

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Not in this weary world of ours  
Can perfect rest be found;  
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,  
Even on cultured ground;  
A brook—to drink of by the way,  
A rock—its shade to cast,  
May cheer our path from day to day,  
But such not long can last;  
Earth's pilgrim, still, his loins must gird  
To seek a lot more blest;  
And this must be his onward word—  
'In heaven alone is rest.'

This cannot be our resting-place!  
Though now and then a gleam  
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,  
May on it briefly beam:  
Grief's pelting shower, Care's dark'ning  
cloud,  
Still falls, or hover's near:  
And sin's pollutions often shroud  
The light of life, while here,  
Not till it 'shuffle off the coil'  
In which it lies deprest,  
Can the pure cease from toil,—  
'In heaven alone is rest!'

Rest to the weary anxious soul,  
That, on life's toilsome road,  
Bears onward to the destined goal  
Its heavy galling load;  
Rest unto eyes that oft doth weep  
Beneath the day's broad light,  
Or oftener painful vigils keep  
Through the dark hours of night!  
But let us bear with pain and care,  
As ills to be redrest,  
Relying on the promise fair—  
'In heaven there will be rest!'

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## SMALL TALK AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MRS CROWE.

It was a beautiful April day; there had been one or two soft showers in the morning, making the turf greener, and filling the young trees with life; and now every leaf and blade of grass was basking in the broad mid-day sun that inundated with light the lawns and shrubberies of Westbury Lodge. The house was full of company, for on the following morning there was to be a wedding. Frances Willoughby, the only daughter of the family, and the heiress of £10,000 left her by an aunt, who had lately died, was to give her hand to Edmund Anson; and on the evening of the present day the settlements were to be signed. Some of the party were in their own apartments, or in the drawing-room; others were strolling about the grounds in companies of two or three, and amongst the latter was a lady of the name of Field, and Mr George Willoughby, the elder brother of the bride.

'You need not congratulate me, I assure you,' said George, in answer to some civil speech of Mrs Field's; 'it's no marriage of my choosing.'

'Indeed,' said the lady. 'I thought you were all very fond of Mr Anson.'

'I can't say I ever particularly liked him,' answered George; 'and certainly in a pecuniary point of view, it's a very bad match.'

'Of course, he can't have much,' returned Mrs Field. 'I believe his father had not above a couple of hundred a year, besides his pay, if so much.'

'My father was very much averse to the connection,' said George; 'but Frances has a pretty strong will of her own, and as she got my mother to side with her, they carried the day.'

'How came they acquainted? I was not aware you knew the Ansons.'

'Neither did we. My sister met him at her aunt's, and we never heard his name till after the old lady's death, when he followed Frances here, and made his proposals.'

'Then you know nothing of his family?'

'Nothing whatever; except that his father was in the army, and was killed at Waterloo.'

'Hem!' said Mrs Field. 'Indeed, he says he has no relations surviving.'

'I dare say not,' replied the lady. 'You know he had a brother I suppose.'

'Yes, but he is dead. It appears that his mother was alive when Frances formed the acquaintance, and our aunt, Mrs Luxmore, was extremely attached to her.'

'Then, I suppose, she encouraged the intimacy betwixt the young people.'

'So they tell us.'

'I rather wonder at it,' said Mrs Field. 'She was a somewhat romantic person,' returned George; 'and having suffered much from the disappointment of her own first love, she all through life retained an unwillingness to inflict the same pain on other people.'

'She should not have allowed the attachment to be formed,' said Mrs Field, significantly.

'On account of his pecuniary circumstances, you mean?' said George, not without some degree of curiosity.

'Oh, yes, of course,' answered the lady in a falsetto voice.

'You don't allude to—any—other—circumstances?' said George, looking round at her inquiringly.

'You are aware, of course, of the family malady?'

'What malady?' inquired George. 'Insanity,' answered Mrs Field. 'His grandfather and his brother both made away with themselves. His father did not, certainly, but he fell in battle a young man, you know.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed George. 'How very wrong of my aunt! But perhaps she didn't know it.'

'She must have known it,' replied Mrs Field; 'but she was so much attached to his mother, and indeed to himself, that she would be blinded to the consequences.'

