

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

On! the old, old clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship flattered!
'Tock, tock, it said—'quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning?'
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly,
'Tock, tock, it said—'quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning.'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
'Tock—tock, it said—'to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a Heavenly morning.'

From Godley's Lady's Book, for September.

ALICE WARD,

OR HE'S COMING.

By Pauline Forsyth.

FEELING sure that such conduct could only be prompted by some reason as strong as it was mysterious, Mr. Mowbray resolved to proceed with the utmost caution. His prudent resolve to bring Kitty up for service was laid aside; he decided, and Margaret agreed with him, that she was too gentle and delicate for such a life.—There was something exquisitely winning and confiding in her manner, a singular degree of natural refinement about her that interested every one, while the sad dejection that was evident in her countenance awoke pity. Miss Ward adopted her at once as a sister, changed her name to Alice Ward, and was at great pains to find a boarding-school where she would be safe and happy and well-trained.

One comprising all these advantages was at last discovered. It was in the country at some distance from London; and there Alice was sent, under the charge of a lawyer, a relation of Margaret's, as Mr. Mowbray, perceiving that he was closely watched, thought it better not to appear in the matter. It would have been hard even for old Andrew to recognize in the well-dressed little girl, who called Mr. Ward uncle, and whom he called Alice, the ragged and half-starved Kitty Jones.

Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Mowbray left for Italy, intending to spend the winter there on account of his wife's health, which had long been delicate. He remained there for eight years, all his intercourse with his protegee being carried on by letters, which were regularly exchanged four times a year. During the second year of his residence in Italy, his wife died. His grief for her loss was very great. He could not resolve to leave a spot endeared to him by so many associations. Besides, a real and strong love for art rendered Italy full of interest to him. Although his wealth precluded all necessity for exertion, he had a studio where he worked as earnestly as though his livelihood depended upon it. This occupation which he had first taken up as one means of preventing his mind from dwelling with morbid intensity upon his loss, became at last a source of great intellectual enjoyment to him, and he was thought to display no mean genius in the art he had chosen.

At the end of eight years, he was recalled to England by the loss of nearly all his fortune. The same mail that brought the intelligence of that disaster also brought him a letter from Alice. She reminded him that she was nearly nineteen and, thanking him for all that he had done for her, said that she needed no longer to be a burden upon him, and only waited his permission to accept the proposal that had been made to her of becoming a teacher in the school in which she had passed so long a time. She did not allude to his pecuniary misfortune, though she was evidently aware of it. Mr. Mowbray was pleased by her letter, but delayed answering it until he saw her in person.

His first visit, after an interview with his lawyer immediately on his arrival in London, was to the

secluded village in which Alice had been placed. He could hardly realize that the pretty graceful girl, with manners at once simple yet agreeable, was the poor child who had formerly awakened his compassion. The tie that united them was a strong and peculiar one. He was the only living being on whom Alice could feel that she had the slightest claim, and consequently her affection for him had in it a kind of devotion and of intensity that made it akin to love. On his side he was almost equally alone. He had no near relatives, and the interest of his more distant connections had been cooled by his long absence. He found his friends scattered, and all his social ties loosed or broken. It was refreshing to have one to turn to whose trust in him almost amounted to reverence, and who gave him the sympathy and affection which are so necessary to the happiness of most persons. The result was what might have been anticipated, when an unfettered gentleman twenty-nine and a lady some ten years younger are thus brought together. Six months after his arrival in England Mr. Mowbray and Alice Ward were married. One of the few things that still remained from his former large fortune was a cottage, with a few acres of ground around it, in a town in the north of England. There he married his wife and established himself, intending to add to their very small income by the practice of the only profession for which his previous life fitted him, that of an artist.

