

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's New York Magazine.

THE LOST FOUND.

In the year 18—, the little watering place of A—, on the western coast of Ireland, was much agitated by a circumstance which occurred there. A nice family had come to pass the summer, and were occupying the only large house which A— could then produce. We will call them by the name of Trevor. They were people of the upper class of life, and wealthy. The father was an Englishman and a clergyman, and had married a niece of the nobleman whose park wall he had just been admiring. And it was a pleasant sight to see his tall slight figure by the side of his still handsome and graceful wife, and their two fair and fawn-like girls sketching on the shore, or reading on the cliffs, or botanizing in the fields, or climbing the rocks for samphire, or visiting among the cottages of the poor to teach, or comfort, or relieve, which they did most bountifully, and were greatly beloved in the place—the free hand being ever popular among the Irish. They were always together—ever forming one group, like the figures in a piece of statuary; and appeared greatly attached, and drawn to each other as much by affection as by community of taste and habit.

But one evening they had an addition to their party, in the person of Henry Trevor, the only son of the family. He had his mother's soft, dark eye, and his father's tall, slight form, and in all other respects seemed perfectly identified with the tastes and habits of parents and gentle sisters: a hundred new enjoyments seemed to have arrived with his presence. The three young people now lived in the open air. Bathing—and Henry was a splendid swimmer—or boating, and Henry was equally expert on the oar or the tiller; or they would go on walking excursions along the cliffs and headlands; or, mounted on rugged little fiery shelties, they would penetrate into the gorges and ravines, and beside the lake of the C— mountains, which towered behind their house, the haunts of the hill-fox, the otter, and the large golden eagle. In the month of June the place was visited by a tremendous storm; I remember it well. I was then at Brighton, and the loss of life and of craft among the south of England fishermen was lamentable. This tempest came suddenly, and went in like manner, dying off in half an hour, after blowing a hurricane all day, as if exhausted by its own strength. The sea scene at A— was grand in the extreme. The immense long bright billows of the Atlantic, crested with foam and fire, fell one after the other, bursting like thunder bolts, up the beach; and seeming to shake the shore and rocks with the explosions of their dead artillery; or, raging round the worn bases of the cliffs, whose blue heads looked placidly out on the warring waters, like a great mind unshaken amidst troubles.

At evening a small brig was seen by the red glare of the setting sun, drifting rapidly on a sunk ledge of rock which guarded the little bay. (At the ebb of tide a rapid current set northward just outside this dangerous reef, but the tide was flowing now.) She evidently was not aware of the hidden danger till she had struck, and then appeared immovably wedged into the rock. She was seen to hoist signals of distress, and the roar of a solitary gun came shoreward on the wind. Mr Trevor and his son were watching her from the beach along with many others, and the former now offered a handsome gratuity to those who would launch and man a boat, and go off to her assistance; but all shook their heads, for, truth to say, the marine of A— was in a very discreditable condition, and, except one middling-sized pinnace, they had no craft fit for such a sea as was then running and raging before them. On this, Henry Trevor leaping into the pinnace, which was rocking in a little cove, protected by a broad, flat stone from the sea, declared he would go alone, when our young fellows who had often rowed him in his fishing expeditions, started forward to share his enterprise and his danger; 'it was but half a mile to the reef'—the wind was lulling—the tide at the full—and they would go for the love they had for the young master. The cheek of Mr Trevor waxed deadly pale, but he was a brave and noble hearted man, and thought his son was in the path of duty; he was a pious man, too, and felt that God would surely not forsake him.

The boat was shoved into the surf amidst the cheers of the men, and the prayers and tears of the women; and, though every ten seconds it appeared sunk and lost in the trough of the wave, yet it would mount the next watery hill, and was fast reaching the reef under the long, steady stroke of the practised hardy oarsman. Henry's form

was seen in the fast receding light, sitting erect in the stern sheets, and steering with coolness and skill; a little gray cloth cap was pulled tightly down over his small and classical head, and the ends of his long black silk handkerchief blew back in the gale from his fine throat.

In a short time they appeared to have reached the reef and boarded the brig, the strong little pinnace riding under the shelter of her lee. It had been comparatively calm for a brief space, but in a moment a black squall which had been gathering at sea, came rushing and roaring toward the shore, covering the sky and producing instantaneous night; a mountain-wave swept the vessel, in a moment or two a second, and a third succeeded, till the ship, gradually weakened by these reiterated shocks, entirely broke up, and became a total wreck.