'If there is a thing in the world my father has a horror of, it is a connection of that sort,' said George. 'Surely my sister must be ignorant of these circumstances.'

'I dare say she is, poor thing,' said Mrs Field; 'and it would be cruel to damp her joy by mentioning them to her now.'

'I'm not sure of that,' answered George. 'Mightn't it be more cruel to let her take such a fatal step, and not warn her of her danger? Mightn't she justly reproach me afterwards for not speaking while there was yet time to draw back? Besides, I can't conceal such a thing from my father; he'd never forgive me.'

The effect of the intelligence on Mr Willoughby was exactly such as his son had anticipated; he was both shocked, alarmed, angry and disgusted. Mrs Luxmore's encouragement of the attachment, he pronounced infamous; whilst he looked upon his daughter as a victim, unless, indeed, she was acquainted with the lamentable circumstances; but that he could not believe. However, on summoning her to a private conference, he found himself mistaken. Miss Willoughby proved to be well aware of the hereditary affliction of her lover's family.

'It is true, papa,' she said, 'I knew nothing of it when I first became acquainted with Edmund, nor when I became attached to him.'

'No doubt, he took care you should not till your affections were involved,' said the father, indignantly.

'He never sought my affections; he rather avoided me than otherwise,' answered Frances.

'A cunning feint to awaken curiosity and attention,' said the father.

'You are mistaken again, father,' replied Frances. 'Edmund is so sensitive on the subject of his family affliction, that to awaken curiosity is the last thing on earth he would desire. No; he avoided me, as he systematically did every woman to whom he felt himself at all attached; and but for an accident, I should have quitted Leighton without suspecting that Edmund entertained the same feeling for me that I did for him.'

'A well-contrived accident, no doubt,' said Mr Willoughby, contemptuously.

'No, papa; a veritable accident, which betrayed my attachment to him, not his for me. This brought about an explanation, in which, so far from confessing that he shared my feelings, he declared that he considered himself debarred from love and marriage, and candidly avowed the reason. But his confession had a totally opposite effect on me from what he expected; I only loved him the more because I pitied him.'

'Is it possible you are not aware of all the misery that awaits you in such an alliance?' said the father.

'We may escape: some members of a family often do,' answered Frances.

'But your children?' said Mr Willoughby.

'We may have none,' answered Frances, blushing. 'At all events, be that as it may, I love Edmund, and am resolved by my affection to sweeten the bitter cup that Heaven has allotted him; and since any interference now could have no possible effect, but to cause pain and exposure, I trust, my dear father, you will say nothing on the subject.'

All arguments proving insufficient to shake this resolution, the settlements were signed, the marriage solemnised, and the young couple drove away from Westbury Lodge, followed by the good wishes, we must hope, of all the assembled party, but certainly by the evil auguries of many amongst them.

How the first few years of their wedded life were passed, does not immediately concern our tale; suffice it to say, that after passing some time on the continent, we find them the parents of one little boy, and settled in a provincial town called Wilton, situated in one of the midland counties of England. Though not without marks of care and anxiety on her features, Frances Anson was still a handsome woman; neither had her husband lost those graces of person and manner that had first touched her young heart, though a deep shade of sadness was remarked both in his countenance and demeanour, together with a sensitiveness which some people called shyness, and others pride. They had a good house and a well-mounted establishment, and as far as the external appliances of life were concerned, lived better than anybody in the place. They were the only inhabitants of the town that kept a carriage, and the few entertainments they gave, were in a somewhat superior style to those of their neighbours. The usual consequences followed; the women were envious and spiteful; and whilst they were glad of a drive in the carriage, and eager for invitations to her parties, Mrs Anson was the object of all manner of ill-natured remarks. The addition of rank to the advantages she already possessed would have excited the others. She might have been forgiven the money, had it been graced by birth; but that was not the case. Mrs Colonel Riddle, who happened to have been at the same school with her at Clapham, declared that she had been frequently in Mr Willoughby's shop in Cheapside, and that

Frances Willoughby was looked upon as a mere nobody in the school, for they all knew that her father stood behind his own counter; and Mrs Luxmore, whose fortune she had inherited, was the widow of a London grocer. As Frances was extremely good-natured, and as it had never occurred to her to value herself on her money, one would have thought the Wiltonians might have forgiven her the possession of it; but no; people must have compensations and safety-valves for their jealousies, and this was theirs.

