

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SOLDIERS PARTING SONG.

Up, comrades, up! 'tis the morning drum;
Hark! how it summons us—"Come, come,
come!"

The barks are waiting beside the strand,
To bear us hence to a foreign land,
To battle fields where the trumpet calls.
To close—pitched camps and beleagu'ed walls.

But now what sounds around us rise,
Of woman's wailing and children's cries,
For the hour has dawn'd that bids them part
From the guardian arms and the loving heart:
And we must strive (hard task though it be)
To speak to them stout and cheerily.

Nay, dear ones, nay! wipe your tears away,
We shall meet again in a happier day,
We'll think of you on our post by night;
We'll pray for you at the peep of light;
But ye must not melt our firmness now,
Nor send us hence with a drooping brow.

Ye are soldier's own—then bravely prove
How worthy ye of the soldier's love:
We are Britain's sons—remember, then,
When duty calls we must go like men:
We may not, must not, hear ye speak
One word to make us, like women, weak.

Drummer, strike up! and beat round, round?
'Till sobs and sighs in the din are drown'd;
'Tis enough, with gestures mute to tell
How deeply we feel the sad farewell,
Our time is out—how swift it flew;
And we must march to the loud tat—too.

A kiss! another! quick! quick! quick!
For the drummer faster plies his stick,
Dear wife!—dear babies!—now the worst is
past,

And we've loos'd them from our necks at last,
Ah! for their sakes may we come once more
With glad huzzars to our native shores!

From Godey's Lady's Book for January.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

CLOCK-WORK; OR, MORE NICE THAN WISE.

By Edith Woodley.

"WELL, Lizzy, I've got back alive, and I'm
thankful for it."

"Why, aunt, what makes you say so? Have
you been unwell during your absence?"

"I've been well enough as to my health, but
have been dreadful tired in my mind. I came
terrible near losin' my temper a number of times
—had hard work to keep from speakin' right out,
and givin' Miss Tasker a piece of my mind; and
if I hadn't hild my lips together as hard as I
could, I raly b'leve I should."

"Have you been to Mrs. Tasker's? I thought
you were going to see Mrs. Blandon."

"Well, that was what I calc'lated on. I went
there in the first place, and should have had a
grand good time, if I'd only stayed; but, you
know, I'm naturally of an obblegin' turn, so I
went to Miss Tasker's. But I'll begin at the
beginnin', and tell you jest how it was. Miss
Blandon had got her housework all done up
arter dinner, and sot down to her sewin'; and
we were havin' a right down good sociable time,
when who should knock to the door but Miss
Tasker. Miss Blandon invited her in; and,
arter she'd sot a spell, says she to me—

"I seed you pass by, and went out to the
door to see where you went."

"Much obblegged to you," says I. "I didn't
know I was worth lookin' arter."

"Come to find out what made her so mighty
aimst to see me was, she wanted me to go and
stay at her house while she and her husband
went to make their darter a visit. She's mar-
ried, you know, and lives over to the furdur
end of the town. I felt purty offish about
goin', for I knew how awful partic'lar she was.
I told her I was afeard I should'n't suit her, she
was so nice; but she said she didn't want me to
do anything on'y overseer things, and keep'em
straight. Sally, the gal she took to bring up,
would do all the cookin' and everything about
house. So I was fool enough to be over-per-
suaded and went right home with her, 'cause
they were goin' to start airly in the mornin'. I
wish you could've seen her fuss round, and
tease and worry about packin' her trunk. A
body would've s'posed she was goin' to take a
vy'age to Grinland, instead of goin' to spend a
few days with her darter. She wouldn't let Mr.
Tasker wear his best clothes—was afeard he'd
sile 'em—said he could put 'em on arter he got
there. And sich a time as she had brushtin'
'em I never seed afore, nor never desire to see
agin'. She was so afeard that there would be
a speck of lint on 'em, that 'twas a wonder to
me that she hadn't brushed every mite of the
nap off. She'd brush away a minute with all
fury, jest as if she was possessed of an evil
spirit, when she was brushtin' Mr. Tasker's
coat; and then she'd hold it up to the light,
and eye it all over as if she was lookin' for
a needle in a haymow; and, if she'd see a
speck of anything on it, if it wa'n't larger
than a midge's eye, she dart her

thumb and finger at it the spitefulest you ever
seed anything. Arter worryin' and frettin' over
it a long time, she came and hild it up to me—
"Do look," says she, "and see if I've got it
so that people won't think I keep Mr. Tasker's
best coat done up in a feather bed."

"Well," says I, arter lookin' all over it migh-
ty cureful 'it looks to'rabble clean consider-
in'."

"Now there, wa'n't a particle of dirt about it
more than there is right in your eye this mi-
nute; but I spoke so jest to tease her, she was
so tormented nice."

"Well," says she, "to'rabble clean won't do
for me. It must be clean; there must be no
to'rabble about it."

"O she fell to brushtin' ag'in, and kept at it
till I thought the critter was detarmied to brush
it into inch pieces. At any rate, she took a
year's wear out of it, I've no manner of doubt.
I thought I'd tell you about the coat, 'cause the
way she amplified and fussed with that is a fair
specimen of the way she managed with the rest
of the things she had to pack. I offered to
help her, she went on so slow; but the very first
thing I undertook to fold she snatched out of
my hand, as if she expected I should spile it."

"La," says she, "don't romple it up in that
way, for massy's sake!"

"I never opened my lips, but sot down and
went to knittin', as meek as moses. I took
good care, though, not to offer my sarvices ag'in
I can tell you, she had a great notion of makin'
Mr. Tasker wear his old hat, and carry his best
one in his hatbox; but he had sperits enough
not to submit to that or to have a handkercher
tied over the one he wore so as to keep the dust
off. Well, I was raly glad next mornin' when
they got started. Never had my patience tried
so afore in my life. How Mr. Tasker gets along
I don't know. When she heard him comin' in
from out-doors, she'd run with a wing or the
broom in her hand and make him, arter he'd
scraped the soles of his boots on the scraper,
stand on the door-step till she'd brushed the tops
of 'em. He'd got to be so used to it, that he'd
stand as patient as Job till she'd satisfied herself
that there wa'n't a grain of dust on 'em, and
then he'd come in and walk along as meek as
old Tray used to when he'd been in mischief.—
Arter they'd been gone a spell, I says to Sally.

"What are you goin' to get for dinner?"

"Miss Tasker told me to bile some pork and
corn beef, and pertaters, and cabbage, and other
kinds of garding-sass," says she.

"Well," says I, "'tis high time 'twas on
b'lin', then. 'Twill take a good clever piece of
corn beef full three hours to bile tender, and
it's hard on to ten o'clock now. 'Twill be im-
possible to get it done till an hour arter noon, if
you do your best."

"Miss Tasker said I must put the kettle on
jest as the clock began to strike ten," says Sally.

"She alays cooks everything a sartin time by
the clock—never varies the eighth of a mi-
nute."

"Well," says I, "I'd rather go by reason
than rule, any time; but if Miss Tasker give
orders how long to bile the beef, you'd better
foller 'em. I s'pose she told you how long to
bile the pork, too, and the sass, didn't she?"

"Yes, um; I am to bile the pork and the
bates an hour, and the cabbage and pertaters
half an hour; and she said she'd give me a new
calico apron if I did jest as she told me."

"By the time the clock had done strikin'
twelve, the dinner was on the table. Sally and
I sot down; but, set aside the pertaters, there
wa'n't an individual thing that was more'n two-
thirds done. I slivered off a leetle piece of
thin beef, thinkin' the outside might be done,
and tried to eat it but had to give it up for a
bad bargain. That was Wednesday, and Sally said
that Miss Tasker told her she need'n't cook any-
thing new for dinner till Saturday, and that then
she was to bake some beans, and an Indian pud-
din'."

"I didn't consarn myself with the bakin',
for I s'posed it was to be all clock-work, the
same as the b'lin' was. Howsomever, I kept
an eye on the proceedin's, and found when Sally
took the shovel to clear the coals out of the
oven, that it wa'n't more'n half hot enough. I
would speak then, I thought; so says I—

"Don't you see Sally, that the black isn't off
of the oven yet? There won't be half heat
enough in it to bake the puddin' and beans."

"Well, ma'am," says she, "I've burnt all the
wood Miss Tasker told me to, and she said I
must put the things into the oven the minute
the clock struck ten."

"I said no more; and, when the clock struck
twelve, the puddin' and beans were on the table.
Jest at that minute, a horse and shay drove up
to the door, and a well-dressed man jumped
out and then helped a woman to light."

"Who, on airth, are they, Sally?" says I.

"I guess," says she, "'tis Squire Wilson and
his wife; but I don't know sartin. What shall
we do? they'll stay to dinner, and the beans ain't
done sc'ce a night. They're jest as hard as
shot. But the puddin', though, looks purty
nice."

"It proved to be Squire Wilson and his wife,
sure enough. They'd come the matter of twenty
mile on purpose to make Mr. Tasker and his
wife a visit. Well I helped Miss Wilson to take
off her things, and got her seated in a rockin'-
cheer afore a good fire, and then I went to work.
I put some pertaters on to bile, and then I fried

some bacon and eggs, and warmed a mince-pie
and an apple-pie: or I mistrusted that the pud-
din', wa'n't an eatable any more'n the beans.—
I never once looked at the clock, but went on
as fast as I could; but Sally told me, when
everything was r'ady, that it was just an hour
to a minute. Sally put great dependence in
her puddin', said there was no need warmin' any
pies; and, arter Squire Wilson and his wife had
done eatin' the bacon and eggs, she said to me
in a mighty perlite, mincing way—

"Won't you be so obblegin' as to help the
gentlefolks to some puddin'?"