He succeeded in this beyond his expectations, owing, in a great measure, to his unremitting industry. After painting all the morning, he would spend the afternoon in rambling over the adjoining country, sketching whatever struck his eye or his fancy. On his return from these excursions, he was always sure to find his wife awaiting him, either at the window or in the porch, or, when the weather would permit, by the cottage door or gate, her sweet thoughtful face lighted up by the smile of welcome as she perceived him in the distance. After a while, an infant came to cheer the lonely hours of her husband's absence; and Alice, as she watched its daily growth in strength and beauty, wondered if in all England a woman could be found happier than herself.

There was an old mansion, somewhat dilapidated, but still grand and picturesque, about five miles from Mr. Mowbray's home, towards which he often directed his steps. The peculiar beauty of the building and of the grounds surrounding it, in which neither woods, hills, streams, nor waterfalls were wanting, afforded an infinite and always pleasing variety of landscape. He learned that the property had long been held by a family of the name of Lenthal, but that, by the marriage of the heiress, it had passed into the possession of a Colonel Fairchild, who, on being left a widower, went to London, where for many years he was known as one of the most fashionable and dissipated men about town. Mr. Mowbray remembered distinctly having met him during his own short stay in London, and being struck with his great personal beauty, and fascinated by his peculiar charm of manner. About five years after that meeting, a severe and incurable illness had put a sudden stop to Colonel Fairchild's gaiety, and he had retreated to the country, where weakened in body and mind, he was said to be under the entire control of his housekeeper, a Mrs. Daniels. She had dismissed all the other servants but one, and often, for weeks together, would allow no one but herself or her son, not even the physician to approach the sick man.

Mr. Mowbray had been informed that, in the picture-gallery of the old mansion, there were some fine paintings, undoubted originals from the best masters, and he had a great desire to see them. By all he had heard, he knew that it was in vain to apply to Mrs. Daniels for permission to examine them; but he was certain, that from the slight acquaintance he had had with Colonel Fairchild, that his great courtesy would induce him to grant so slight a request, if it could be conveyed to him. After waiting for some months for an opportunity to prefer his petition in the absence of the female Cerberus, Mr. Mowbray had the satisfaction of catching a glimpse of Mrs. Daniels seated in a chaise driven by her son in the direction of the village. He was at that time sketching a waterfall near the road, but hidden from it by a grove of trees. He lost no time in approaching the house.

A stupid country girl answered his summons who at first refused positively to allow him to enter, but softened somewhat when a crown was slipped into her hand, and at last consented to take his card up to her master. The bit of paper could do no harm, she said, but she jealously shut the door in his face when she left him. She soon returned and asked him to follow her saying—

'The master be in a terrible way!' and before Mr. Mowbray had time to question her as to her meaning she ushered him into the presence of the invalid.

Mr. Mowbray saw before him a pale, emaciated, shrunken man, with no trace about him of the once splendidly handsome Colonel Fairchild but two brilliant eyes which flashed and rolled with something of the uncertain glare of insanity.

'Be seated sir,' said he abruptly, yet with a little of his old grace, while his fingers played nervously with the card that had just been sent up. 'Excuse me, but I have no time for ceremony. I have long been desiring a personal

interview with you; but your letters have never given me a hope of seeing you here. If I were not the miserable, helpless wretch you see, I should have sought you myself long ago.'

'I beg your pardon, but I have received no letters from you.'

'Your name is George Mowbray?'

'Yes.'

'You are the gentleman who once passed a summer in the south of England, and obtained possession of a little girl named Kitty Jones, are you not?'

'Yes.'

'You have since resided principally in Rome?'

Mr. Mowbray bowed.

'Within the last four years, I have written no less than twenty letters to you there,' continued Colonel Fairchild, 'to most of which I have received answers. Here they are; and he drew from a writing desk near him a bundle of letters, which he handed to Mr. Mowbray.'

'These were not written by me,' said Mr. Mowbray, examining them. 'Some of them I see, are dated within the last two years, from Rome, but since that time I have been living in this country.'

