

LITERATURE, &C.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

CONNEMARA JOE.

Connemara Joe! and who was he, pray? Was he an Irish gentleman, with an estate of sand and sea-weed, and the pride of ten centuries below his waistcoat? A bold and hardy fisherman, with only thirteen leaks in his boat, and thirteen children to feed by fishing? A smuggler by night and a con-acre farmer by day, who could not contrive to live, though he divided his entire time between doing honestly when the sun shone, and cheating the law by starlight? What was Connemara Joe! and why was he called so?

Connemara Joe was neither an Irishman, a fisherman, nor a farmer, and yet he was pretty near to all of them. His first lullaby was chanted by his mother's Irish tongue amongst the woods of Ohio. He had been left to fish his way through the world when he scarcely could count his fingers, and the most certain prospects in life was that he should till the ground, as had done his great father Adam.

Connemara Joe's father, who had borne the foregoing name and the qualification thereof, and with some reason too, seeing that he had been born and bred in sea-girt Connemara, had died in Ohio, whether he had immigrated, while little Joe was eight years old, and had left the boy his name. But hold; if anybody supposes that the poor little boy, with the dry, straight fair hair, and the blue eyes, and the freckled skin, had received nothing from his father but a name, they make a great mistake, and do old Connemara Joe a grievous wrong. He had transmitted to Joe a healthy frame, and a stout heart, and a kindly nature, and a laugh that would have been a fortune to anybody; and he had left him something better than them all, which Joe treasured in his little heart, and that was his blessing.

Joe's mother bewailed her poor boy's hard fate and her own widowhood, as every widow mother should; but she dwelt more constantly and longer on the subject, than any poor widow with propriety could. She wept and wailed in her little shanty, while Joe rocked Seth Winthrop's baby; and she howled hub-bub-illioo, while he took lessons in music from the blue-bird and whip-poor-will, and hunted the stray oxen of farmer Winthrop in the woods.

'Weeping again, mother dear,' Joe would say, looking up in his parent's face; 'sure it's unprofitable employment; father's spirit can never-talk with your heart if you are always waking him.'

Joe's mother kept wailing and wringing her hands for several months after her husband's death, however, with great devotion, until an Irish emigrant, taking pity on the creature, bore her off with him one morning to the untilled forests of Michigan, to try if a renewal of matrimony, and change of scene would soothe her spirit and console her heart. Connemara Joe was thus left to his fate, or, it may be more properly said, to the care of Seth Winthrop; and Connemara Joe having more than enough to eat, sufficiency of raiment to defend him from the elements, and a house above and around him when the snow fell and wind blew, grew up like a poplar beside good Seth Winthrop.

Every body said 'what a fellow was Joe,' but though everybody is generally right when he declares a thing, there was no one in Milgood that could find Joe's fellow. In the glad months of spring when the earth took up again, and green leafy woods and golden sunbeams did all they could to make her face seem lovely; when the bee gave thanks over its banquet of flowers, and the song birds rehearsed their new year's rhymes; when life, and gladness, and music came up from the heart of the earth; and when music, and gladness and life came down to kiss them from heaven, Connemara Joe was the most joyous of the joyous, and the music of his heart was the clearest of the spring. When summer came to see what her sister spring had done on the mountains, in the valleys, on the woods and river banks, and when the sportive fawn danced her welcome dance, and the great leafy forests hummed a thousand welcomes to her; when the ducks and geese performed quadrilles in the ponds, and the pigs in their promenades looked up at the budding acorns; when the cows, and asses and heifers waged mortal war with knats; and the red-shirted farmers whistled 'Ho-gee-wo!'—no, not even then could there be found a bosom so full of summer sunshine as Connemara Joe's. We do not say that ladies with super-delicate tastes, and sublimated ideals of the beautiful, should have seen Joe when he was sixteen, for his dry hair did not curl like Hyperion's, nor was his cheeks and eyes of the order of Apollo. Finer youths than he can be seen at Madam Tansand's, done up in wax and corkwood, and garmented by Moses. We do not say that persons who are learned in the fashions should have cleaned and focussed their eyeglasses to look at backwood Joe. But those who rail at fortune and at fate, who whine and pine at crosses and mishaps, who from their griefs and disappointments call up phantoms, instead of gentle monitors and holy sympathies, should have been forced to associate with him for two hours every day, and they would have been the better of it, and Joe none the worse. When the first beams of the morning steamed through the farmers' lattices, on dove like, blue-beaded eyes, and young fair curling

locks; and when with them came the tones of the most lively voice in Milgood, the children would spring up from their couches and clap their tiny hands, and cry 'Hurrah! hurrah! their goes Connemara Joe!' When little boys and girls would go a nutting in the woods, and would look for the stumps where the wild bees hid their honey, when a wild, free laugh would ring above them, and the fruit would fall in showers around their heads, they would look up, and then would shout, 'Hurrah for Connemara Joe!' Connemara Joe was a favorite with every man, and beast, and bird, and child in Milgood, and every woman; for women, above everybody, love good nature.

