

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

STANZAS ON KNOWLEDGE.

BY T. H. GLAMORGAN.

From the Thames to distant Indus,
From Mount Hecla's lava cone,
From the Greek and classic Pindus,
To Columbia's varied zone,
Speed thy flight, O Knowledge! whether
East or west, o'er land or main,
Linking lands like friends together,
In one intellectual chain.

Woe unto that land where learning,
Like the sun shorn of his rays,
Dim and indistinctly burning,
Only half its light displays;
Woe unto the land where Knowledge,
Curbed, imprisoned, and confined
To the rich man's dome or college,
Visits not the poor man's mind!

Ignorance, that social crater,
Big with ruin, death, and sin,
Yearly waxing stronger, greater,
Mid a nation's strife and din,
Soon shall gather strength sufficient
To become its deadliest foe—
If free knowledge, all-efficient,
Hath not ample vent and flow.

Heart and mental cultivation,
Sympathy 'twixt man and man,
Moral strength and elevation,
Knowledge free of tax or ban;
These the levers by whose power
Empires rise from gloom to light,
Bringing glory for their dower,
Virtue, freedom, fame and might.

Let the monarch have his palace,
Pomp of state and wide domain,
Sceptre, throne, and jewelled chalice—
All a king would wish to gain,
Let the lordling have his hoary
Castle, retinue, and lands,
Titles blazoned in the story
Of his country's victor bands;

Let the baron have his manor,
Hounds and coursers, mines, and game;
Let the warrior have his banner,
Pension, laurels, stars and fame;
Let the merchant have his Argos
Freighted with the wide world's stores
Costly bales and princely cargoes,
Eastern gems and precious ores:

Keep all these; but let the nation's
Knowledge be untaxed and free,
To cover all the vast creation's
Face, like one unbounded sea:
Keep all these; but let the ocean-
Tide of Knowledge freely roll,
Flinging wisdom, wealth, devotion,
O'er the earth from pole to pole.

Guard the Press and its defenders,
God of glory, God of right!
Guard the beacon that engenders
In thy world new hope and light!
Guard the Press and those who nourish
Its young growth with jealous care—
Give it strength to last and flourish,
Aiding all things good and fair!

From the Thames to distant Indus,
From Mount Hecla's lava cone,
From the Greek and classic Pindus
To Columbia's varied zone,
Speed thy flight, O Knowledge! whether
East or west o'er land or main,
Linking realms, like friends together,
In one intellectual chain.

From the London People's Journal.

THE TWO VALANTINES.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

It is St. Valentine's Eve, and a thick mist fills the streets, and hovers over the houses, as though it would veil the mysterious doings on which the morrow's sun would shine. The Post Office is getting its quiver fast filled with the little shafts of love or malice—which we will not perpetuate a bad pun and say, a bean was to scatter to several marks the next morning; though the postman of Villerhampton considered himself so distinguished a one, that no fewer than seven of the love-breathing epistles with which St. Valentine freighted him were enclosed by the very hand that was to deliver them to certain middle-aged spinsters and elderly widows, any of whose circumstances he would rather share than knock at the doors all weathers, and view through the thin blinds their bright faces and comfortable little parlors, while he was obliged to wade along through snow or mud.

The evening has closed in, and business is nearly at an end among the votaries of St. Valentine. But still in one house a young man sits alone, gazing for the last time on the beautiful page, delicate and fanciful as though stolen from fairy land, and breathing affection as the night-flowers breathe perfume, and on the inner hall, where the hand has traced the heart's inmost feelings in lines full of the most impassioned tenderness and devotion, telling of a love that nothing could destroy or crush—that would live even through despair, and scatter prayers and blessings on the loved one's path, if it might not be allowed to strew it with flowers.

It was all as he would have it; his feelings were truly expressed; and, beneath the veil

of affected disguise they were uttered more fully than he could have dared had the half mask been withdrawn, and he avowedly the writer. Alas! he could not so address her. It was only on this occasion of time sanctioned gallantry and mystery that he could presume to mention a love to which she was forbidden to listen. And how would she receive it? with a smile? and would that smile be in pleasure or in scorn? Walter Lloyd sighed as he folded the letter. Even if she scorned him he must still love on.