But where was her crew? They were all saved. In the pale moonlight which succeeded the sudden passing away of the gale, the hardy pinnace might be seen riding amidst the long furrows of the sea, and drifting rapidly into the shore. Tossed broken, half engulfed, and nearly full of water, she was hurled by the last wave she ever floated on, high on the beach, and her crew drenched, stunned, and bruised, yet all preserved from a watery grave. The four young fishermen were there, too, but one was missing—Edward Trevor was not among the number, and was not found. He had been last seen on the brig's deck assisting a mother and her child into the pinnace, then the 'big wave' had broken over them, drenching and stunning all, and they had hastily 'cast off' and set to work to 'bale the boat, supposing they had the young master on board, but seeing nothing owing to the darkness and confusion, and the difficulty of keeping the boat all afloat, so crowded and in such a sea. The agony of Mr Trevor at this discovery knew no bounds. The unfortunate father would have rushed into the sea to seek his lost son, had he not been prevented by the woman whose life Henry had saved. What was now to be done? The pinnace could not go back—her keel was broken, and her gunwale stove in; nor was there any boat to be found which could live in such a sea. All the night long the distracted parents and sisters, hand locked in hand, paced the sands, looking, and watching, and listening, and peering into the darkness; but there was neither voice nor sound, and Henry came not. At a little after two o'clock, the dawn beginning to show, and the sea much calmed, three boats, in one of which was the father, proceeded to the reef, which now stood up in gray and rugged outline above the ebb of tide. Here not a vestige of the wreck appeared, and, alas! no trace of the brace and beloved one who had periled his young life, and throw it away in the cause of humanity. All day long the boats continued their search on the reef, and along the neighbouring shore. The highest rewards were offered—grappling irons were used for the discovery of the poor body, but it was not to be found. At evening a blue pea-jacket floated on shore, and alas! its identity could not be doubted, for, in a small side pocket was Mrs Trevor's portrait, set in blue enamel and pearl, all marred by the action of the sea water, a gift from his mother on his going to college some years ago, but nothing more of his came to shore.

Days and days passed on, and every thing that wealth and influence, and restless, anxious energy could effect, was put in practice, but Henry's loved remains were nowhere to be found.

All language were faint to portray the black shadow which now settled down in terrible darkness over the Trevors. The loud weeping of the gentle girls, the hysterical passion of their mother, continuing for hours, and breaking the health and the heart. The dry, sleepless agony of the father, ever accusing himself as the cause of his son's death, and pacing up and down the room in silent misery, for—

'The grief which does not speak,
Whispers the o'er wrought heart, and bids it break.'

Their affliction drew them more than ever together. If they were one in the day of joy, how much more in the night of sorrow. Their piety, too, deepened under the trial; and often, when unable to master their cruel agony, they would fling themselves on their knees, and pour out the overflowings of their distracted spirits in prayer to their heavenly Father; and comfort came down for the time, though hope was dead.

Weeks passed on, but the work of years had wrought on their appearance. Mr Trevor's once shining black hair was all streaked with gray—silver lines which grief's pale finger had drawn there. His wife's health, like her poor boy's life, was wrecked away. She was always unwell—a martyr to shattered nerves. While the fair girls were like two young trees bent and drooping from the shock of a terrible tempest,

They now determined to leave A—, the scene of their misery. Their carriage and servants arrived next day, along with an old spaniel, which had belonged to Henry. The sight of this dog affected the grief-stricken family greatly. Their luggage was all packed, and their carriage ordered to be at the door at day-break, for they had a long day's journey to go. Late in the evening the sisters walked on the beach. The sea was calm and beautiful, and the sun dying over it in thin cloudlets of black and gold. They went to the flat rock, from whence Henry had leaped into the pinnace. They did not speak one word, but, weeping abundantly, each bent down her face to kiss the spot on the rock which their brother's steps had last pressed. The poor girls mingled their tears with the remorseless brine, which now gently came in to caress their feet, as if sorrowing and plaining for its fault. Silently they returned home, and now they all sat together in their little drawing-room. It was their last evening at A—, the scene of such happiness, and such misery. It was the hour of family prayer, and Mr Trevor read that divine chapter, the 14th of John's Gospel, which has brought comfort to thousands of mourners—'Let not your heart be troubled; sweet words, yet sad. His deep, melodious voice quivered as he read them, for he thought of his fair son lying in the cold sea. Mrs Trevor hid her face in the cushions of the sofa, and her daughters bent over and tried to soothe her. They knelt in prayer—it was their little wonted evening worship which he had often shared, and always enjoyed. Perhaps they thought of that now, and their remembrance might have calmed their spirit.

The old dog had been very nervous for the last few minutes, circling and smelling round the room, and whining at the window. Mr Trevor threw it up.

'I see a man on the gravel walk,' he said 'who, I think, is our new postillion. I hope Carlo will not hurt him; for the dog had leaped out over the window sill. The next minute a figure sprang in over the low sash, and with a loud cry precipitated himself toward the party. It was their lost one, whom God had sent them back.

'Mother, mother!—take me to your heart, dearest, dearest, mother! Beloved father, kiss me! Ellen, Susan, I am come again, never more to part in this world!'

Oh! the deep, unutterable joy of that moment!

'Oh, God of heaven! oh, my merciful saviour!' exclaimed the transported father, 'it is my son—so wan, so worn; but it is indeed my son—my own son!'

All this time the mother could not speak; her face was on her son's shoulder, locked in his tight embrace, and silently straining him again and again to her heart. At length, disengaging herself, and pushing him towards the two fair girls who stood trembling, and all wild and weeping for joy, she turned her to her husband's faithful bosom, saw on his face the old smile come back, which she thought had gone for ever, fell into his extended arms, and lifting up her happy voice, exclaimed—

'Oh, our God, we thank thee for thy unspeakable mercy, for this our son was dead and is alive; he was lost, and is found!'

