

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MISCHIEF MAKING.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Without the village tattling!
How doubly blest that spot would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery,
Of Gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame peace might call it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne,
For ever and for ever;
There, like a queen might reign and live,
Where every one would soon forgive
The little slights they may receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts that warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure;
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them o'er again,
Mixed up with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales—they say
"Don't mention it, I pray,
I would not tell another;"
Straight to your neighbours they will go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And falling into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart,
We ought to love and cherish!
Then let us evermore be found,
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE LOST SNUFF BOX.

'Change we the scene.
'Cold—aye, shivering cold; not from the
chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the
heart—the old man wandered homewards.—
Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion had
deserted him.

'Thief!' at last burst from his pent up
bosom, as he strode homewards—'I a thief?'

'Thief!' exclaimed a voice at his side, that
made him involuntarily turn round, and lay
his hand on his sword. He looked round in
the darkness, but perceived no one; he was
but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills,
long since renowned for the clearness of its
echoes.

'Ere the veteran had scarce begun to recover
his senses, he found himself at the threshold of
his cottage.

That night at least there was an ample meal
for all within those walls that had the power
of partaking of it.

The following morning brought numerous
messages and messengers from the 'castle,' in
hopes of recovering the lost bijou.

Entreaties first, then threats, were had re-
course to; but each in turn were met by a
steady and firm avowal of innocence by the
owner of the cottage. In compassion to the
veteran, he was not at once handed over to the
civil power; but in a few days afterwards he
received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom
the matter had been fully communicated, and
the half-pay of the old man's rank, upon which
he had retired, was immediately suspended,
leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the
world!

'True, he might have claimed the alternative
of a court-martial: but were not all the circum-
stances of the case arrayed against him—bear-
ing on their face a moral certainty of conviction
in spite of his honor or his oath?

Nothing was now left him but starvation or
the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

In a hugh whitewashed building in the
nearest town he found himself separated for the
first time in life from his only solace in this
world—his wife and children!—from her who
had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and
his honour as an officer. Those whom God
had joined together, man at least had put asun-
der.

Sharp and agonizing was the anguish at
first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow
more stunning than this was doomed to descend
upon the martyr's head.

He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw

—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his
two darling daughters borne from out that
whitewashed world of sorrow to the grave!

'A settled melancholy, bordering on idiocy,
now came over the old man's spirits. His daily
task was gone through mechanically; but his
wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet
her again alive, and that was, indeed, a consol-
ation in his sorrow; but alas! how faint even
that poor ray of hope!

'Faint—faint, indeed—poor outcast! You
have looked your last, and breathed your last
farewell, ere you enter within the walls that now
enclose you!

'The intelligence of his wife's death was soon
after communicated to him, accompanied by a
permission for him to have access to all that re-
mained of one once dearer to him than life it-
self, and the further boon was conceded of fol-
lowing her to her long last home.

'How willingly would he have availed him-
self of this kindness!—but as the first boom of
the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and
so remained till all was over.

'His son was now all that was left to him,
and he had been bound as apprentice in a town
several miles distant.

'Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed,
and his routine of life remained unaltered and
unaltered. Nothing seemed to have any effect
on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in
an undertone (but what tone is too soft for sen-
sitive ears to comprehend?)

'That is the old officer who stole the snuff-
box at the castle.'

'But what most astonished every one was,
that no trace of the box had been, or could be,
discovered. It was not found concealed in the
old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden,
for even that had been turned up in hopes of
recovering the lost treasure—neither had it
been pawned in the town.

'A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dream-
er's ears as he starts at midnight from his thin-
clad stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of
his tiny cell around him!

'He had been dreaming happily. He
dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost
wife, but yet it was not her—had brought the
lost jewel to his bedside—had told him it was
sent from heaven to restore him to his own
again, who were all at home awaiting his return,
and his trial on earth was over.

'Louder and louder swelled the roar with-
out.

'Fire! 'Fire!' 'Fire!' roared a thousand
voices in chorus!—a fire at the castle! and the
rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of
the horses succeeded one another in rapid suc-
cession.

'At length nature was exhausted, and he sunk
once to sleep until the morning.

'What means that thundering knocking at
the gate? A pauper would not knock so
loud.

'Even the adjutant looked up from his daily
task, but soon looked down again as he saw
the hated livery of the castle standing at the
portal.

'He heard his name pronounced, and the
pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In
another minute he found himself ushered into
the governors' room, and confronted face to face
with the noble giver of the banquet at which
his misery had begun.

'He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on
the face of his visitor ere the latter seized him
by the hand; but before a word could be utter-
ed, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a
bitter and irreparable injury done to an innocent
man, and coming from the noble and contrite
breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent-up
channels of the general's heart, and he wept
aloud on the old man's shoulder.

So totally was he overcome that it was with the greatest
difficulty that he prevented the official authori-
ties from introducing immediate medical as-
sistance, and like a flash of lightning through
the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed
o'er his recollection.

