

tions—what field of lovely fancies—what a world of heavenly feeling!

When the warrior rests from his work of death, on the dark battle-field, what refreshes his soul—what gladdens his heart—what glorifies his imagination—more than the memory of home? He beholds in ecstatic vision, the loved of his heart, with her little angels kneeling around her knee, weeping for his absence, and praying for his protection! Then the manly strength of the warrior is melted down to the tender weakness of the husband, his full heart overflows with a tide of deep unutterable feeling, till sleep, that balmy blessing to the wearied, waits the toil-worn warrior to his home!

And the mariner, who trusts his little bark to the mercy of the tempestuous elements, when the skies grow dark and the wild waves foam, and the thunder rolls, and the lightning streams; when masts, and sails, and cordage, are rent and torn from the shattered hull, where do his thoughts most love to turn? Where beam the rays of his roving spirit? What fills his soul with a light and a loveliness amid all the darkness and desolation around? 'Home, home, sweet, sweet home'

When the exile hears of home, with what a full pulse does his crushed heart throb! There was centered his happiness—all his innocence—all his early hopes and flattering anticipations. Where was the brother who wandered through the woods with him? Where was the kind sister who gathered roses with him on the sunny mountain side, and braided her dark hair with the wild flowers they gathered together? Where was the fond mother, who had hung with deep solicitude over his infant cradle, and taught him first to lip the name of his Redeemer? Where was the father, who had trained and directed the developments of his youthful mind to all that was noble in intellectual acquirement? Oh! where was the dear partner of all his early joys, his young, first, only love? All, all, under the willow tree, where the green rank grass is waving, and the deep low notes of the woodland dove mingling with the melancholy murmur of the passing stream. The very graves of our homes are dearer far than any other place in the wide world! 'Oh, that I were at home!' sighs the solitary captive. 'When shall I see my home again?' says the wearied exile. 'Are they thinking of me at home now?' exclaims the watchful mariner; and, 'oh, how sweet will be my return home!' cries the war-worn soldier, as he beholds the mountains of his native land.

Man never values a treasure so much as when it is lost to him for ever—man never knows his blessings and comforts until they have passed like a dream before him—and man never enjoys the sweets of home more than when he returns, after a long absence, to that only spot on earth which his heart holds sacred and eternally dear!

"Breathes there a man with soul so deep,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land?"

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still!" from thy hills and thy valleys, thy rocks and thy streams, my heart hath drawn her feeling, and my soul her inspiration, my frame its health and my mind its vigour! "With thee were the dreams of my earliest youth!" How can the minstrel thy mountains have cherished, ever prove ungrateful? Thy prosperity shall be my prosperity, thy mourning shall be mine—with thee would I prosper or with thee would I perish—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And at length, when my harp is broken, like 'the golden bowl at the fountain,' when 'the silver cord is loosed,' and 'in death I shall calm recline,' may the sunbeams shine, and the wild flowers bloom o'er my lowly bed in my native land.

The happiest hours of our existence must have been those when we "remembered our Creator in the days of our youth," mid the hills of our home, and the home of our heart. Oh, happiest moments of life's fitful fever, how fleeting is thy loveliness! how transitory thy felicity!

We may have lived in obscurity—we may have left a humble cottage, and roved round the world 'like a child at a feast,' from the east to the west, in search of happiness—we may have enjoyed the society of princes, banqueted with emperors, and been befriended by kings—we may have dwelt in the pictured halls and the gilded mansions of the great, the mighty, and the powerful—seen far lovelier landscapes, far fairer faces, far brighter scenes than those of home; yet the heart must turn to the humble cottage embosomed among the green hills, and beautified by a thousand vivid associations, when life's 'ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace.'

When I was a wanderer on the flowery shores of the East, where the burning sun looks down on a landscape as fair and as lovely as itself, among the rainbow-beaming flowers in the garden of India, where all is beauty and perfume, where Flora oppresses and bewilders the soul with her magic luxuriance, how was I delighted to behold a simple wild weed, a native of my distant home, where the white lambs crop the tender herb, and the blue bells glisten in the dewy morning! And among the gorgeous-plumaged birds, how lovely and how dear was a feathered creature from the country of my heart! A flower, a bird, a brook, a tone of music, moonlight on the water, a kind word from a gentle heart—all brought a flood of tender associations upon the soul—all gladdened the exile's heart with the thoughts of a distant home.

Oh, blessed memory, that can bear our homes across the burning line—watt affection, innocence, and happiness on 'wing seraphic' to the uttermost boundaries of the world!

The least patriotic, the least enthusiastic, the most unintellectual, and the most reckless of beings, bear in their hearts each a miniature of his home. The love of home is as naturally implanted in the human breast as a mother's affection for her offspring.

