

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

SONG OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

AWAY where the sunlight is bright'ning,
 Away where its last beams expire,
 I speed with the flash of the light'ning,
 I fly on the wings of the wire!
 By me are earth's barriers riven,
 By me are its boundaries spread,
 A word—and the impulse is given,
 A touch—and the mission has sped.
 Hurrah 'tis the best conjuration
 That Science, the wizard, has done!
 Through me nation speaks unto nation,
 Till all are united in one.

In silence I stealthily travel,
 Unseen, and unread and unheard;
 For not till my agents unravel
 My secret, is whispered a word.
 Through darkness and daylight unheeding,
 Alike on my grand I go
 To deep-throbbing hearts ever speeding
 My tidings of gladness or woe.

What matter the theme or the distance?
 All heed what my messenger brings;
 To Commerce I lend my assistance,
 For Cupid I quicken his wings.
 Now thwarting some runaway wooing,
 I cling to the fugitive's track;
 And now, with law's vengeance pursuing,
 I bring the pale criminal back.

Ere the voice of the echo had spoken—
 Ere thought could recoil from its birth—
 If the links of my path were unbroken,
 My flight would encompass the earth.
 From the bright star that gleams far above
 us,
 Flashed onward through measureless
 space,
 A welcome from voices that love us,
 My own in a second would trace.

Oh! would that some kindred communion
 To man we could hope to impart,
 That a bond of such magical union
 Might link every heart unto heart.
 Not a tear that we now seek to smother
 Would then fall alone or uncared,
 Not a joy, but the heart of another
 Would thrill with the bliss that it shared.

We need not, should Fate give denial,
 This fanciful dream wholly spurn;
 Let sympathy touch but the dial,
 A chord shall be struck in return.
 No wish need be kept unimparted,
 Or lost as on selfishness thrown,
 But each from the heart as it darted
 Would find a response in our own.
 Oh! let love take the world and prepare
 it,
 As swift to respond as receive;
 Let us hear but of sorrow to share it,
 And know but the want to relieve!

NEW WORKS.

From *Reveries of a Bachelor: or A Book of the Heart*, by I. K. Marvel.

A REVERIE.

The following extract describes the close of a day dream, in which 'the Bachelor' has enjoyed the heavenly brightness of the *Domestic Hearth*:

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, was fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered their affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren word-soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of the home-roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon, and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy—there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you—there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects;—when you had such sweet escape when the evening drew near.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over

the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he ever fail—is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; colour comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile; hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is again fallen. She cannot even talk; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients; who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame; whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches; whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair—she has pity on you.

—Another day of revival when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors. She leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her;—what memories are in bird songs! You need not shudder at her tears: they are tears of Thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may.

You are early home—mid afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes open; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles;—hers does not. Her lips move;—it is your name.

'Be strong,' she says, 'God will help you.' She presses your hand:—'Adieu!'

A long breath—another;—you are alone again. No tears now, poor man. You cannot find them.

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthily as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin. Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good staunch table the coffin rests on; it is your table; you are housekeeper—a man of family.

Ay, of family!—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mingle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

—Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out.

Will you have pleasant evenings at home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one, over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the bedroom where she was sick—sofly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair. They have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place. The perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not now be too cold.

She is not there.

Oh, God!—thou dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb—be kind.

The embers were dark; I stirred them. There was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes; how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks, that such desolation had not yet come nigh me, and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In half an hour more I was sleeping soundly. My reverie was ended.

We take one more extract of a different kind, shewing the versatile and delicate skill with which the author clothes familiar scenes with fresh life:

THE SEA.

As I look back, boyhood with its griefs and cares vanish into the proud stateliness of youth. The ambition and the rivalries of the

college life,—its first boastful importance as knowledge begins to dawn on the awakened mind, and the ripe and enviable complacency of its senior dignity—all send over my memory like this morning breeze along the meadows; and like that too, bear upon their wing, a chilliness, as of distant ice banks.

Ben has grown almost to manhood; Lilly is living in a distant home; and Isabel is just blooming into that sweet age, whose womanly dignity waits her beauty; an age that sorely puzzles one that has grown up beside her, making him slow of tongue but very quick of heart.

As for the rest—let us pass on. The sea is around me. The last headlands have gone down under the horizon, like the city steeples, as you loose yourself in the calm of the country, or like the great thoughts of genius as you slip from the pages of poets into your own quiet reverie.

The waters skirt me right and left: there is nothing but water before, and only water behind. Above me are sailing clouds, or the blue vault, which we call with childish license heaven. The sails, white and full, like helping friends, are pushing me on; and night and day are distant with the winds which come and go—none know whence, and none know whither. A sand bird flutters aloft, weary with long flying; and lost in a world where there are no forests but the careening masts, and no foliage but the drifts of a sea. It cleaves awhile to the smooth spars, till urged by some homeward yearning, it bears off in the face of the wind and sinks, and rises over the angry waters until its strength is gone, and the blue waves gather the poor flutterer to their cold and glassy bosom.

All the morning I see nothing beyond me but the waters, or a tossing company of dolphins; all the noon, unless some white sail—like a ghost, stalks the horizon, there is still nothing but the rolling seas; all the evening, after the sun has grown big and sunk under the water line, and the moon risen, white and cold, to glimmer across the tops of the surging ocean—there is nothing but the sea, and the sky, to lead off thought, or to crush it with their greatness.

Hour after hour, as I sit in the moonlight upon the taffrail, the great waves gather far back, and break louder, and again gather, and roll down swift and terrible under the creaking ship, and heave it up lightly upon their swelling surge, and drop it gently to their seething and yeasty cradle—like an infant in the swaying arms of its mother—or like a shadowy memory upon the billows of manly thought.