Milgood was a primitive little town, built beside a creek that flowed into the Ohio river, and it wimpled sweetly within its flower-covered banks, and nursed the loveliest of primeval shrubs and grass. Primitive shrubs and forests stretched round Milgood, and primitive simple people dwelt in it; and as Joe was quite a primitive child of nature, it is not much wonder, perhaps, that the people of Milgood loved him. He had been taught to sing in the woods by the birds and to whistle too. He had been taught to love flowers by the bees, and the freedom of the plains by the elks he often saw bounding over them; and as the teachers had not diplomas from colleges, it is not likely that the pupil would possess any peculiar recommendations to the affections of those who taught dead languages, and to those who learned what they knew of nature's aspect from books. Yet, strange as it may seem, when a college was built at Milgood, and learned professors, with degrees from Harvard and Cambridge in their pockets, came to teach, and students from all the states round about Ohio came to con over declensions and conjugations, Joe speedily became a favorite there also.

'There never was a rule but there were exceptions to it,' says the old proverb; and as the old proverb has a high character for veracity and wisdom, we must accept the declaration, and add another confirmation of its truth to the many that already exist. Principal Vocative of the Orion College, Milgood, O., did not like Joe, and only Principal Vocative knew why. The Principal, among all the men in Milgood, would have been denominated a 'rusty man' if there had been a census taken of the peculiarities of its people, and a catalogue of those peculiarities written out in mono-verbal brevity. Nobody opines, we hope, that the Principal was not bright at 'Cæsar and Virgil, at Pliny and Pindar,' and the counter-signing of matriculation cards. He was rusty in his dress and manners, and tone and temper; and as these peculiarities were nearer the surface of the man than either his affections or learning, people observed them first, and formed their first impressions of him from them.

'What young scapegrace is this that comes into the court every morning to chop fuel and disturb my studies by his chattering?' the principal would say to his pretty daughter Cairie, as the blows of a hatchet keeping time to some merry song broke at early dawn the silence of Orion College, and calling up its hundred students from their beds.

'Oh! bless you father it is not a scapegrace!' Cairie would reply, laying her arms round the neck of the principal, and laughing into his eyes; 'it's only Connemara Joe.'

'And why is not the uproarious centaur in Connemara, or why does he not chop the wood quietly?' continued the Professor in wrath; 'he shan't come here again.'

'Oh, father, it's only Connemara Joe,' continued Cairie apologetically. 'who comes and does the heavy work for Randal Lowban, the youngest student, and gets lessons in reading in return. Joe must come again.'

'We do not teach reading in Orion College, Milgood,' said the principal crustily, laying his finger, at the same time, upon a proposition of Seneca which incalculated humility: 'we teach the classics, natural philosophy, medicine and theology, and leave reading to the primary schools.'

As Professor Vocative finished this sentence, and was listening to the song of Joe, or a reclamer from his daughter, the door of his study opened and a young man entered. His dress was loose, coarse, and carelessly hung on his frame, and his brown boots seemed to pinch his feet. A broad-brimmed hat covered his rough looking head, and a pair of bright good humored eyes scattered rays of sunlight over his brown cheeks. He stood at the door of the professor's study, lifted one foot after the other, pushing his hands into his pockets as if seeking for something very valuable; and then, as Cairie clapped her hands and cried, 'It's Connemara Joe,' and burst into a merry peal of laughter, Joe followed her with all his heart, and roared back a pealing answer. Principal Vocative was confounded; he knew his position, and he felt his position, and he sat upon it, and he thought he felt it sliding from under him as Joe and Cairie made so merry; and so with a stamp of his foot, and a frown more gloomy than the catacombs of Rome, he recalled the delinquents, and reclaimed his dignity.

'Your business, sir,' said he to Joe, with grave emphasis. 'I shall call you when I want you,' he continued looking over his shoulder at his daughter, and pointing to the door.

