

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

MUSIC.

BY WALTER ROWTON.

Oh! Music, sweetest gift to man,
Strong banisher of care,
Throughout the world, where'er we scan,
Thy influence is there.

Where'er the foot of man has trod,
Thy praises have been told;
Oh! Music, sweetest gift of God,
Thy origin unfold!

Thou art by all mankind obey'd,
The theme of every tongue—
Oh! Music, captivating maid,
Tell, tell us whence thou'rt sprung!

Music:—

When Creation arose, with giant-like power,
And Light first illumin'd the earth;
When Darkness—no longer permitted to lour,
With Discord had numbered its last fated hour;
Oh! then it was I had my birth.

When Chaos fled, vanished, no more to o'er-
cast
The dominion from whence he war hurled,
While yet his dread voice in a withering blast
Racked tempest-tossed earth to its centre—at
last
Sweetest Nature was born in the world.

I was sent from on high to preside at her
birth,
And to man as an emblem of heaven;
All with eagerness strive to acknowledge my
worth,
Yet, misused, I pine upon sin-tainted earth,
Made to taste of Adversity's leaven.

While men are too ready my praises to sound,
The truths I would teach them they slight:
I came there, with Faith, Hope, and Charity
crowned,
And the peace of Jehovah encircled me round
With a halo of heavenly light.

But in man's thankless breast sprung up En-
vy and Guile,
These, with Bigotry, entered his heart;
All brotherly kindness was banished awhile,
And Peace with her healthful and gladdening
smile
Was dejectedly forced to depart:

And Reason, perverted, suggested to man,
That I his blind passions might aid;
Man, ready to evil, adopted the plan,
And I, his best angel, was destined to fan
The fury by which he was sway'd.

Thus, man, the base ingrate to whom I was
given
As an Angel of Peace, ever pointing to Hea-
ven,
Has dar'd in his pitiful hand to conceive
That in War by my help he may glory achieve;
Thus, the spur and incentive to Rapine and
Dearth,
Dejected I linger on sin-ridden earth.

* * * * *

The "still small voice" of Music stopped,
And tears from out her eyelids dropped.

From the London People's Journal.

KATE MOWBRAY.

A LOVE SKETCH.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

'Oh, nurse, what tiresome things holidays
are! I wish mine were over; for even my
lessons with good, stupid Mr Lumley afford-
ed me better amusement than being left alone
all day. I only wish I were a fisherman's
daughter, and then I should at least have
something to do, and some one to talk to.'

'Oh, fie, Miss Mowbray,' replied staid Mrs
Watkins; 'I am quite ashamed to hear you
run on so. I am sure my lady has provided
everything that could be thought of for your
amusement; only you are never satisfied.
Come, do not look so sad, but tell me what
you would like best to do. There is your
new box of colors, and the gardener has cut
that gay purple flower for you, that you ad-
mired so much yesterday, ready for you to
begin your painting. Or will you have your
guitar, and try over the new music which
came from London last week, or shall we
take a walk along the shore?'

'I am tired of everything, and that is the
truth of it,' returned Kate Mowbray with a
heavy sigh for one whose years did not ex-
ceed sixteen. 'But the idea of the sea tempts
me the most, so let us make haste and walk
down to the rocks before the tide turns.'

Mrs Watkins assented; and having dressed
her young lady, they proceeded to the sands,
where the high waves dashing over the
ledges of rocky shore as the tide came up,
served to while away an hour tolerably
quickly; but after the tide had turned, and
the impetuous waters had become more pla-
cid, Kate Mowbray again grew weary; and
when a call from the house summoned her
nurse within doors, she resolutely refused to
return with her, and said she should prefer
remaining by herself on the shore. 'It will
be a change,' she thought, 'to be without Mrs
Watkins for a bit; but oh, dear, how can ma-
ma leave me here so long without any com-
panions! If I only had a dog it would be

