

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

THE INDOMITABLE WILL.

On the long chaotic night,
Came the words, 'Let there be light!'
Light and beauty burst abroad
At the fiat of their God:
Day, with sunbeams on her breast—
Night, with stars and holy rest—
Solid land, in wild flowers drest—
Ocean, in her star-green vest,
Answered to His will.

And on man, in that first hour,
God bestowed a god-like power;
Power to will, and power to do,
Power to form and to subdue;
And across the cubless sea,
He doth pass triumphantly,
And beneath the mountains grey
He hath made a great highway,
By his mighty will!

Oh! upon our common day,
Let this mighty will have way;
Every soul hath, more or less,
Power to conquer and to bless;
Let each being use its right,
And command, 'Let there be light!'
And the lights of love will rise
In all quarters of our skies,
By our force of will.

Out of wild chaotic life,
With its under-stream of strife,
We can form a realm of peace,—
Make unholy hatred cease;—
No misfortune can arise
'Neath our quiet-beaming eyes:—
The serene, unmoved soul,
Holdeth all things in control,
By its power of will!

Though ignored our lowly lot,
Scornful glances harm us not;
We accept our homely fate;
And a beauteous life create;
From earth's bosom, brown and bare,
Flowers draw their colors rare:
And, though we are seeming stunted,
All our days are rainbow-tinted,
By our noble will!

Come then failure or success,
We march on in earnestness;
Nought can come amiss or wrong,
If the soul be true and strong,
On, and up, courageously!
And our banner's motto be
'Hope and work, with heart and hand—
Nought can finally withstand
Those of earnest will!

From the London People's Journal.

MISS GRIZZY GORDON'S THREE
SUMMER JAUNTS.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH COUNTRY LIFE.

By Frances Brown.

THE custom of summer travelling, which now prevails literally from the queen to the humblest of her subjects, was just becoming fashionable among up-setting families in the ancient and respectable burgh of Duthead when my uncle resided in its High-street and his household was governed by Miss Grizzy Gordon.

She was my aunt's maiden sister. What her age was I will not attempt to state, never having been permitted even to guess at that mystery; but those who were, supposed it to be somewhere on the wrong side of thirty; and for those ten years she had ruled over my uncle's domicile with the blended authority of a field marshal and a master of ceremonies. How she attained to that height of power will be best understood by sympathising readers who consider that my uncle was a laborious, bustling little man, with his very existence devoted to a grocer's shop and the responsibility of six little boys and girls; not to speak of myself and brother, who had resided with him from infancy as orphans, though not quite unprovided for, nephews—that my aunt, being besides the most manageable of women was often sickly, and perpetually nursing; and that Miss Grizzy had, almost on her home-coming with the bride, seized on the reins of in-door government with a grasp which every addition to family cares and numbers made more secure. It was high treason in that household to call her aunt—Miss Grizzy having a faith of her own that such titles by no means facilitated a single lady's entrance into the world of matrimony; though it was said, and not by herself alone, that nothing but prudent fastidiousness had kept Miss Grizzy so long on its frontier. What is called in Scotland her 'providen,' consisting of a considerably supply of well-made and strictly-kept household linen, was, to the knowledge of all Duthead, safely laid up in a mahogany chest of drawers, which also contained the Sunday satin and a bank duplicate for three hundred pounds. I cannot say how far that fact contributed to the stability of her reign in my uncle's house; but Grizzy was as good a soul as ever governed. It was she that did the early risings and the late sittings up. In all times of sickness and tribulation, she was the untiring nurse and comforter. If Willie stayed from school, or Annie broke the window, Miss Grizzy generally contrived to shield the delinquent, from paternal displeasure on the ground of sincere repentance; and the yearly interest of her three hundred never came unknown to any member of the family,

for Grizzy had new year's gifts for them all. Many a token of her liberality rejoiced the souls of my brother and self in those days.—We were twins and just fifteen, but hard at work in the shop with my uncle, and his allowance of pocket money was not abundant.