'My business is to do everything that I can for everybody,' said Joe, stepping forward and looking innocently at the man of learning. 'I live with Seth Winthrop, however, and he keeps me pretty much out chopping and driving team, and giving the cows their fodder

in the winter time. I harvest booty considerable, and—'

'What is your business with me?' cried Mr Vocative, interrupting his circumstantial detail.

'I have none, but I want to have,' replied Joe, still as innocently as before, although the professor's voice was as sharp as sour vinegar; 'I want to work for you, and I want you to teach me.'

'I have no use for your services, and the only tuition I can bestow upon you is to advise you never to come back to this establishment again. Randal Lowban must chop his own wood in future.'

Connemara Joe hung his head for a moment and then he raised it again all smiles. 'Well, good morning Professor;' and so saying, he moved as quietly from the room as when he entered it.

And why did Connemara Joe lean upon the rails of the bridge that was laid across Milgood Creek, and look down upon the smooth, cold ice over which the students of Orion College were skimming? and why did he sigh and let the ice-drops fall from his eyes and he of a nature so joyous? Connemara Joe had at last a regret; his heart so happy and so free was now fired with an invincible ambition; and because, when he had craved that this hunger of his soul might be satisfied, he had been refused, he was sadder than the saddest miser that ever had lost his treasure.

'Ay, they can dance over the ice,' sighed Joe, as he looked down stream at the young men; 'and the old professor with his pretty daughter by his side, can come to look at them and laugh; but I cannot sport now, and sing as I used to do; I have found out what a stupid fellow I am, and yet I can get nobody to teach me. Seth Winthrop's exen are almost as smart as I; they know their way through the woods at nightfall, and can pick out their own houses when they come home; what more can I do, save it be a little talking, and chopping, and team-driving, and singing, and whistling, which the birds taught me. Ah! well he's a glum old chap is Vocative, although he has so sweet a daughter.'

'Hillo! what is that?' said Joe, starting in the midst of his soliloquy, and looking down at the ice, as a loud, cracking noise came from the creek, and a flow of water bubbled up from a great fissure. 'The freshet has come down right sudden. I hope they are all right down there.' 'Down there' meant by the willow trees and reeds where the young men had so lately been sporting in the fulness of their health and glee, and where Vocative condescendingly stood with his daughter patronising their sports.

All did not seem right 'down there,' if cries of terror, and hurrying to and fro, and shouts of excited men, and tumbling of the ice, were indicative of anything wrong; and so, Connemara Joe, who so lately was mute and motionless, was in a moment bending along the banks of the stream towards the reeds and willow trees to see what was the matter there. Mate and petrified with horror, the principal leant upon the shoulder of a young man who trembled beneath his weight, and his eyes were turned wildly to the river.

'Ropes, planks, ladders, here!' cried the skaters, as in their confusion and excitement they ran against one another, and rendered themselves incapable of yielding assistance to any who might need their help. 'Oh it was so sudden, and she shall be lost.'

Connemara Joe looked quickly around him, and beheld a human form amongst the ice, that, in the sudden swelling of the stream had been broken up, and was now rocking in its onward course towards the broad Ohio. It was but a few minutes and the poor illiterate youth was buffeting the cold, cold stream, and supporting the professor's daughter. Hurrah for Connemara Joe! a stout swimmer, albeit he was heavily garmented, was he! Hurrah for Connemara Joe! there was not a scholar in Ohio so fearless in the water, or woods, or prairies either, as he. Bold heart and strong arm are needful for him now; ay, strike for another life beside thy own, strike as thou never didst strike before. Hurrah for Connemara Joe! Oh! callous, insentient waters, to whom good deeds and noble purposes plead in vain for the commutation of nature's laws, could not generosity like Joe's send a thrill of warmth through thy particles and imbue thee with the gentleness of pity? Alas, no; the cold ice dashed against the stout swimmer's bosom, and the cold waters stole the warmth from his heart as the current bore him down. Ropes were cast to him, and he clutched at them desperately and wildly, but with no thought of quitting the professor's daughter; but his one hand failed to retain its hold, for it was cramped and cold, and at last the dewey chill of death began to steal over all his limbs. Still clinging to his precious barthen he made one superhuman effort to reach the bank of the creek, and then fell back as Seth Winthrop caught him by the hair and dragged him out. When Connemara Joe recovered his senses he was lying amongst blankets, and Seth Winthrop was rubbing his limbs with his large muscular hands.

'Oh,' said Joe, 'I feel as if you were drawing a branch of honey-locust over me, and throwing a little gorse to make it more acute. O, spare me, good Seth, spare me.'

