

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

THE SUNNY LAND.

BY THE REV. J. B. TALBOT, F.R.S.

Come, come to the Sunny Land!
The voice of the turtle is heard;
There—there is the golden strand,
And there is the bright-plumed bird.
'Tis the land of peace and love,
Where the flowers in beauty bloom;
And dew-drops spangle the grove,
Lit up by the chastened moon.

Come, come to the Sunny Land!
No strife or contention is there;
A young and a happy band
Rejoice in the ambient air.
The murmuring rivers roll on,
As the breeze passes gently by;
While the glittering beams of the sun
Illumine the earth and the sky.

Come, come to the Sunny Land!
No warrior breaks the repose—
No strife, with his iron brand,
Nor the footfall of angry foes.
One spirit, one heart, one soul,
Pervade the harmonious throng;
While mingled symphonies roll,
Attuned to the sweetest song.

Come, come to the Sunny Land!
For there is a brotherhood dear,
And join with the jocund band
Free from anger, envy, and fear.
There peace and plenty are found,
And happiest, holiest love.
Come, then, and join in the round
Of joy, like the joy that's above.

Then come to the Sunny Land!
The voice of the turtle is heard;
There—there is the golden strand,
And there is the bright-plumed bird.
'Tis the land of peace and love,
Where the flowers in beauty bloom;
And dew-drops spangle the grove,
Lit up by the chastened moon.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A TALE.

MR and MRS DAVENANT especially prided themselves on their worldly wisdom and their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but susceptible of being carried to an injurious excess. If it be true that in our faults lie the germ of virtues, no less true is it that almost every virtue is capable of being exaggerated into vice. Thus was it with the Davenants: in their code everything was made subservient to worldly wisdom: all their own and their friends' actions were measured by that standard; consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action decried, if it could not be reconciled to their ideas of wisdom. In course of time Mr and Mrs Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they exult in their own wisdom, and condemn as foolish and Quixotic everything charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power they brought up their children in the same principles, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as shrewd and prudent as they could wish. Mrs Davenant would often express her maternal delight in her Selina: there never was a girl possessing such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some people might have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that divided it from mere cunning; but mothers are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. When Lucy Davenant was but five years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady residing in Wales, had, at her own earnest request, adopted the youngest daughter. Miss Moore was very rich, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, so that Mr and Mrs Davenant at once acceded to her request, never doubting that she would make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Moore till that lady died; but although she left her nothing in her will but a few comparatively valueless mementos, she owed more to her care and teachings than thousands could repay. Under the influence of her precepts, and the admirable example she afforded, Lucy became generous, unselfish, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, unhappily, were blind to these virtues, or rather they deemed that, in possessing them, their child was rather unfortunate than otherwise. Lucy was utterly astonished when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange manner and stranger conversation of her parents and her sister. Her father had accompanied her from Pembrokehire, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the journey; but, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this to his grief at the loss of his relation. But when she arrived at her father's house in the city of B., where he was the principal banker, she could not avoid perceiving the cause. Her mother embraced her, but did not pause to gaze on her five-years absent child; and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, 'Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will.'

'You don't mean it?' cried Mrs Davenant. 'Why, how in the world, child, have you

managed?' turning to Lucy. 'Did you offend Miss Moore in any way before she died?'

'Oh no, mamma,' murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death thus rudely conjured up.

'Then what is the reason?' began her mother again; but Mr Davenant raised a warning finger and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieving girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with Selina, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

'My dear Lu,' said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, 'what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress.'

'So I should have been,' sobbed Lucy; 'but—'

'But what? Don't cry so, Lucy: what's past can never be recalled,' said Selina oracularly; and as you're not an heiress—'

'Oh, don't think I am vexed about that,' said Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. 'I have no wish to be an heiress: I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love.'

'Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu, but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown sentiments were vastly interesting and becoming, I dare say, among your wild Welsh mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden bonnet. But, seriously, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good fortune?'

'Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is striving very hard to fight his way at the bar: he has a mother and two sisters entirely depending on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him.'

'Well, but why at least not shared with you?'

'I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and papa is rich, and so—'

'And so, I suppose, you very generously bestowed Miss Moore's not to leave her fortune to you, but to her nephew?' said Selina with a scornful laugh.