'I suppose we shall meet you to-night?' said Mrs Riddle to Mrs Renton, as they met at the door of the circulating library.

'Oh, certainly,' answered Mrs Renton. 'I should never have been able to show my face again if I had not had an invitation. I hear it's to be something super-grand! Of course you are going,' she added to another lady who just then joined them.

'Going where?' said the latter, with an air of absurd indifference.

'To the Ansons' ball to-night, to be sure,' answered Renton.

'Oh, dear, no,' said the lady, whose name was Pemberton. 'I am not at all ambitious of the honor, I assure you.'

'Are you not going? Why, I thought every body was to be there,' said Mrs Riddle.

'Not I, I assure you,' said Mrs Pemberton, with an air that implied absence to be a distinction. She really seemed to feel a degree of contemptuous pity for the degraded spirits who could condescend to the hospitalities of the Ansons.'

'Dear me; I thought that you and Mrs Anson were great friends,' said Mrs Riddle, with a slight tinge of sarcasm.

'Never that I know of,' returned Mrs Pemberton. 'She was constantly wanting me to drive out in her carriage, and one can't always refuse, you know; but I really cannot stand Mrs Anson's airs and graces. One week you're all in all to her; and the next, though she doesn't pretend to be either sick or sorry, she'll be not at home to you if you went to her door seven days running. So the last time she served me so, I just told the servant that I should relieve her mistress from the trouble of denying herself to me for the future, by not calling any more.'

'Quite right,' said Mrs Riddle. 'I had a great mind to do the same thing last year when she served me so.'

'But I haven't told you the best of it,' added Mrs Pemberton. 'Happening to cast my eyes up to the second floor, as I was turning away, who should I see but Mrs Anson standing at the window in close conversation with Henry Markham!'

'Oh fie!' exclaimed Mrs Riddle, laughing. 'You made a mistake; it must have been Mr Anson,' said Mrs Renton, with an affectation of candor.

'It was no such thing,' answered Mrs Pemberton; 'for, to say the truth, I had seen Mr Markham pass that way as I was standing in James' shop, and as he did not return, I was pretty sure he had been let in; so as she had been denied to me the day before, I thought I would just go to the door and try: and, lo and behold, not at home was the answer. She could be at home to Mr Henry Markham, though!'

'He's singularly intimate there, certainly,' said Mrs Riddle, significantly; 'and no doubt he's a very fascinating person.'

'I wonder how Mr Anson likes it,' said Mrs Renton.

'He's obliged to like it, poor man, I suppose,' rejoined Mrs Riddle. 'Her fortune's wholly in her own power, and he hasn't a sou that he can call his own, I fancy.'

'But if he had the spirit of a mouse, he wouldn't put up with it,' said Mrs Pemberton, growing warm with the glow of her own imaginations.

Mrs Renton shrugged her shoulders; and Mrs Riddle remarked that spirit was certainly a fine thing, but so was a man's bread and butter; and when he had to choose betwixt the two, it might not be very easy, and so forth.

From this time forward Mr Markham's name became the *cheval de bataille* of the discontented ladies of Wilton in general, and of Mrs Riddle in particular; and truly a great comfort and solatium it was to them; Mrs Anson's behaviour being in the main so inoffensive, that, previously to Mrs Pemberton's fortunate discovery, it was difficult to find anything to lay hold of.

In the meantime, the intimacy that gave so much offence seemed to continue uninterrupted by the strictures of these envious and meddling neighbours, some of whom consoled themselves by the reflection that Mrs Anson's fallacious security was not at all surprising, since the person most nearly concerned was always the last to hear a rumour of the kind in question; whilst others, amongst whom was Mrs Riddle, revenged themselves on Mr Anson's provoking blindness, by pronouncing it wilful and interested. They did not, however, the less accept Mrs Anson's invitations, nor deny themselves the convenience of her carriage; and even the indignant Mrs Pemberton herself was not long afterwards to be seen snugly ensconced in a corner of it.

(To be continued.)

Lord Dormer and Mr Edward Monckton both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr Monckton seeing Lord Dormer making a vain attempt to give utterance to his words, asked, 'Lo—or—ord, wh—y do—nt you go to the man that t-h-a-t cu—cu—cured me!'

