

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

BEAUTY.

BY GOLDING PENROSE.

Is there one beauteous thing,
In all the earth or roofing sky,
That stirs not, when it meets thine eye,
Feeling's calm spring—
Evoking, by its mute appeal to thee,
No joyous thrill of answering sympathy?

Is there one gracious sound,
In bird-note, or in streamlet's flow,
In maidhood's, childhood's, prattlings low,
Or music found—
That wakes not, as it falls upon thine ear,
An echo in thy spirit, soft and clear?

Comes there across thy sense
Five-fold—that with its earthly chain
So narroweth thy soul's domain—
One influence
Of gentle, kindly sort, from things around
Thee,
That, glancing past, but leaves thee as it
found thee?

There should be no dull strings,
That, in thy spirit, have forgot
Their sweet vibrations, answering not
When beauteous things,
Appealing, breathe upon the instrument
Whence no response of harmony is sent!

Oh, thou should'st have delight,
By sense extern, in communing
With beauty, in each beauteous thing:
The Infinite
Loveth the archetypes of beauty well,
That treasured in his mind for aye do dwell.

And love thou Beauty, too—
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, and perfume
Sweet,—
Above, around, or at thy feet—
In form, or hue;

Love thou devoutly every form of Beauty,
Sister is she to Truth, and kin to Duty.

Beauty can never,
Whilst lives the archetype, enshrined,
For aye, in the Eternal Mind;
Its destiny
Is deathless! Loving what is fair and bright
Thou link'st thy spirit With the Infinite!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A TALE.

MR DAVENANT'S worldly affairs at this juncture were not in such a prosperous state as a man of his wisdom had a right to expect. In fact he was involved in considerable difficulties, from which he scarcely saw a way of extricating himself, when most fortunately, as he averred, an uncle of his, from whom he had what is called 'expectations,' voluntarily proposed visiting him at B—. The night before his arrival, the wise portion of the Davenant family sat in solemn conclave, discussing the proper method of turning this visit to account. Lucy sat in a corner, silent and unnoticed, quietly sewing, while the family council went on.

Of course Mr Davenant never thought for an instant of pursuing the truthful and straightforward course of stating his difficulties to his relation, and honestly asking him for assistance.

If old Atkinson suspected my affairs were in the disorder in which they unfortunately are,' said Mr Davenant gravely, 'he would instantly alter his will, and leave the considerable sum, which I know he intends for me, to some one who is not so imprudent, as I suppose he would call it, as I have been. I shall not easily forget his anger when my Cousin John ran into debt, and applied to him for the money to save him from prison. He gave him the money; but you'll see John won't have a sixpence more: so much for being candid and sincere, as the silly fellow said to me.'

At length it was arranged that Mr Davenant should ask his uncle to lend him £5000, in order to make a singularly profitable investment which was then open.

'I shall tell him,' said Mr Davenant, 'that I could easily command the money without troubling him, by calling in part of my capital, but that I scarcely think that a prudent course at the present juncture, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my prudence, and the last thing he will suspect will be that I really need the money: so that will do excellently.'

'Dear papa,' ventured Lucy, bent on making one attempt to induce him to adopt the simpler course of conduct—'dear papa, are you sure this is really your most politic plan? Would it not be safer to tell Mr Atkinson your position, and ask him to assist you? Indeed—indeed—the truth is the best and surest policy.'

'Don'tless,' said her father contemptuously, 'my candid Cousin John found it so, and will find it so when Mr Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name is struck out. Leave me alone, child; you understand nothing of such things—you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom.'

Thus was poor Lucy always repulsed when she attempted to advise. She could only comfort herself with the hope that one day

perhaps her parents would think and act differently.

Mr Atkinson came the next day: he was a cheerful, pleasant-looking, silver-haired old man, and was cordial and affectionate to the whole family. Sincere and truthful himself, he was perfectly unsuspecting of deceit or design in others. Thus everything promised well for Mr Davenant's plan, more especially as the old man had rapidly become attached to the two girls: Selina, with her liveliness and spirit, amused; and Lucy, gentle, and ever anxious for the comfort of all about her, interested him.

On the fourth day, therefore, Mr Davenant commenced operations. He alluded to a particular foreign railway, the shares of which were then much below par, but which were certain, at a future, and no very distant period, to arrive at a considerable premium. He said that he would willingly invest £5000 in these shares, certain that in a short time he should quadruple the sum, if it were not for the payment of his girls' marriage portions, for which he should soon be called on. And after a great deal of preparatory beating about the bush, he candidly, as he said, asked his uncle if he would lend him this £5000 for twelve months.

Mr Atkinson looked grave, which his nephew observing, he looked grave also.

'You see, Samuel,' said the old man, 'if it were really to do you a service you should have the money. If your business required it—if you were in temporary embarrassment, and needed these thousands to help you out of it—they should be yours; but—'

He paused, and fixed his eyes on the ground in deep thought. Mr Davenant started, and colored as he listened; and involuntarily he thought of poor Lucy's slighted advice. Her earnest words, 'Indeed—indeed—the truth is the best and surest policy,' rung clearly in his ears, and he felt now that she was right: but it was too late now (or at least he thought so) to repair his error, and return to the straight path. He had made a point, ever since his uncle's arrival, of boasting to him of his improved prospects, of the solid basis on which his fortune stood, and of the flourishing state of his business. He could not now retract all he had said, and lay bare his difficulties—his necessities. Besides, even now perhaps that would not be prudent: old Atkinson might be but trying him after all. Mr Davenant's little moment of right feeling soon passed away, and he was, alas! 'himself again' by the time his uncle again began to speak.