But another valentine lay before him of a totally different character. Witty but sarcastic, both the rhymed and the pictured satire ridiculed the beauty that was self-imagined, and insinuated mental deformities sufficient to obscure the charms of the loveliest creature that ever lived. For Walter Lloyd's heart was not solely the abode of love—much of bitterness dwelt in it also, on account of the ill-will which had been sown between him and the family of Katharine Bassett. And, somehow, he more than suspected the coquettish widow Holloway of being the sower, for the sake of her brother, who was one of Kate's most devoted admirers: and the prettiest girl in Villerhampton—to say nothing of the best dowried—was not likely to have any lack of suitors. There might have been another motive for the fair widow's evil offices; Lloyd's vanity sometimes whispered that there was: but that Harry Green was his most determined and dangerous rival admitted not of doubt. Accordingly Walter made a point of excluding the brother and sister from the number of those with whom he ought to be in charity; and in his heart he vowed vengeance on the widow Holloway in the only way he could obtain it, by mortifying her self-love, and ridiculing her appearance, under favor of the licence permitted at this season. The unflattering valentine was therefore designed for her, and he laughed in malicious pleasure at the thought of her indignation when it should meet her eye; yet how trifling would her annoyance be, compared with the deep, soul-felt vexations and disappointment which she had brought on him? And arguing thus, Walter Lloyd allowed his best and his worst feelings to seek the same avenue of expression, and render the love-hallowed festival of St. Valentine, a medium alike of pleasure and of pain. Perhaps the widow might suspect him—little cared he if she did; and he took scant pains to disguise the hand in which the envelope was directed.

Nor did Walter strive to keep too carefully his secret while addressing the letter which whispered his tale of love and devotion to the fair girl who had been the dream of his boyhood and the idol of his youth. It was the only opportunity he might have for months to plead his cause, or bid her remember the affection he once hoped was not in vain; and how highly he valued it, the wild throbbing of his heart alone could tell. But hark, there is a footstep on the stair; what has brought his mother back so soon, when he had thought her safe for an hour to come, listening to the news from the most indefatigable tongue in Villerhampton? Walter slipped the letters hurriedly into their envelopes and concealed them in his pocket as Mrs Lloyd entered the room.

'Here, Walter, is a letter you must seal and direct for me; and, as I see you're going out you can post it.'

'What, going to send a valentine, my dear mother? I thought you were too wise for such follies.'

'I am too old, at all events; and if I were not, I should have nothing to do with such nonsense. Better five words of plain, straightforward meaning, than pages of sentimental stuff which can be read in twenty ways. Come, put your aunt's address to this letter; and then the sooner you are out and back again the better, for the mist is cold and damp enough to chill one to the heart.'

'Ah, if I could but speak those five words, sighed Walter as he took his way to the Post Office, 'I might then follow your advice, dear mother. But the arrow that cannot be shot in the daylight must in the dark.'—He forgot that in the dark all things are more apt to lose their way, and even arrows to miss their mark.

And now St. Valentine's day sheds light and brightness over the land; and the sun is peeping in at the different windows, to watch the smiles and blushes with which many a suspicious looking billet is received.

'No letters to-day. I hope you are not disappointed, Walter, remarked Mrs Lloyd with a playful smile, as she perceived her son's glance linger on the postman, while he knocked at several neighboring houses and walked on.

'Oh, no, I look for no valentines,' said Walter, laughing to hide his confusion; for he was thinking that by this time Katharine Bassett had received the valentine on which he felt so much depended—the hope of keeping alive the memory of his love within her heart, despite the efforts of those around her. And well he knew that though none other might guess whence it came, she would recognise the hand through its partial disguise. And so she did. But had he beheld the flush of haughty indignation with which she gazed upon the pictured page, and the smile of contempt with which she flung it down, he would have wished his good right hand had been cut off ere it exposed him to such scorn.

It was not the only valentine that morning brought to pretty Katharine Bassett. There was a full half-dozen others—some, offerings of unmeaning gallantry and admiration; some sent in a more serious and earnest spirit. But even the most frivolous were smiled on, and greeted with a welcome so different from that on which poor Walter had built so highly—which he had thought of, and dreamed of,

and in which he trusted to whisper his fervent love and devotion to a heart that would, he thought, beat quicker at the tale. Yet Kate did not destroy it; but when no eye was on her, she folded the valentine, and placed it carefully with a packet of letters in a little box; and that night she wept bitterly and murmured—

'And has it all come to this at last! we who seemed unlike brother and sister only because we loved each other yet more dearly.'