'To-morrow!—to-morrow!—come to the
castle—at any time—but come. I am ill; I
must go now,' exclaimed the general, and thrust
in a purse full of notes and gold into the won-
der-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet
to lead him to his carriage.

'There had indeed been a fire at the castle,
which being simply occasioned by the overheating
of the flues, had done no material injury;
but the first place that was attended to was the
plate-closet; and there, in the cupboard high
above the others, where the usual plate for
household purposes was kept, was discovered
the GOLD SNUFF BOX.

'It had, no doubt, been removed from the
table by one of the servants, who, oblivious of
the circumstance, or fearing after all that had
occurred to produce it, had placed it where it
had so long remained unseen.

'The following morning broke again bright
and joyously, as if in welcome to the scene it
was to witness. The old soldier had at once
been discharged at the departure of the general,
and was soon provided with comfortable lodg-
ings in the town.

'His first thought was to seek his boy; but
the news quickly reached him, that, tired of the
monotonous life his son was obliged to lead as
an apprentice, he had gone on board her Majesty's

ship—, at Plymouth; so he was left alone
and childless in the world.

'That the snuff-box had been found ran like
wild-fire through the place, and had reached the
old man's ears before he had left the workhouse;
therefore why need he fear to meet the inmates
of the castle? In justice to himself, moreover,
although he would rather have avoided the in-
terview, he made up his mind to go; and again
setting out on foot, he traversed the same path
that he had passed just eighteen months ago,
when the storm arose around him.

'He had scarcely knocked at the castle ere
the doors were thrown open, and every servant
seemed to vie in being most attentive to the
lately reputed criminal. He was at once ushered
into the dining-room, where, seated round
the table as he had seen them on that memora-
ble day, were the self-same guests that then
surrounded the board, and had since concurred
in his condemnation.

'His place alone was changed, and now a chair
was placed for him by the side of his host, at
the head of the table: but the veteran refused
to take advantage of it, remaining erect, and
gazing with a fixed, half-vacant stare on the
scene before him, as if it were all a dream.

'The general, however, as soon as he re-
covered his self possession—for he saw—and
deeply felt—what a change was wrought in the
old man's appearance, broke the subject by saying
—'Deep, irreparable, and undeserved, as is the
injury that has been inflicted on you, and for
which no amends on my part can atone, you
must allow that in a great measure you have
been the cause of it, by not at the time submit-
ting to the ordeal which every one else present
readily underwent. Had I requested to search
you alone, you might justly have felt indignant,
but the measure was not even proposed by me,
but by one higher in rank, both military and no-
ble, than myself; and you would have proved
as innocent as he or I, without having entailed
on me the lasting misery of remembering that
I have inflicted such a punishment on an inno-
cent man as you have undergone—a recollection
that will haunt me on my death-bed—and on
yourself, the anguish of the past.'

'Sire!' returned the veteran, his voice faltered
audibly, 'I did not take the snuff box, as you
and all around me are now fully aware, but ne-
vertheless I was a THIEF.'

'Yes, God forgive me! and I trust he has, as
I believe you all will. In the midst of the din-
ner, when the mirth was at the highest, and
when every one's attention seemed to be en-
gaged, I took advantage of the moment to slip
a part of the contents of my plate between some
bread beside me, and when no eyes were upon
me, I secreted it in my pocket. None of my
family nor myself had tasted meat for days,
aye, long days past! and I had more that day
before me than would have saved my darling
children from the grave! I was a thief! My
whole pittance had for months been swallowed
up by the illness of my family, and what was
given me, I had secretly purloined for them. My
days on earth are but short. I care not to con-
fess all. My gray hairs have come with sorrow
to the grave, and little wrecks it what befalls me
now. This is the reason I stole away like a
thief rather than be searched, and dearly have
I paid the penalty attending THE PERILS OF
THE POOR.'

'The old man ceased; but the sobs that burst
forth around told how deeply his tale had enter-
ed the hearts of his hearers.

'Spontaneously the whole host arose, and
thronged around him. Kind words—noble pro-
mises—sweet condolences—from the noble, the
brave, and the fair, were showered on the vet-
eran's head, but, alas!—like a soft song in the
tempest—they fell unheard—unheeded.

'A cottage on the estate, fitted with every
luxury, was urged on his acceptance—the ar-
rears of pay made up—all that wealth could of-
fer, or contrition devise, was placed at his dis-
posal—but it came too late!

'The silver cord was loosed, and the golden
bowl was broken!—aye, shattered past redemp-
tion.

'The old church trees were budding forth in
spring, and glad birds carolled on their new
leaved branches, and a crowd had gathered
round the churchyard gate, dressed in their best
habilliments.

'Hush!—'tis the old man's funeral!

'Toll on! thou mournful herald to eternity!
—thou hast carried anguish to his heart ere this
but now he hears thee not!