better company than no one; and it would be
something to love, and that would love me.'
The last idea caused tears to start from her
eyes; and, rousing herself with some effort,
she began to look for a small delicate species
of shell which she had often amused herself
with stringing into necklaces and bracelets.
Not finding many on the shore, she got into a
boat which was lying empty and fastened to a
stake in the ground. Here, while leaning
over the edge, she was delighted to look at
the many-coloured sea weeds which, growing
beneath the clear shallow water, seemed to
her imagination like a fairy land; and while
thus engaged the time passed rapidly and un-
heeded, until the rocking motion of the boat
attracted her attention. She perceived the
little boat had broken loose, and was slowly
floating out to sea. She was so startled when
she perceived her situation, that she scream-
ed loudly, and her cry immediately answered
by a youth leaping from a rock which jutted
out some distance from the land, and on
which he had been occupied in fishing, and
who soon waded to her assistance. He ar-
rived only just in time to save her, as the wa-
ter touched his chin by time he reached her;
and he began to pull the boat back with con-
siderable difficulty, while he told Kate how to
help him by pushing at the stern by an oar,
which, fortunately, had been left by the own-
ers. Alarm gave her energy, and she con-
trived to obey the youth's instructions; and
in a few minutes had landed safely at the spot
from which she had embarked. She then
turned to thank her deliverer—a fine manly
fellow, rather taller than herself, and very
plainly dressed; but whose language and
manner made her feel that he probably be-
longed to the same rank as herself, and had
received a good education. He laughingly
refused to go and change his wet dress; and
taking up the shells which Kate Mowbray
had collected, they were soon busily occu-
pied in that delightful, because perfectly frank
interchange of every passing thought and
feeling which, perhaps, later life seldom af-
fords. They were interrupted at length by
Mrs Watkins and two other servants, who
seemed equally surprised and pleased to find
Miss Mowbray in safety; and it then ap-
peared that the nurse had been looking for her
charge, while Kate was in the boat; and not
seeing her, had flown back in great alarm to
inform the rest of the household and institute
a thorough search for her. Very reluctantly
did the young lady now prepare to accompa-
ny her to the house, after again repeating
her thanks for the valuable assistance which
she had received, and which she did the
more warmly thank her nurse, in terror for the
consequences which might ensue to all par-
ties were her lady ever to know that Miss
Mowbray had passed so much time con-
versing with an unknown stranger, spoke to the
youth in a haughty manner, which Kate
thought equally unkind and unjust. But
fear and hope had so quickened her appre-
hensions, that she managed to fix upon a meet-
ing for the next day in a hasty whisper, to
which a nod of intelligence was the only an-
swer ventured.

The good nurse was not a little amazed
when on their return she perceived the vivid
impression that this incident had made upon
Kate, who talked the whole evening of her
adventure, and who had also learned that her
companion's name was Henry Liddell; that
his father was very poor he believed, but he
had not seen him for many years, and that he
lived at the curate's house, who kept a boys'
school in the adjoining village. At night,
when Kate had retired to rest, Mrs Watkins,
after fidgeting about the room for some time,
said—

'Unless my lady asks any questions, Miss
Mowbray, I think it will hardly be necessary
to tell her what has passed this afternoon; it
might make her anxious, and then she would
be displeased with me for having left you
alone on the shore. Not that I wish the
truth concealed if she should inquire particu-
larly; only it seems to me you need not
mention the accident unless she asks.'

'Oh, you need not be afraid, nurse; I never
tell mama anything; and I hope no one
will think of letting her know about Henry
Liddell, or else I should never see him again.
Besides, if she should happen to be angry
with you, you can easily tell her it was my
doing, and that I commanded you to leave me
alone.'

Partly satisfied, Mrs Watkins went down
to her hot supper with the housekeeper, to
whom she related her fears, and her resolu-
tion to watch carefully that no further inter-
course should take place between Miss Mow-
bray and young Liddell, who she believed
was a farmer's son.

The nurse however did not find it so easy
as she expected to fulfil her intentions; her
movements were naturally slow and her size
unwieldy, and a lively girl like Kate who had
set her mind upon obtaining a particular ob-
ject, was not likely to fail in succeeding,
when, as in this case, she gave all her mind
to the task.

The following evening tea had been served
to the solitary young heiress, and leaving her
to practise her appointed hour on the piano,
Mrs Watkins as usual, descended to her own
meal, thus offering too tempting an opportu-
nity not to embrace it at once; and flying to
her bedroom, she hastily dressed herself for
the first time unassisted, and then noiseless-
ly slipped out of the house.

Henry Liddell was at the appointed place
before her; but this time he had brought no
fishing apparatus, and producing a much
worn yet well preserved copy of Shakespeare
from his pocket, he asked Kate, when they had
once more talked over their meeting of the day
before, whether she had ever read 'The Tem-

pest.' To Kate the great master's works had
hitherto been a sealed book, and she eagerly
looked over Henry's shoulder as he opened
his favorite play, and at her request commen-
ced reading it aloud.

