

'So Miss Smith is going with them? Mrs Lee wishes Mr William to marry her, so they say, now that he's come to his money that old Wilson deprived him of; but affections as is once given to one person ain't never to be got easily away again, and given to another person, you know what I mean, Master Matthew.'

'Oh y-e-s,' said Matty, counting rapidly with his eyes, the black and white rings upon a piece of oil cloth that served for a hearth-rug, in humble resignation to his state of ignorance as to the exact elucidation of Mrs Pitman's observation.

'And to think that Mrs Lee was only a work girl—and that he should have married her without knowing that she was likely to have money!'

'All honor to Mr Lee for it, I should say; but this is the time of progress, Mrs Pitman, when those who have toiled with the working class may yet live in hope of the good time coming. Miss Bentley had been well born and well educated; and education is everything, never mind the rank one holds in the world.'

'Why, Master Matthew, you talk like a great man.'

'And who knows but that at some day I may be a great man? I saved up all my money, Mrs Pitman, and paid for a little good learning at one of those blessings to the metropolis, a Literary Institution. I gave all my leisure hours to it; and as it has turned out a few great men, why may not I be among the number, though I was only a draper's boy? Progress, Mrs Pitman, progress!'

'You were always a good boy though, Master Matthew; and when poor Miss Emily died—'

'Died! We'll talk of something else, Mrs Pitman: her name always makes my head ache, and I feel cold all over like winter; a flood of water seems to gather about my heart and freeze there. I wish I was a painter; I would sketch one thing, and then perhaps I should forget it—her dead face. It is always before my eyes in the dark and in the light—the white lips and the wet black hair.'

'Ugh, I can feel her clammy hand now, and it makes my heart shake.'

'Good bye, boy. Here's a cold veal pie I've made for your journey: I hope it won't hurt you, but veal always lays heavy on my chest. Good bye, I wish you well, and the getter up of small linen, gently pushing Matty towards the door; and thrusting into his hand an enormous pasty, she fairly thrust him out; several odd stories of hydrophobia rushing across her memory, as she listened to his last two speeches, and marked with trepidation the rising flush of excitement on the boys' plain face. Good bye lad, I shall be glad to hear from you wherever you go—determining in secret that if the postman brought any letters for the next six months that he might keep them, and go mad himself if he liked, for her.'

'Onery, onery, ickery, au—Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Matty; good bye, I shan't see you again.'

'I hope not,' muttered the landress as she closed the door to the imminent peril of Matty's heels, as he slowly retreated.

Matty had bid farewell to all, and was now on his way to take the coach for Southampton, whence he would start on the following morning for West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, to fill the important post of 'tiger' in a fashionable family, where his mother had for six years held a situation as ladies' maid. For the first time he was going from the home of his birth; but there was no regret—no swelling of the heart, as the well known dome of St. Paul's faded from his view. Poor boy! he was one of these strange beings who seem thrown in as the make-weights of society—claimed by all as a helping hand, but owned by none as a relation. He may figure more in the world at some future period; but for the present we must leave him to be emblazoned with the insignia of office, summed up in a smart mulberry coat, laced hat and boots, and with a head wise enough and a heart staunch enough to have done honor to the most successful M. P. that was ever elected.

On the evening of that day, as the sun hung like a golden lamp upon the forest trees two persons stood beside a lonely grave in the little churchyard of Lyndhurst. A stone had been placed there to the memory of the sleeper over whom the young grass waved as fresh and green as if would have told, without a voice, that even as the spring had renewed its freshness, so to the dead would be the resurrection and the life. Many years had passed away since two children wept a farewell over that sacred spot. The earnest look of thought upon the boy's brow had deepened into lines upon the forehead of the man. The sweet face of the girl had but become mature in the mild expression of the woman.

'Fanny, we were children when we last knelt here,' said William, pointing to his mother's grave. 'I thought then that to lose her and leave you with strangers had filled up my page of human grief. Years of loneliness and toil passed away, and I at last found something more to love; to love with all the truth and reason of man. She was to me the brightest thing on earth.'

