

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

BY MARGARET T. WIGHTMAN.

UNFORGOTTEN, deathless story,
Memories sad and strange and vast,
Through the present's pride and glory,
Call us backward to the past.

With a calm and chasten'd sorrow,
Through its shadows let us tread,
And warning or example borrow
From the records of the dead.

Through the hum of crowded cities,
On the midnight's solemn breath,
Cometh forms and voices to us,
From the solitude of death.

Come the changed and the changeless,
With their mild palefaces there,
Still as when we gazed upon them
In the lone heart's first despair:

Forms, whose hallow'd presence gladden'd,
Like the sunbeams' cheering rays,
And whose parting shadows sadden'd
Many a mourner's after days.

Breasts whose peaceful precincts cherish'd
Feelings of the holiest birth—
Gentle streams whose waters nourish'd
The ocean-tide of love on earth;

Souls unshrinking, valiant, fearless,
Ever foremost in the strife,
Beating onward, dauntless, tearless,
Through the battle-paths of life;

Men, whose deeds in song and story
Earth shall still recount with pride,
Who, for country, freedom, glory,
Nobly triumph'd, proudly died.

And the wise, the good, the learn'd,
They, of wisdom's sacred lore,
Who through Heaven's light discern'd
Truths unknown to man before;

And some whose sweet, though hapless duty,
In their path through life along,
Was to pour o'er all its beauty
Burning themes of love and song;

And they the dear ones, father, mother,
Husband, brother, sister, wife,
Trusted friend or faithful lover,
All that linked the chain of life:

Glory, science, song, and beauty,
Memories deepest love that claim,
Weeping earth with sacred duty
Shall enshrine each hallow'd name.

Let us learn this lesson holy,
That each blighted hope and love
Is to make us meek and lowly,
Fitting for a home above.

Such is life, to-day, to-morrow,
Through the scenes of good or ill,
Through the tides of joy or sorrow,
Some are unforgotten still.

From Hogg's Instructor.

B. B. B.

'Don't talk to me, sir, I know best, and
won't be dictated to by a self-conceited upstart.
Leave me.'

'Very well, sir; good morning.'

'Umph!'

'What a strange, eccentric old gentleman Mr Crowther is,' thought the departing juvenile.

'What a good-natured, sentimental monkey of a boy it is,' thought the remaining antiquity.

Mr Crowther was a rich merchant in the city, a man of high standing and character, who made it his boast that he had never, during the forty years he had been in business, sent away an account unpaid. He was, moreover, a rough, blunt, old fashioned Englishman, who preferred his own will to the opinions of others, and looked with a feeling of contempt on every innovation on the practices of the last century. He absolutely loathed the Frenchified, dandified modernisms exhibited by some of his clerks, and entertained more respect for his porters in their plain garbs than for the trinketed fops, some of whom carried on the l. s. d. department of his large establishment. 'O!' 'Yes!' 'Very well!' 'Indeed!' 'Nonsense!' 'Stuff!' 'Bah!' 'Absurd!' 'Blockhead!' and similar emphatics, constituted the staple of his sentences.

On one occasion the Honorable Crocodile Whine called upon him to solicit his vote and interest, as he, the said Crocodile Whine, was about to stand as a candidate for the representation of the city, when the following conversation took place:

Whine—'Mr Crowther, I have done myself the honor of calling to state my intention of appearing as a candidate to represent this great city in Parliament, and, knowing as I do your very extensive influence, and the weight which your opinion carries with it among your fellow-citizens and fellow merchants—a weight which, allow me to say without flattery, is most justly acquired by your position and intelligence—'

Crowther—'Cut it short, sir.'

Whine—'I should be very sorry, sir, to detain you from your important mercantile transactions, but—'

Crowther—'Don't then.'

Whine—'But I was about to say—'

Crowther—'Well.'

Whine—'That—'

Crowther—'What?'

Whine—'Sir, excuse me—one word more; may I flatter myself with the hope that I shall be honored with your support at the ensuing election?'

Crowther—'No.'

Whine—'Doubtless, sir, you have considered well the political sentiments of my opponent in this important contest?'

Crowther—'Yes!'

Whine—'And must therefore be aware that to support a man who entertains such unpopular sentiments is—'

Crowther—'Duty.'

Whine—'Is not what the nation has a right to expect of the first merchants of the first city in—'

Crowther—'Jericho.'