A new medical theory has arisen in England, which attributes nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, to the use of—salt!

From the London People's Journal.

## ON THE CULTIVATION OF A TRUE LOVE OF NATURE.

WHAT fine weather! What glorious weather! is upon every lip; and how few are as much benefited by the blessings of summer as they might, had they but a little wisdom! Alas, men are generally only too faithful copyists of those of old who, when bidden to the feast, set in divers excuses and came not. Our habits are at strife with Nature. We are at fierce war with those just and beautiful laws which she has written legibly throughout her magnificent empire. She would willingly convert in us the affected into the real; she would make us be what we only feign to be, would we but listen to her kind voice. But we are at strife with her. War with Nature! why we read it in thousands and tens of thousands of faces and forms every day we walk in the street. It is manifested from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. We mark it in the cigar whose filthy smoke insults the sunlight, and pollutes still further the impure city air. It glares from the flashy waistcoat and gaudy neck tie, and shines out saucily from the tight varnished boot, which doth so torture and distort the wretched muscles of the foot. And as for the women—need one travel far to see how health, symmetry, and good temper have been laced away by the impudent, ignorant finger of Fashion, and the beautiful oval of Nature changed into a circle?—certainly not the circle of beauty. That deadly hostility to Nature and Nature's impulses, exhibited in 'deportment, voice and eye,' are to be met with everywhere, is, alas, obvious to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear, and who convert those organs to their legitimate uses.

Oh! earth is very beautiful! yet some there be on earth.

For whom the daisies bloom in vain, and violets have birth;

Who never traced in infancy, a fancied fairy ring,

Or deemed that when the primrose peep'd 'twas peeping for the spring.

This is, indeed, a melancholy fact. Let us strive to lessen the number of such poor, blind souls. Let us say, with William Howitt—

'If I could open to any that mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before its beauty, wisdom, and peace in the splendour of the heavens, in the majesty of the seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods, then indeed should I rejoice.'

Let us seek to make the barren heart teem with joy. What matter it if some of our seeds fall on rocky ground; others may take root and spring forth and blossom, and bear mayhap a hundred fold.

We never see a white butterfly fluttering through our crowded thoroughfares without fancying it has a voice, and is, like Lord Falkland, perpetually crying out 'peace, peace.'

We look on it as an ambassador from the country to the town, and have grieved to see it subjected to discourteous, unchivalrous treatment. But the butterfly is not the only messenger by which Nature seeks to lure back the hearts which have strayed far from her.

We fancy that we read her 'notes of invitation' in every bunch of primroses or violets offered for sale by young girls in the thronged streets. Once upon a time, we had not stirred a step out of Brickdom for many months, when one day as we were walking through Tottenham court road, a little blue-eyed creature held up to us a nosegay of beautiful polyanthus.

We thought we could discern in their petals the question—'Wont you come and see our nursing mother?' and before five minutes had elapsed we were on the top of an omnibus, and moving in the direction of Highgate. We are bold to say that we kissed, daring that day, as many flowers as any bee in the county; but we do not mean to particularise them by name, aware as we are of the evil reputation which very properly attaches to such folk as 'kiss and tell.'

And what a wondrous transformation did not those few hours in the field feelings of loyalty to nature. On the green-sward, with the evening star shining above and hers, and came into town repeating aloud the words, 'Unthread the rude eye of rebellion, and welcome home again discarded faith.'

Your genuine worshipper of Nature can never degenerate into an idolater of forms; and we verily believe that we could at that moment have walked into the queen's drawing room as if it were but a court in St. Giles's. No treason to our good Victoria in this plain speaking. He who reverences nature can best appreciate the good, true, and intelligent woman upon the throne. We shall not insult her by comparing her with that she is worth a waggon load of demagogues Elizabeths and sleepy phlegmatic Annes? In the visions we have had of our amiable queen we never noticed the crown of gold upon her head, but we did notice the we saw her waving her handkerchief to her poor Irish subjects from the paddle-box of the Fairy, until she got out of sight of land; and now throwing open Hampton Court to all comers, rich and poor, gentle and simple, Long, long may England possess the gentlest of Guelphs!

The sun does not practise favoritism. There is no difference in the smiles with which he greets the careworn, sickly face of