'I suspected as much,' said Colonel Fairchild.

'Will you tell me if Kitty Jones is still living? These letters assert and offer to prove her death.'

'That is as untrue as their signatures. Kitty Jones is now my wife, Alice Mowbray; and Mr. Mowbray related to his agitated listener the history of the child, from the time he had recovered possession of her, until then. During the narration, Colonel Fairchild gradually recovered his composure. When it was finished, he drew from the desk a number of papers carefully arranged and tied together. These he gave to Mr. Mowbray.'

'I have been guilty of a great crime,' said he, 'for the last four years I have been trying in vain to expiate it. I thank God that I am enabled to succeed in doing justice at last. Those papers will explain everything to you. I am glad you have come to relieve me of them, for I have dreaded every day, that Mrs. Daniels would find them and destroy them. But yet she seemed so kind and devoted that I felt as though I were doing wrong to suspect her,' continued he, mournfully. 'She is the one whom you know as Mrs. Davis.'

'Is there anything to be done about these papers?' asked Mr. Mowbray, seeing that Colonel Fairchild was sunk in a gloomy reverie.

'Yes,' said he arousing himself; read them to-night; you will then understand matters, and come here to-morrow at this time, with a lawyer and any friend of yours as a witness.—Insist on being shown to my room, and the rest I can attend to myself.'

Mr. Mowbray found his wife sitting in the bright moonlight, with her child asleep on her lap, looking anxiously for him. He was later than usual, and she had begun to feel a little anxiety at his delay.

I have been hearing something that interests me very much, about a little Kitty Jones that I knew a long time ago,' said Mr. Mowbray in answer to her questionings, and he related the incident of the afternoon.

When tea was over, they turned with eager curiosity to the examination of the papers.—The first one they opened was written by Colonel Fairchild, and dated a few months before. It gave an account of his marriage with Mrs. Graham, the heiress of the Lenthal property, who was then a widow with one child, a girl of two years old named Catharine; of Mrs. Fairchild's death a few months afterwards, leaving by a will made just before her second marriage a large annuity to her husband, but the bulk of her property to her child. In case of Catharine's death it was all to revert to Colonel Fairchild. There was a later will found, but as it was incomplete, it was thrown aside. By this she had reversed the decisions of the former, giving the estate to her husband and the annuity to her child.

Colonel Fairchild persuaded himself that, as this was his wife's real wish, he could not be acting very wrong if he carried it out. Mrs. Graham's wealth had her chief attraction in his eyes and to have it taken from him when it was almost in his grasp, was a bitter disappointment. He was ambitious in his own way, fond of pleasure and distinction. To have the means of gratifying himself in these aims withheld from him by a little child incapable of appreciating them was more than he could patiently endure.

After contending with these unlawful hopes and wishes for two years, he at last yielded to the temptation when it came, accompanied by a favourable opportunity.

A little girl, daughter of Andrew and Phebe Daniels, was a favorite playmate of Catherine's. One day, when they were both together near the river, Annie Daniels fell in and was drowned. Colonel Fairchild came by as Mr. Daniels and his wife were trying in vain to recover their child. He knew them both well, and, as soon as they would listen to him, he promised them a sum which seemed immense to them, if they would only testify to the death of Catherine at the same time. He knew they were people to whom money was all powerful as a motive, and he did not judge them hardly. They consented, Catherine was hurried off to their cottage, and

kept concealed, until they could leave the country. Colonel Fairchild detailed minutely all the steps he took to avert suspicion, and said that he had succeeded beyond his expectations. The yearly allowance he made to Andrew and his wife was ample to enable them to bring up Catherine in comfort; but he feared, from some circumstances that lately came to his knowledge, that his wishes in that respect had been disregarded. He told about his efforts to recover the child after Mr. Mowbray had taken possession of her, and said that for four years Mr. and Mrs. Daniels never lost sight for a week at a time of that gentleman, but in vain.