'His old sword rests upon the coffin lid.—
Ah!—bear him gently to his grave, in life so
roughly handled.

'The bell has ceased—the earth is closed
again—the tearful crowd has gone.

'Peace! peace to him who sleeps beneath the
turf!

'His character reestablished among men—he
has gone to meet his God!

A MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Brief, solemn words of prayer—
A trembling at the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear.
Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done!
Now for life's waves and blisses,
The wedded two are one.

The Politician.

From the Dundee Advertiser.
AMERICAN REJOICINGS OVER BRI-
TISH LOSSES.

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.—
The Transatlantic Union is being leavened more
and more daily with that laneful leaven of
slavery which is transforming it into the most
hateful confederacy in Christendom. The terri-
tory of slavery is being extended by legislative
enactments; but, what is far worse, the spirit of
slavery is seizing possession of those who once
were freemen in the Free States of the North.
There are many evidences of this painful fact.—
The very New Englanders, who profess to cen-
sure the Southerners for slaveholding, will not
themselves recognise free negroes—however in-
telligent and well conducted—as respectable
members of Society. Even in the Church of
God they anticipate an ulterior separation
by separating the black sheep from the white
goats. A countryman of ours once made a fear-
ful commotion in the favourite Presbyterian
Church of New York by persisting in sitting
along with his wife, in the gallery set apart to
the "brethren and sisters in Christ" who had
dark skins. But more recently, intelligent men
who have opportunities of associating with Ame-
ricans from the Free States must have been
struck with the great increase in the number of
those who either palliate or defend the maintain-
ance of the "domestic institution." It is start-
ling to find the children of the Pilgrim Fathers
amongst the advocates of what is really the
vilest despotism under heaven. But still more
startling to those who cherish any regard for the
youngest representative of our race—the speak-
ers of our language and the inheritors of many
common privileges on the other side of the At-
lantic—must have been the fact, attested by so
many witnesses, that the sympathies of the peo-
ple of the United States are almost entirely with
the Emperor of Russia in the war he is now
waging with Britain and France. The Ameri-
can correspondents of the London Journals,
have all stated this fact, of which in several ways
we have also other information, but the general
purport of that information is expressed in the
published letter of a writer at Philadelphia, who
states that the tidings of the cutting up of our
light cavalry regiments in the unfortunate charge
on the 25th October, near Balaklava, was hailed
with gratification by a majority of the American
Journals and people. He says:—

"If such sentiments prevailed only in a few
violent papers, they might be passed over in si-
lence; but in conversation, in society, most of
the feelings expressed are adverse to the allies.
I content myself with referring to two leading
journals only for the present. The North Ameri-
can (Whig) in a long editorial article says:—
We frankly confess that we are not inclined to
weep over these inauspicious prospects for the
Anglo-French arms, &c. But the Pennsylvani-
an (Democratic, and a government organ) open-
ly espouses the cause of Russia against England
and France, and thus closes its hostile article:—
'The policy of this country, we maintain, is to
favour Russia with the public sentiment, and to
put ourselves in a state of preparation to check
the growing insolence and acts of intimidation
of the Allies. We trust that the latter will be
soundly beaten before Sebastopol.' That such
affection for a tyrant and public robbers should
prevail in a republic is mournful, while the
bitterness of feeling against the Allies, to say
little of England, with which this country has an
affinity of freedom, literature, religion, and law,
seems to be alike unaccountable and unnatural.
Yet so it is; the exceptions being the minority
composed of the more thoughtful citizens."

Such is the magnanimity of this belated peo-
ple! They are anxious that the nations from
which they have sprung should be "soundly
beaten." The sons and daughters of Britain
and France wish to see Britain and France ig-
nominously defeated—they wish to see the
strength of their ancestral nations weakened—
their glory taken away! And by whom? By
Nicholas of Russia—the tyrant of tyrants—the
head and upholder of all despots and despotisms
—the enemy of all free states. But need we be
surprised? The United States are not free
States—they are enslaved—they are full of ty-
rants not great, imperial, and respectable ty-
rants like the Czar, but petty republican and
most despicable tyrants like Legree, and Le-
gree's relations and business connexion in the
New England States. Hence the sympathy be-
tween this nation of negro-whippers and the
Emperor of the Russians. It is a fellow-feeling
which makes them thus wondrous kind. The
United States are the Lilliput of tyranny—ever-
y manikin-Czar can do what he likes with his
own nigger. The Americans often complain
of the disparagement of their virtues on this
side of the Atlantic. But they disparage them-
selves. They blacken their own character.—
Parricide has ever been deemed a crime of the
deepest dye, yet they are delighting themselves
with feelings essentially parricidal—they are
anxious for the shame, dishonour, and destruc-
tion of their national parentage. Nine out of
ten of the Americans, if not of British, are of
French descent, yet they care not what injuries
Britain and France may suffer in the war in