At this distance of time it were difficult to discover who took the first summer jaunt from Duthead; but such was the title given to those excursions among us when it was chronicled that the Smiths had been in the Highlands, the Thompsons at the Falls of Clyde, and an unexpected temptation to go and do likewise beset Miss Grizzy Gordon. Far in the afternoon of one sultry Saturday in August, she and my aunt were busy in the kitchen—the latter as usual nursing the baby, and keeping a watchful eye over the senior five, who clustered like bees around Miss Grizzy, now engaged in what she was wont to call 'preserving' a quantity of gooseberries, which nothing but her prowess and vigilance had protected from their numerous attacks during some hours of preparation—when I was summoned from my brother's side at the counter, where we were employed in papering up pounds of sugar and quarters of tea, by the entrance of a tall and dusty pair, whom my uncle warmly welcomed, and forthwith conducted to the parlor, dispatching me at the same time to inform my aunt and Miss Grizzy that Mr and Miss Wotherspoon had called to see them.

'The Wotherspoons!' said Miss Grizzy, wiping her flaming face; but she was too great a general to leave the jam in such a crisis; therefore, arranging my aunt's cap, with a command to say she had a headache and ask the Wotherspoons to stay for tea, she dismissed her to receive the visitors. Nor was it till the last pot was safely locked up to cool in the kitchen cupboard, that Miss Grizzy assumed her second best gown, and made her appearance just in time to assist in pressing the Wotherspoons.

None of us remembered to have seen them before; but they were traditionally known to us as distant relations of my uncle, who were both single, very rich, and lived at Saltcoats. Willie Wotherspoon, as my uncle continued to call him from school days, belonged to that extensive class of characters known as smart men; a forge or a milliner's shop came alike to him, according to their respective profits. He had set his eye on a certain portion of this world's comforts and respectability, and would have done anything in an honest way to attain it. With that intent he had vested his dividend of a bachelor's cousin's bequest to the family in one of those shops of all goods which generally pay so well in small sea ports. Before the advent of that legacy the Wotherspoons had been obscure and unregarded people; but it assisted in settling three brothers and four sisters in wedded life; and when only Matty and Charlie remained he had induced them, with some persuasion and much subservience, to become partners, but certainly not sleeping ones, in the shop. How great the three Wotherspoons waxed after that junction of capital, need scarcely be told. Willie had a natural knack for buying and selling to the best advantage; Charlie was unrivalled in looking after the apprentices; and as Miss Matty managed their domestic concerns, little of the profits went that way, for hers was an economy that never slumbered. What interest was privately paid on her fortune during those gathering years, those who knew the lady's moods and temper of saving alone could guess; but certain it was that Willie had grown tired of paying it of late. Though a prudent man, he felt that Miss Matty's economy belonged to an older formation of his affairs; and after moving in vain for an increase, at length agreed to the only relaxation his sister would permit, and set out with her on a summer tour, in which business was united with pleasure, entrusting the concern to the care of Charlie, and taking Duthead on their way.

The Wotherspoons travelled on the Norfolk Island principle, for the labor was hard while it lasted. To say that they came, and saw, if not conquered, was the object of Miss Matty's ambition; and it was expanding to the young imaginations of us juniors, who were admitted at the close of the tea solemnity, to hear the pair relate how they 'did Glasgow, and would do Loch Lomond,' for reader, the scene of my tale lies deep in the west country. Miss Grizzy seemed delighted, especially with the gentleman's descriptive powers. To do him justice he put forth all his eloquence. Not to enlarge on the causes of great events, there was a certain romantic village about fifteen miles from Duthead, known to tourists in those days for a waterfall among the surrounding hills, a ruined church; and an ancient castle where queen Mary had sojourned at some period not exactly ascertained, and left a night cap behind her, with other curiosities, for the inspection of travellers. At this place of interest Miss Matty determined to rest a couple of days; and in an unguarded moment her brother proposed that Miss Grizzy and my aunt should take a jaunt thither in their company.

A new light of fashion and progress burst on Miss Lizzy's soul. She was sure it would be good for them both; one would like to say they had seen something; and everybody of respectability went somewhere in summer. My aunt smiled assent, but my uncle's look was dark till Miss Matty assured him that it would cost next to nothing, as she knew the proper way of travelling; and forthwith proceeded to unfold her plan, the chief features of which were that the cheapest vehicle in Duthead should be engaged for the occasion, and as many as possible, with certain appurtenances to be mentioned hereafter, packed in

and upon it, under the special care of her brother and my uncle; who, as soon as the party took possession of cheap enough lodgings, should return with it to Duthead, and come back on the third morning to escort them home.

