

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

GERALD MASSY, whose every word is a pearl of price, prophesies thus beautifully the overthrow of despotism:—

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,  
And this old world is growing brighter,  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter,

We may be sleeping in the ground,  
When it awakes the world in wonder,  
But we have felt it gathering round,  
And heard its voice of living thunder;  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,  
Foretold by seers, and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!  
They pass'd, nor saw the work they wrought,  
Nor the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!  
But the live lightning of their thought  
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom,  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Credes, Empires, Systems rot with age,  
But the great Peoples ever youthful;  
And it shall write the Future's page,  
To our humanity more truthful!  
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,  
To waken at the name of "Brother,"  
And time comes when brain-scorpion words  
We shall not speak to sting each other.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come! The Tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted;  
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is canker'd with our heart's blood crusted.  
Room! for the Men of Mind make way!  
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer,  
Ye cannot stop the opening day;  
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger.  
The People's Advent's coming!

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

## CHRISTMAS CHANGES.

AN hour afterwards the poor tenant in Denton Street was sitting by himself in his little parlour with his face buried in his hands, and crying like a child. He was still in this position when his mother came home from her small weekly marketing.

'What is the matter, James?' she asked, despondingly, as she seated herself wearily on an old sofa near him. 'What fresh trouble has befallen us now? Where are the children?' she continued, her mind recurring to them as the possible cause of grief.

'They are in the kitchen,' replied her son, lifting up his head, and exhibiting a countenance that completely puzzled his mother. She could almost fancy that his emotion had nothing so very painful in it after all, but that she believed joy to be a very unlikely guest to cross their threshold.

'No, fresh trouble, mother,' he replied to her puzzled look. 'I will tell you all as soon as I can. Mary and Jimmy, though, could explain it better and quicker, so please go and ask them, for I declare it has made a complete baby of me.'

'I will call them here,' said his mother; 'we can't talk before that surly man. I wish all was over, James, and we were removed, if only to get rid of him sitting there.'

'Mother, he is there no longer?'  
'My son, what do you mean?'  
'I mean what I say, mother; he is there no longer. Look at this!' And with a kind of solemn joy, the poor man took a paper from a blank envelope that lay before him on the table, and placed it in his mother's hands. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

'But—but—stammered the old woman, gazing helplessly upon it, 'I don't understand.—'Ralph Curling' that is your hard Landlord, James.'

'Hard no longer, mother, but the kindest the best friend; though to be sure, his manner, is a little stiff.'

There was no need to call the children.—Their father now that he was fairly launched into the subject, described the events of the last hour with a certain sort of eloquence, inspired by intense feeling. How he had been startled and somewhat alarmed by the stopping of a handsome carriage at his humble door; how Mr Curling stepped out and entered the house, accompanied by a pretty, but pale and timid-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife.—How, with a far kinder manner than his tenant had supposed could ever belong to him, the gentleman had made minute inquiries into the poor man's circumstances, and finding his statement corroborated by the artless replies of the children, and that his poverty was no fault of his, but to be attributed to a series of circumstances over which he had no control, had not only dismissed the bailiff, and agreed to forgive him his arrears of rent until better times, but had even offered to lend him a hundred pounds, at four

per cent. interest, to enable him to open a small shop, as a fancy stationer.

'I told him, mother, that I had been brought up to the business, and was sure I could make it answer, so we arranged that I should immediately take that small shop at the corner of Cross Street. And you and Mary, mother, shall knit some of those jimerack things in Berlin wool, and put them in the windows. We will be sure to make it out, somehow—won't we, mother?'

'Thank the Lord, my son, for all his mercies,' ejaculated the pious old woman. 'He has seen your upright intentions, and though he has tried you sorely, it was but to make your reward the greater. If our poor Elizabeth could but have lived to behold this day!'