Whine—'The first city in the empire, or, to speak properly, in—'

Crowther—'Bah!'

Whine—'The habitable—'

Crowther—'Stuff!'

Whine—'The disposal of your vote is a matter which—'

Crowther—'Belongs to myself.'

Whine—'And I hope is—'

Crowther—'Promised.'

Mr Whine bowed politely, and retired; Mr Crowther did the same, and remained.

But to return to our story—interrupted for the purpose of introducing this veritable anecdote, which will give the 'courteous reader' a better idea of Mr Crowther than a dozen pages of description—the youth who departed soliloquising on the oddities of the old gentleman, was a near relation of the said old gentleman, being, in fact, the only son of his sister, Mrs Brompton. Mr Brompton had died in India, and the sorrowing widow, returning to England with her dear boy Alfred, devoted herself to his education, and to the formation of his mind and habits. His general conduct was such as to 'encourage the expectation that her fondest wishes would be realised. But strange as it may seem to those who are ignorant of the mysteries of the heart, Alfred Brompton was smitten, wounded, and fell in love, one beautiful summer afternoon, in Hyde Park. We believe such things have happened before in the history of our world. Young men sometimes do fall in love. How to account for this fact is no business of ours; enough that it is a fact, and that we should like, for the oddity of the thing, to see the man who would take upon himself to deny it. We believe it has been customary in all lands and in all generations. But whether this be fabulous tradition or historical truth, we are certain that the nephew of the surly old bachelor, Crowther, did fall, seriously and over head and ears, in love. Poor fellow! Our fair readers are compassionately heaving a sigh for him. Dear, tender hearts! how they do pity a blundering young man in this ridiculous plight. And was ever plight more ridiculous? Just look at that awkward mortal: first he stares, like a lamp-post in a London fog, at some object passing on the other side of the carriage drive, and then as the object retires he is moved by a sudden impulse to follow, and his first exploit is to kick his shins against a fruit-stall, and to pitch head foremost into the lap of the honest woman to whom the stall belongs. What a hubbub ensues!

'Oh, dear, what shall I do?' exclaimed the keeper of the stall, 'I am ruined forever. All them fruit is gone, and I have sixteen poor little fatherless children at home, who haven't tasted nothing this blessed day. Ho dear, dear me!'

'Sixteen little children!' exclaimed Alfred, in horror, at the same time trying to wipe the red currant juice from his black waistcoat with his handkerchief, which he immediately afterwards used to wipe the perspiration from his brow, leaving it tinged like the forehead of a merry-andrew, much to the amusement of the by-standers who had flocked round to see the accident.

Nothing like an accident to a London mob. It is the joy of their existence. We lately saw a delicious accident near the famous 'Elephant and Castle.' It was the falling and bursting of a large jar of molasses. The poor porter who was wheeling it towards its destination in a hand-barrow, looked black at the luscious commodity, but the swarms of shouting boys, who made their appearance as if by magic, were delighted beyond measure. One poor little urchin plunged his hand in the black liquid, and then, in his eagerness to 'save all,' he nearly swallowed his hand too; but this only added to the fun.

To return to our hero: 'Sixteen little children who have tasted nothing to-day,' repeated he in amazement; 'but surely they are not all little?'

'Pon honor the oldest is only twelve, and five of them is twins.'

'Good!' shouted the mob. 'Go it, Grannyl just rate!'

'Twelve—five twins,' muttered poor Alfred; 'I don't understand. What is to pay? Where did she go? Do you know, mistress, who—Ah! stay, accept this half-sovereign. It is all that I have about me at present, but I shall be here again to-morrow.'

'Thank your honor, you're a gentleman at any rate.'

Brompton hastened away, whilst the grinning mob were repeating certain cabalistic terms, such as 'Did 'em,' 'Green,' 'Softy,' &c.