The motion was carried by acclamation; but, to avoid prolixity, as Dr Johnson says, I will not recount the debates on its various details, nor particularise the numberless articles, from sheets to sugar-tongs, which Miss Matty specified as travelling requisites; suffice it to say that as certain equipments of the kind always accompanied her, which were pledged to the common service, less was required of my aunt and Miss Grizzy; and as she had heard of a delightful cottage and widow with whom we would find accommodation at the lowest figure, it was arranged that the above mentioned ladies, together with the baby, the eldest boy and girl, and myself, on condition of being generally useful, should form the caravan. The cheapest vehicle, then and for aught I know, yet in Duthead, was a species of dismantled cart, which, with the addition of scanty cushions, carried the lieges at the rate of two miles an hour, roads and weather permitting. Thereon were the ladies and children mounted in full blow—my uncle at the horse's head, myself and Mr Wotherspoon, as assistants, having the promise of walking and riding by turns—to the surprise of all the neighbors astir at six o'clock on the following morning, when we set out for Muir Kirk.

Our journey was on the whole prosperous for that period; the cart stuck temporarily in five ruts; the horse went thrice through the process termed rusting; the baby did wonders in squalling; but at length, though not without many inquiries, the delightful cottage and widow were found; and after sundry stipulations and great cheapening on the part of Miss Matty, she agreed to place at our disposal two windowless closets and her parlor. The delightful widow's parlor was a low, earthen floored room, the window and door of which seemed to have been kept rather fast, judging from the atmosphere; but the two notables of the party soon set to work to make things comfortable with their imported chattels; when Mr Wotherspoon proposed that, as he and my uncle had some time to spare, they should accompany the ladies to do the ruins. How Miss Grizzy, the moment that proposal was made, contrived to array herself in her treasured satin—which, to the great wonder, and, I may add, disturbance of the party, she had brought with her in a band box, and deposited in the darkest closet—is yet among the unsolved problems in my memory; but I can certify that the fact was by no means pleasing to Miss Matty, before whose mind visions of deposition from domestic government seemed to float; and her temper caught additional fire from her brother's second suggestion that she should remain behind and prepare tea for their general refreshment. Here the delightful widow announced that her kettle was boiling.

'Bring it in,' cried Miss Matty; adding, with a warning look at the gentlemen, 'Those who don't stay for tea, needn't expect any; and bring a chafing-dish of coals too; one can never make tea well without hot water.'

Her commands were obeyed, and Mr Wotherspoon exerted himself to restore peace; but no man can serve two mistresses, and it soon became evident that there were a Scipio and a Hannibal in our camp. Miss Matty found fault with all that Miss Grizzy said or did in the course of tea making, which they jointly managed, and it was not in Miss Grizzy's nature to be rebuked in silence. As for Wotherspoon, he kept a strict neutrality; but rather hastened the crisis by paying Grizzy a more than average share of attention.

'Don't cut that bread so thick, Miss Gordon, if you please,' said his sister, in a spiteful tone; 'they count that very vulgar and extravagant at Saltcoats.'

'Dear me, how rich some people will die!' responded Grizzy; and her words were followed by a general burst of laughter.

'I won't sit here to be insulted!' screamed Matty; 'and I'll take my tea pot with me,' she continued, clutching that prized utensil. But our festive board was never made to stand the pressure of her other elbow, and over it went, casting china, tea, and sugar indiscriminately on the company, and depositing the full cream ewer in the lap of Miss Grizzy who making one desperate bound to save her satin, upset the still boiling kettle of water, pouring its contents on her own and Miss Matty's feet. There was a chorus of screams such as never before had been heard in the cottage; and the delightful widow increased it over her broken china, while Miss Matty ensconced herself in one of the closets, out of which she scolded her brother for bringing her into such company.

All that the village doctor could do was done for her and Miss Grizzy, each of whom had got a scalded foot, but poor Grizzy's was by far the most severe, and no power could wipe the cream out of her satin, so after some tears, and recriminations on Miss Matty, she gratefully seconded the arrangement of Mr Wotherspoon, who seemed glad to get done with the affairs on any terms, that he should pay for the china his sister had broken; gallantly adding, since two of the ladies were disabled, the rest of the party should postpone the pleasures of Muir Kirk and return with him the same evening. The hills and streams, the low village roofs, and the grey ruins seemed fair to see that summer afternoon, when we left their beauties unexplored, with enmity where friendship had been, on the cart. And so ended jaunt the first.