"It proved 'xact as I thought it would. 'Twas
seared over on the top, and looked mighty
nice; but underneath 'twas as raw as't ever
was."

"Well, I can't help it," says Sally. "I heat
the oven as long as Miss Tasker told me to, and
baked the puddin' as long."

"Cousin Jane's cookin' is all clock-work, the
same as it used to be, I guess," says Miss Wil-
son. "Now I calc'late to have my meals ready
at the proper season, and sildom fail in my
calculation; but there must be some judgment
exercised about the matter. Now, when I bake
I alays, in the first place, make myself sure
that the oven is hot enough. If it ain't, even
if it has been heatin' as long as common, I heat
it a while longer. I do wish that Jane would
be governed by reason instead of the clock."

"You speak my mind 'xactly," says I. "I
like to have things go on orderly as well as Miss
Tasker or any other parison; but to be so sot
and so partic'lar, as not to bile a tough piece of
meat any longer than a tender piece, and to
cook garden-sass jest so long and no longer,
whether it's done or not, seems to me to be
nothin' more nor less than right down non-
sense."

"Well, arter dinner, they concluded the'd
go over to Miss Barcom's and stay an hour or
two. The minute they'd gone, Sally says to
me—

"I must wash the sittin'-room floor up, sar-
tain. Miss Tasker never misses havin' it washed
every Saturday; and she would'n't sleep a wink
all night long if it wa'n't done."

"Why, there ain't a speck of dirt on it,"
says I.

"No matter for that; she alays will have it
washed, dirty or clean," says Sally.

"Well," says I, "you go along and wash up
the dishes, and put things to rights in the
kitchen, and I'll wash up the floor."

"'Twas a white floor, and, as I said to Sally,
there wa'n't a speck of dirt on it; but, thinks I
to myself, 'twill be so much the easier to wash
it. There was a whole kettleful of hot water
hanging over the kitchen fire, and I soon had it
done. I kept a good fire burnin', and, by the
time the Squire and his wife got back, the floor
was as dry as a bone. Mr. Tasker and his wife
didn't expect to get home afore eight o'clock
in evenin', so we had our tea, and then we sot
down by the fire and had a good, sociable time.
Miss Wilson was what might be called a great
talker; but, for all that, she was as purty a sort
of a woman as one will see in a thousand; and
as for the Squire, he was as pleasant as wine. I
don't know when I've enjoyed myself better
than I did talkin' and chattin' with 'em about
things that happened when we were young, and
they apparently enjoyed 'emselves as well as I
did."

"It was gettin' along purty well towards eight
o'clock and I could see that Sally had hard work
to keep her eyes open; so I told her she had
better not stop up any longer, and, when Mr.
Tasker and his wife got home, I would do all
the waitin' on 'em that was necessary. In about
a quarter of an hour they came. It was a dark-
ish evenin', so, when I heard the shay stop I
went to the door with a light."

"Do bring the wing or the broom, or some-
thin'," says Miss Tasker; for I warrant that Mr.
Tasker's boots are all over mud and mire."

"So I run and got the broom, and then hild
the light. Mr. Tasker stood on the door-step
like a statur, while she flourished the broom
over his boots till I was r'aly afeard that she'd
trip him up. Mr. Tasker was tickled to death
to see Squire Wilson and his wife—the Squire
was an own cousin to him—and Miss Tasker
seemed kind o' glad at first; arter a while, I
could see there was something laid heavy on
her mind. I said nothing. I thought she
might divulge it or not, jest as she was a mind
to. Well, we sot and talked—all but Miss
Tasker—till the clock struck nine. Whatever
was on her mind seemed to grow harder and
harder to bear every minute, when the clock
struck, she jumped up all of a sudden and went
out into the kitchen. In the course of ten or
fifteen minutes, she came back with a mop
and a small tub of water. She had her sleeves
rolled up above her elbows, and a checked apron
on, so large as to kiver her all up a most."

"I hope you'll excuse me," says she; "but
it's one of my rules to have this 'ere floor wash-
ed up every Saturday. I forgot to tell Sally to
do it afore I went away, and she is such an idle
good-for-nothin' shirk that, if she wasn't obbleg-
ed to do it, she'd let it go till it was so dirty
that we should all die with the corolary and
yaller fever. I'll wash this side of the room
first, and then you can all move over, and I can
wash 'tother."

