

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From a Poem called 'Life.'

## THE COMING TIME.

WRAPPED in eternal night the past, doth  
 heaven  
 One greater Star, whose scintillations light,  
 Fateful the present to the coming time.  
 Commingled all to form the present age,  
 Like to a thrifty husbandman that sows,  
 Sows plentiful, whether for reaping of  
 His own, or grain of some to come, not he  
 Productless leaves to lie the strong fat soil,  
 Thus comes the age we live in . . . .  
 Less swollen with the fully garnered store  
 Of rich and ripe inheritance, than big  
 With the quick life conceived within it-  
 self,  
 A life now struggling to its wondrous  
 birth  
 Midwifed by the electric flash—thought's  
 own  
 Fit minister—the mystic agencies.  
 An age that shall outage all ages past  
 And present. Powers mysterious, and  
 force  
 Of spirit and material shall serve  
 This Age. These harmless to its car shall  
 bear.  
 It on a flight beyond the vision scope  
 Of ages precedent; and from peaks  
 Of mountain thought uphold the invaded  
 heavens,  
 Man speak to man across a chasm new-  
 bridged:  
 Bridged by mysterious agencies; by rights  
 All freely owned to; by the powers of air,  
 Earth, water, fire, the incandescent,  
 strange,  
 And yet scarce dreamed of, woven in a  
 field  
 Of cloth of gold for common ground  
 whereon  
 All men may labor and embrace. Then  
 shall  
 Be closed those low-arched cloisters, moss-  
 sed with age,  
 Where knowledge rusted in a hoarding  
 vault;  
 Then shrunk the sway of ancient cowed  
 resource  
 Where those whom fate or fortune, or the  
 will  
 Inscrutable of Providence had whipt  
 Into a sore despair of worldly worth,  
 Buried their wounds from the eventful  
 world's  
 Mixt intercourse of rough renewal; then  
 The higher paths betrod by Labor's new  
 Ennobled heel will close old avenues  
 Of egotistical penance brooding o'er  
 Its ill, as broader vistas stretch away,—  
 Highways of Labor's apotheosis.  
 The fields whereon a nobler heroism  
 Draws good from ill amidst the daily clash  
 Of lot with lot—aspiring thus, as toward  
 The highest goal of works, to merge with-  
 in  
 The infinite humanity—the great  
 Heart human that cements a brotherhood  
 Of universal tie, no more confined,  
 Self-holden in monastic walls.  
 'Twill be  
 Of Christianity, this brotherhood,  
 The clear exponent, when high souls shall  
 shine  
 On every hand with brightening deeds, to  
 show  
 That, though the world injustice deals as  
 meed  
 Of worth; though unrewarding, cancelled  
 not  
 The bond of duty due to man, to self,  
 And God. For them the thorns met here  
 declare  
 The flowers shall wayside bloom in sunni-  
 er clime  
 Beyond. To suffer worthily their creed.  
 The soul achieves its own attempering art:  
 Endurance hath its virtue; action hath  
 Of steel and gold so intimately wrought—  
 Making the toughest ward, as in the fa-  
 med  
 'Unbreakable Damascus blade of yore.  
 When bowed beneath the chastisement of  
 God's hand  
 Inflicts, crushed spirits shrink from min-  
 istring  
 With soft and slippered care to pampered  
 self.  
 Then quick and firm one strides toward,  
 and strikes  
 His hand into the ready hand of one  
 He meets, and shouts 'Ay, brother, thou  
 hast felt'  
 Hast suffered! therefore canst thou read in  
 all  
 And understand. Oh, 'tis your only sage  
 Of wisdom. Fitted now for labor we—  
 Our faith the panacea for our griefs.'—  
 There is no dimness on their vision, they  
 Within the chrystal shine of nature sit,  
 And on the organ universe they play  
 A melancholy tale of sinless woe  
 Made joyous—music grateful in His ear.  
 Fit readers they of Nature and of Christ,  
 Who in the lily of the valley saw  
 A beauty tended by a care divine.  
 Refinement, sensibility and grace  
 Shall all be theirs. The sure initial point  
 Of wisdom they have learned—'tis to res-  
 pect.  
 Somewhat is gained by intuition, even  
 As animals through instinct, more is  
 theirs.  
 With thoughts and proof the web and  
 woof; thoughts high  
 And pure; acts strong and sure; all things  
 to serve;