On our arrival, Mr Wotherspoon, lost no time in escorting his sister back to Saltcoats; and she contrived to keep him from ever after visiting Duthead. Poor Grizzy had much trouble with both her foot and gown till the former was sufficiently healed to admit of her wonted activity, and the latter was replaced out of her next year's interest. But another summer shone on the west country; and as it advanced, a mighty impulse was given to travelling in our burgh by the appearance of a stage coach which every second day passed through its High-street, on the way between one of the thriving towns of Ayrshire and Glasgow. The Smiths and the Thompsons became more alert than ever; sundry of lesser note followed their example, and Miss Grizzy again talked of jaunts. This necessity had become an article of her faith, thanks to the Wotherspoon influence; but warned by that episode, my aunt utterly declined all participation, and my uncle shied off. However, Miss Grizzy was not to remain jauntless.

As the tourists' own beloved August once more came round, a letter which had annually greeted my uncle's household ever since his marriage, arrived from a genteel cousin who was long widowed, and living with her two daughters on a small annuity from the insurance office, at, as she invariably told us, 'a romantic spot within the liberties of Greenock.' The purport of that epistle was always an invitation for all and sundry of the family to visit her, in which Grizzy was warmly included; and the present copy seemed to have been written under a more than ordinary anxiety for her appearance.

'Wouldn't it be charming,' said Mrs Clarke, our next door neighbor, to whom Miss Grizzy, in the pride of her heart, read that pressing letter on one of her frequent calls, 'Wouldn't it be charming if you could make up your mind to go with James and I as far as Glasgow? The coach would carry us all, you know; James would show us the great places, and see you on board some of the steamers that take one down to Greenock for a trifle.'

Mrs Clarke was a little, old bustling woman, who would have undertaken anything, and was certain to spoil it. Her only son, James seemed to have picked up his mother's lost share of gravity, and some called him stupid; but he was a close student, and, being intended for the church, had passed some months at the Glasgow University, and was of consequence in Duthead; where the widow's intended trip to see the great town, under his conduct, had been the topic of some weeks. The glory of travelling in their company, and making good our cousin's invitation, which had latterly fallen into some discredit, was too much for Grizzy. What days of preparing garments for her own grandeur, and country presents for the Greenock family, we had, are not to be described. Grizzy was generous as well as proud in her own way, and wouldn't go empty handed so see her genteel connexions. But all were at length ready—fowls, butter, and jelly, the best of her own wardrobe, and the newly purchased satin; which were, by Mrs Clarke's directions, packed together in one trunk with much separating paper; and in the sight of the assembled neighbors Grizzy's ascension to the roof of the Glasgow coach, inside travelling being deemed expensive, took place, not forgetting the serious student and his mother. She had promised to write all the particulars of her seeings and hearings to my aunt, as soon as convenient. The Clarks had not yet returned, and we were settling down to wait for a week, which was then the period of communication between us and Greenock, when, on the fourth day—one of those continuous pours which diversify the tourist's month—a neighbor rushed in to tell us that Grizzy was dismounting at the coach office. We hurried out in a body, and there she was, looking absolutely wretched, and drenched to the skin; but her story was worse. After losing his way a score of times, and showing them nothing in Glasgow; Master James, to whose superior knowledge all things were entrusted, put her trunk on board of a Liverpool steamer, which sailed the same hour, and escorted her to a Greenock one. Of course Grizzy did not discover the mistake till she reached her destination; and then hastening to 'the romantic spot' for advice and comfort, a neighbor who heard her ringing their door bell for about an hour informed her that Mrs — and her daughters had gone on a three week's excursion to the Highlands. Poor Grizzy had no resource but to return; and as her travelling funds were rather closely carved, this had been no easy or pleasant journey. James and his mother came back in due time, both insisting that it must have been the captain's fault; and what became of Lizzy's trunk neither we nor they could ever learn. And so ended jaunt the second.

Miss Grizzy rather avoided the Clarks after this adventure, and prophesied against Master James ever getting a church. Tours or excursions in any directions could not be mentioned with safety in her presence for some time; and indeed her own outings were rather limited till her indefatigable industry, with the help of her yearly interest, replaced the lost finery. That was a work of time, and in its progress the march of the age was felt even in Duthead. The stage coach became daily, and got an opposition, to the great downcome of fares and increase of travelling. Engineers also encamped on the spot, and navvies followed them; and on the third summer our town was a railway station on one of the Great Western lines. The hourly passing of train and engine brought many a change to the face and fashions of our old burrough. Most of its senior inhabitants aver-