

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## IS IT COME?

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

Is it come? they said on the banks of Nile,  
Who looked for the world's long-promised  
day,  
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil  
With the desert's sands and granite grey.  
From pyramid, temple, and treasured dead  
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread,—  
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,  
That built up Babylon's crown and creed;  
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can read.  
From Nimus' temple and Nimrod's tower  
The rule of the old East's empire spread,  
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—  
But still, Is it come? the Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame  
On ancient bondage its splendour threw;  
And once on the West a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.

With dreams to the utmost ages dear,  
With human gods and with god-like men,  
No marvel that the far-off day seemed near,  
To a hat looked through her laurels then.

The Roman conquered and revelled, too,  
Till honor and faith and power were gone;  
And deeper old England's darkness grew  
As wave after wave the Goth came on.  
The gown was learning, the sword was law,  
The people served in the oxen's stead;  
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,  
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and Seer that question caught  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought,  
Through schools and creeds which the earth  
forgets;  
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,  
And traders barter our world away;  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace  
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;  
The cannon speaks in the Teachers' place—  
The age is weary with work and gold;  
And high hopes wither and memories wane—  
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;  
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain:—  
And this is all that our Watcher said.

## JOHN MILD MAY,

OR, STILL WATER RUNS DEEP.

'Just as you say, Miss Strenhold, just as you say, my dear. If you think Captain Hawksley a proper person to introduce into this family, by all means let him come.'

'Mr Mildmay,' retorted the lady addressed, 'I do think Captain Hawksley a very proper person indeed. My acquaintance with him commenced at the Epsom Races—the Derby day, and no less a personage than Sir Hugh Manners introduced me to him.'

'But possibly your honorable friend—who I believe since the Derby has been among the missing, much to the regret of many equally honorable who have his name on their betting books, may have had but a slight acquaintance with Captain Hawksley, and I am old-fashioned enough in my fancies to confess a partiality for knowing a man, before I ask him to my hearth and home—if this indeed,' continued he, 'in a low tone of voice, 'can be called my home.'

'I flatter myself, Mr Mildmay,' resumed the lady, 'that I have arrived at the stage of discrimination and discretion, and when I meet a gentleman, I know him from an adventurer.—Capt. Hawksley has been in the army, and at present he is the agent of the 'Inexplosible Galvanic Company' with a capital of £300,000. He shall be invited and he will come.'

'With all my heart, so you be content.' Mr John Mildmay who thus yielded to the stronger will, if not better judgment of his strong minded opponent, was a gentleman of quiet demeanor, who would by one half of the world be deemed too stupid to offer opposition to any proposition and regarded by the other half as too lazy to make the effort were he convinced of its necessity. Possessing a fine form, and a face of which the features denoted a placidity of temper, his eye seemed at times to speak of more determination than he cared to exercise, and at the period when we introduce him to the readers, we find him a retired merchant of thirty-five with a young wife, whose bridal robes were not even soiled by a summer's dust. He had been brought up in a banking house, and as the junior partner in the firm of Dalrymple Brothers, he accumulated a handsome property, and when he found that his funds yielded him a pretty income, wisely concluded that his wants would be satisfied through life, if he relinquished the pursuit of greater gain and sought to enjoy what he had, in a rational manner. This determination to woo the fickle Goddess no longer, was wonderfully confirmed by his chance meeting with Emily Potter, a beautiful girl, in the heyday of her youth and loveliness, the only child of a dotting father, who consented to the marriage upon the express condition that the

young couple should make their home with him at his residence in Fitzroy square. Fond of a location more rural, Mr Mildmay finally removed the only obstacle in the road to matrimony by making it a part of the contract that at his own villa in Brompton, Mr Potter and his maiden sister, a lady approaching the precipice of forty, should become inmates of his house—a plan which met with Emily's approbation, from a sincere love of an indulgent parent, and a profound respect for an aunt, whom she had grown up to respect and to regard as a rare compound of every virtue which could be found in a perfect woman.

A few weeks of wedded life had scarcely passed before Mr John Mildmay discovered that he was a house-keeper without a house, a married man without a wife—Miss Strenhold, the maiden aunt, assumed the direction of both, and he became the unenviable cipher which only gave a value to the great one of the family, Mr Potter and Emily being mere dots in the domestic account. Miss Strenhold was the factotum of the villa, the presiding genius who gave orders to the domestics, arranged the duties of the day and the pleasures of the week, and whose voice in every debate was indebted to strength of lungs for what it lacked in convincing argument to carry the day. Unable to oppose the trio who were generally of one mind, Mr Mildmay concluded to act the part of the philosopher, and after his matutinal meal, read the little hymn which tells how noble it is to suffer and be strong, and thus fortified himself daily for whatever trials it pleased the course of events to bring about. From this frame of mind he gradually relapsed into a state of indifference, though the occasional flash of his eye seemed to indicate that he was merely biding his time to terminate a martyrdom, which he did not intend should be perpetual.