'I'll spare you the best ox I have, the best acre of land, and a trifle of ready money, too, to begin life on your own hook,' said Seth rubbing even more industriously than before. 'I'm glad you have been spared to feel this cury-combing. Yes, boy, you are safe, as Mick Scoman said to his dog when it scampered off and left him to fight a panther, with

nothing in creation but his knife, and I'm glad to hear you speak, as old Indian Kit said to the trained mocking bird that he meant to exhibit in the settlements. Ay, that was a pretty sharp affair; and you just come out of it in time.'

'And is the Professor's daughter safe?' said Joe, now recollecting his situation, and the struggle in which he had been so lately engaged. 'Is that gal alive?'

'Oh, I hear her crying all sorts of pain,' continued Seth, still working industriously on his protegee's person; 'and I calc'late she's coming round, as Sammy Deary said when she bear dodged him round the maple. The Professor has took on very much since he heard it was you that saved her life.'

Joe remained silent and thoughtful for some time, and then he said, 'Has he thought?'

The bright sunbeams came streaming in next morning at the little window that overlooked the little bed where Joe slept; and they danced upon his cheeks, and in his eyes, and kissed his lips, as if they had never done so before, and were working to time to make up years of neglect; and in came Professor Vocative at the door of his little bed room, and as he stood for some moment's looking at Joe, and thinking what a bright halo heaven was wreathing round his head, and how well he deserved it, the sunbeams came stealing towards him too, and Joe, opening his eyes to follow them, observed him. The professor looked as mild and simple as Joe had done yesterday, when he begged him to teach him to read; and he came stealing quietly and timidly to Joe's bedside, then falling down on his knees, and clasping his hands together, he prayed for blessings on Connemara Joe, and then he asked him if he could forgive him?

Joe looked at him quietly for a few moments, as if wondering what his language implied; and then, with a smile of perplexity, Joe said, 'Can I what?'

'Can you forgive me for my rudeness and heartlessness of yesterday?' continued the learned professor, still bending at the couch of the poor illiterate orphan boy, and holding his hand. 'You have your revenge now, Joe.'

'I have what, Sir?' continued Joe, looking bright and lively, and sitting up in his bed. 'I have revenge! No sir, I have not, and I never will have. I would not have so fierce and cold a passion in my breast, worrying me and making me unhappy, though I was to be made squire with it. I have seen what revenge does to poor Dick Grimege, and I would not be cursed like him for a team of oxen.'

'You are a noble fellow Joe,' said the professor.

'I am very stupid,' said Joe, with a sigh. 'I don't know how to read.'

'But you shall come home with me and live at the college, and learn at it too, Joe,' replied the professor, warmly; 'and you shall be a learned man yet.'

'Shall I come to-day?' said Joe, pulling his clothes towards him, and looking as if he would spring from his bed.

'When you please,' was the professor's reply.

Gradually the Connemara Joe of Milgood faded away like a youthful memory, and the face and form of this free laborious youth became changed; but above the shadow of Connemara Joe, the wild laughing boy, there arose a manly, thoughtful, Joseph K—, whose eyes beamed bright with intellectual light, and whose habitual motions were regulated by a cultivated mind. Nobody who saw him poring over his books, by the banks of Milgood creek, would have supposed that the handsome student had been made out of the old material of Connemara Joe. And nobody who saw him walking with sweet and beautiful Cairie Vocative's fair daughter, would have believed that he had been taught manners at Seth Winthrop's farm.

The presbyterian meeting-house was crowded that Sunday that Mr Joseph K— preached his trial sermon, before all the judges and connoisseurs in the county of Milgood, and every one said after he was done, that it was a powerful deliverance.

'It was so logical,' said Hiram Squeeze, the lawyer, pursuing up his lips.

'So dead on the nail,' said Seth Winthrop, who prided himself on shooting.

'So eloquent,' said Colonel Buckeyes the torn-v.

'So like our Joseph,' whispered Miss Cairie in the ear of her delighted father.

And Miss Cairie soon became Mrs K—, a kind and gentle little wife, and a kind and gentle little mother, who often used to sit and look across her table at one of the most learned and gentle, and learned, and eloquent divines in all the thirty States, and wonder if that, whose own best beloved husband, was the whom she used to laugh at as 'Connemara Joe.'

GOOD ADVICE TO EVERYBODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

No man who improves his leisure hours in useful reading and study, can fail of becoming distinguished in his profession, while he spends his time in idleness and self-indulgence is sure to occupy an inferior position in life.

A contemporary says that cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old baker's bosom.

We wish to see all bar keepers sick of their bar-gains.