

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE WORLD.

COULD a Christian community exist and stand in the family of civilized nations, and shroud its shores in utter darkness? For what do we see when we look around us? The British islands blazing with three hundred lights; France with more than one hundred and fifty; the Baltic, the Mediterranean, the Euxine, all illuminated; and even in the frozen North, Imperial Russia lighting the American mariner on his path way through the White Sea out to the Polar Basin. The whole globe, from North to South, from East to West, is encircled with these living monuments of humanity and civilization!—Duty of the American Union to Improve its Navigable Waters.

Darkness descends, and gives the spirit wings;
The eye, emboldened, claims imperial right;
And, lying grandly at my feet, I see
The world at night.

Behold the vision! How sublimely fair!
For myriad lights illuminate the sea,
Encircling continent and ocean vast
In one humanity.

Perchance some habitant of far-off star,
Born to the heritage of loftier powers,
Although we cannot see his glowing world,
Yet looks on ours.

May see these patient sentinels of night
May read their language, eloquent and grand,
As, shining coldly 'neath the Northern light,
They warning stand;

Or beaming through the still and fragrant air,
Where coral reefs the vex'd Bermoothes guard,
O'er freight of human life may see the Lamp
Keep watch and ward;

Or streaming from Loucadia's haunted cliff,
Where fiery genius sleeps beneath the wave,
Touching with light the waters surging o'er
A lonely grave;

Or blazing bright amid Atlantic storm,
While bending masts are quivering with fear
The guardian Light upheld by sea-girt tower,
Aloft and clear.

Burn on with unextinguishable fire!
Companions of the silent stars above!
Resplendent types, amid a world of strife,
Of deathless Love.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.
FERNLEY HALL.

A TALE.

HE looks terrible deathly, indeed, miss!" said Ann to Miss Vaughan in a frightened whisper, when they had assisted Mrs Smith to place him at full length on the ground. "It's almost like laying out a corpse."

Mary shuddered; and, with the housekeeper's help, took her father's head upon her lap, and began to loosen his neckcloth and bathe his temples. In the meantime, good Mrs Smith took restoratives from her basket, and poured brandy down his throat, and applied hartshorn to his nostrils. In a minute or two the patient heaved a sigh.

"He's coming to, poor gent'eman," said Ann; "but he'll never be able to walk this day. Does he live far off miss?"

"We live at the other end of the village. Do you think my father will be able to walk so far?" inquired Mary, appealing to the elder of the two women, whose quiet decisive movements had already inspired her with respect.

"No; he cannot walk home. I will go and inquire for a carriage of some sort."

"Is that you, Mary?" said Mr Vaughan faintly, opening his eyes and closing them once more. "Where am I?—what has happened?"

"You are in the grounds of Fernley Hall, father. You have fainted, and I was obliged to go for assistance. Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, my dear. Who was that with you just now?"

"Only some kind women who happened to be at the Hall, and who came at once to help me. One of them is beside you now."

Mr Vaughan opened his eyes, and after gazing at Ann vacantly for a moment, closed them again: "Is no one else with you, my dear child?"

"Yes, an elderly person—Dr. Fielding's housekeeper has been here. She has gone now to find a carriage to convey you home."

"Has no one else been here—no one but strangers?"

"No, papa. You must ask no more questions now," she added, as she saw him looking eagerly about as if in search of some one.

Ann presently produced a little more brandy, which she insisted on Mr Vaughan's swallowing. Mrs Smith had ordered her to give it, and she dare not disobey. Mrs Smith was so particular that done, Ann took up her position, basket in hand, beside the father and daughter, until

some one came. Such having been her orders from the housekeeper.

Mr Vaughan still remained with closed eyes, resting his head on Mary's lap; Mary watched him in silence, and thought of many things—of the uncertainty of life; of her father's sadness, and his love for her; of her mother, who had died before she could remember, and who might have been the sunshine of his days had she lived. Then she thought of the old dwellers at Fernley Hall—the gay dashing colonel and his lovely daughter. They were exiled, and new people were come to fill their places. Then she thought of Grace Fernley's marriage—a marriage without love, that could not come to good. The recollection of all she had noted in childhood, and tried to forget for so many years, combined with her father's sudden indisposition when she had spoken of Miss Fernley and her marriage, to make it feel sure that it was a secret but strong love for that lady which had weighed so heavily on him all these years—which had kept him a curate in the old place, when he might have had good livings elsewhere. "He will not leave Fernley, I know," she said to herself; "and he has told me the reason now. He expects that one day Grace Fernley will come back to the Hall, or, if not there, to the village—perhaps worn by sorrow and sickness, perhaps in want. Ah! I have never been able to make him forget her. I shall be worse than useless to him then. I had better think of the situation Dr. Fielding offered me as governess of his daughters."

Just then the sound of wheels was heard on the pathway, and presently a man appeared drawing an old garden-chair.

"Mrs Smith could not come back herself but sent me with this poor sick gentleman. Why, it's Mr Vaughan! Why didn't she tell me that, and I'd ha' come quicker."

"Mrs Smiths like me," said Ann, with a toss of her head; "we come from London, where people don't know everybody's name they chance to meet."

"Ah, to be sure, yer'e all new to our place. Can he help himself at all, think ye, Miss Vaughan?"

"Yes, Barnes—thank you," said Mr Vaughan feebly. "If you will lend me your arm, I can get up; but I fear you must draw me home in that chair."

Mary's support on one side, and Barnes' strong arm on the other, were sufficient to place Mr Vaughan in the little vehicle; and followed by Ann, who seemed to enjoy the adventure, they proceeded to the gate by which Mr Vaughan and Mary had entered the grounds of Fernley Hall. The latter dismissed Ann with thanks and a little money, and then walked home beside the chair, with a full heart and mind, and a clouded brow.

"What's come to you, too, Miss Mary?" asked their old servant, some time after they returned. "You look as if you had had an upset too. Where have you been this evening?"

"Only into the grounds of the old Hall, Deborah."

"Ha! it's ill walking on bad folks' land." "Do you call the Fernleys bad folks, Deborah?"

"Ay, that do I—chick and child. What's bad, it's not bad to drink and swear, and let a goodly estate go to the dogs, and then take rent for it from a retired doctor? What's bad, if it's not bad for a young lady to break a good man's heart—to love one and marry another? But it's no use talking, child. What's done cannot be undone, and the least said the soonest mended. We're none of us too good, and had each best mind our own business. By the same token, I'll go and mind mine. Somebody's been tapping twice at the back-door."

Mary lingered in the kitchen, with the intention of inciting Deborah to talk more freely about Miss Fernley, or rather Mrs Robertson; but hearing Deborah return along with some one, Miss Vaughan slipped away to her own room, being in no mood to listen to the grievances of some poor villager; and she had given orders to Deborah not to disturb her father unnecessarily that evening. He was lying on the sofa in his study, reading or musing, and had wished to be left alone.

The person who accompanied Deborah was Dr Fielding's new housekeeper and Deborah treated her with the respect due to her office and respectable appearance.

"Thank you, ma'am; master's pretty tolerable again now. We are much obliged to you for your kindness. I should have done just as you did; there's nothing like a little brandy in such cases. His pulse is too low; he reads and thinks too much; and he's very sad and melancholy, poor gentleman."

"His daughter?"

"Oh, she's a very good daughter, but she isn't a wife; and he wants a wife—some one nearer his own age. Miss Mary's a lively girl, and living here moping away all her days in this village where she has no companions, is spoiling her temper. She wants a change."

"Dr Fielding has grown sons and daughters."

"Well, that's good hearing; but they may not think a poor curate's daughter good enough company for them, especially if they are not real gentry."

"But they are," interrupted Mrs Smith, smiling a little. "I have brought a note from Dr

Fielding to answer. I should be glad to have it to-night, if Mr Vaughan is well enough to read my master's note."

"I will go and see replied Deborah graciously; for she liked Mrs Smith's appearance, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to be on good terms again with the housekeepers at the Hall."

"You may shew the housekeeper—Mrs Smith, is that her name?—in here," said Mr Vaughan. "I should like to thank her for her attention to me. Bring in some cakes and wine presently, and candles. I can scarcely see to read this note."

Mr Smith still stood near the door of the little study after Deborah had closed it behind her. Mr Vaughan rose from the sofa, and said kindly: "Take a seat Mrs Smith; I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for—"

He paused in surprise; for she stepped quickly across the room to him when she found they were alone, and took his hands in hers.

"You do not know me yet, old friend? Suffering had changed me more than you."

There was something in her voice which woke an echo in the heart. He trembled and drew her towards the window, that he might see her face. The lingering twilight, as she removed her bonnet, showed a trace that still retained traces of beauty, but so completely mingled with those of time and sorrow, that the expression must have been greatly changed. A few marks of the small pox, some faint lines on the brow, a pale complexion, mild yet firm eyes, hair sprinkled with gray, and neatly braided under a widow's cap: such were the specialties of a portrait on which Mr Vaughan gazed with a bewildered look.

"You do not know me, I see," she said, turning away; "and if you do not know me, no one else here will."

"Stay yet a moment—look at me once more."

She looked him steadily in the face, with lead erect, as in the days of old. Ah! he knew her now. His eye brightens, his cheek is flushed, and his voice is choked with emotion as he speaks once more.

"It is—it is—Grace Fernley! Merciful Father! this is this worn and sorrow-stricken woman is, indeed, the fairest child of thine!" He covered his face with his hands, and she saw the tears trickle through his thin fingers. She remained motionless, and watched him.—Presently he looked up at her, and said gravely: "Why have you come to me?"

"I came to ask forgiveness, Vaughan."

"I loved you, Grace; there is no need to ask forgiveness of me." The gentle tenderness of his tone was indescribable.

At these words her pride and strength broke down; she sank on the nearest chair, and burst into tears. He drew a seat beside her, and whispered words of consolation in her ear.—After a time, she recovered, and looking hastily around the room, as if she feared intrusion, said—"Do not let any one see me; I would not be known. But I must speak longer with you this night."

"I will see to it." And he left the room, and returned with some wine, having taken it from Deborah, and told her not to interrupt him, and to tell his daughter that he was engaged in business of importance. When he was seated by his visitor again, she began in a low broken voice, which grew steadier as she proceeded.

"You remember as well as I do the day of my ill-starred, wicked marriage; when I promised to love and honour a creature whom I despised, to gratify a vile pride of race."

"And, as you thought then, to save your father from ruin, and preserve him in honourable condition for life?"

"True. I did think that; but I was blinded by ambition and a cold heart. I had no excuse; for were you not near to love and guide me—you, were truly all a woman could desire in a husband? I married Glanville Robertson, and you have been well avenged. For seven years I bore the burthen: at the end of that time, I escaped from him."

"So I heard. You had no children?"

"No; God be thanked! I left him to his luxury and his infamy; he was in Paris. I fled to England—to Scotland, and strove to earn my bread."

"Why did you not come to me—Fernley?"

"I dared not; I was too wretched. Besides, I was still young, and you might have felt your old love revive. I was married—blighted—unfit for you and your child?"

"But why not go to your father?"

"Ah, you do not know that worst, cruelest affliction. I could not live with him. His house was no fitting home for any but women lost to all self-respect. I had tried my utmost before to win him from his vices; at that time he was at his worst—and I avoided him. I took the name I now bear, and got employment as governess—companion—housekeeper, in various families. My husband sought for me in vain. A year ago, he died. I heard my father was in England searchin' for me—seeking for the pittance that fell to me after his debts were paid from my husband's estate. I saw him. I will not attempt to describe that interview; but you can imagine it, when you remember what my father was when angry, and that the wicked always feel contempt for each other when they have been unsuccessful. A few months later, he

wrote to inform me that he had length found a purchaser for Fernley Hall.

"Is it sold?" asked Mr Vaughan.

"Yes, my friend," she replied sadly; "it's now Dr. Fielding's property. It is a just punishment to me. I committed a crime to retain possession of the old place, and, by a strange but intelligible decree of Providence, I have come to serve in the house where I was formerly mistress. They are good people, these Fieldings, and will bring a blessing with them to the place. If it please God, I will work a while and then die as I hoped to die—in Fernley, in the old Hall."

"No; in this parsonage, Grace."

"Hush, Frank Vaughan, that cannot be. My heart is swollen nigh to bursting now at your kindness, at my own unworthiness. Henceforth we must be strangers. Mary will not know in Mrs Smith the former Miss Fernley; no one in the place will know me. We shall meet in the church on Sundays, and you will pray for me."

"And may we not meet elsewhere?"

"No. But there is a service, pressing and immediate, I would ask of you this night ere we part. My father lies dead in London: will you for the sake of old times, go and see him laid decently in the earth? There is money, for he died penniless; and unless the body be claimed by his friends, it will be buried by the parish in which he died. He has no friends save myself and you."

"I will go to-morrow. Give me the address."

"It is written in the letter which you have not yet opened. All particulars are given there. Good-night; I must not stay."

"Not stay! Who has a better right to stay in my house?"

"Your daughter. For her sake we must be strangers."

"But she may not always remain with me.—She wearies of this dull household; she may marry."

Mrs Smith took his hand, and said affectionately: "It is a sore struggle, as you know, to do right sometimes. I would gladly pass the last years of life with you; but for Mary's sake, and for your own fame's sake, I will not come to you now. When she marries, or leaves you, I will come and be your housekeeper—your nurse—your wife—if you please: I will then declare myself the last of the house of Fernley."

Two years afterwards, the bells of Fernley church rung joyfully. Dr Fielding's eldest son married Mary, the handsome daughter of the curate. Mr Vaughan himself performed the ceremony; and after the bride and bridegroom had departed, and the wedding-guests had gone to the Hall to dance and make merry, he remained alone in his little study to compose his mind after the emotions of the day.

He had not been alone more than an hour, when "Mrs Smith from the Hall" stepped into his apartment and said: "Do not disturb yourself Deborah knows all. I have come to fulfil my promise."

The good curate smiled. "Mary prepared me for this. She is most anxious that you should be knows for what you are. Again there will be a marriage of old people—but when you smile and are happy, you don't look old, Grace—that shall not be unwise nor ridiculous. We will go to London together, and return man and wife. As Mary may one day be mistress of Fernley Hall, you may draw your last breath where you drew your first."

"And my old age, thanks to your goodness, will be more blessed than my youth."

EATING.

WE most firmly believe, that if animals could speak as Aesop and other fabulists make them seem to do, they would declare man the most voracious animal in existence. There is scarcely any living thing that flies in the air, swims in the sea, or moves on the land, that is not made to minister to his appetite. The Esquimaux devours raw fish; the Tartars eat horse flesh; the South Sea Islanders are fond of dogs; the Africans relish ants and monkeys; the Chinese thinks rats, mice and cats exquisite delicacies; the polished Parisian is partial to frogs; the Italians regale themselves with a jelly made of vipers; the entrails of snipes are eaten with avidity among us at game supper; by all true epicures; while the New Zealander's favorite dish is a roasted missionary.

Perhaps, if the aforesaid animals were capable of discrimination as well as speech, they would declare the Yankees the most voracious of a voracious family. And who that is familiar with hotel and steamboat life, would deny the truth of the insertion? What valorous trencher men we are, when, after having been kept back by bolts and bars and an army of black waiters, while the supper table is being set, we dash upon the viands at the first summons of the welcome gong or bell. How the oysters, and ham, and jellies, and hot rolls, and biscuits disappear! What remorseful agonies and inexorable nightmares ensue!

The Greatest Organ in the World.—the Organ of speech in Woman;—an organ, too, without a stop.—

A Secret warranted to Keep in any Climate—A Woman's Age.