But the fair and innocent cause of this catastrophe was gone. Alfred wandered over the park, along the banks of the Serpentine, among the trees, backwards, forwards and

crossways, but all in vain. At last, wearied of the fruitless search, and with a very unusual state of heart, he returned home. Long after midnight he fell asleep, and dreamed about paths and beautiful creatures promenading therein; about swamps and quagmires, and crowds of dirty people; about children feeding on fruit, and clamorously calling for more; about losing his way in a tangled forest, and being conducted out of it by a large Newfoundland dog; about a terrible storm, and taking refuge in a cottage; and a number of other things which usually flit across an agitated mind in its dreams. Dreams! what are they? Philosophy has attempted to explain the phenomena, and poetry has sung about their causes, and metaphysics has learnedly had its say, and theology has descended to speculate about the inner world, and the mystic intercourse of the human spirit with the unseen tenants of the air, but all is mystery still. Yet, that there is a reality indicated by these intangible visions of the head, we cannot doubt. Our own experience in Dreamland has been very extensive. We have had pictures, representations and scenes; we have heard voices, strange and unearthly; we have held discourse during the hours of darkness—which, to the dreamless portion of humanity, would appear utterly incredible. Nay, we have had forewarnings of coming evil, and nocturnal prophecies of future good, which years after have been verified to the letter. And we are weak enough to believe in dreams; that is, we believe that they are not all moonshine or madness. We would not make them the rule of life, nor allow ourselves to abandon any enterprise to which duty calls, by their influence; but we are credulous enough sometimes to think that they are—something! This grand conclusion leaves our 'dear reader' just where we found him; so that perhaps he will suppose three months passed over, and accompany us to the sick room of Alexander Crowther, Esq. There are doctor, lawyer and domestics. Wealth can purchase all these, but it cannot prolong life, nor buy a bolt strong enough to keep out the last enemy. Mrs Brompton and her son are also there, as the only near relatives of the apparently dying man. His sister is affectionately paying those attentions to the sufferer which only a female can. The depth of the female heart can never be known, nor its wonderful treasures of love understood, until affliction, sickness and death comes to the domestic circle. Then, if at any time, woman is truly a help meet for man. The soft light of a beloved wife's countenance makes even the darkened chamber of sickness a place more than tolerable—a place to be almost desired; and if the sufferer have also the inestimable blessing of a peaceful conscience, and a faith resting upon the only Rock, may we not call him a truly happy man? Poor Crowther knew not the endearments of wedded life; he had never known what it is to pronounce that charming word, 'wife,' and it was but too evident that his conscience was ill at ease.

'Amelia,' said the sick man to his sister, 'is that affair of Alfred's serious?'

'I believe it is, brother.'

'You do not mean to say that—that—he really means to marry that penniless girl, after—after—all that I have said to him about it?'

'Dear brother, do not excite yourself with these matters now. Alfred partakes of his late dear father's decision of purpose, and, as I have reason to know, his affections are strongly fixed.'

'Bah! the fool—pardon, Amelia.'

'Brother, let us change the subject, and think of matters more befitting your—our circumstance—'

Here a flood of tears testified the depth of the lady's feelings. A deep groan escaped from the dying man; then long silence ensued.

'Amelia, it is not too late. Your son's obstinacy has cost him much. I have cancelled a will made in his favor, because he would not break his boyish engagement with Grove's daughter. I have sworn that no child of his shall ever touch gold of mine—and what was that?—and if he will vow never to speak to her again—I will make a man of him for life—but; there it is again.—Lights!—sister, it is dark—ring the bell for—candles.'

Exhausted with this last effort, he could utter no more; and these were his last words on earth.

While this solemn scene took place a conversation was going on down stairs, in which two servants, one of whom had been long in the service of Mr Crowther, took a prominent part.

'What is the reason,' asked the younger of the two, 'why master is so angry with Alfred Brompton? I'm sure he's a nice young gentleman, and everybody likes him.'

'He is not so angry with Master Brompton,' replied the other, 'as he is with poor Miss Grove, and he is angry at her for no fault of her own. I know all about it. I have been in this house thirty years next Christmas, and should know something about Mr Crowther's ways; and I do know a deal, a great deal more than I'll tell to anybody.'

'Ay, of course,' said Mary, whose curiosity was fairly aroused by this tantalising intimation; 'but, Betty, dear, you might tell me as a secret, you know; I'd never tell nobody again. Everybody knows your prudence, and I would like to take example by you, you know; though for the matter of that, O dear! we're not likely to be long together, for the doctor's lad, him as carries the basket of small bottles you know, told me as the doctor said as how master would not be long for this world.'

'Hush your tongue,' said Betty, 'I cannot bear to hear that. I love my master, and have served him long, and have got so used to his cross and queer ways that it'll kill me to miss them.'