'Well, do not speak of that.'

'Yes, now; this is the first time since Emily's death that I have spoken of her; but I wish it now. This is the anniversary of her birth day, and I have thought much of her.'

'You have ever done so, William.'

'No, I dared not; but to night I must speak all the pent-up anguish of my heart, and then I will return to the world and shake off this torpor. We should strive to exert ourselves for the good of our fellow creatures; to

be of service in this life, to die beloved and regretted, will be a rich reward of fame to me.'

'I believe you. You were made for the blessing of all around you, William.'

'Not all. I need not tell you how my deep affection was thrown back upon my heart; but I was wrong Fanny, fearfully, totally wrong. I should have remembered the iron hand that trained her childhood, that had bent to its own selfish will every twig of that young tree. She was an orphan like ourselves—dependent on his bounty for support; homeless beyond his roof; what could she do, but learn in her cold, unloving life that all the world must be like the sample she had been taught to work from in her infant years! Your husband came!'

'William, this is to both of us a painful subject!'

'No matter why—she loved him; and was told that she must look upon me as her future husband. I wondered at Mr Wilson's meeting my wishes so easily; had I known all earlier, much sorrow had now been spared us. Had I striven, I might at last have gained her esteem; what a blessing would that have been to me! I know it, I feel it, now. I did not see in the contemplation of my own wounded spirit, that her heart was bruised and bleeding. I should have nursed and healed the suffering creature that would have been entrusted to my care; but it is now too late, I am stronger to right than I have felt for many a day. I feel more cheerful and resigned since I have once again knelt beside my mother's grave. We will now return home.'

'Yes; Henrietta and Bertrand will be waiting for us.'

Twining his arms round her waist, he gazed intently in her face; there was a wild brightness in the eyes, a restless working of the deep crimson lips, a hectic tint upon the hollow cheek, that spoke in volumes to his watchful sister.

'Ay, Henrietta,' said he, as they left the church path, 'I would speak of her. She is a good, kind girl, Fanny; but I can never be her husband. It was wrong of you to encourage such a thought.'

'She loves you, William, and would make you happy. I have done so for the best. It would be better for all our sakes. You have always seemed more cheerful in her presence.'

'I can never love again.'

'You may respect her; that was what you hoped Emily would have done to you, had you married her.'

How the heart will leap and the pulse throb at the sudden mention of a dear name spoken at random, when we have schooled and chidden the rebellious feelings into temporary apathy. On rushes the tumultuous blood, like a stream that has been choked by the gathering weeds and suddenly set free, rising in its mad career thoughts that we hoped were buried forever in oblivion; and we wonder to find the embers of a sleeping fire, thus rudely stirred, send forth a light so strong and steady if not as bright as that which burned within our bosom when fanned by a sweet delusive hope in earlier and happier days. The look he gave at the mention of that name will never be forgotten by her who saw its anguish, even when the hair will be grey, and the weight of years somewhat dulling the recollections of the most powerful events of her past life.

'William, we have reached the garden gate of our dear childhood's home,' said Fanny, hoping to turn his thoughts from the dark channel into which they seemed hurrying.'

'Bless you, Fanny, good night: I shall not go to your house this evening—and tomorrow I shall have more energy and be a different man.' He passed his lips upon her tearful eyelids, and then to the warm hand that clung to his farewell clasp—he entered the cottage without another glance towards his sister,—she paused by the garden gate, looked at the open window above—his figure passed before it: there seemed a hidden meaning in the long dull hum of the invisible insects, like a spirit wailing for the sufferings of mortal life; there was a rustling of the leaves as if an angel band had gathered there to wait for one that soon should seek their home. Fanny wandered on with an aching heart: there was more in the events of that evening than the soul could dream of.

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If the tombstone bears now another name—the name of him who died in manhood's prime, not having numbered half threescore years and ten—why should the living repine? The sand had fallen grain by grain, and carried in its progress the wreck of all earth's brightest masses.