"I'm sure, I wouldn't take the trouble to
wash it," says Miss Wilson; "for there ain't a
speck of dirt on it that I can see. I was obsar-

vin' to Mr. Wilson, jest afore dark, how white it
was."

"Don't say a word ag'inst her doin' it," says
Mr. Tasker; "for she happened to forget it once
—didn't think of it till she'd been abed two
hours. 'Twas a bitter cold night, the latter
end of January; but up she got, heat water,
and washed it, for she said she couldn't sleep
with sich a dirty floor bearin' down on her mind,
more'n if she'd been raked up in a bed of red-
hot embers."

"You see, I was so stomachful I wouldn't
tell her I'd wash it. I thought if she was so
awful shaller that she couldn't tell when a thing
was clean by the looks on't it, 'twas no matter
how much trouble she went to."

"I can tell you what will be much better
than for us to all huddle together like a parcel
of sheep in a pen," says Squire Wilson. "We'll
go into the kitchen and set till you get through
with washin' the floor. 'Twill give me and Mr.
Tasker a good chance to talk over old affairs."

"Well, I should be dreadtill glad if you
would," says she, in so faint a voice that Miss
Wilson winked to me, and said in a low whisper,
that she didn't know but cousin Jane felt the
symptoms of the yaller fever and the corolary
comin' on a'ready, from bein' obblegged to set
half an hour where there was such an oncom-
mon dirty floor."

"Well, we sot there in the good warm kitchen
gay as so many larks, while Miss Tasker was
scrubbin' away at the floor. A body would've
thought that the floor had been on Mr. Tasker's
mind, as well as his wife's, by his appearance, for
he seemed as light as a feather, like an entire
new parison, as soon as he was out of her sight.
Arter a while, Miss Tasker made her appear-
ance."

"Well," says I, "does your floor look a good
deal nicer than it did afore you washed it?"

"If it don't look nicer," says she, "it smells
sweeter. We sha'n't stan' a chance now to be
poisoned with the foul air."

"I hope not," says I, "it bein' on'y the se-
cond time it has been washed to-day sense
noon."

"The second time!" says she. "Why didn't
you tell me Sally had washed it?"

"'Cause she didn't wash it. I washed it my-
self; and I thought if I didn't do it well enough
for you to find it out by the looks of it, I
wouldn't say anything about it."

"I didn't think you'd treat me so mean as
that," says she, "when I engaged you to come
and keep house for me. No one in our days,
knows a friend from a foe."

"The land!" says I. "I didn't want you to
risk havin' the yaller fever and the corolary;
for if you you'd happened to, 'twould've been
laid to me for not washin' the floor clean, and
there's no knowin' but you'd ave had one or
't'other of 'em; for, accordin' to the old sayin',
consait in a pitchfork will kill a parison."

"Never mind, Cousin Jane," said Squire Wil-
son. "You've had the pleasure of washin' the
floor, and now we'll all stay where we are, and
leave it to dry, while you tell Miss Wilson and
me how your darter's gettin' along."

"With that, she brightened up a little, took
off her checked apron and sot down. Now the
floor was off her mind, she grew quite humor-
some, and to'rabble good company."

SCRAPS.

Hibernian Wit.—"I dont know what you
mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentle-
man who was about hiring a boy; "but this I
know, you were born in Ireland." "Och, your
honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame
to that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in
the oven, would they be loves of bread?" The
boy got the place.

An extravagant wife is worse than a pesti-
lence. She eats a man up with as little remorse
as she would devour an omelet; she is one of
the domestic plagues set to punish the whole
fraternity of husbands. But as she also punish-
es herself and ruins her family, she must be
treated just as the medical profession say the
cholera must be met; strong and sanitary mea-
sures must be brought into requisition to neu-
tralise her recklessness. Her lavishness must be
resisted by the strong arm of conjugal authori-
ty.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king.
Give a man brains without riches, and he is a
slave. Give a man riches without brains, and he
is a fool.

A very loquacious lady once offered to bet
her husband fifty dollars that she would not
speak a word for a week! "Done!" said the de-
lighted husband, instantly staking the money,
which the lady immediately put in her pocket,
observing very gravely, that she would secure
it until the wager was decided. "Why,
madam," cried the husband, "I've won it already."
You have mistaken the time," said the lady; "I
mean the week after I am buried!"

A negro preacher referring to the Judgment
Day, in his sermon, said: "Bredren and sisters
in dat day de Lord, shall divide de sheep from
de goats, and bress de Lord, we know who
wears de wool!"

Truths.—Truths come slowly upon man
and long it is before these angel visits are ac-
knowledged by humanity. The world clings
to its errors and avoids the truth, lest its light
should betray their miserable follies.