But sad hearts must often be veiled by smiling brows; and few that looked on the glowing cheek, or met the bright eyes of Kate Bassett, as she shone the gayest, and to all eyes the happiest, of the merry group that made the old walls of Lankyle Grange resound with mirth two evenings after, could have guessed that aught save gladness could have trembled within her bosom. Walter was there, but the rupture between the families was so decided, that he could not speak to her openly. But he had hoped for some opportunity to exchange at least one word of kindness, as of old, before the evening ended; and how bitter was his disappointment to find that Katharine's glance rested on him as coldly as though she had never beheld him until that hour.

Many were the valentines traced that evening to their sources, and more than one attachment was trusted to words, for whose utterance the anonymous avowal had paved the way. And innumerable gay laughs and lively sallies flowed from the same fount of mystery, as the senders of sportive missives were discovered, or the authors of merry malice challenged. But Walter bore no part either in the merriment, or in the dances which followed each other in rapid succession to the inspiring strains of half-a-dozen indefatigable violins. It was enough for him to see Kate floating through the mazy figures, with sunny smile and beaming glance, the partner of Harry Green, while seemingly unconscious of his presence.

'What, Mr Lloyd, do you not mean to dance to-night?' suddenly enquired a soft voice; and Mrs Holloway stood before him, looking her very best, and she was at all times an exceedingly pretty woman.

Lloyd stammered out something about being tired, and having been walking about all day.

'Ah, well, here are two who do not seem to know what being tired means,' said the widow, gaily, as her brother and Kate Bassett stopped beside them.

Walter Lloyd felt his cheek flush deep crimson beneath the eye of his rival; but he was silent, and the widow Holloway continued—

'What talk there has been about valentines to-night, as if it was wonderful to get one. What do you say, my dear Kate?'

'I think they are sometimes very entertaining,' said Kate quietly; and, raising her beautiful blue eyes, she looked steadily at Walter as she spoke.

He turned deadly pale; his brain seemed whirling round, and all sounds were blended bewilderingly together. Then Green led away Kate to resume the dance; and after a while Walter again heard through the confusion the voice of Mrs Holloway, who had been talking all the while.

'But, after all, there is no use in heeding valentines,' said the widow in conclusion, with a coquettish air; 'for they always say exactly the contrary to what is meant.'

'I would never say in them but what I meant,' exclaimed Walter impetuously. 'I could not feign even in sport.'

'Oh, yes! you would perhaps,' exclaimed the widow again, with a smile of winning sweetness.

'Never!' he repeated, irritated by her pertinacity into utter heedlessness of how his words might sound to one who seemed willing to give him every opportunity of explaining away his affront to herself. 'Never! good or bad, whatever it was, my thoughts would echo every word, or I would fling it in the fire.'

He turned abruptly away to end the conversation, and in a few minutes afterwards quitted the room, little thinking that the two loveliest pair of eyes among the gay crowd were fixed on his retiring form—little thinking that when all was hushed and dark, and the revellers scattered to their homes, that the beautiful, the brilliant Kate Bassett, late the centre of mirth and gaiety, sat pale and sleepless at her window, watching afar through the chill grey morning, the dim roof of Lankyle Grange, and musing sadly on him she had met so coldly within its walls.

'My dear mother,' said Walter Lloyd, the following day. 'I must quit Villerhampton; my mind is quite made up and I am resolved to go.'

The mother looked on the tapering spire, and quaintly picturesque old buildings of the village where she had dwelt ever since the day of her marriage, and sighed as she thought of leaving it, yet felt it would seem desolate without the son who had become all the world to her.

'Kate Bassett has vexed you last evening,' she said enquiringly. 'I said you were wasting both your time and your affections, for that she would be talked out of her preference for you. It takes a great deal of love on a girl's part to withstand all the persuasions of her family.'

Walter sighed—he had hoped Kate loved him thus; but that was all a dream from which he had been painfully aroused.

'Yes,' said he bitterly, 'Kate has forgotten me.'

'And you must try and forget her also, my dear boy,' replied his mother.

'Never, never!' exclaimed Walter, pas-

sionately. 'It is not an attachment of yesterday to be rooted out at will. I loved Kate before I knew what love was, and I shall love her until I can no longer feel life throbbing within my bosom. Though she has forsaken me I cannot change. But I cannot stay here to see her wed another.'