All things deserve; though nought receiv-  
 ing, still,  
 Believing, gathering Love to their em-  
 brace,  
 Feeding their souls on its ambrosial sweets  
 They weave the wondrous web of mighty  
 song,  
 Where truth shall palpitate, a living soul,  
 And Beauty deck the Love within. No,  
 not  
 E'en so were moved the patriarchs of old,  
 They whose recorded themes, in lofty  
 strains  
 O'er-arching Sinai's mount, rolled onward  
 in  
 Sublime reverberations along the hills  
 And vales of Judah. Thus inspired no  
 more  
 Thereafter they can live for earth alone  
 Than soul can die: their steps have passed  
 within  
 The magic circle of the spirit world.  
 Throughout the whole world's history  
 they read—  
 And it doth gnaw like hunger on their  
 own  
 Wrung vitals—want of freedom christiani-  
 zed!  
 So shall he learn to do his work; and  
 such  
 The field whereon the Bard his cohorts  
 strong  
 Shall marshal to the fight in that great  
 cause  
 When learning, freed from clutch of few,  
 dwells all  
 Abroad; with suffering and soothing lea-  
 gued  
 In ceaseless action through the widest  
 field  
 Of Labor's true domain.

From the London People's Journal.

## LIZZIE WHITE.

OR, UNWELCOME YEARS TO RELUCTANT  
EARS.

'Nor going to Mrs Welby's! Why did  
 you not know that Lizzie White, whom  
 you always admired so abundantly, is to be  
 there?'  
 'Yes; I knew she had returned.'

'You knew she had returned, you Icelan-  
 der. What has come over you, you speak so  
 coldly of a matter which is really so interest-  
 ing to you?'  
 'I am certainly glad that Miss White is  
 among us again, and I shall be much pleased  
 to meet her. She is a very entertaining  
 girl.'

'Now, James this is really provoking. You  
 certainly praised Lizzie White for more at-  
 traction and virtues than ever centered be-  
 fore in any one individual; you made her  
 out altogether  
 Too bright and good  
 For human nature's daily food!

You were always urging me to invite her  
 here; so that, although I liked her very much,  
 my eagerness fell sadly in the rear of your  
 own. You always joined her in all her pro-  
 menades, whenever you obtained a distant  
 glimpse of her in the street; and whenever  
 you were in her society, you preferred con-  
 versing with her to any one else. You ap-  
 peared *distracted* when she was absent, and your  
 face always lighted up when she entered the  
 room; and now you will deny all this, I  
 suppose, and satisfy your conscience by call-  
 ing it a *white lie*! The reproaches of Miss  
 Opie be upon you!

'Apparently I shall be amply punished  
 with your own reproaches, Maria, if I ever  
 have been as foolish as you aver.'  
 'If you ever have! You shall not escape  
 me so, James. What has changed you so?  
 Has another 'bright particular star' arisen to  
 you?

Man is inconstant ever;  
 One foot on sea and one on land,  
 To one thing constant never.

'No slur on the sex or I shall quote, and  
 from the most lenient of poets, too—

Woman's faith and woman's trust—  
 Write the characters in dust,  
 Stamp them on the running stream,  
 Print them on the moon's pale beam;  
 And each evanescent letter  
 Shall be brighter, fairer, better,  
 And more permanent, I ween,  
 Than the thing those letters mean.'

'Ah, ha! poor brother! then she is the in-  
 constant one, and some more fortunate mortal  
 is sunning himself in her favor. I do not  
 believe it; for the last time I saw you toge-  
 ther she smiled very graciously on you. So  
 do not despair. I should like Lizzy White  
 for a sister, of all things.'

'And I prefer the sister I have.'

'Don't bribe me by your flattery. You  
 were certainly once much interested in her,  
 and fast becoming more so. What change  
 has come over the spirit of your dream?  
 Have you ever seen one of her curls awry?  
 Did she ever wear creaking shoes, or raise  
 her voice too loud? Has she shown any bad  
 match in colors, that you no longer deem her  
 a match for you?'  
 'Faultless in her dress, Maria, so far as I  
 have observed; graceful in her manners, un-  
 commonly agreeable in conversation, with  
 much generous feeling, and a fine mind, well  
 cultivated—all this Miss White is; yet I  
 will acknowledge to you, my dear sister, that  
 a slight foible has changed my opinion  
 of her. She is too sensitive respecting her  
 age.'

'Ah, then, your objection is of years stand-  
 ing; I never dreamed of such a foundation  
 for it! Well, age is a tender point with Liz-  
 zie, I know, although how you should discern  
 it, I do not know. She is twenty seven or  
 eight, and is older by some four or five years,  
 than most of the ladies of our set with whom  
 she is intimate, while many of our own age  
 are married; and I suppose this is the reason  
 why the subject of age always makes her ner-  
 vous.'

'But what a deplorable weakness! and it  
 puts her whole character on a different foot-  
 ing. To wish for the concealment of age,  
 shows that a person is living for an object  
 which can be accomplished only within a  
 certain number of years, while what should  
 be the great purpose of life we can always ful-  
 fill.'

'Oh, you take the matter too seriously,  
 James; and you are unjust too. Lizzie is not  
 living for the great goal of matrimony, for  
 she has had and refused advantageous offers;  
 but you know that in society, single ladies  
 are apt to be a little *passé*, and have the odium  
 of 'old maid' fastened upon them.'

'No, I do not know that an agreeable wo-  
 man who enters society with the right mo-  
 tives, not for the mere attention she can re-  
 ceive from the crowd who do follow the  
 young and new, particularly the pretty face,  
 I acknowledge; but from a desire for social  
 sympathy, and intelligent conversation—I do  
 not know why she should be neglected, or in  
 any way *de trop*. Cultivated persons will at-  
 tract, and be attracted by others who are cul-  
 tivated of whatever age; and it can only be a  
 restless anxiety to appropriate to oneself the  
 superficial position of the belle, which would  
 make the credit of a number of years any ob-  
 ject.'

'And there are few who could refrain from  
 re-belling when they are obliged to relinquish  
 this position? It is no such easy thing to  
 see the circle gradually form round other fa-  
 vorites which to encircle one the instant of  
 entrance into the drawing room. No such  
 easy matter to feel that the becoming dress  
 does not tell as universally as formerly—that  
 the ready repartee no longer finds the repeat-  
 ed echoes which once kept up its point.'

'But, my dear sister, you are describing the  
 triumphs of vanity, not the genuine pleasures  
 of social intercourse. If Miss White lives for  
 those, I no longer wonder at her wish to pro-  
 test against time's account.'

'No, no; she does not live for them, but  
 these have sometimes lived for her. And,  
 seriously, without being the less lofty in her  
 character, or agreeable in conversation, she  
 may not be wholly insensible to considera-  
 tions to which you will find very few blind.  
 But come, I have altered my mind about go-  
 ing to Mrs. Welby's, and you must accom-  
 pany me. Lizzie will plead her own cause bet-  
 ter than I seem to do.'

At Mrs. Welby's a pleasant tea-party were  
 collected:—just the number which gives  
 choice and variety, if one wishes, or the pro-  
 longed *tête-à-tête*. Among the guests was Mrs  
 Cushman, an early school mate of some of  
 the ladies, whom she had not met since her  
 marriage, at eighteen. Pleasant, amiable, and  
 pretty, not much given to generalisation,  
 speaking naturally of whatever came upper-  
 most, she seemed to find more satisfaction in  
 reminiscences and comparisons of the past  
 than in any other subject. After some hu-  
 morous anecdotes which she recalled of  
 school days—'Why, Lizzie White!' she ex-  
 claimed, as the lady entered the room; 'still  
 Lizzie White, I understand, and as young  
 looking as ever, I declare!' she added shaking  
 hands with a warm cordiality, which was  
 hardly reciprocated. The *epithet* and its ap-  
 plication deepened the color on Miss White's  
 cheek, and caused a transitory expression of  
 vexation, which the unwilling eyes of Marta  
 Western noticed, but which she vainly hoped  
 her brother did not perceive. She quickly  
 turned the conversation to some general  
 subject, on which she talked as gracefully as  
 ever.

'By the way, Miss White,' said Mrs Cush-  
 man, 'who delivered the poem at—'

'I do not remember; I was a very young  
 school girl at the time. It seems to me that  
 I have heard it was Bowring.'

'Why, do you remember our going over to  
 — in a carriage together? It was—'

'Mr Western,' said Miss White, hastily as  
 she saw his attention was given to the conver-  
 sation, 'do you know Bowring? He is a  
 most singular union of firmness of character  
 with indecision of mind. No one can be  
 more fixed in conduct if convinced in opinion;  
 but the world in general believe him infirm  
 in purpose.'

'Oh, Miss White!' persisted the talkative,  
 unsuspicious Mrs. Cushman, 'you must re-  
 member that day of his poem. It was only the  
 day before my seventeenth birthday, and  
 there were only five days' difference—'

'You are losing your pin, Mrs. Cushman!'  
 almost shrieked Miss White, while the lady  
 put up her hand to rescue the ornament,  
 which reposed in its place as securely as ever;  
 while Western half turned his head to conceal  
 a contemptuous smile at the *ruse*.

'Ah! I was mistaken. Excuse me; but I  
 always tremble for cameos, they are so easily  
 broken. I once spoiled one by dropping it on  
 the pavement. It was a copy of an exquisite  
 painting—'Consolation.' Apropos of consola-  
 tion, you know that notorious, money loving  
 Blake. Hardly had his wife been deposi-  
 ted in her tomb, when, hearing that old War-  
 ren was dead, and his bereaved widow, his  
 enriched widow, rather, was settled in his be-  
 queathed wealth, he hastened, before any  
 competitor could anticipate him, to bespeak  
 an interest in her sentiment and silver. The  
 old lady is very deaf, and as he told her he  
 had come to offer her his heart—'Offer  
 me a harp! I never knew anything about mu-

sic, except Old Hundred and a few psalm-  
 tunes, when I hear 'em.' Then he told her,  
 with as much variety as his romantic voca-  
 bulary could command, that he was attached  
 to her. The word *attach* reached her auricu-  
 lar in its most taking sense. 'Impossible,  
 sir! Mr Warren did not leave a debt in the  
 world; you can't attach a thing!' At length  
 he made her comprehend in plain English,  
 that it was on Cupid's errand he came—that  
 he wished to marry her. 'Why, I have hard-  
 ly buried my husband,' she replied. 'Well,  
 I have not buried my wife,' he returned; and  
 the old lady not understanding that he refer-  
 red to entombment, thought he must be *daft*.  
 'Not buried your wife! Well, sir,' she said,  
 drawing herself up to her full height, with  
 some of the old school dignity, 'I trust I  
 shan't meet you again until after her funeral!'  
 and left him, muttering, 'Stupid old simple-  
 tor! but oh, so rich!'

All the guests laughed at this anecdote,  
 characteristic of the parties, and told with so  
 much life and animation; but Mr Western's  
 face soon relapsed into seriousness; he had  
 noted the haste with which it was introduced  
 to avoid a subject which a foible alone made  
 revolting. Before the evening was over, he  
 was convinced that another had observed it  
 too, for Ralph Healy soon found, or rather  
 made, occasion to introduce the subject—  
 Ralph was a person of shrewd knowledge of  
 character, accompanied by some enjoyment  
 of its foibles, which led him to tread very  
 often on the corns of others, not from a wish  
 to give pain, but from a mischievous pleasure  
 in exposing and punishing what seemed to  
 him mere follies. A man of more sensibility  
 would have shrunk from seeing his victim  
 writhe; but, destitute of all pride, and encas-  
 ed in an easy, good natured manner and love  
 of fun, he delighted to venture where most  
 would retreat, and extract amusement for  
 himself and others. Although finely educa-  
 ted, we suspect that he had been suffered at  
 school to give rather a loose translation of  
 some of *Æsop's* fables—the frogs and the boys  
 for instance.

Before the evening passed away, Ralph  
 crossed the room to Miss White, who had been  
 conversing with Mr Western, for whose un-  
 common coldness of manner she could not  
 account, but which reacted somewhat on her  
 own, so that the conversation was pro-  
 ceeding with less animation than usual  
 when they were together when Ralph joined  
 them.

'And so, Miss White,' he remarked, glanc-  
 ing at Mrs. Cushman, who was talking with  
 a group in another parlor, 'you were a school-  
 mate of Mrs. Cushman. Well, it is astonish-  
 ing what a difference the wear and tear of  
 domestic cares do make in the impression  
 one would receive of a lady's age. I should  
 have said,' he continued, apparently not ob-  
 serving her attempt to speak, 'that Mrs Cush-  
 man—a pleasant woman by the way—was on  
 the fortified side of thirty. But it is Hymen,  
 the wretch, and not Time, that has planted  
 those wrinkles which others of her years have  
 not.'

'It is true, Mrs. Cushman and I were at  
 the same school, but she was much older than  
 myself,' replied Miss White, coloring violent-  
 ly, 'many years older. She is not so agreea-  
 ble as I had supposed her—'

'Pardon,' replied Ralph; 'I misunderstood  
 her to say that there were only five days' dif-  
 ference—'

'I do not know what she said,' hastily re-  
 joined the confused lady, on whom her tor-  
 menter directed his eyes, with his most bland  
 smile, calmly watching every varying expres-  
 sion of her face; she had seemed to me insu-  
 ferably stupid. Have you heard anything of  
 — since he left the city?'  
 'No, I have not; but you must excuse me  
 for differing from you about Mrs Cushman,  
 who seems to me a fine-hearted pleasant wo-  
 man, and I have listened to her conversation  
 with much pleasure. Do not you like her,  
 Western?'

'O, yes, she is amiable enough, for aught  
 I know;—stupid people generally are; but  
 I have thought her very disagreeable this  
 evening,' she replied with a slight shade of  
 anger.

'It must be,' said Ralph, with one of his  
 laughs, 'that you have no taste for reminisc-  
 ences, Miss White. After all, Western,  
 perhaps ladies do not like to meet schoolmates  
 as much as we do our college chums—  
 Though talking over old times does make us  
 feel *old*, undeniably *old*,' he said turning on  
 his heel, while Mr Western felt little spirit to  
 renew any conversation with Miss White,  
 who looked relieved, and made several at-  
 tempts to introduce some amusing subject.

'This weakness makes her lose self posses-  
 sion and grace; and worse still, makes her  
 untruthful, unjust, and irritable, she murmur-  
 ed constantly to herself.

For some days after Mrs. Welby's gather-  
 ing, as if by mutual consent, no reference was  
 made to the evening, either by Mr Western  
 or his sister, until she said to him suddenly,  
 'James answer me one question!'

'As many as you wish, Maria.'

'Then tell me, did you receive your im-  
 pression of Lizzie's sensitiveness on the sub-  
 ject of age from Ralph Healy?'

'I do not usually look at ladies through Mr  
 Healy's eyes.'

'Nay, James, now do not be offended at the  
 question. You know that man's propensity  
 to spy out and ridicule defects in every one.  
 He has truly the microscopic vision which  
 would detect the insect at the rose's heart,  
 and he might have first called your attention  
 to this slight flaw in a character so otherwise  
 attractive as Lizzie. Now, *parole d'honneur*,  
 did he not?'

'No Maria, I observed it myself from Miss