

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Buritt's Christian Citizen.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

POOR Amy! We never thought of her without an emotion of pity, and yet she always seemed happy. The only daughter of a widowed mother, who, with a true mother's holy love, drew her little one only the more closely to her own heart, because she might not find a home in the hearts of others; with that constant, changeless love ever beaming like sunlight around her, how could she be otherwise? Yes, Amy was very happy. It seemed as if the first ten years of her life were all sunshine; and then there came a dark cloud, and all was shadowed.

'Why, Amy dear, what is the matter?' said her mother anxiously, as the poor child stole noiselessly to her side, on her return from school, one summer afternoon, and laid her hand almost timidly upon hers.

Amy did not speak, but the large tears were trembling in her dark eyes; and her mother's heart grew sad, as she folded her arms around her, and drew her to her bosom. They sat in silence for some time, but at last the child raised her head, and asked in a low hurried tone, 'What does *deformed* mean, mother?'

'Why do you ask that question, Amy?' said her mother, surprised and startled by the inquiry.

'Because mother,' and it was only by a painful effort that she suppressed the rising sobs, as she answered, 'because mother, Ann Edwards was vexed with me to day, because I would not go down to the bridge with her at noon, and she called me a little, ugly, deformed creature, and said she would not play with me any more. And then some of the other girls laughed, and Ann bent over, and said she would show me how I walked, and she went limping along, with one shoulder higher than the other; and the girls all laughed again—all but Lucy Ellerton. She told them they were very wicked, and came and asked me to walk with her; and when she saw that I was crying, she kissed me, and told me it was not my fault if I was deformed, that she loved me just as well as if I was like the other girls. Mother, what is it to be deformed?'

Poor Mrs Wilson! She had passed through many a stern trial in her brief life, but never before through one like this. Yet she did not shrink from the painful duty that now devolved upon her. She felt that the time to which she had so often looked forward with so much solicitude had arrived, that the blest unconsciousness which had so long encircled her unfortunate little one could surround her no longer, and she nerved herself to the task of replying to the question which had been proffered with so much earnestness. With the child's hands clasped in hers, and her head resting on her bosom, she slowly and gently unfolded the whole meaning of the sad word deformed; and Amy listened silently, with her earnest eyes fixed upon her mother's face, until she comprehended it fully.

'And shall I always be so mother?' was the eager enquiry, when her mother ceased speaking; 'shall I not grow better as I grow older?'

How many Christian mothers would have answered truly as Mrs Wilson did? 'I fear not, my child; I see no reason to hope that you will.' She was prepared for a passionate burst of sorrow, but not for the few calm words that followed the reply. 'Then mother, I wish that I was dead.'

'That is a wicked wish, Amy,' she said mildly, but very sorrowfully.

'I know it mother,' said the child, as her eyes again filled with tears; 'I know it mother, but I do wish so.'

'It is a selfish wish, Amy; think how lonely I should be without my little daughter. Would you wish to leave me all alone in the world?' The child made no reply. Her mother went on. 'It is an ungrateful wish, Amy. God has placed you in this beautiful world, and surrounded you with blessings.—He has given you eyes to see the light, and ears to hear the music that is all around you; there are many who can neither see nor hear. He has given you a mind to examine and endeavour to understand his works; there are many who cannot do this. He has given you a heart to love him, and to love all the kind friends who have done so much to make you happy; and, because he has not given you a form like others, you forget all his kindness and murmur at his will. Does my little daughter expect to go to heaven with such feelings as these.'

The child raised her head from her mother's bosom, while a smile played over her face still wet with recent tears, and exclaimed, 'I shall not be deformed in heaven, mother! I shall not be deformed in heaven; shall I mother?'

'No my dear child, there is no deformity in heaven. But, Amy, the soul may be deformed as well as the body. Sin produces the same effect upon the soul that disease does upon the body. We must be free from sin before we enter heaven.'

Amy nestled more closely in her mother's arms, as she said, 'Was you thinking of my wicked wish, mother? I do not wish so now.'

'I hope you will never wish so again, Amy.'

'I hope I never shall,' said the child ear-

nestly. 'I am sorry; I do not wish to do wrong, mother.'

'I hope not, my child. But there is one thing more, Amy, that I am afraid you do not feel quite right about. Was you vexed with the girls when they laughed at you?'

'No mother,' said Amy, looking up with childish simplicity in her mother's face. 'It made me feel very badly, and I cried, but I was not vexed. If I had been, you know mother, I should not have cried.'

Mrs Wilson could scarcely suppress a smile at the remark. Amy's anger was generally expressed by a contemptuous silence.

'I am very glad if it did not make you angry, dear,' she said, kissing her fondly as she spoke. 'It was very wrong for Ann, to speak as she did, and for the other girls to laugh at her remarks; but it was probably done thoughtlessly, without any intention of injuring your feelings. Even if it were not, you ought to forgive it. Can you do this Amy?'

'Oh yes; that is very easy. I hope though, they will not do so again;' and Amy's face grew very anxious at the thought.

'I presume they will not, Amy. But see: there is Kitty wondering why her little mistress is not ready to play with her.' And Amy slid gently down from her mother's arms, and was soon busily engaged with her frolicsome little pet in the garden. But the impression produced upon her mind did not pass away. At school, she mingled less freely and less joyously than before; at home she shrank timidly from the notice of strangers; and more than once, during the remaining months of summer, did she steal, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, to her mother's side, to say, 'Oh mother, that wicked wish has come again; it will not stay away.' At such times her mother strove to soothe her while her own heart thrilled with agony.—She spoke to her of the kindness of her heavenly Father, and endeavoured to impress upon her mind the duty of perfect resignation to his will; and she had the satisfaction of feeling that her admonitions were not lost, and of seeing the poor child become gradually more and more reconciled to her lot. A bitter lot, indeed, it is for the young and sensitive to endure—a lot of isolation, of solitude, of comparative estrangement from the pleasant ties of social intercourse and social enjoyment. It may be born more easily in after life, when the mind is better qualified to rely upon itself, when the stores of learning and the gems of art are collected to enrich its treasury, and the first pencil of fancy portrays scenes to delight its vision. Yet, even then, when self culture and self discipline have done much to fortify the mind, the head often sinks in despondency, weighed down by the loneliness of its destiny. And is it to be wondered at, that the delicate spirit of childhood should sometimes bow beneath the burden which the strength of after years is scarcely adequate to sustain? Surely not. But Amy's heart did sink at times, for many years; and often did she whisper to herself the words of childish trust that brought such light to her spirit in its first dark hour of sorrow. 'I shall not be deformed in heaven; I shall not be deformed in heaven!'

Years passed away, and our gentle Amy rose from the little child to the quiet, thoughtful maiden. Her mother's fears had proved but too prophetic of the future. Her deformity had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. But it was evident to any one who looked upon her placid face, that the spirit shared not the imperfections of its shrine—that the fragile, ungraceful form was no index of the mind of its possessor. Amy's face was not beautiful—a stranger might not have even called it comely; and yet there was a charm about it that often detained the eye of the stranger. There was, when in repose a peacefulness of expression that told of a spirit at rest; and, when lighted up by pleasurable excitement, the sudden flash of the dark eyes and the flush on the usually palid cheek made it seem almost beautiful. Her voice in conversation was low and musical; and her songs were like the wild bird's melody, gushing forth, in gladness or in grief, unbidden, and almost unconsciously, from her heart. Led by her extreme sensitiveness to exclude herself almost entirely from society, she had naturally sought in books companions for her solitude. She had read much and thought deeply. Communion with the gifted had awakened the latent powers of her own mind, and the book was sometimes laid aside for the pen. Timidly, and almost with the feeling of one who had committed an offence, her first brief attempts to clothe her thoughts in words were laid before her mother. That mother approved and encouraged her; and cheered by her approval, Amy continued to note down, from time to time, the thoughts that peopled her heart in its hour of loneliness. Many who saw those records after the bard that traced them had passed away from earth, wondered at the genius that had dwelt, unnoticed and unknown, in a tenement so unworthy of its inmate. And so time glided on; and Amy, happy in her mother's love, happy in her literary pursuits, happy in her own little circle of chosen friends, scarcely heeded its flight. But there came a change—a rainbow followed by a storm.

'Mother, dear mother, I am so happy!' And Amy laid her head, as she was wont to do when a little child, upon her mother's bosom, and softly whispered the cause of her happiness. The light of love had dawned, like the morning of a new existence upon

her heart. She loved, and she knew that she was beloved in return by one whom the most gifted and most beautiful might have been proud to claim as a friend. 'How could he love me mother?' said Amy; and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

Amy was not the only one who wondered that Charles Malcolm, the wealthy, the talented, the noble hearted, should seek as his bride one not only beneath him in station, but far, very far, from possessing those external advantages which the world prizes so highly. Happy Amy! Her dark eyes grew more brilliant, and her pale cheek assumed a hue almost like that of health—a light and a rose hue borrowed from the still, deep gladness of the heart. 'Mother, dear mother, I am so happy,' was uttered more than once during the few months of that blissful dream. Poor Amy; a sad awakening came soon.

Charles Malcolm had parents—proud and wealthy parents. He had brothers and sisters, too, who heard of his choice, at first with incredulity, and afterwards with undisguised contempt and anger; and Amy learned from others, what she never would have learned from him, that duty to his parents or love to her must be sacrificed. When they met again she requested him to confirm or refute the statement she had heard. Slowly and reluctantly he gave the dreaded confirmation, adding an earnest request that she would not suffer herself to be in the least influenced by it. Her reply was calm but decided.—'We must not meet again, Charles,' she said; 'I know that I am not worthy to be your wife. It is strange that I should have dreamed of it, even for a moment. The dream has been a happy one; but it is over now. We must part.' His earnest appeals were made in vain. 'If you could so far forget your duty to your parents,' she said, 'as to act in direct opposition to their wishes in this matter, I could not enter a family in which I should not meet a free and cordial welcome. Forgive me that I have been so forgetful of what was due to you and to myself; and let us part as friends, never to meet again till we meet in heaven.' And then came the pleasant thought, 'I shall not be deformed in heaven;' and her pale features were illumined with a spiritual light, as she relinquished, calmly and without a murmur, her dearest earthly hope.

Half an hour afterwards, Amy was weeping in all the bitterness of uncontrolled sorrow, in her mother's arms. 'You have done right, my child, said that mother, in a low, faltering voice. May God forgive those who have so cruelly crushed your young heart.'

Months passed away—long months—how much longer than these that had preceded them! The time of falling leaves and drooping flowers had come; and our gentle Amy was, like them, fading! Day by day, her wan cheek grew paler and her dark eyes more bright; day by day, her step grew more feeble and her sweet voice more faint and tremulous; and day by day, too, her spirit grew stronger and purer—more meet to join the blest dwellers in that land to which she was hastening.

'My life has been a very happy one, dear mother,' she whispered, as her mother sat beside her couch, the evening before she died. 'I was very happy when I was a little child—when you used to hold me in your arms, and tell me of the love of Jesus for little children. And, mother, when the first dark day of my life came—you remember it mother—the day when I learned, for the first time, the meaning of that sad word deformed, I was very happy then, and often afterwards, in thinking of being free from deformity in another world. I was happy, too, years after, with my books and my pen; and with your love, worth more than the whole world beside.'

And then came that bright dream, dear mother—I see now it is well that it was only a dream—and that made me happy, happier than I ever was before. And after it passed away—and I knew that my life was passing slowly and gently—I was happy in the consciousness of having performed my duty. And I am happier than ever to night, dear mother, with your hand in mine, and your sweet face beside me. I feel as if the peace of heaven were all around me.' It was around her soon. 'Is it sunset, mother?' she inquired, a few minutes after.

