, that they are the poor man's poetry. For him, as for all, they are scattered unspiringly over the lap of the earth; smiling in clusters among the leafy wood, flinging the field path, glowing in the sunny regions of the world, or raising their pale heads above the dreariest snows. In viewing the beautiful colours, and inhaling the rich odours of plants; in examining their structure, and marking how well it is adapted to the situation for which it is intended, the mind is led to a cheerful gratitude to Him who had painted the meadow with delight—

And thus, with many feelings, many thoughts, We make a meditative joy, and find Religious meaning in the forms of Nature."

The lover of either the garden or the country landscape cannot have failed to remark the effect of the seasons upon the gradual development of its leaves and blossoms. Each month has its peculiar floral ornaments; and although the warmth or the coldness of the atmosphere has an influence in accelerating or retarding, by a short period, the unfolding of flowers, yet each month is so far constant in its processes that we look with confidence for the plants which generally grace it. January has its snowdrops, and June its roses. In the coldest weather the laurestine and the Christmas-rose are blooming in our gardens, and the furze gives its lustre to the lone moorland. Then that "bonnie gem," the spring daisy—the morning-star of the flowers—appears here and there, and the groundsel puts forth its yellow blossoms. The garden beds present the fair snow-drop, and the rich golden luxuriance of the crocus. The boughs of the mezerion are clothed with lilac clusters; the hepaticas venture to unfold their small rose-coloured or blue flowers; the daffodils hang down their yellow cups; and the brilliant vases of the anemones are open to the vernal showers; and then follow the many lovely blossoms of spring and summer. The trees, as they resume their foliage in the early part of the year, exhibit, each month, a greater richness and variety of colour. The young buds of the honey-suckle often unfold in January; the gooseberry and lilac about February; and the hawthorn is getting gradually covered during April, and preparing for its show of May flowers, while the lime is as yet scarcely producing a leaf.

Then, when the lilac-tree is full, not only with its foliage, but covered with its flowery clusters, and the birch leaves quiver to the winds, the elm and ash open their young buds, and a small leaf or two appears here and there on their branches. The garden acacia remains many days longer before it shows one token of spring, and the summer foliage has lent a rich glory to wood and garden before one full green leaf decks the stately walnut-tree."

A MEMORY OF MRS HEMANS.

I cannot well conceive a more exquisite creature than Mrs Hemans was. None of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides in rich luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure

spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but "a little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind. Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast in thus describing her, for I am only one of many who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poems were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs Hemans. We talked of L. E. L. Mrs Hemans said she had received several letters from her containing pressing invitations to visit London.

"My heart beats too loudly even in this quiet place, and there I think it would burst. The Great Babel was not made for such as me." She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told her, with which one of her poems had something to do. It was this—Near the city of Bath is a secluded little churchyard, in which, amongst other monuments is one of pure white marble, on which was engraved the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age, seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs Hemans's poem "Bring Flowers":—

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,

A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this from its bad bath the white rose burst,
For this in wood was the violet purst;
They have a voice for what once was ours;
And are love's last gift—bring ye flowers—pale flowers."

The space around that grave was filled with white flowers of all descriptions, planted for the most part by stranger hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave, and there they flourished as if in obedience to the mandate of the poetess. It was one of the most graceful tributes ever paid to genius. "Come I will show you my poetic mint," she said, and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place but neat almost to a fault. There was no author-littering. Every thing was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said laughingly: An application for my autograph, and the postage unpaid. You cannot imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person who ought to have known better sent me an album lately, and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper which he had selected for me to write upon. In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said, "They often remain chiming in my mind for days before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I quite forget many which I compose as I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labour with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labour. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it they are often diffuse, or I lose sight, in the ardour of composition, of the leading idea altogether."

It has been stated, with how much of truth I know not, that Mrs Hemans was at one period of her life invited to take up her residence in the city of Boston, United States, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. Perhaps it was well that she did not accept the offer for the uncertain and variable climate of America would in all probability have put a still earlier stop to her career, and deprived the world of many of her sweetest productions. As is the case with most, if not all, of those who write day after day for the bread that perisheth she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind and wore away her frame, which we are told became towards the last almost etherealised. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely "profaned what was born for the skies."

"When I was in Dublin, some few years since, owing to some unaccountable forgetfulness, I omitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of the poetess, by visiting her tomb, which is in St. Ann's Church, and over which is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

THE SPIRIT IN WHICH TRUTH SHOULD BE SOUGHT.

I persuade myself (says Middleton's preface to his Life of Cicero) that the life and faculties of man at best are short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally or laudably than in the search of knowledge, and especially of that sort which relates to our duty and conduces to our happiness. In these inquiries therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmerings of truth before me, I readily pursue and endeavour to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of anything which is true as a valuable acquisition to society; which cannot possibly obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and the drops