'But—Miss Grove?' urged Mary.

'Why,' said Betty, 'you are so stupid. It was't Miss Grove at all, it was her mother. Haven't I told you?'

'No, Betty dear, you did not tell me. Her mother! how was that?'

'Love,' replied Betty, throwing her face up to the wall, as if surveying the well-polished covers which were arrayed there waiting to do duty—'love, to be sure. Master wanted Miss Finnis to marry him, and she would't, and that's all.'

'Miss Finnis, who was she? I never heard of her before.'

'Child, how stupid you are! Miss Finnis as was is Miss Grove as is, and in course, Miss Grove's mother.'

'Oh, I see it all,' exclaimed Mary; 'and so master's angry at the daughter 'cause the mother jilted him.'

'Jilted him!' cried Betty, angrily; 'Jilted him? No, no, she was too good for that. She told him plainly that she would never marry a man without—'

'Without what?' enquired Mary eagerly.

'Without what I fear you are without, Mary—the best thing in the world, Mary, and the sooner you get it the better—I mean religion.'

'Was that the bell?' said Mary, going to the door.

Whether it was the bell or not we cannot speak positively at this distance of time, as seventeen years have elapsed since the death of Mr Crowther, and the occurrence of the conversation just related; but we can speak positively to the fact of dining with a dear friend the other day, at his own well-covered table, in his elegantly furnished villa in Paddington; and we can speak positively to the fact that his amiable wife, with their two intelligent sons and three lovely daughters, were present on the occasion, and formed a group that any man in the realm might go miles to see; and we can also speak positively to the fact that, before the ladies retired, our friend stated that fifteen years before he had married the best wife in the kingdom, and that to her, under Providence, he traced all his earthly happiness.

'A bit of pretty flattery, dear,' said the lady, smiling; 'but don't forget B. B. B.' So saying, she gracefully retired.

Wondering what these mysterious letters might mean, we glanced a note of interrogation to our friend, Mr Alfred Brompton—for our host was none other than he, and his still beautiful wife was none other than the lady whose sylph-like form had captivated him in Hyde Park, many years before.

'You wish to know the signification of B. B. B.' said he; 'you shall hear; but I thought that I had told you the story long ago.'

'No, proceed; it will be new to me certainly.'

'When I married my Emily, I was very poor, having only a small salary in the house of the Yokthens, German merchants. It had pleased my respectable uncle, Crowther, to draw his pen through a will which he had made in my favor, because I refused to withdraw my affections from Emily. Well, there was no help for it. He did what he liked with his own, and I liked Emily, and wanted to make her my own. He was stubborn and I would not yield; and the consequence was, I lost the gold and found a virtuous wife: the former gave me no anxiety, the latter has cheered me during many an anxious hour since. My only source of regret was that I feared my obstinacy troubled my relative on his death bed. Poor old man! But I could not act the hypocrite, and pretend that I had forsaken Emily. No, no, truth for ever! And she, when she understood that I was penniless, loved me more than ever, although when she learned the cause of my uncle's displeasure she felt it most keenly, and used to say, "Dear Alfred! I have made a beggar of you!" to which I always replied, "Dearest Emily, you have made a king of me!" quite romantic, wasn't it?'

'Go on, Brompton; you tell your story queerly.'

'Ahem! well. Mr Crowther scattered his property to the four winds, in his late will and testament. He left some to a dog-fancier, some to a jockey club, and some to a savage looking fellow who had risen to eminence in the rat-killing profession. To a number of distant relatives he left trifling amounts. On my dear mother he settled a small annuity—I wish it had been greater for her sake—so as to prevent any of it reaching my unworthy hands. To his servants he left considerable sums, especially to old Betty Brown, who had been many years in his service. And the bulk of his property he generously willed to a needy gentleman who goes by the name and title of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I fancy he was at a loss what to do with it, and thought that a trifle towards the national debt would be gratefully accepted. Well, Emily and I were over head and ears in love, and so we got married, having no higher ambition at that time than furnished lodgings in the City Road. My friends told me that I was a fool. I answered that I did not pretend to be a philosopher, that

'I loved Emily,

And she loved I.'

and that we had unanimously come to the resolution that it was more economical to live together than separately. My friends had nothing for it but to laugh and call me an odd fish, to which I replied that I was sorry for it, and hoped soon to be even.