'Not quite, Amy,' was the reply.

'Will you raise the curtain, mother? I should like to see the sun set once more.' The curtain was raised; and the rich light of an autumnal sky poured into the small apartment. 'How beautiful!' exclaimed the dying girl, as she raised her head from her pillow, and gazed for the last time on the richly tinted west. Slowly, as the sun sank beneath the verge of the horizon, those bright clouds faded, one by one; and soon the evening star beamed forth from the deep blue sky. Amy's eye rested upon it for a moment, and then she said, with a smile, 'I must rest now, mother. Perhaps I shall dream of that bright star.' She lay in silence for a few minutes; then suddenly opening her eyes, she whispered, 'Mother, dear mother.' Her mother bent over her. There was a sweet smile on her pale lips, as she whispered, 'Mother, dear mother, I shall not be deformed in heaven; I am going now.'

A moment more, and the pure spirit was free from its earthly shrine. They laid her in a sunny spot, in the quiet village churchyard; and her mother's hand taught the flowers she had loved the best to cluster round her grave. That mother is peacefully slumbering beside her now.

From the Working Man's Friend.

ANALYSIS OF OUR PRESENT LANGUAGE.

We might almost reconstruct our history so far as it turned upon the Norman conquest, by an analysis of our present language, a mustering of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honor, and pre-eminence (with one remarkable exception) descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count, ('earl,' indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his 'countess' from the Norman,) chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of 'king' would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual fact, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession; that the true continuity of the nation had not, in fact, any more than in word, been entirely broken, but survived, in due time to assert itself anew. And yet, while the stately superstructure of the language, almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, is Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the water, the fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter these are Saxons. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the home, the hearth, the house, the roof. His 'board,' and often probably it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the other's 'table.' His sturdy arm turns the soil; he is the boor, the hind, the churl; or if his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt, the villian. The instrument used in cultivating the earth, the flail, plough, sickle, spade are expressed in his language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, i. e., barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning these last, it is not a little characteristic to observe, and Walter Scot has put the observation into the mouth of the Saxons swineherd in Ivanhoe, that the names of almost all, so long as they were alive, are thus Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman—a fact, indeed, which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labor of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef Norman; calf is Saxon, but beef Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon the only flesh which may ever have come within his reach, in the single exception. Putting all this together, with much more of the same kind, which might be produced, but has only been indicated here, we should certainly gather, that while there are manifest tokens preserved in our language, of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, the stable elements of Saxon life however overlaid for a while, had still made good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language; and to the justice of this conclusion all other historic records, and the present social condition of England, consent in bearing testimony.

From Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.

NAPOLEON'S MODE OF LIFE AT ELBA.

In a few days the Emperor, eager to take possession of his future abode, was established, with his household, his guard, and his sister Pauline, in the buildings of the ancient chateau and in the principal houses of the town. He hastened to order such erections and improvements to be made as might conduce to the comfort of himself or his court, together with barracks for his 1,500 troops. He armed and reviewed the militia of the island, and animated them with some degree of military patriotism, as if he still wished to keep up the game of sovereignty and love of country. He resumed the habits and surrounded himself with all the luxuries of French palaces, having, to all appearance, only changed his seat of Government. This might have been, perhaps, from a desire to disarm the suspicions of Europe, from the very outset, by assuming the aspect of a happy ambition easily gratified by such trifles; or he might have felt sufficiently great within himself to preserve, without derision, the etiquette and vanity of a great empire on a desert rock of the Mediterranean; or he might of been acting in conformity with his somewhat theatrical character, the comedy of power and royalty to the audience of his own followers and the continent of Europe. The autumn of 1814 and the whole winter were passed in this manner by Napoleon; luxury mingling with simplicity, and festivity with retirement in his residence. The wreck of his immense fortune and the first instalments of the all-welcome security, to him by treaty appeared to have been devoted by him to the embellishment of the island and to the acquisition of a small fleet, destined, as he alleged, to the commercial and military service of his new sub-