All at one time, had a home; and however destitute, however poor, however bowed down and broken hearted by misfortune, memory recurs not to the days of childhood, and the loves of our home, but the soul brightens into a paradise of intellectual glory, and the swollen heart overflows with a tide of deep unutterable rapture.

Who would not love to die at home, surrounded by the friends and partners of his boyhood? Who would not far rather rest in the green grave at home, under the old remembered willows, with the same sweet birds singing by the running waters, that sang at his birth, far up in the blue sky on a sunny summer morning? Who would not wish to sleep with, and to be gathered to his fathers—to have the same flower-bells blooming o'er his ashes and the same blessed sunbeam smiling along his grave, by the woods and the wilds of his dear native HOME?

And when the minstrel's harp is hushed for ever—when the voice of song hath died away—when the warrior's sword is 'rusting ingloriously,' with the banner unfurled, the trumpet unblown—when the limner's lovely art is forgotten, and the sculptor's adamant chisel buried in the dust—when cities are laid desolate, and nations have withered away—when the world itself is annihilated, the stars blotted out from the face of heaven, and the universe consumed with fervent fire—when the work of Death is done, and Time lies down and pants his weary spirit into eternity, then may the blessed—then may all the families of the earth, meet in that 'house not made with hands'—that eternal home, to which we are all fast hastening, where the tears shall be wiped from every eye, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain;' for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him'—that holy, heavenly, everlasting home, where angels and arch-angels dwell in unimagined beatitude and glory—that long and last, that good and happy, that bright and beautiful home, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

From the Mark Lane Express.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ELIZA COOK

Oh! I have been running a gallant career,
On a courser that needeth no bridle or goad;
But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the
Old Year
Lying low on the dust of Eternity's road.

Wide has my track been, and rapid my
haste;
But whoever takes heed of my journey
will find
That in marble-built city and camel trod
waste
I have left a fair set of bold waymarks be-
hind.

I have choked up the earth with the sturdy
elm board,
I have chequered the air with the banners
of strife;
Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered
abroad,
Bright are the young eyes I've opened to
life.

My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron gray
steed.
Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with
me,
And you'll see that his name will be flying
again

Ere you've buried me under the green holly
tree.

If I've added grey threads to the worldly-
wise heads,
I have deepened the chesnut of Infancy's
curl;
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwreck-
ing worm,
I have quickened the growth of the crown
studding pearl;

If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the
pall,
I have bid the sweet shoots of orange
bloom swell;

If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank
wall,
I have strengthened the love-bower tend-
rils as well.

Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old
Year
A light hearted parting in kindness and
glee,
Chant a roundelay 'over my laurel-decked
bier,
And bury me under the green holly tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom laden
hours,

And look on my pale wrinkled face with a
woe;
But ye laughed when I spangled your path-
way with flowers,
And flung the red clover and yellow corn
down.

Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I
bite:
So I do—but forget not how friendly we
were

When I fann'd your warm cheek in the soft
summer night,
And just toyed with the rose in the merry
girl's hair.

Fill the goblet, and drink, as my wailing
tones sink;
Let the wassail-bowl drip and the revel
shout rise—

But a word in your ear, from the passing Old
Year,
'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—'Be merr-
y and wise!'

Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest fare-
well,
The log lighted ingle my death-pyre shall
be;
Dance, dance, while I'm dying, blend carol
and bell,
And bury me under the green holly-tree.

From Punch's Pocket-Book for 1848.
SELF AND PARTNER.

MR. CROSBY had arrived at that time of life at which sensible men, whilst their habits assume a strictness, begin to indulge in a laxity of dress, and wear ample waistcoats and easy boots. His features and person betokened the man who knows what to eat, drink, and avoid; who lives generously, and at the same time takes care of himself; and who has been engaged in the cultivation of Epicurean philosophy for some eighteen or twenty years. In his hale, ruddy countenance, you could read soundness and stamina, while the 'crow's feet' at the angles of his eyes intimated to you that he was no chicken.

