

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

HARK YE! 'TIS THE STRIFE  
OF NATIONS!

Hark ye! 'tis the strife of nations!  
'Tis the awful crash of war!  
'Tis the direful roar of conflict,  
Ringing in the ear from far!  
'Tis of heroes rushing madly,  
Nobly onward to the fight;  
Though to death, they share it gladly  
In the cause of human right.

'Tis of heroes battling boldly  
In the contest of the free;  
Mighty spirits, struggling fiercely  
For European liberty!  
See! their blood in streams out-gushing!  
Hark! the heavens itself resounds  
With the deep groans of the dying  
And the shrieks of maddening wounds!

O ye nations, for whose freedom  
Men are fighting and have fought,  
Think, when won, and ye enjoy it,  
Oh, how dearly it was bought!  
Think how many mighty heroes  
Bore the cold grim grasp of death,  
That ye might wear all in triumph,  
Liberty's ennobling wreath!

O ye noble, who are suffering  
In the world-wide cause of Man,  
May ye glorious prove victorious,  
Following in the battle's van!  
And with Liberty the watchword,  
May the blood which floweth be,  
Every drop which issues from them,  
Shed for freedom and the free!

## JOHN MIDWAY.

## OR STILL WATER RUNS DEEP.

It was a quiet dreary morning in September, when the warm sun was imparting its invigorating rays to the promising harvest, and when all nature was wrapt in a luxuriance of fertility, that Mrs Mildmay threw open her window, and gazed from her chamber over the garden rich in flowers and fruits, and upon the fields of yellow corn beyond. Her eye fell upon Mildmay, who was busy in the plot, training a vine upon the trellis. She looked at him for a few moments and tears gathered in her eyes until they veiled her vision. She hastily brushed them away, and seating herself at the table took from her drawer a book which she opened and read. It was the diary of her wedded life. Let us glance over her shoulder and see the record of her thoughts and her emotions.

Tuesday.—What rich consolation have I not derived to-day from the perusal of the sweet poetry of Tennyson. John, who has no taste for Tennyson's effusions, but prefers Macaulay's stupid lays of Ancient Rome, cannot sympathize with me in my admiration of the charming poet! What comfort those lines brought to my withered heart—alas! withered by contract with a man who does not appreciate the tender flower whose culture is entrusted to him. But the lines:

She only said the day is dreary,  
He cometh not she said,  
She said, I am a weary—a weary—  
I wish that I were dead!

Will this "He" ever come for me? Alas, the cicisbeo of Italy is not allowed in cold England, and the gallantry of Paris is prohibited. Is a platonic affection culpable? Do I wrong an unsympathetic husband by mingling my spirit with the spirit of a congenial soul?

Wednesday. Oh, delight of delights! What an evening was the last.

'I wept and watched to know  
What meant that oracle of dread  
Which stirred my spirit so?

I trembled while I drank in his delicious words. The music of his voice seemed to transport me, and I fancied myself even in Seville. Sweet Seville! What manners! what sentiment! What a contrast to poor practical John. He spoke of orange groves, until I fancied myself Pauline, hanging upon the honey of Melotto's eloquent lip, and methought I saw

'A palace, lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage musical with birds.'

John, I noticed, looked upon Hawksley with distrust, and I expected when he had gone to receive a reproof for bestowing so much attention upon him, but John merely hoped I had passed a pleasant evening. Aunt Sternhold is right, he is, — shall I write it — a dolt.

Friday. Two weeks have passed since I have had the courage to write in this, the secret companion of my heart. I dare not now trust to paper the events of the fortnight. Captain Hawksley was rash, and though I did not dream of guilt, how imprudent I have been. My aunt saved me, and since then I have looked into my own heart. 'Upon the brink of what a precipice I stood.' I was lost in dreams of romance. Aunt, thank God, I have awakened to a sense of the reality of life, and though I do wish John was more spiritual, still he is so good, so kind, so amiable. Little does he dream of my escape! Ah! I will hereafter devote my life to him.

Monday. Whaa relief it is to confess one's faults and receive absolution from one's own con-

science! I have been mistaken in John, mistaken in myself. This day, for the first time in my life I have discovered that my husband is a man. I entered the sitting room to-day, and John was there. He took me by the hand, and led me to the open Bible, where he pointed to the record of our marriage, of which to-morrow is the anniversary. His voice trembled as he said: 'Emily, do you remember the vows we took on that solemn day: 'To love, to honour, and obey.' My trembling heart beat fast. 'They did well,' he continued, 'the compilers of that solemn service, to put love first—for it carries with it both the others. Have you kept that vow, Emily?' I could not reply, and thought that my throbbing brain would deprive me of reason. 'Ah, said he, 'I fear that you have swerved from the path, and that the shadow of deceit has fallen upon your promise. I know all, dear Emily, for I overheard the interview between Captain Hawksley and your aunt. I know the nature of his visit.' I threw myself at his feet. I told him I had repented of my folly, when he lifted me to his heart to which he pressed my aching head. Oh, how kindly did he then say: 'Compose yourself, Emily! I have too much fairness to confound folly with guilt. Why, my poor child, I knew that fellow's game. I saw how his romantic airs, his honeyed words, and showy graces had fascinated you—how, in comparison with him, you thought me cold, awkward, uninteresting, unimpassioned. You are not the first of your sex, Emily, who has preferred the shadow to the substance. Thank heaven you have not been awakened from your dream by the suffering that follows upon sin! Don't speak, my love, but listen. Your father's doating fondness, and your aunt's mischievous example have made you what you are. Trust to me, henceforth, to make you what a wife should be. I should prefer to win you by a lover's tenderness, but, if I cannot do that, I know how to make a husband's rights respected.' I promise to make every amend in my power for my folly, and I begged of him to celebrate the anniversary of our marriage at home, instead of a quiet dinner at Hampton, as we had proposed, but he would not, he said, disappoint the friends whom he had invited. He appeared a man whom I could indeed honour, and much to my astonishment Miss Sternhold, who came into the room, treated him with the most marked respect.

Thank heaven that Hawksley is not one of the party.

On his return from Hawksley's, Mildmay delivered the letters to Miss Sternhold. Astonishment, delight and joy were pictured in her face, and seizing his hand she exclaimed: 'John Mildmay, you have saved my good name, and I owe you more than I can ever repay.'

'No you don't,' interrupted he, 'you can repay it and I'll tell you how. First, seek not to discover the means by which I obtained the letters; he gave them to me, let that suffice. Secondly, treat me as a man, for I'm a man—and not an automaton, as you've always considered me! Listen to me. We must have an explanation—and this is the time for it. I'm neither a hero nor a conjurer, but I'm a straight-forward man, and I'm not deficient in common sense. When I married your niece, I looked forward to a quiet life, with a woman I loved in my own undemonstrative way, and who, I thought, would have loved me—and so she would have done, but for you. She has been brought up to think you infallible. Had you treated me with respect and consideration, she would have done so too. You thought proper to ridicule and despise me, and she followed your lead. I saw this, even during our honeymoon. For months I've tried what patience, indulgence, and submission would do—that plan has been a failure. From this hour I change my tactics. You are my wife's nearest female relative, and you shall never find me wanting in duty or respect, but, from this day forth, remember, there's only one master in this house, and his name is John Mildmay.'

After this declaration of rights, it is not singular that Miss Sternhold treated Mildmay with marked respect, for, aside from the obligations which she found herself under to him, this assertion of his prerogatives might have brought even this strong minded lady to a sense of the duties she owed to the head of the family.

It is a military axiom that they who learn to obey are qualified to command, and in social life, an obedient wife can generally lead her husband by a silken cord, and thus by obeying command. But it is also a military law that obedience to superior officers is the first duty of a soldier, and in domestic as well as military life there can be but one Commander-in-Chief.

A brighter sun never gilded the dome of St. Paul's, than rose on the return of Mildmay's wedding day. The dew drops on bush and shrub glistened like diamonds in their emerald settings; the birds sang their sweetest songs, and the cool air imparted a glow to Mildmay's blood as he walked at early morn in his garden. The blue skies never appeared so bright to his eye and as he looked around he felt that such a day was God's benison upon his anniversary. The mist of doubt which has shrouded the latter months of his wedded life, had been dissipated by his wife's confession of love, and the troubled waters were still.

At ten in the morning the party started from Brompton for Hampton where rooms and a dinner had been bespoken at the hotel for the happy party. On the road, the quiet humor of Mildmay was provocative of laughter, which

made Miss Sternhold merry, while the reflection of Emily's face was enough to impart sunshine to Mr Potter's countenance. Some of their friends who had taken the boat on the Thames from London had already arrived and the day's festivities commenced. The party comprised some fifteen ladies and gentlemen, and Mildmay stated the programme of the day to be entire liberty to do as they pleased until two o'clock when he should claim their society. They strolled off in small knots or in couples to follow the bent of their inclinations or gratify their tastes. One couple sought the labyrinth and having gained its centre whispered a tale, to which Cupid was the preface and a promise of matrimony the conclusion; others sought the palace to admire its gallery of paintings enriched by the works of Holbein, Van-dyck, Raphaelle, West and other celebrities, while Mildmay, true to his horticultural instincts, visited at first the monster grape vine, whose dimensions are so great that it occupies an extensive green house by itself and yields a vintage of two thousand bunches of tempting Hamburgs per annum, and then sought the park, where with Emily at his side, the hours flew away so swiftly that the hour of return came too soon.

As they reached the hotel, Hawksley's cab drove away from the door, he having alighted, and as Mildmay passed through the narrow entryway to his room he passed the Captain who immediately followed him into the presence of his friends. Emily turned pale with fright and Miss Sternhold approached him, as if she herself intended to expel the intruder.

'I beg your pardon, ladies,' said Hawksley with a most obsequious bow, 'but I have business with this gentleman,' and addressing himself to Mildmay, he continued: 'Mr John Mildmay! a word with you. I told you what you must expect if we ever met again, and as you seem to have forgotten it, I must remind you,' and he drew from his coat a riding whip and was in the act of striking, when Miss Sternhold clutched his arm with such vigour, that would be safe to conclude there were five black and blue spots the day following. A rush was made to eject the fellow but Mildmay begged them to desist and having by entreaty induced the ladies to retire, he cast a scornful look at Hawksley. 'Gentlemen I was not unprepared for this, for I had some little trouble with that fellow before, and he threatened me with this assault. I did not anticipate it however at this time, but I am not unprepared—Mr Markham, you will find in that travelling bag a pair of pistols.'

'I'll have no fighting here, Mr Mildmay,' shouted Mr Potter, 'I'll alarm the house, I'll call the police—'

'Mr Potter,' said Mildmay, 'another word and you follow the ladies. As I have been insulted, I have the choice of weapon, time and place. My weapons are pistols, the place here and the time now. Do these conditions suit?'

'They do,' said Hawksley, 'but I have no seconds.'

'None will be needed—for my mode of warfare requires but few preliminaries.'

'But I desire witnesses,' replied Hawksley, who evidently found Mildmay braver than he anticipated.

'These gentlemen are men of honor,' replied Mildmay, 'and Falkland and Sturgis can act for you. But that will be useless as you shall see. You have often boasted in my presence you can hit the tip of an ace at twenty paces. I never fired a pistol at anything more formidable than a sparrow. I am willing to risk my life against yours on equal terms; but if we stand up opposite to each other at twelve paces, each with a loaded pistol—skill against no skill—what becomes of the equality of risk! One of these pistols is loaded as you can testify yourself, and the other is unloaded. I have placed them beneath this cloth on the table; now close your eyes and choose.'

Hawksley turned pale and trembled—the spectators of the scene were wrought up to a pitch of excitement almost unparalleled, for it was for chance to decide which should commit a murder. Hawksley relieved their suspense by declining this unheard of mode of proceeding.

Mildmay opened the door of the ante-room and ushered in the ladies, quietly remarking 'the storm is passed.' As they entered the room a servant handed a card to Mildmay who bade him show the gentleman up.

'Gentlemen, I will retire,' said Hawksley, 'but, John Mildmay, we have not done with each other yet.'

'You are right,' replied Mildmay, 'we have not.'

The servant ushered in a gentleman in dark clothes who stood at the threshold.

'Come in, sir,' said Mildmay, 'you have arrived most opportunely. This,' said he, pointing to Hawksley, 'is the person you are in search of—and as he stands there, ladies, you see a convicted felon.'

Hawksley, confused, assumed an indignant air. 'You shall answer for this calumny, John Mildmay, and as for this man I do not know him—let me pass out.'

'Not so fast, my friend,' replied the stranger, taking from his pocket a pair of handcuffs.—'When you leave this room, you leave it under my charge. Mr Mildmay in seeking for proof against you, was obliged to ask some information of our force—the Detectives. While looking up a letter placed in our possession at the time I came across another document of a criminal character and I was struck while looking at the writing in certain shares of your Inexplosible Galvanic Boat Company with its identity with certain drafts forged by one Burgess, alias Boscawen.'

'You turn pale, Capt. Hawksley, said Mildmay.'