The little cottage still may be seen from the main road, with its garden as gay with spring flowers as it was when the boy turned back to catch another glimpse before the coach dashed in among the thickening trees. A calm and happy family lives there—the young, fair, rosy children gladden with their sweet voices many a passer-by. They have been early taught that as the tree is trained so will the branches grow—that if it is his will for adversity to come upon the young, they must fight on in the right path, praying for strength and patience till the storm shall have passed away—to check all violence of passion: and the oft-told story is again repeated, of their mother's humbler days of patience and endurance—of the early fate of her who lies alone in her dead beauty many a mile away; but above all, of him whose gentleness had been the good star of that cottage hearth, and when they wander forth in the calm hour of evening, they never fail to gather an offering of the fairest flowers from their little

garden, whose leaves are filled with a sweet fragrance of the past, and with prayers for the holy dead, leave them on the two graves side in the silent churchyard.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MOTHER DEAR, WHERE ART THOU?

MOTHER dear, where art thou? Dost thou near me calling
In the early morning, or when eve is falling,
Through each darksome midnight, and each cheerless morrow,
Since I closed thine eyelids on that night of sorrow?

Mother dear, where art thou? Dost thou heed my weeping
In the dreary midnight, when light hearts are sleeping?
Doth thy spirit hover near me when I slumber
Or when, through darkness, sleepless hours I number?

Mother dear, where art thou? Weary hours of sadness,
In our lonely chamber, once a home of gladness,
Weighing down my spirit, passed unheeded o'er me,
While thy chair, deserted, ever stands before me!

Mother dear, where art thou? Spring hath come and parted,
But it brought no gladness to thy lonely hearted;
Through the blessed summer all was dark around me,
For its fragrance breathed not through the grave that bound thee.

Mother dear, where art thou? Autumn winds are blowing,
And within our dwelling bright the hearth is glowing,
By our pleasant fireside youthful tones are ringing,
But thine ancient ballads no sweet voice is singing.

Mother dear, where art thou? There is no one near me,
In my hour of anguish, who will care to cheer me,
Who will smooth my pillow when my head is aching,
Or a prayer will whisper when my heart is breaking.

Mother dear, where art thou? I have none to cherish
With the love that cannot in death's darkness perish;
At my step approaching no fond brow will lighten,
And my smile of gladness no kind eye will brighten.

Mother dear, where art thou? Hast thou left no token
That the tie which bound us still abides unbroken,
But the vacant pillow where I watched thee dying,
And the silent grave yard where thy dust is lying?

Mother dear, I know that our Redeemer liveth,
And that life unfading to his own he giveth;
Though thy place is empty, He will still be near me,
And thy parting counsel, 'Trust in God,' shall cheer me.

Mother dear, in heaven, where thy voice is swelling,
Angels' hymns adoring, blessed is thy dwelling!
Safe from fear of evil, free from toil and sadness,
Waiting for thy lone one till we meet in gladness!

GOOD ADVICE.

John H. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, in his recent valedictory on retiring from the editorial chair, which he has filled for forty-two years, has the following:

'No man should be without a well-conducted newspaper. He is far behind the spirit of the age unless he reads one, is not upon an equal footing with his fellow-man who enjoys such advantage, and is disregardful of his duty to his family, in not affording them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world at the cheapest possible teaching. Shew me the family without a newspaper, and I venture to say that there will be manifest in that family a want of amenity of manners, and indications of ignorance most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a rational indulgence. Young men, especially, should read newspapers. If I were a boy, even of twelve years, I would read a newspaper weekly, though I had to work by torchlight to earn money enough to pay for it. The boy who reads will learn to think and analyze; and, if so, he will be almost sure to make a man of himself, hating vicious indulgence, which reading is calculated to beget a distaste for.'

LAVATER.