Much too swiftly and too happily the time
fled by, and the apparition of Mrs Watkins in
the distance, coming towards them, and the
consciousness that she would probably take
effectual precautions against her escaping a
second time as she had done that evening,
roused Kate to arrange some other plan before
their enemy should come up to them. An
old summer house in a garden which opened
from the back of the house, and away from
the sea shore, was fixed upon; and Henry
made his escape before panting, puffing Mrs
Watkins reached her charge. A severe lec-
ture and threats of informing lady Mowbray
followed, to which Kate returned no answer;
and her nurse construing her unusual silence
as a favorable omen of penitence for the fault
Kate had committed, said no more after they
had regained the house. But Kate, although
she did not feel quite sure whether she was
acting rightly, could not so soon give up the
newly-tasted and long desired pleasures of
friendship; and having, as she said, no one
to care about, she thought all the more con-
stantly of the companion whom chance had
thrown in her way; whose lonely situation
in so many respects resembled her own, and
whose attractions were manifold to one so
isolated and neglected.

With such adroitness did the two young
people conduct their interviews, that nearly
a year glided on without Mrs Watkins hav-
ing once detected them in the act, although
Kate's constant cheerfulness, animation,
and unaccountable fondness of the little de-
serted garden, besides the occasional sound of
strange voices, not unfrequently rendered her
suspicious. Kate never answered any ques-
tions on the subject, and, laughing, parried
them as well as she could; while happi-
ness such as she had never known before
brightened her solitary existence, and gave a
charm to the pursuits of which she had for-
merly been so tired. Now every new song
had become to her a positive pleasure, in the
prospect of singing it to Henry; her drawings
too had benefited by his remarks, for in this
art he was himself a proficient. Her flowers
were sedulously tended, as giving her the
means of presenting them to him as tokens
of remembrance; while they mutually inter-
changed the books they most loved; and
Kate's mind derived great service from Hen-
ry's matured criticisms, and the power she
gradually acquired from him of reflecting up-
on all she read.

Once in every two years Lady Mowbray
was accustomed to pay a visit to her daugh-
ter, in order to inspect her progress, and make
such changes in the mode of her studies as
her advancing age rendered necessary; and
early in June, exactly twelve months since
Kate and Henry had first met, she arrived as
usual, without any previous notice to Mrs
Watkins, and desired her to summon Kate to
her presence.

With a foreboding heart, though she did
not know any cause for the feeling, Mrs Wat-
kins went into the garden to seek her charge,
and her apprehensions were not lessened by
the glimpse she caught of some one disap-
pearing behind the trees which sheltered
the summer house: her fears were increased
when a spaniel dog bounded towards her,
and then darted off in obedience to a whistle
from its owner, who was evidently close at
hand. Kate, however, was alone, and appar-
ently deeply engaged with a book when her
nurse appeared; and on hearing of Lady
Mowbray's arrival, started up and fled to the
house, utterly disregarding of Mrs Watkins
calls, who was in consternation at the idea of
her appearing before her lady in her morning
dress.

'Lack-a-day, what has come over her? As
sure as fate my lady will see how she is
changed, and it is beyond my comprehension
what has brought it about; and then to think
of her rushing into her ladyship's presence in
that unseemly fashion! I trow mischief will
come of it.'

This soliloquy concluded, Mrs Watkins
left the garden, and anxiously waited until
Lady Mowbray should summon her to give
an account of her stewardship.

In the meantime Kate, glowing with hap-
piness, and forgetting her usual awe of her
stately mother, fled into the parlor, and fling-
ing her arms around lady Mowbray, exclaim-
ed—

'Oh mama, how glad I am that you are
come at last.'

But no answering warmth responded to
her caress; drawing herself up, the mother
coldly kissed her child's forehead, and then,
in a calm, chilling tone, which instantly res-
tored Kate's self-possession, she said—

'You are somewhat too old now, Kate, to
enter an apartment so wildly; I fear Mrs Wat-
kins has become too indulgent; the time has
arrived when a stricter discipline must be
adopted. Sit down and tell me what progress
you have made in your studies since my last
visit.'

It would occupy too much space to detail
the conversation which ensued, and which
soon convinced Lady Mowbray that it was
high time to superintend her daughter's edu-
cation more closely, if she meant her to grow
up as implicitly obedient to her will and plea-
sure as her numerous family and political
schemes rendered necessary. The mother and
daughter would have formed a strange con-
trast had their interview been represented in
a picture. The features of the former were
handsome, strongly marked, and expressive of
decision and worldly-mindedness, and be-
trayed the fact that she had gone through

much mental though suppressed suffering.
Her manners were stern and dignified, and re-
pelled confidence; while at the same time
few would have had courage to withhold any-
thing which she sought to know. Kate, on
the other hand, expressed in her young
bright face those ingenuous, affectionate feel-
ings, which only needed the fostering of pa-
rental encouragement to bloom into all a wo-
man's devoted attachment for those dear to
her; and one kind word from her mother
would have unlocked a fountain of the sweet-
est youthful trust, and all her little hoard of
cherished hopes and loving fancies had been
laid bare to Lady Mowbray, who would have
given much to attain such an intimate know-
ledge of her daughter's feelings, had she known
how to set about it.