'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up.'

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would?'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this?'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age, I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise. 'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have: you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communication to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so very much at this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense, I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly enquire, 'What could mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was greatly to be feared that Lucy would never possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving what it was that her parents dignified by so high sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manoeuvring that daily went on

with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her thoughtless, lively sister contented herself with laughing loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, very scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong? I daresay you would be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little ruse I was obliged to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there was a ruse.'

'Selina, Selina, you don't exult in it?' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been too particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have been introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have, at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy, timidly but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you love Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina, classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings; and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undignifiedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungracious!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manoeuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B., and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B.—inspired by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy even after he was gone. She heard from him frequently; and his letters were always hopeful, sometimes exulting, with regard to the prospect which was opening before him. Selina used to laugh at her when she received one of those precious letters, and ran away to read it undisturbed in her own room. Little cared she for the laugh—she was too happy; and if she thought at all about her sister's sneers and sarcasms, it was to pity her, sincerely and unfeignedly, that she could not comprehend the holiness of the feeling she mocked and derided. Selina's destined husband meanwhile was absent on the continent. He had an estate in Normandy, and was compelled to be present during the progress of some improvements. On his return they would be married, and Selina waited until then with considerable less patience and philosophy than Lucy evinced. Fifty times a day did she peevishly lament the de-

lay; but not, alas! for any excess of affection for the man she was about to marry: it was always *apropos* of some small inconvenience or privation that she murmured. If she had to walk into the town, she would sigh for the time when, as Mrs Forde, she would have a carriage at her own exclusive command; or if she coveted some costly bauble, the name of Alfred was breathed impatiently, and a reference to 'pin-money' was sure to follow. The marriage might have taken place by proxy with singular advantage: if Mr Forde had sent a cheque on his banker for half the amount of his income, Miss Selina would have married it with all the complacency in the world! [To be concluded.]

From the London Family Economist.

THINK FOR YOURSELVES.

THIS little piece of advice is never half so well attended to as it deserves; most persons seem content to jog along through life upon second hand opinions, without taking any pains to ascertain whether the opinions are good or bad. This may account for the large numbers always ready to join in political demonstrations; they will neglect their work and their families, and shout themselves hoarse in a wild attempt to reform their rulers; in fact, they will do anything except reform themselves. It is all very well to talk about grievances; but we ought first of all to inquire whether these grievances, or other and greater ones might not be lessened by our own individual exertions. 'Great places,' says the poet, 'require great talents.' It is with no wish to repress a single aspiration after improvement in mind or circumstances that we quote the teaching of the 'Son of Sirach,' but rather to call attention to practical truths which now-a-days there is too much disposition to overlook.

The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and workmaster, that laboreth night and day and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to finish a work: The smith also sitting by the anvil, and considering the iron work, the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace; the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly. So doth the porter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, who is always carefully set at his work, and maketh all his work by number; he fashioneth the clay with his arm, and boweth down with his strength before his feet; he applieth himself to lead it over; and he is diligent to make clean the furnace: All these trust in their hands; and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited; and they shall not dwell where they will, and go up and down: They shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation: they shall not sit on the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice or judgment; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken. But they will maintain the estate of the world, and (all) their desire is in the work of their craft.

From the London Family Economist.

A HINT TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

AS to *luck*, as I have said before, there is more in the sound of a word which people have got used to, than in the thing they are thinking of. Some luck, there is, no doubt, as we commonly understand the term, but very much less than most persons suppose. There is a great deal which passes for luck which is not such. Generally speaking, your 'lucky fellows,' when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck comes to them because they work for it; it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend upon it, it must be *hard* luck indeed, if he did not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. 'One needs only,' says an American writer, 'to turn to the lives of mechanical genius, to see how by taking advantage of little things and facts which no one had observed, or which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufacturing processes.' And yet these are the men who are called the *lucky* fellows, and sometimes envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned; or that it is just as much in *my* power to 'go-a-head' as it was in theirs.

By the Rev. Sydney Smith.

THE PASSIONS.

THE passions are in morals what motion is in physics: they create, preserve, and animate; and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyra-