

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

THE POOR MAN'S FAIRIES.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Oh! Mine is a fairy home,
Tho' 'tis humble enough and poor;
There are prints of their tiny feet
All over the sanded floor.

There are sounds as of elfin glee,
That awake me at peep of day;
There are wee things about my path,
Ere I start with my spade away.

Last night, ere I left the field,
A friend with a smiling face,
Came to ask me to go with him
To some merry carousing place.

But methought that the while he talked
I was touched with a magic wand—
And a sprightly glimmer of starry eyes,
And a look I can ne'er withstand.

I saw one sweet anxious face
Await in the porch for me,
While three little busy elves
Were as busy as elves could be.

I saw their sweet looks of love,
And my heart set off through the
wood;
So, I bade my old friend good night,
And followed as fast as I could.

One fairy had made my tea,
And another had sliced my bread,
And a tiny one clambered my knee
For a kiss ere she went to bed.

And Bess is the fairy Queen,
And Harry, and Jane, and Kate,
Are the three little busy elves
Who clustered around my grate.

Oh! mine is a fairy home;
Though men say there are fairies no
more;
Still they beckon me when I roam,
And peep in at my cottage door.

From Hogg's Instructor.

JOE GRANT'S LESSON, AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.

Fifty years ago, by Molendinar stream, then in its purity and beauty, and fit even for the beverage of St. Mungo of jovial memory, reputed to have drank thereof, 'when better he couldna pree,' high up in the attics of an old four-story building, dwelt Joey Grant, a maker and mender of boots and shoes. For years had he tenanted this attic, in the best society of Jean, his wife—a big, raw-boned woman, thoroughly Scotch in all her maxims and all her practices; of a few pigeons who cooed and quarrelled over a small cote, hanging beneath the window; of a pet blackbird, taught to whistle 'O'er the water to Charlie, in the sunshine; his hammer, his awl and last. For years he had worn the same tattered habiliments, the same leather apron, the same old red nightcap, and the same clouted shoes, and had listened with becoming meekness to the rising and falling 'sough' of Jean's tongue, had made and broken the same promises to customers, and been busy and idle by turns. To the modern theory of progress, which we don't profess to understand, Joey was physically and morally a stumbling block and contradiction. It was not that Joey's wages were small or that work was scarce, or his family large, or living was expensive that he remained stationary. Joey could make money, and had made money. Four times had he saved and scraped and hoarded no less than ten pounds sterling, and deposited the same in Deacon Brown's hands; and four times had that sum resolved itself into its original elements. There was an error in Joey's history always turning up. There was a chasm in the way of advancement he could not pass—an old man, worse than Sinbad's, clinging to him, whom he could not shake off—a syren singing sweetly, whose voice he could not turn a deaf ear to—a crook in his lot he could not straighten. Four times, did we say, Joey had saved this sum? yea, more; but the syren had charmed it from him—she had taken him with fair and smooth speeches, and gone down into the chasm with it, returning no fulfilment to her promises, but only disappointed wailings and delirious dreamings. The truth is, Joey was socially disposed, and like too many of his countrymen, could not separate congenial fellowship from an union with whisky. In the words of a stirring modern preacher—Did he make a bargain?—the offer was made in drink, accepted in drink, and clenched in drink. Did he pay a visit?—he was welcomed with the bottle, and when he left, it was over the bottle he said 'Good-bye.' Was it cold weather?—whisky warmed him. Was it hot weather?—whisky cooled him.

Joey was not a drunkard in the common acceptance of the term. His own admission which we take as truth, was, 'He liked his dram in moderation, it was his worst fault.' But the dram in moderation sometimes led to a 'ramble,' a 'spin,' or a spree, out of moderation; and thus the occasional dropping, combined with the occasional overflow, made Joey poor, and kept him poor. Yet Joey had aspirings after a lower position in household records than the attics, and a higher lot in

worldly eyes than cobbling. He viewed with envious eye the comfort of a second floor, and cursed in mind the adverse fate that gave his neighbor a glossy Sunday coat and himself a sleeveless one. He philosophised on the rise of one man and the fall of another; and, by a species of reasoning, not by any means rare, placed it all to the debtor and creditor sides of good luck. An illustration of his theory of good luck was afforded unexpectedly in a neighbor winning a thousand pounds by a lottery ticket. Lotteries were then in their palmy days; they were the mania and delusion of the age, as Railways are of ours. Some few were fortunate, some thousands ruined; and of the few fortunate, Joey's friend was one. What envious desires did not this success stir up in the hearts of all who knew the man, and what speculations did it not kindle in the heart of our hero? They resulted in this: Joey would buy a share in the next lottery. Why shouldn't he come to luck as well as his neighbor? As the cloud breaks, a bit of blue sky is first visible, which expands till the sun shines forth, and the earth is gladdened; so did the thought expand into a purpose in Joey's mind, and the purpose ripen into a deed. Joe borrowed, begged and scraped together, till he was master of the desired sum, which straightway was invested in Ticket No. 7777 of the next lottery, on the principle that odd numbers are lucky.

Of course, anticipatory of good luck, Joey could not do less than treat a few cronies when the investment was made, who, of course accepted the treat, and expressed unbounded hope and wishes for his success. His last sixpence was spent, and his score at Lucky McNaught's 'change' closed as he returned home, more merry than wise, late at night, to his cheerless attic. Jean was out of sorts, the hearth cold, and the larder empty—but Joe

'Was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.'

He heeded not the cold, he felt not the necessity of a larder—he cared not for Jean or woman born: Jean saw that words of reprimand on her part were valueless—valueless as pearls to the heard; and like a skillful tactician, reserved them for a more convenient but, she hoped, a speedy coming season.

One can hardly guess what Joey's surprise was when the old postman in his red coat and shorts, rapped a postman's double tattoo with his toe on the door, and handed in a letter with a large seal thereon, addressed to 'Mr Grant.'

Joey took the document, read the direction some score of times, surveyed its edges observed the postmark, tried to peep through the side, as if the contents might escape by a hasty opening.

Jean looked over his shoulder, till female patience could no longer submit to curiosity and she broke out:

'Can ye no open the epistle and see what's intil't?'

Joey read in a slow, mechanical voice, as one might do in search of a meaning in Emerson's sentences:

'The holder of ticket No. 7777 is entitled to the third prize of five thousand pounds sterling.'

'Read that ower again, Joe. Five what, did ye say?'

'Five—thousin'—pun's—s-t-g' repeated Joe, dwelling on each word. 'No 7777, that's mine, as I'm a sinner, Jean! Huzza! huzza! You're a made man Joe Grant. Luck's your ain. Here's t'ye, Joe, and down wi' the cobbling. Huzza! huzza! huzza! Hear ye that, Jean?'

'And ye shall walk in silk atire,
And siller hae to spare.'

Confound the cobbling for ever and a day!

And the awl went whizzing through the skylight, took a circuit high in the air, and plunged into the Molendinar stream, followed by the last the knife, the hammer, the box of sparsables and the old shoes, in succession. Jean killed her dragged gown, kicked off her big slippers, and shuffled a few steps of a strathspey on the black and greasy floor, in the height of her ecstasy. Then did Joey don his Sunday coat—that coat of good blue cloth adorned with the high-placed yellow buttons and narrow tails, the same in which, fourteen years before, he had led Jean to the altar—assumed his Sunday hat of inverted flower pot fashion, and sallied forth, brimming with glad tidings to be communicated to all and sundry his cronies. It was not long ere he encountered a bunch of them loitering about against a sunny gable at the corner of a street, to whom, having duly communicated his luck, an adjournment to Lucky McNaught's sanded parlor was resolved on, and to Lucky's the party proceeded, Joey in a state of the highest possible elation, and the others sympathetic in the hope of sharing in the benefit of his fortune. As they entered, Lucky's eye fell instinctively on the score chalked behind the bar door, and in rising wrath, muttered—'Confound that ne'er-do-weel, gin he gets ae drap here this night,' and her plump red face wore a cloud of vexation, as he seated himself in the arm-chair of the ingle-side as coolly as he had been sole and absolute owner of the place.

'Hey, Lucky, bring us a pint o' the unchristened, and plenty o' bread an' cheese: a hail cheese, Lucky.'

Lucky's ire was almost boiling at the order.

'Ye misleart idler!—ye twa-leggit dae-naeguid!—ye drucken, sotterin', daiddin', ill-faunt ne'er-do-weel!—think ye honest folk hae nae ither drink to brew than fill the dead sea o' your craig? Megsty me, a bonny story, forsooth, coming here wi' your orders for pints o' maut, liquor, and cheeses, wi' ne'er a rag on

your back, or a plack in your pouch, and a score ahint the doo as lang as Job's patience. Gae way way your gates. I wonder ye dar darken any honest woman's door.'

'Ah, Lucky, Lucky, lass, it's weel kent, though ye've a lang tongue, ye've a true woman's heart, else Joe (Mr Joseph, I should say) wadna thole the wyte o't. Hush, hush, gudewife, dinna open anither battery,' interposed one of Joey's companions. Hush, till ye hear the news. Mr Joseph's won a fortune this day: ay, mair siller than wad buy a't the maut in the city. Hae ye nae heard o' his luck in the lottery, woman?'

'Hoots, havers,' said Lucky cocking her head, however, indicative of awakened curiosity.

'Nae havers, woman,' pursued the informant, 'but as trae a fact as the blink o' your ain blithe e'e. Show her the letter Mr Joseph.'

Mr Joseph, so abjured, produced the important document, whereof no sooner had Lucky satisfied herself, than she broke forth into a thousand apologies for her warm reception of her visitor of distinction.

'He was welcome, ay, surely welcome to onything in her house; hoped he would let byganes be byganes, and although now a great man, wadna forget auld friends.'

What less could Joe, in the fulness of his heart, and in expression of that benevolence which wealth inspired, do than show his friendship unabated, and at the landlady's urgent request, stay to have a bit of dinner at her expense, then, of course, a bit of supper at his own, and wind up the whole by making a night of it.

Not to dilate on these points, however (as a worthy clerical friend of the writer's used to phrase it, when finding himself in the not unusual position of spinning without tow) Joe saw himself master of his five thousand pounds, then master of a shop in the city, and a dozen journeymen, and master of a handsomely furnished house, and a tawdrily furnished wife. But not changed in other than mere externals was Joe himself. How could he?

His old habits his old associates his old liberality, his old thoughtlessness and recklessness, had only found a wider sphere. Where he squandered a shilling before, he squandered a pound now. Where he only broke promises and neglected private cobbling before, he neglected business altogether now, by slow degrees. Where he got occasionally intoxicated in Lucky McNaught's before, and staggered home to a cheerless garret, he often dined and supped at expensive hotels now, the butt and scorn of those whom he fed, and learned to gamble outright. Where he wrought betimes to keep starvation out of doors before, he never wrought at all now, and found himself, as all men do, the more idle the more miserable—miserable in all his sober moments, even miserable in the midst of his boon companions. Gold brought no single ray of hope, purchased no one comfort, save at the sacrifice of a former, made an new friend, gained no honor and no respect to him, and made him no whit a happier man. No prophetic vision was necessary to tell how or what the end of Joe's prosperity would prove. That end came slowly about, like the breaking up of a long calm, but came surely.

There is no wo falls more surely than the drunkard's. Money became scarce. Men's wages could not be paid on Saturday nights. Long accounts came in and could only be met by heavy discounts. Friends who vowed perpetual friendship could never be found, or, when found, were short of cash or never meddled with bills. In fact, it was the old story told a hundred times, of which most of us have had a little chapter in our history of life. The falling house was deserted by the rats. Joey sunk, and sunk, from a whole house to a half house, from a half house to a room and kitchen, and from a room and kitchen back to the old garret surveying the Molendinar stream. The glossy black coat, the index of his progress, became rusty, then threadbare, and lastly fluttered in shapeless rags. His jovial look was gone; it dimmed as friends diminished, and gold grew scarce; and ere his last shilling had vanished, Joe Grant was a slouching, haggard, bleary-eyed sot—one of those reminiscences of manhood, you meet at eventide, shuffling painfully past you on the shadowy side of the street—a living sermon against the great sin of our nation.

Joey was back to the garret whence he started, surfeited with dissipation, yet enchained in every faculty to it—weary of the world, yet under bondage in fear of death—a sorrowful victim, in the insatiate and insatiable cravings of perverted nature, in the benumbed intellect and lost moral feeling, in the emaciated limbs and leader eye, on the altar of intemperance. But he could not starve, and he dared not drown. His tools were gone—he had no money to replace them; and who would credit him? He might find a job had he but tools. Lo! at eventide, Joey Grant and Jean are wading in the burn, hunting every nook, and turning up every stone in the hope of recovering the lost implements gladly thrown into it when fortune dawned.

'Hey, Jean, woman, I've found the box o' sparsables,' said the husband, turning over with his foot, an old tin box, behind a stone in the channel.

'Preserve us a!' exclaimed Joe Grant, sitting upright in bed, 'what have I been dreamin' about? Aib, Jean, but it was an unco dream and an awesome one.'

'Dreams hae mair meanin' in them than the feck o' us believe,' curtly replied Jean.

'I'll ne'er forget it till the day I dee, ay, though I should live a hundred years,' pur-

sued. 'I believe it was a providence and a warnin', and I'm thinkin', said he, solemnly, 'that we're no i' the richt way o'livin'. Jean, woman we set our hearts on gettin' siller by the lottery, and the dream's taught me that that's no honest way, or a way in which the work o' our hands will be blessed; ay, and it's taught me that the root o' our sorrow and misery lies in our ain hands—our unthrift and poverty spring frae the public-house.'

'I've mony time said that,' interposed Jean, with the air of one deserving credit for sagacity and penetration.

'If heaven spares me,' pursued Joe, heedless of the remark, 'I'll resolve never to enter a public house again, or taste that which has been our bane, for company's sake, business' sake, or any other cause, but of necessity.'

'Weel Joe, an' ye keep that promise I'm sure we'll hae anither life than we've led together. We might be a deal happier, a deal richer, and mair thoct o' than we are, were it for the barley-bree. I'll have reason to bless the day and reason to thank God, for the change, for ah! me, its the sorrowful heart and the bitter grief has mony a day been my portion.'

The tear struggled down Jean's cheek as she spoke in the recollection of her past sorrows and disappointments. Joe sprang up and kissed it away, and, as he hugged the wife of his youth to his breast he said 'I'll try to keep my promise, Jean. I believe I'm sair to blame, for mony a sad heart you've had, wearin' your life out for my sake; and while you mayna hae been what I could hae wished, the fault has been mine.'

And Joey kept his promise. The struggle was hard at first—temptation was strong, and old cronies stronger, but he overcame, and, having once conquered, victory thereafter became easy.

As might be anticipated, the lottery ticket turned out a blank; but Joey found a surer and safer course in gaining money and earning respectability than this, in his own temperate industry. About this time the first savings bank was established at St. Mungo. In it was deposited Joe's first saved money, after much mature deliberation on the part of himself and Jean, and, ere many years had passed, he was in a position to fulfil the first part of his dream in opening a shop in the city. The shop thrived by degrees, Joe thrived and eke Jean his wife, for whether it was a change of air or change of circumstances, we know not, but in one of the back rooms off his shop, a Joe Grant, junior, in after years, used to proclaim a lusty existence to the neighbors in various notes, but chiefly starting on the highest sharp, ending with a quaver.

From the London People's Journal.

MOTIVES.

BY CLARA WALBEY.

INDIVIDUALLY, nationally, and universally the human race can only be improved, be regenerated, through the elevation, the exaltation of the motives which allure, constrain and enthral it.

The national spirit which is manifested in the culture of the arts and graces, in the development of ideal beauty, and its embodiment visibly and palpably, which delights in giving a glorious voice and tangible splendour to it, refines the natures fostered within its influence, and raises them above those which are ruled and manacled by the grovelling delving demon of wealth—those natures which worship at their earthly shrine with such blind devotion that they mark not, prize not, the beauty that culminates around them, that sprung and perishes at their feet, that glorifies the earth for a season—the skies everlastingly! Yet, the love of, the enthusiastic search after beauty, in the abstract, is unsatisfying, is unproductive of the highest, most ennobling results as a govern guiding power of the mind. So, also, is the love of freedom for its own sake, though the very echo of the word in a patriotic land has power to serrate the bare hills with mountain-warriors, to paint the air with gleaming banners, and burst, with its electric force, the century riveted bonds of tyranny and iniquity—to cleave in twain the sullied and crimsoned veil of superstition, and, faintly and imperfectly, show the ineffable glories that are revealed beyond.

And thus, individually, the poet who strives indefatigably for the triumph hours of fame, at every available time, for year succeeding year toiling incessantly, sometimes hopefully, joyfully, proudly—sometimes sadly, wearily, miserably, derives no enduring peace, no undisturbed tranquillity and resignation, from the exciting object of his existence. And thus, again, the hero who weaves the ensanguined wreath of victory around his heated brows so boldly, haughtily, exultingly, conceals beneath its perennial leaves the traces of care, discontent, ambition, and haply the furrows of remorse.

Yes; ere a nation a church, or an individual can become great, in the true meaning of the word, it must become purified and exalted by self denial and self renunciation; it must become conversant with, and obedient to, the oracles of duty, immolating on her altars all opposing interests, however brilliant seductive or imposing. It must learn, moreover, to regard the present as the means for the attainment of a glorious future, not as a leisure for enervating enjoyment, not as an opportunity for covetous and unbounded acquisition, not as a step to worldly power, perishable dominion, posthumous renown. It must learn to consider existence as a preparatory, probationary state, trials, suffering and afflictions as the necessary discipline to re-