'I said nothing to Mr Mildmay,' continued the detective, 'for I thought that I might be mistaken, but a woman whom you ruined died last night in prison, and she stated that Mr Burgess who committed the forgeries four years ago, was no other than Captain Hawksley, whom she had seen enter a splendid house in Oxford street. I called on you to-day, and I found you had gone out of town for the day—I then went to Mr Mildmay's to tell him of my discovery and the servant there told me he was at Hampton, and very fortunately added that you had just called and had driven off in the same direction. I apologize for intruding upon this party, but I want you to come along with me.'

'Trapped at last,' exclaimed Hawksley, throwing off his disguise of a gentleman, 'come officer, clasp the bracelets,' and the click, click of the handcuffs pinioned the specious villain. As he left the room he turned and made a low bow. 'Miss Sternhold,' he said, 'a word of advice to you, beware of letter writing! ha, ha, ha!—Mrs Mildmay, avoid midnight interviews! ha, ha, ha! old Potter, my boy, be cautious of Inexplosible Companies; Mildmay, if ever I come back from B. B., I shall make it a point of repaying all I owe you—had I met you in your garden this morning, the debt would have been cancelled, but till I do come back, I shall let the debt accumulate at compound interest.'

'As his sentence will be for life, the payment will have to be made in another world, and I hope my destination will be a little different from his,' said Mildmay after the officer had closed the door.

'My dear Mildmay,' exclaimed Mr Potter, who, during the scene had been a bewildered witness with eyes and mouth wide open, 'you astonish me, you are a different man from what I took you to be—and I must add that the final of our late friend is an illustration of the proverb that 'all is not gold that glitters.'

'Yes,' chimed in Miss Sternhold, pointing to Mildmay, 'and there is an embodiment of that other proverb, 'STILL WATER RUNS DEEP.'

## AN INTERESTING SITUATION.

A perfectly authenticated story is told of an officer residing in British Guiana, who assumed himself in fishing and hunting on a neighbouring river. One sultry day, tired with unsuccessful sport, he threw his line, and drew his canoe to the river's edge, for the purpose of refreshing himself in the water. Having done so he stretched himself, half dressed, on the benches of the canoe, with his gun at his head loaded with shot, and in this position he fell asleep. Presently he was roused from his slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal was licking his feet. In a state of half stupor, natural to waking from a sound sleep, he cast his eyes downward, and to his horror, perceived the neck and head of a monster serpent, covering his foot with saliva, preparatory to commencing the process of swallowing him whole. The officer had faced death in many forms—on the ocean and in the battle field—but never had he conceived it in such terrible guise. For a moment and but for a moment, the officer was fascinated and then withdrawing his foot he instinctively seized the gun lying beside him. The reptile apparently disturbed, for it had evidently taken the officer for a dead carcase, drew its head below the canoe. It rose again, moving backward and forward, as if in search of the object it had lost.—The officer, with the muzzle of his gun within a yard or two of the serpent, fired, lodging the contents in his head. The terrible boa with a hiss raised its heretofore unseen body in the air, and seemed determined to throw itself upon the officer, and embrace him in its powerful coils. A fortunate stroke of the paddle sent the canoe into the stream, and to a place of safety. Having procured assistance, the officer returned to the place of attack, and having killed the reptile, found it to be upwards of forty feet in length, and a proportionate thickness.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

POINT MANABIQUE.—The thunder gradually ceased, but the rain fell heavily for some time longer. Then, for a short while, nothing was heard but the dripping of water from the leaves of the forest trees, and the hoarse voice of the billows. One by one, the stars peeped out from behind the receding curtain which had veiled them. I also ventured out of my retreat, and lay myself on the sandy beach to eat my supper, for I dared not sleep, through fear of being picked up by some roving jaguar or alligator. I was absorbed in reflection, when suddenly I perceived out at sea, about half a mile off the coast, a large black mass advancing towards me. I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness which separated me from it, and clearly discerned a small light, or lantern, moving regularly up and down. I knew by this that it must be some ship sailing fast to destruction. Without losing a minute, I set fire to the rancho, and in a few seconds a column of flame was towering high up in the air, and casting a ray of light to the surrounding wilderness. My signal was perceived, and the vessel soon tacked out of sight.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

WIDOWED GRIEF.—A young widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death of her husband. 'Oh, la!' she said, 'I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom?'—*Punch.*

Sally Jones says, when she was in love she felt as if she was in a railway tunnel, with a train of carriages coming both ways.