His tale was soon told; he had been knocked down by the giant wave; his forehead was cut, and he lay senseless under the bulwarks of the deck; a mast had fallen obliquely over him, but had not touched or hurt him. When consciousness returned, he had just time to throw off his coat to swim, when the brig went to pieces, and the recoil of a wave dashed him outside the reef into the rapid current which sets strongly there to the north, and completely off the shore. He said he swam but feebly, only using his feet; for the mast had floated with him, and his hands were locked in the rigging, as they drifted together in the sea. He said the last thing he thought he saw, was the light in his father's house on shore; but his eyes were dim; and the last sound he thought he heard, was a wail of soft music played on his sisters' harp. His head was very much astray, he said, just then, and the music appeared to come floating along the waters, but it was a mere phantasy, though he said it made him smile; and so he committed his soul and his life to Him who once trod the waves to stillness; and then all was a blank, till he awoke faint and feeble in a strange bed, and among strange faces—yet saved, most wonderfully saved. He had been picked up by a Scotch fishing smack (which was returning to the island of Skye) at the first break of light. He was all but exanimate when found, and a fierce fever set in on his exhausted frame at once; but his kind captors took him to their wild, but healthy home, where he was tenderly nursed by their women; and though delirious for a long time, his youth finally triumphed, and he was spared for the enjoyment and all the bliss of the present mo-

ment. He had written on his recovery twice from Skye, but his letters miscarried, and having had a purse of gold with him, which these honest fishermen never interfered with, he went to Glasgow in a fishing boat, and from thence home, where his presence was hailed as a resurrection, indeed, and life from the dead.

From the 'Second Defence of the People of England.'

MILTON ON WAR.

It is of no little consequence, O citizens, by what principles you are governed, either in acquiring liberty, or in retaining it when acquired. And unless that liberty which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance, and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your mind and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery what you have acquired by arms. War has made many great whom peace makes small. If, after being released from the toils of war, you neglect the arms of peace; if your peace and your liberty be a state of warfare; if war be your only virtue, the summit of your praise, you will believe me, soon find peace the most adverse to your interest. Your peace will be only a more distressing war; and that which you imagined liberty will prove the worst of slavery. Unless by the means of piety, not frothy and lequacious, but operative, unadulterated, and sincere, you clear the horizon of the mind from those mists of superstition which arise from the ignorance true religion, you will always have those who will bend your necks to the yoke as if you were brutes, who, notwithstanding all your triumphs, will put you up to the highest bidder, as if you were mere booty made in war, and will find an exuberant source of wealth in your ignorance and superstition. Unless you will subjugate the propensity of avarice, to ambition, and sensuality, and expel all luxury from yourselves and from your families, you will find that you have cherished a more stubborn and intractable despot at home, than you ever encountered in the field; and even your very bowels will be continually teeming with an intolerable progeny of tyrants. Let these be the first enemies whom you subdue; this constitutes the campaign of peace; these are triumphs, difficult indeed but bloodless; and far more honourable than those trophies which are purchased only by slaughter and by rapine. Unless you are victors in this service, it is in vain that you have been victorious over the despotic enemy in the field. For if you think that it is a more grand, a more beneficial, or a more wise policy, to invent subtle expedients for increasing the revenue, to multiply our naval and military force, to rival in craft and ambassadors of foreign states, to form skilful treaties and alliances, than to administer unpolluted justice to the people, to redress the injured, and to succour the distressed, and speedily to restore to every one his own, you are involved in a cloud of error; and too late will you perceive, when the allusion of those mighty benefits have vanished, that in neglecting these, which you now think inferior considerations, you have only been precipitating your own ruin and despair. The fidelity of enemies and allies is frail and perishing, unless it is cemented by the principles of justice; that wealth and those humours which most covet, readily change masters; they forsake the idle, and repair where virtue, where industry, where patience flourish most. Thus nations precipitate the downfall of nations; thus the more sound part of one people subverts the more corrupt thus you obtain the ascendant over the royalists. If you plunge into the same depravity, if you imitate their excesses, and hanker after the same vices, you will become royalists as well as they, and liable to be subdued by the same enemies, or by others in your turn; who, placing their reliance on the same religious principles, the same patience, the same integrity, and discretion which made you strong, will deservedly triumph over you who are immersed in debauchery, in the luxury and the sloth of kings. Then, as if God was weary of protecting you, you will be seen to have passed through the fire, that you might perish in the smoke; the contempt which you will then experience will be as great as the admiration which you now enjoy; and, what may in future profit others, but cannot benefit yourselves, you will leave a salutary proof what great things the solid reality of virtue and of piety might have effected, when the mere counterfeit and varnished resemblance could attempt such mighty achievements, and make such considerable advances towards the execution. For, if either through your want of knowledge, your want of constancy or your want of virtue, attempts so noble and actions so glorious have had an issue so unfortunate, it does not therefore follow, that better men should be either less during