Conscience wakes in the silent nights of ocean; life lies open like a book, and spread out level as the sea. Regrets and broken resolutions chase over the soul like swift-winged night-birds, and all the unsteady heights and the wastes of action look up distinct and clear, from the uneasy, but limpid depths of memory.

Yet within this floating world I am upon, sympathies are narrowed down; they cannot range, as upon the land, over a thousand objects. You are strangely attracted towards some frail girl, whose pallor has now given place to the rich bloom of the sea life. You listen eagerly to the chance snatches of a song from below, in the long morning watch. You love to see her small feet tottering on the unsteady deck; and you love greatly to aid her steps, and feel her weight upon your arm, as the ship lurches over to a heavy sea.

Hopes and fears knit together pleasantly upon the ocean. Each day seems to revive them; your morning salutation is like a welcome after absence, upon the shore; and each 'good night' has the depth and fulness of a land 'farewell.' And beauty grows upon the ocean; you cannot certainly say that the face of the fair girl-voyager is prettier than that of Isabel;—oh, no!—but you are certain that you cast innocent and honest glances upon her, as you steady her walk upon the deck, far oftener than at first; and ocean life and sympathy makes her kind; she does not resent your rudeness one half so stoutly as she might upon the shore.

She will even linger of an evening—pleading first with the mother, and standing beside you—her white hand not very far from yours upon the rail,—look down where the black ship flings off with each plunge, whole garments of emeralds; or she will look up (thinking perhaps you are looking the same way) into the skies, in search of some stars—which were her neighbors at home. And bits of old tales will come up, as if they rode upon the ocean quietude; and fragments of half forgotten poems, tremulously uttered—either by reason of the rolling of the ship, or some accidental touch of that white hand.

But ocean has its storms, when fear will make strange and unholy companionship; and even here my memory shifts swiftly and suddenly.

It is a dreadful night. The passengers are clustered, trembling, below. Every plank shakes; and the oak ribs groan, as if they suffered with their toil. The hands are all aloft; the captain is forward shouting to the mate in the cross trees, and I am clinging to one of the stanchions by the binnacle. The ship is pitching madly, and the waves are topling up, sometimes as high as the yard arm, and then dipping away with a whirl under our keel, that makes ever timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder is roaring like a thousand cannons; and at the moment, the sky is cleft with a stream of fire, that glares over the tops of the waves, and glistens on the wet decks and the spars—lighting up all so plain that I can see the men's faces in the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm,

clinging like death;—then all is horrible darkness.

The spray spits angrily against the canvass—the waves crash against the weather bow like mountains; the wind howls through the rigging, or, as a gasket gives way, the sail bellying to leeward, splits like the crack of a musket. I hear the captain in the lulls screaming out orders; and the mate in the rigging screaming them over, until the lightning comes, and the loud thunder, deadening their voices, as if they were chirping sparrows.

In one of the flashes I see a hand upon the yard-arm lose his foothold, as the ship gives a plunge, but his arms are clenched around the spar. Before I can see any more the blackness comes, and the thunder, with a crash that half deafens me. I think I hear a low cry as the mutterings die away in the distance; and at the next flash of lightning, which comes in an instant, I see upon the top of one of the waves alongside, the poor reefer who has fallen. The lightning glares upon his face.

But he has caught at a loose bit of running rigging as he fell, and I see it slipping off the coil upon deck. I shout madly—man overboard!—and catch the rope, when I can see nothing again. The sea is too high, and the man too heavy for me. I shout, and shout, and shout, and feel the perspiration starting in great beads from my forehead, as the line slips through my fingers.

Presently the captain feels his way aft, and takes hold with me; and the cook comes, as the coil is nearly spent, and we pull together upon him. It is desperate work for the sailor, for the ship is drifting at a prodigious rate, but he clings to the end of the rope like a dying man.

By and by, at a flash of lightning, we see him on a crest, two oars' length from the vessel.

'Hold on, my good fellow,' shouts the captain.

'For God's sake be quick,' says the poor sailor; and he goes down in a trough of the sea.

We pull the harder, and the captain keeps calling to him to keep up his courage, and hold strong. But in the hush we can hear him say:

'I cannot hold out much longer. I'm most gone.'

Presently we have brought the man where we can lay hold of him, and are only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groans out, 'It's no use—I can't—good bye!' And a wave tosses the end of the rope clean upon the bulwark.

At the next flash I see him going down under the water.

I grope my way below, sick and faint at heart; and wedging myself into my narrow berth, I try to sleep. But the thunder, and the tossing of the ship, and the face of the drowning man, as he said good bye—peering at me from every corner, will not let me sleep.

Afterward, come quiet seas, over which we boom along, leaving in our track, at night, a broad path of phosphorescent splendor. The sailors bustle round the decks, as if they had lost no comrade; and the voyagers losing the pallor of fear, look out earnestly for the land.

From the Christian Times.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

'Tom, here!' said a father to his boy speaking in tones of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

'Do you hear me, sir?' spoke the father more sternly.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

'Why do you creep along at a snail's pace?' said the latter, angrily. 'Come quickly. I want you. When I speak I look to be obeyed instantly. Here, take that note to Mr Smith, and see that you don't go asleep by the way. There, now, run as fast as you can.'

The boy took the note, but there was a cloud on his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace.

'You Tom? Is that doing what I ordered? Is that going quickly?' called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. 'If you're not back in half an hour I will punish you.'

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of his parent. He experienced a sense of injustice; a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

'I never saw such a boy,' said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. 'My words scarcely make an impression on him.'

'Kind words often prove most powerful,' said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

'Kind words,' continued the friend, 'are like refreshing dews; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. They first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try kind words, they will prove an hundred fold more powerful.'

The father seemed hurt by the reproof, but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his boy returned. At times, during his absence, he was angry at the delay, and me-