Mr Crosby possessed a competence, and a commission in her Majesty's corps of Gentleman pensioners; he lived in chambers, and dined at a club or a coffeehouse. Thus far in the way of life had Mr Crosby marched on without impediment; that is to say, unmarried. But the period had now arrived at which it occurred to him that if he meant to marry at all, he had better do it. He did it. Five years afterwards he was seen in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, surveying wistfully the exterior of the Blue Posts; in predicament, though not in appearance, resembling the Peri at the Gate of Paradise. It seemed as though he had buried himself in wedlock, and now, like some unquieted ghost, had returned to visit the scenes of his former life. He had evidently exchanged a state of single blessedness for the reverse; and he thus related the story of his griefs to an old acquaintance who accosted him:—

"Take my advice, sir: never marry. You will ask how I came to do so? For the best reason, sir, that a man can have for committing an act foolish in itself. There was beauty, sir; there was temper; there was accomplishments; and some money. I was not rash, sir. I looked before I leaped; but, sir, I never should have taken the leap. I did not marry in haste, sir, although I am repenting at leisure. I consulted with my friends, who agreed that I was doing a good thing. I disobliged none of my relatives, sir, except my nephew, who was my heir-presumptive. I was not foolishly in love, sir, either. The case was this: I felt tired of living alone. I believed that my landlady cheated me. I was convinced they stole my tea and sugar. I lost several shirts, and the rest usually came from the wash without buttons. My fire was frequently suffered to go out; and when I returned home wet in the feet I had to air my own stockings. Now, sir, it struck me that by marriage I should avoid these inconveniences. I had heard much of domestic management; and was induced to suppose that it would provide good dinners, at a trifling expense. I expected, also, that I should find my boots better cleaned, my clothes better brushed, and the state of my wardrobe, in general, better attended to in the matrimonial state than in that of celibacy. I anticipated a better ordered breakfast-table than what I had been accustomed to. In short, sir, I looked for an increase of comforts, and if I had not, sir, I never should have changed my condition."

"Now, sir, my grocery is not only embezzled, but that by a monthly nurse, in addition to the servants, of whom I am under the necessity of keeping two; and expenditure in that article has increased tenfold. It is quite a fiction, sir, that matrimony is advantageous to shirts: mine are as buttonless as ever. The fire in my study is neglected for that in the nursery; and my slippers are invariably put put of the way. My wardrobe is left to regulate itself, the servants being wholly occupied in dusting carpets and scrubbing floors; and once a week the house is turned upside down my papers displaced, and my walking-stick and umbrella mislaid, under pretence of putting things to rights. I due, sir, one day on a leg of mutton, and for half the week afterwards on the same dish in various forms. I can now appreciate the virtue of promptitude in waters. I now know what it was to get a chop cooked in ten minutes' notice—and let

me tell you, sir, there are no such things as chops in wedlock. It is worse than useless to row my servants. Instead of exciting their alacrity, it only elicits excuses from Mrs Crosby. Then with respect to my breakfast: my newspaper is indispensable to the comfort of that meal. I can never read it in quiet; interrupted every moment as I am, by some frivolous question or remark.

"The annoyances arising from my children, sir, are most intolerable. They are continually crying, and a box on the ear only makes them yell the louder, and my wife join in the concert. The best of children are not only less noisy and mischievous than the ordinary run. But all of them are subject to teething, hooping-cough, and measles which render their existence a misery to themselves and a burden to all around them, except to their mothers and nurses, who, I really believe, like the trouble which they thus occasion. But their wretched complaints, sir, are not only troublesome, but expensive. I am never without a doctor in the house. Whilst I was a single man, sir, I never knew what medical attendance was. But women and children are always ailing. Not only are my butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and other bills augmented, but their number is increased by a doctor's bill, with nothing to show for it. And when I was married, sir, I found out for the first time, what rates and taxes are.

"Between ourselves, sir—I don't mind telling you—I got about two hundred a year with Mrs Crosby. But my additional expenditure so far exceeds that sum that I am obliged to deny myself many enjoyments. I have given up my daily pint of wine, and I no longer smoke. Thus, sir, has matrimony not only not increased my comforts, but has deprived me of those that I already possessed. Instead of being able to take my stroll, to see the sights and learn the news of the day, I now find myself resolving myself, as I go, into a Committee of Ways and Means. Sir, this worry—this ceaseless wear and tear of the brain—deprives a walk of its legitimate and constitutional character. Sir, depend upon it; that it is a mistake to marry for comfort. I find myself obliged to resign my own and consult those of others. A single man, sir, has only himself to take care of; a married one has to take care of his wife and family. I made what every body considered, a prudent match. Sir, there are no such things as prudent matches. I am as miserable, sir, as I could have been, if I had married for love. So do you remain single, sir, if you have a regard for Number One, for in matrimony you will find, sir, that you will have to care for Number Two.

New Works.
BIDE YOUR TIME.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land (United States) where the pulse of life beats with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such a din—such a hurrying too and fro. In the streets of a crowded city, it is difficult to walk slowly; you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say—'Come! But the voices of the past say—'Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, no less certainly, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back the hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never come, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or any other man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done! It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful; because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame;' and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do, well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointments—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—Professor Longfellow's Hyperion.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

In department of life do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent preparation; for whatever be the difference in the mental powers of individuals,