Then this sudden and protracted illness had fallen upon him. He retired to the country, where he was soon followed by Mrs. Daniels, who, being left a widow, installed herself as his housekeeper and nurse. At the time she did this, Colonel Fairchild wrote that he was too much weakened in mind and body to make opposition, and she soon gained great control over him, so much so that, having assured him that Catherine was dead, and letters from Mr. Mowbray having confirmed this fact, he had several times been on the point of making a will in favor of Mrs. Daniels and her son. Within the last six months, his mind had recovered somewhat of its former vigor. He recalled various circumstances that made him think that he was about to be made the dupe and victim of the same base love of gold through which he had been led into a similar crime. He wrote this paper he said, in hopes that if he died without having been able to verify Catherine's death, or do justice to her if she were still alive, some other person might undertake the office.

'I always knew I should turn out a fortune to you at last,' said Alice joyously, when they had finished reading Colonel Fairchild's revelations. 'I had dim reminiscences of my early life, so very dim that I did not like to speak of them; but I see now how they were real.'

Mrs. Daniels's impotent anger and dismay when she found her plans foiled would be difficult to describe. But Colonel Fairchild's conscience, though late in its awakening, was too thorough in its work to leave her any hope of being able to accomplish her desires. The next day he made in the presence of Mr. Mowbray and the friend and lawyer who accompanied him not only a full confession, but an entire restitution of all the property to its legal mistress.

At Alice's earliest request the real facts in the case were kept secret as far as possible from the world. Colonel Fairchild was left in possession of the Lenthal mansion until his death, which occurred within the year; Mr. Mowbray and Alice meanwhile showing him the kindness and attention of attached children. Mrs. Daniels disappeared with her son from the country, taking with her a large sum of money which she had gradually amassed in her long and wicked service. It was discovered before her departure that she had early recognized Mr. Mowbray as the one whom she had met under such peculiar circumstances long before, and in his wife her former victim, and therefore jealously avoided being seen by them. Even after so many years, and under such different circumstances, Alice could not meet her without a shudder, and was greatly relieved at her departure. And though Mrs. Mowbray's subsequent life was highly prosperous and quiet one, she always said her happiest years were the two she spent in the little cottage as the wife of an artist as yet unknown to fame.

FITTING OUT A MAN-OF-WAR.

It generally surprises any one who sees a ship of war at anchor in one of our harbours when he is told that 1000, 500, or 150 persons according to the size of the ship, live on board her.—A corvette, with a crew of 150 men, does not appear, and really is not larger than an ordinary merchant-ship of 500 or 600 tons, yet all these persons are boarded and lodged comfortably in their floating-home. But this is not all. The ship must carry a quantity of stores and provisions, which if they were laid on the shore, would fill a good sized barn, and which any one be apt to bet heavy odds could not be put on board the little ship. In the first place, water and provisions for the whole crew must be carried for some months, to make the ship efficient.—In our case, we carried a complete supply for five months; we had fifty-three tons of water and the weight of the tanks containing this water was eleven tons. Then the weight of beef and pork, biscuit, peas, and flour, sugar, tea, and cocoa, with other provisions, amounted to nearly twenty-five tons, the casks containing them weighing two tons and a quarter. In addition to this government supply of food and drink, the captain and officers take about seven tons of private stores for their particular nourishment. Four tons of coal and wood; two tons of clothing, soap, candles, tobacco, &c.; two hundred-weights of medical stores; and a ton and a half of rum; with more than a ton of holy-stones and sand for cleaning the decks, would fill a moderate-sized warehouse. Then when we consider the weight the good ship has to carry, we must calculate upon twenty tons of ballast, and upon sixteen or seventeen tons as weight of the men and boys, with their clothing and bedding—the bowsprit, masts, yards, and booms weigh more than twenty-four tons; the rigging twenty tons; and there are more than four tons of blocks only, or what are better known to lands-