In vain Mrs Lloyd sought to oppose his determination; and, seeing how completely his happiness was staked on success, counselled him not to leave Villerhampton while there remained a possibility of winning back the heart which he had lost. He was too unhappy to heed advice. While Kate looked kindly on him at their rare meetings, he could endure anything, and still dream sweetly of love, though all around whispered despair. But her cold glance, her biting scorn, had struck deep into his heart, and, stung by the remembrance of the bright smiles she had lavished on Green before his face, he longed only to rush away to where such hateful sights could never again intrude themselves upon him.

Katharine's cheek turned a shade paler when she heard of Walter's intended departure; but the next moment it was brighter than ever, and her merry laugh at some remark of the witty Green rang like a silver bell through the room.

'Can it be true that you are really going to run away from us?' said the widow Holloway, extending her hand to Lloyd in the kindest manner when they met a few days before he purposed leaving.

'Yes, I shall soon bid you good bye,' he replied, with the careless laugh which covers a breaking heart.

'Strange beings you men are,' rejoined the widow; 'nothing but giving pain seems to please you. However, you will not find elsewhere better friends than at Villerhampton—friends who can never forget you or become indifferent to your welfare.'

There was a tenderness mingled with reproach in the tone which breathed the last words, and, in spite of himself Lloyd was somewhat touched by it. Perhaps he had wronged her in believing hers the evil agency which had placed the first barrier between him and Katharine. At all events he little deserved her present friendliness; and the gentleness with which she accused him of the bitter satire on herself was strongly contrasted with Kate Bassett's cold and insulting allusion to the tale of love in which he had poured forth his whole heart before her. This thought made his voice tremble as he said with ill-concealed bitterness:

'None at Villerhampton will remember me when the Mayflowers blossom.'

'Cruel and unkind,' said Mrs Holloway, earnestly. 'Why should you be so incredulous of my kind feelings towards you? Why should you doubt that I shall always remember you with kindness and esteem?'

'I should, and do thank you for those feelings,' replied Walter with some emotion. 'The more so that I have but ill deserved them. You will be the only one that will think of me when I am gone.'

With these words they parted. But as Walter turned away he met the cold proud glance of Katharine Bassett, who had just stepped out of a shop close by. Surprised and embarrassed, Walter hesitated, while with a haughty brow and strangely scornful smile, Kate passed on beside him and joined Mrs Holloway.

Scarcely knowing where he trod or what he looked on, Walter Lloyd passed on beyond the rows of old-fashioned houses and romantic cottages composing Villerhampton, and gained a wild but sweet spot on its confines, ere he was conscious wither his unguided steps had carried him. It was one where he had spent many a happy hour with Kate in days gone by, ere coldness or estrangement had clouded the hearts that dreamed life was all sunshine; or false tales against him had been poured into their ears who had ever seemed to love him second only to their own child. Walter flung himself on the short, thick spring grass, at the foot of a budding tree, and mused sadly on the widely differing circumstances in which he had gazed upon the scene. He thought how, in their childhood, Kate and he had sported beside the bright blue stream, which, many a foot below him still floated on so unchanged; how they had gathered flowers on the rugged bank, and lilies down by the water's brink; and how often he had climbed the tall cliff there, to pluck some blossom which had charmed her eye. And how, in after years they wandered there, and beneath that very tree had plighted the love that was to last forever. But all was changed—evil tongues had turned from him the friendship of his father's oldest friends, and lured away the heart he had so struggled to retain—until now he had come hither to mourn over the withering of every hope which had cheered his earlier years. The future lay before him a dark, dreary void, and he felt that whatever befell, it must be still a void which he shrunk from contemplating.

Moments—hours—flew by uncounted, and unheeded. The sun was sinking low towards the blue hills which stood out afar against the bluer sky, and still Walter lingered there, dreaming of the days he could not recall, and sighing over the evil he could not undo, until his feelings towards Mrs Holloway and her brother rose to a height of irritation; they had never before attained. And now, as if to add bitterness to them, two persons walked slowly along the opposite bank of the rapid stream—one glance recognised Kate—his Kate, as he once thought her, and the detested Harry Green. Walter's first impulse was to dart away, but he checked it. They should not laugh at his flight, and rejoice at the proof of