'Ah! mother—'  
An hour later still, and Annie was sitting in her mean room, but not now alone. Kind little Charlotte was there with her, seated close by her side; her transparent cheeks wet with tears, through which a smile was struggling, and her fond arms wound around her sorrowful but no longer despairing sister. For Charlotte had been sent thither as the bearer of a note, full of affection and kindness, though couched somewhat in the dry style that was a second nature with Mr Curling, and not easily to be altered by a change of feeling. So all was harmony now, and Annie was to pack up her poor apparel and go with Charlotte in the carriage which was to be sent for them, to spend the New Year's Eve, and many more hereafter, in the sheltered retreat of her old home.

No longer sallow, dishevelled, almost ugly Annie. A tinge of colour beautifies her oval cheek; her brown hair has been gathered up and smoothed by the dextrous hand of her young sister; her dark eyes brighten and soften beneath the influence of kindness.

Oh! who would not be kind? Ye who are severe in judgment, intent on rectifying the errors of your weaker brethren and sisters, by what you consider a just apprehension of their sins, permit me the due influence of those twin angels of God, Love and Pity, in your undurated bosoms, and you will be astonished to find what a paradise will spring up there, a paradise from whose shining gates shall flow out upon all the world, harmonising and cheering rays of mercy and forgiveness.

So Annie gathered up her scanty remnant of clothing, and her few little relics of early wedding-days, before the illusion of the courtship and honey-moon had been proved over and over again to be a bad delusive cheat. Then she stepped into the next street, laden with the remainder of her provisions, and gave them to a poor hardworking widow woman, for a New Year's feast for her seven hungry children. And so extinguishing the tiny fire, closing the shutters, and drawing down the blinds, the sisters went out and looked the door, feeling as if a world had been left behind, and locked into the dark and solitary house.

The unconscious hours roll on, unknowing that their midnight hush witnesses the obsequies of the weary Old Year, and the installation of his hope-fraught successor, in another twelve months to lay his disappointed head as wearily down in the cold grave of the past. How many wishes, and anticipations, and fears, and above all, resolutions, that tessellated pavement of the abyss, have their origin with the birth-day of each new year!

'We shall do better this year please God, than we did the last. This year will I hope, see my family all settled, and doing for themselves. It is likely to be a bad year for the poor, God help them! With this new year I begin a new life, according to my solemn resolutions; the Lord enable me to keep them!' Such are the thoughts of hearts that shall be cold ere its close, or shall live to see their hopes, fears, anticipations, resolutions, frustrated or made void by the force of circumstances. But let us cease to deal with generalities, and take a peep at Ralph Curling's comfortable dining room, at the usual hour for our visit thereto.

Mr Curling himself is there seated in his easy-chair; for though, compelled to retire to bed after his benevolent exertions of yesterday, he rallied in time to join the company after dinner, on this new year's day. He is in deep mourning, of course, as are all the rest, and wears his blue goggles and velvet skull-cap.—But there is no peering of hard suspicious eyes beneath the glasses, or hasty questioning about the merest trifle, or peevish tossing to and fro on his chair, as if the cushions were bestudded with thorns plucked from mammon's uneasy crown. Instead, is visible a melancholy calm of demeanour, for the old man's thoughts are ever near his son's grave in the far tropical country, and an occasional ray of benevolence, as the softened eye rests on one or another of the suffering ones with whom his awakened conscience has made its own peace. Mrs Curling has relinquished her usual seat opposite, and sits beside him, for his helplessness requires her aid, and better days than those of their early marriage are established between them. Annie occupies her stepmother's old place, and Charlotte clings closely to her, admiring how changed she was from the Annie she found her only yesterday. Thomas Curling, his wife, and their two children—the latter full of awe at the grandeur, as they think it, of everything in their rich

uncle's house—fill up the remainder of the seats at the table.

Necessarily there was nothing of a gay tone in his family re-union, taking place as it did in a house of mourning. But hope and forgiveness, and mutual good-will were there; the brothers did justice to each other's better qualities; and Annie felt in her penitent soul, for the first time, how gravely she had sinned in slighting the paternal blessings upon her youthful choice.

'It was my conduct, doubtless,' she thought, and a tear stole down her cheek, which Charlotte, in her loving scrutiny remarking, placed to the account of the absent traitor—'it was MY conduct that rendered my father's character harder than it would otherwise have been. I was his eldest, his pride, and he expected that I should have been his joy. My disobedience and poor Edward's folly soured his temper, and rendered him suspicious of every one about him.'

Perhaps Annie was right. It is certain that her stolen marriage had been a great blow to her father; and when men of a certain rigidity of mind are disappointed in their expectations of one human being to whom they have implicitly entrusted, they frequently end by thinking uncharitably of all. Let children beware of violating the parental confidence; the consequence of an obstinate or thoughtless infringement of the fifth commandment may extend even into eternity.

The pet canary twittered cheerfully as the party sat over their desert; and Joseph and his fellow-servants, soberly enjoying themselves in the comfortable kitchen, with a bottle of their master's old sherry, and a handsome cake, specially presented to them by Mrs Curling in honour of the day, chatted together pleasantly and marvelled at the events of the last thirty-six hours.

'Masters taking a strange turn,' remarked Joseph. 'Only think of him sending me with his compliments and a fine goose to those vulgar folks in Denton Street. I wondered when him and Missus went into the carriage yesterday, but I didn't think of him treating them quite as if they was his equals.'

'Ah! said the cook, 'it's ever since the news of young master's death. Losses and sickness soften the heart, Joseph, and subdue the spirit wonderful. I shall never forget how he was took that day; and he's been mild as a lamb ever since.'

'Well, I'm glad,' said the housemaid, who had been some years in the family. 'But for young master's death—and he is gone to heaven if ever young gentleman did—perhaps Miss Annie, as I always calls her, married though she be, would not this day be sitting with the rest of them in her own father's dining-room, bless her kind heart and tidy figure. So it's all happened for the best, after all.'

It was not only Hannah, the housemaid that thought thus. As the little Curlings went to rest, at an unusually late hour for them, in a grand bedstead all hung with handsome yellow damask, and ornamented with fringe and tassels and upon a thick down bed, into which they sank very comfortably that cold winter's night, with the light of a fire to cheer them asleep, Emily whispered to Ralph—she had scarcely spoken above her breath since she came into the house—'Do you know papa's going to keep a shop again? Mamma says, it is all on account of poor cousin Charles's death in India that uncle is so kind to us all. I am glad, Ralph, aren't you?'

'No,' grumbled honest little Ralph. 'We shall have to go to school again, and learn hard lessons.'

And Thomas Curling said to his wife, as they settled themselves to sleep in the blue bedroom opposite—'How changed and softened my brother is! Nothing but the death of my poor nephew could have affected such a miracle.'

'The Almighty could have used other means, had He seen fit,' reverentially replied Mrs. Curling. 'But doubly blessed are those who not content with doing all the good they can in their lifetime, amend the world even in the act of leaving it!'

## NEW WORKS.

A Tour round my Garden. Translated from the French of Alphonse Karr.

We quote one passage containing some of the author's remarks on An Old Wall:—

'I do not dislike walls; it is sometimes a good and consoling reflection to be in a well secured enclosure, alone with perfumes, flowers, trees, the heavens, the air, the suns, stars, remembrance and reveries, and to know that nobody can come and disturb you. I like walls but I don't like white walls; I like nothing but old walls. I have one here, along which the course of my journey brings me, and pleases me exceedingly. It is just as old as it ought to be; if it were a little older it would be given up to the mercies of the bricklayers, who would introduce all sorts of new bricks or white stones. As it is, it is grey and black, and is covered with twenty species of mosses and lichens. In the crevices of its top extends an absolute crown of yellow wallflowers and ferns. At its foot vegetate pellitory and nettles, in all their beautiful green; little crevices serve as an asyl-

um for the lizards which run over the wall.—Among the nettles live many caterpillars, which there spin brilliant webs and come forth butterflies.

'One of the inhabitants of the nettle is a thorny caterpillar of a velvety black, marked with three white points, when its time is arrived, it hangs itself by the feet to the leaf of a nettle. At a latter period it becomes a magnificent butterfly, black and red-brown, with an eye upon each wing; in which blue, violet, red, white and yellow, emulate the splendour of the eyes in the feathers of the tail of a peacock; whence this butterfly is called the peacock butterfly.'

'The atalanta, with which we have already met as a caterpillar, lived upon the nettle.—The butterfly called the tortoiseshell has been previously a green and brown striped caterpillar upon the nettle, and then a striped chrysalis. The painted lady is also a guest of the nettle.'

'There is a time at which the old wall changes its appearance. Then it is green and rose-coloured. Bengal rose-trees hang like a tapestry over it up to the very top, so as to conceal it entirely. The roses are as numerous as the leaves; that palisade of ten paces in length does not exhibit less than from a thousand to twelve hundred roses in bloom at once. A painter would not dare to put so many on his trees; the arts stand in need of any appearance of truth—truth easily does without it. Here is a wall of pink or rose-coloured roses; at another corner extends a turf or bed of red roses. A hundred Bengal roses, with purple flowers, have been palisaded upon the ground, and cover it with leaves and flowers. But let us go back to the foot of the old wall.'

'The soil is there sandy and hot, the grass is thin—there are no flowers to be seen. It is not, however, a desert: here, in the sand, is a little tunnel of two inches in width and nine in depth dug spirally—it is a trap made by a sportsman; but see, here he comes to finish his snare. The ant-lion lives on prey; it is a sort of yellowish worm, which appears grey on account of the labours to which it gives itself up, and which cover it with sand dust; its head is large and flattened, and terminated by two horns, which have in some degree the form of those of the great stag-beetle.'

'The prey which supplies its food is nimble; it consists of flies, ants, woodlice, and spiders, and as it is only able to take a few steps at a time, and that backwards, it does not think of running down its game, but employs stratagem. There it is, working a spiral pit which begins at the surface, and is to attain a depth of several lines: at each step which it makes backward it stops, and with one of its feet loads its flattened head; the head being loaded like a shovel, it gives it a shake, and throws out of the hole the few grains of earth it carried. This is a long and fatiguing operation; nevertheless, a quarter of an hour suffices for the performance of it.—There is a trap completed; the sportsman places himself at the bottom, burying himself in the sand, leaving out only his eyes, which are twelve in number, and two horns, which he stretches as far from each other as possible.'

'Think how ancient travellers have been obliged to lie, in order to make people believe they had seen Cyclops—that is to say, people who have but one eye; what a distance they were obliged to go to, to venture to say that they had seen men who ordinarily were called one-eyed in the country in which they lived.—Well, for my part, without going from home, I have fallen in with a hunter with twelve eyes.'

'The ant-lion does not stir—it might be believed to be dead or asleep; its horns do not betray the least motion. Ah! there is some game! An ant, going rather too close to the hole, made a grain of sand slip in, and fell with it into the trap to the depth of half a line. It climbs up again, but the precipice is steep, and the grains of sand give way beneath its feet; it loses ground—it is at least six grains of sand lower than it was. One effort, however, has recovered it; it gets up again. Then the ant-lion, charging its head with sand, launches with violence a shower of dust at the ant, which makes it lose its equilibrium, and slip down; but it clings to the side, and endeavours to reascend. A second shower of sand falls upon it, and makes it lose the little ground it had regained. Then the hunter precipitates its blows, and soon the unfortunate ant, brought down at last by the moveable soil which rolls away under its feet, and by the projectiles which are launched at it without intermission, ends by falling to the bottom of the tunnel, between the expanded horns of its enemy; the two horns close and pierce it, whilst seizing it, through and through; and then the hunter becomes motionless: its two horns are trunks through which it sucks its prey. In a short time nothing remains of the ant but the skin and the head. The ant-lion does not eat the heads of its prey—the head is not to its taste; it places the relics upon the caputula which serves him for a head, and throws them out of the hole. Then it covers itself up in the sand again, and resumes the position it was in before the arrival of the ant.'

'The place is well chosen! Here comes a woodlouse, which the heat of the sun incommodes, and which abandons the wall to find elsewhere some cool and moist crack in which it may conceal itself. There it is upon the very edge of the trap: it slips—the ant-lion plays off