'I don't like these speculations, Samuel,' said he; 'they are dangerous things: if once you get involved in them, you never know when to leave off: besides, they distract your attention from more legitimate objects: your business might suffer. The business of a man prone to speculate in matters he is unused to deal with rarely flourishes.'

Mr Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by speculation that he was brought to his present embarrassments; but he said nothing.

'Take my advice, Sam,' continued Mr Atkinson, placing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, 'and have nothing to do with these railways. Whether you gain or lose by them, they distract your attention, you see, from your business, and so you lose one way at all events. Don't meddle with them.'

Mr Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

'Nay, my dear uncle,' he said smiling, 'whether you can accommodate me with this sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my scheme. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares; and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall not worry myself respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall turn them into money again, and whatever they produce is (but this is *entre nous*, you understand) to be divided equally between my two girls.'

Mr Atkinson's face brightened. 'Oh, I begin to see, he exclaimed; 'I perceive; it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the £5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.'

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for £5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgements, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the £5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy, rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind quite easy. The girls shall

have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B—. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the — Railway, immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he entreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:

'My Dear Sam,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't say a word about it to them, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to sell out when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed, for instead of lending you the money, I give it to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't say a word to them till you give them the money. Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares. Yours, faithfully,

SAMUEL ATKINSON.

Poor Mr. Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for the £5000) documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs. Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded; Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr. Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the £5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in worldly wisdom.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to the suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't sell them, you know,' she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of nonchalance in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course?' said Mr. Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it won't do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

'You refuse your permission, then?' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head and left the room. Mr. Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonizing ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of women to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr. Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a wiser man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use her portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife, now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter, for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in

her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr. Forde, and be married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr. Atkinson, tell him the whole truth, and entreat his assistance. 'He is so kind hearted,' dear papa, that he will do what you want: he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr. Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He had been instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs. Davenant and Lucy awaited his return, may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary and hopeless.

Mr. Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose wisdom Mr. Davenant had so decried. 'Because,' said the will, 'I have reason to know that he is in difficulties, and as he has a wife and family depending on him, he must need the money more than my other nephew, Samuel Davenant, whom I visited a short time since for the express purpose of seeing if his affairs were prosperous. I have reason to suppose that they are so, and that an increase to his means, so far from adding to his prosperity, would induce him to speculate, and perhaps so lose all he has acquired by years of industry. Therefore I revoke a former bequest to him of £20,000, and bequeath it instead to my third nephew, Geo. Charles Atkinson, &c.'

'You were right, Lucy,' exclaimed Mr. Davenant penitently; 'the truth is the safest surest policy.'

Fortitude and perseverance were among the virtues of both Mr. and Mrs. Davenant. They met their difficulties steadily and firmly, and got ultimately through them with credit. But they were now too old to commence life anew, and gladly availed themselves of the affectionate entreaty of Lucy and her husband—for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister—to take up their home with them.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all imaginary; he was, in fact, a ruined spendthrift; and all they had to subsist on after they were married was the money arising from those off-named railway shares. Selina could not reproach her husband for deceiving her, for she had deceived him. Not till they had been three weeks wedded did Mr. Forde know that his bride's father was ruined, and that he need expect no marriage portion further than that she already had. 'Had you told me the truth,' he said to her, when she reproached him with his poverty, 'I would have told you the truth. But I thought you would be a rich woman, and that your fortune would be sufficient to support us both.' Selina could not reply.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, when they contrast the melancholy accounts of the end of Selina's scheming with the happy married life of their younger daughter, cannot but own how superior was the Wisdom of the latter; and they now cordially acknowledge the wisdom of that golden sentiment of one of our modern sages—'One who is always true in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.'

From the London People's Journal.

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN?

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

The conventional idea of gentility is so intimately connected with birth and riches that we find it difficult to think mere virtue, honor, education and good breeding, without wealth, as the proper attributes of a gentleman.

It is easier to say what is *not* gentlemanly than to discover what is, and we commonly find the vulgar acceptance of the word gentleman admitted by the world in preference to a higher standard of honesty and honor; and into this error we have been led unconsciously by what Theodore Wook calls the six and eight penny feeling of society—though his own notions of a gentleman was vague and loose enough in all conscience. With the author of 'Savings and Doings' it was gentle to express horror and disgust at trade and traders of all kinds; and to dine before six, or live eastward of Temple Bar, was vulgar in the extreme. Fortunately the Hook school is fast going out of fashion.

For merely genteel people—folks who live beyond their means, and boast of their acquaintance with Sir Harry, and Lord Thingum—we have the greatest possible horror; and would rather clasp the horny fist of an honest man in friendship, than take the cool, white-kidded fingers of your very 'genteel' people from a carriage in Rotten-row or a box at the opera. Genteel people do and say things every day at which they would blush unhesitatingly if they were called by their right names. For instance, if you were to tell Mrs. Match-maker and her fair daughters that they were acting a lie when they said 'not at home' to their servant, they would be quite astonished; and if you venture to hint to young Fastman that ordering clothes without intending to pay the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would most likely 'cut your acquaintance' immediately. In fact, there is a great deal of humbug in the world, and the 'genteel' humbug is the most unbearable—at least to all right-minded people.

The idea that money makes the gentleman may be seen exemplified every day of our lives, and in all manner of ways. Try it by a cheap experiment: give a halfpenny to the