WHEN the poor Swiss were drawn into the vortex of the French revolution, Lavater, whose earnest warnings gained him little favor with the innovators, was banished from

Zurich. No sooner, however, were the French driven out for a short time by the arms of Austria and Russia, than Lavater returned to his pulpit. But the fortune of war again turned against the Russians, and on the 26th of September, 1799, the victorious French furiously re-entered Zurich. The citizens shut their houses, and the enraged conquerors roamed about, and wherever a door remained open, entered and commenced the work of plunder. Lavater, standing at a window in his own house, observed two Frenchmen attempting to break open the door of the dwelling of two aged and affrighted females. He saw in idea what would be the distress and grief of these helpless individuals if the two soldiers should succeed in gaining admittance, and his humanity left no room for cautious calculation. His own people wished to hold him back, for to venture into the street was attended with extreme risk; but he could not be restrained, and, going out, offered the soldiers wine, which he had taken with him. It seemed as if this appeased them, for one of them, a grenadier, with a slap upon Lavater's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Thanks, my brave old fellow!' A third soldier, however, now joined them, and demanded first a shirt, and then, as Lavater could not give him one upon the instant, money. Lavater gave him money but he was not content with the sum, and while Lavater was exhorting him to be reasonable, drew his sabre with menaces. Lavater took to flight, and sought protection from the grenadier who had recently showed some mark of friendliness, and still stood hard by. But this man was now completely altered—a sanguinary ruffian! He presented his piece at the body of the old man, and in a voice of fury demanded 'Money!' A citizen here sprang between them, and endeavored to ward off the bayonet, but at that instant the musket went off, and Lavater, pierced by a bullet sank into the arms of the citizen who had tried to save him. The old man survived fifteen painful months. The wound by which the bullet entered his body healed, but that by which it came out again never did.

From Dickens's Household Works.

THE BEGGING LETTER WRITER'S FAREWELL.

Sometimes, when he is sure that I have found him out, and that there is no chance of money, he writes to inform me that I have got rid of him at last. He has enlisted into the Company's service, and is off directly; but he wants a cheese. He is informed by the sergeant that it is essential to his prospects in the regiment that he should take out a single Gloucester cheese, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. Eight or nine shillings would buy it. He does not ask for money, after what has passed; but if he calls at nine to-morrow morning, may he hope to find a cheese? And is there anything he can do to show his gratitude in Bengal? Once he wrote me rather a special letter proposing relief in kind. He had got into a little trouble by leaving parcels of mud done up in brown paper, at people's houses, on pretence of being a railway porter, in which character he received carriage money. This sportive fancy he expiated in the House of Correction.—Not long after his release, and on a Sunday morning, he called with a letter (having first dusted himself all over), in which he gave me to understand that, being resolved to earn an honest livelihood, he had been travelling about the country with a cart of crockery; that he had been doing pretty well until the day before, when his horse dropped down dead near Chatham, in Kent. That this had reduced him to the unpleasant necessity of getting into the shafts himself, and drawing the cart of crockery to London—a somewhat exhausting pull of thirty miles; that he did not venture to ask again for money, but that if I would have the goodness to leave him out a donkey, he would call for the animal before breakfast.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF BLANKETS.

WHILE Edward III., in 1337, repeated his invasion of Scotland, and ravaged the country with great fury, burning Aberdeen and many similar towns, as the historians tell us; and while engaged raising an army to invade France in 1338, exacting from the impoverished English people all their wealth to waste it in war, borrowing money from all foreign princes who would lend him, pawning the English crown which made him a king, that he might still further extend destruction over fertile France; when in the battles which our historians and poets have so minutely recorded and loftily sung of, swords clashed with swords, and battle-axes rung upon coats of mail, the heroes of England mingling their blood and hacked heads with the blood and the hacked heads of the warrior heroes of France, there was a servant of mankind making a noise in Bristol, which was of infinitely greater service to England than the entire conquest of Europe would have been. This was Thomas Blanket. The noise he made was not that of the clashing sword, but that of the clashing shackle. His purpose was not to destroy what his country already possessed, but to give his country what it did not possess—blankets, a covering of comfort to go to bed with, to sleep under, that it might be refreshed in sound sleep, and rise in health and strength to its daily work, of making mankind happier by being happier itself.—Thomas Blanket was soon imitated by his neighbors, who, like him, set up looms in their own houses, and made woollen cloth like that which he made. The cloth was named by his name; and to this day, through all time in this country, will the name be