When dismissed by her mother Kate has-
tened to the garden, too well aware from
what had passed that it would probably be
her last opportunity of speaking to Henry
Liddell for a long time to come; and having
heard Lady Mowbray call Mrs Watkins, she
ran as fast as she could to the dear old sum-
mer house. No one was there; and bursting
into tears, she began to fear she should have
to leave the country without a word of fare-
well to the person she loved better than any
one else in the world; so bitter was this re-
flection that she took the desperate step of
venturing out into the lane which led to the
church, and in which she had never walked
without her nurse. To her great delight she
there perceived Henry's dog, which they had
christened Ariel; and calling him to her, had
the satisfaction of soon seeing his master
jump over a stile and hasten towards her—

His surprise at seeing her, and his consterna-
tion at the news she communicated, agitated
her still more; and then for the first time
Henry spoke of his own feelings for her, and
in all the simplicity of boyhood entreated her
to promise that she would one day become
his wife, for then no one could prevent their
union when he should be a rich man. Very
bright and very charming did this romance
appear to Kate; and she thought she could
easily bear the hardship of separation, and all
the future teaching of which her lady mother
had spoken, now that she knew what Henry
felt, and could look forward with certainty to
the prospect of seeing him again. Still the
time that had passed over since their first
meeting had made her feel less a girl in ma-
ny ways; and a sentiment of shyness such as
she had never before experienced caused her
to hesitate to give the promise which Henry
asked.

Some one shouting her name repeatedly,
awakened her to the necessity of their instant
separation; and she would have fled without
saying anything had not her companion seized
her by the hand, and exclaimed, 'Oh
Kate! you will not make me so miserable as
not to tell me whether you care for me and
will promise you will one day be mine, be-
fore we part?'

In a scarcely audible whisper she gave the
desired assurance; and Henry ventured to
kiss her before she ran away in great fear of
being caught.

Mrs Watkins awaited her in the garden,
and told her that she should certainly inform
Lady Mowbray of all she had such good
reason to suspect, had not her ladyship told
her they were to set out on the following day
for Craven Castle, where Miss Mowbray
would no longer be allowed to play her mad
pranks, and behave just as she liked without
any regard to what persons wiser than her-
self advised.

Poor Kate's tears fell fast; and her nurse,
feeling some little compassion for her grief
at leaving the only home she had ever known
grew softer in her manner; and the lonely
creature clung to her the whole of that long
evening, in preference to seeking her mother's
grave, forbidding society. Lady Mowbray
was too penetrating not to be aware that
Kate's advancement had been more rapid both
mentally and physically than her age war-
ranted; but she deemed it wiser to say
nothing at this time, and relied with perfect
confidence on the system of instruction and
supervision which she intended, should be
carried out for her daughter's benefit when
she should be placed more immediately under her
own eye.

Three years elapsed before Kate Mowbray
and Henry Liddell met again; three years
which were passed by the young heiress in
the solitude of Craven castle, under the su-
pervision of various masters, and the superin-
tendence of a duenna, whose strictness made
her frequently regret the gentler sway of Mrs
Watkins. But vainly did Lady Mowbray en-
deavor to instil into her daughter's mind
the worldly notions and ambitious desires
for increased power and wealth which dis-
tinguished herself; frank and ingenuous in
character, simple in tastes, affectionate and
generous in her disposition, no schooling
could ever have rendered Kate Mowbray
otherwise than sincere, joyous and disinter-
ested.

Her capacity for loving during this long in-
terval was fed by the secret consciousness
that Henry would not forget or forsake her;
and she clung to his image so fondly, and
thought of him so constantly, that every ob-
ject became invested with associations which
centered around their mutual attachment.
Without such a precious source of consol-
ation, one so sensitive and so dependent upon
affection must either have sunk under the
cold, harsh discipline to which she had been
subjected, or else have become a stern, reser-
ved, morose character. But love enlarges
the soul, and sheds over it a vivifying and
strengthening warmth, which nothing else
can supply, and fills it to the exclusion of un-
worthy or injurious thoughts, when, as in