A dinner party had been proposed, and Miss Strenhold had with her accustomed readiness selected the guests, and the name of Captain Hawksley being new to Mr Mildmay, he had ventured to ask who he might be, which led to the conversation, which we broke in upon to furnish the reader with a brief-retrospective glance.

Miss Strenhold having finished writing the invitations, called Jessop, and while delivering them into his care, very quietly slipped a note from her pocket among the others with a nod to the servant, who from his manner was evidently accustomed to the errand, and he glanced at the duplicates addressed to Capt. Hawksley without any apparent surprise.

Jessop having discharged his duty as messenger returned, and was met by Miss Strenhold in the hall who received from him a note, which she hurried to her virgin bower and there perused. It ran as follows:—

Oxford St., Aug. 18.

MY DEAR MISS STRENHOLD—I accept with pleasure the polite invitation, as it will afford me an opportunity of being near you to enjoy your charming society. I trust it is a visit which I shall have the pleasure often to duplicate in future. Need I say that your previous letters have made me experience emotions to which my heart till now has been a stranger and that life has new charms and my soul new aspirations when my mind dwells upon you.—Many thanks, dearest, for your interest in the Inexplosible Galvanic Boat Company, and for your aid in inducing your good brother to invest one thousand pounds in the scheme. It will yield a handsome interest, and for his own sake I wish he had taken more. Do use your persuasion to induce him to invest still more largely, for when I can see this pet idea of mine launched upon the sea of public favor, I will write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes, and enjoy with the chosen of my heart, the pleasures of a wedded life. Believe me ever your own

HAWKSLEY.

P. S.—Remember your pledge to burn all communications—your last is in ashes, its contents 'is in my memory locked and you yourself shall keep the key of it.'

Miss Strenhold pressed her hand to her beating heart and read the letter over and over again and then consigned the precious missal to the flames. It was not her first love, but her mirror told her that the charms of youth were fading and that at her age if Cupid came within her reach, it was policy not to allow him to escape. Hawksley's words, 'the pleasures of a wedded life,' were music in her ears, and already in her imagination she saw herself at the altar and experienced in anticipation a foretaste of those matrimonial joys which are so charming in the perspective to maidens of a certain age.

The day following there was a commotion in the villa of Mildmay, and everybody seemed in a great hurry, as if upon their individual haste depended the fate of empires. As usual everything went wrong, where everybody was constantly in everybody's way and where so strong minded a woman as Miss Strenhold was ordering persons to do two things at once while she enquired what others had been doing. Mr Potter was made a man of all work, and obeyed the directions of his sister most implicitly for he looked upon her as a female Diogenes, whose great mind entitled her to rule with a rod of iron, and then as he often exclaimed 'her superior judgment saves one so much trouble in making up one's mind.' Amidst all this domestic hubbub there was but one who seemed to be cool and collected, and that was John Mildmay, who provoked Miss Strenhold by his absolute sang froid under the most trying circumstances. A careless servant broke a half dozen of choice port in bringing it from the wine cellar which threw Miss S. into a tantrum of indignation, which was aggravated by the fact that Mildmay merely observed that it was unfortunate, and continued the perusal of his newspaper, and when the lady

closed the blinds in the sitting room in order as she said to keep the flies out, but purposely to darken the room to prevent Mr M. from reading, he merely acquiesced and stepped into the garden where he indulged his taste for agriculture by caring for his celery, and kept his hand in as an artist by painting a trellis. Had one watched him very closely, he might have been detected now and then painting with more vigor than there was any necessity for, while by the strength with which he brought the brush down on the lattice, it was evident he was thinking of his annoyances.

The dinner hour was named at 5 o'clock, and by four the guests began to arrive, rolling up the broad drive way to the beautiful villa in private cabs and broughams. The turn out of Capt. Hawksley was conspicuous for its style and his liveried 'tiger,' the beau ideal of a whip, who understood his duties to perfection. As he turned his horse's head from the main road and took the private avenue to the house, the steed sprang off at a despatch rate and was most skilfully guided to the stoop where Capt. Hawksley alighted. At the first glance he might have passed for a man of thirty, for his fine black beard and luxuriant head of jetty hair bespoke the vigor of manhood, but there were traces in his face of age or care which though concealed with care by cosmetics were apparent upon close inspection. His full black eye might once have been brilliant, but its lustre was now deadened. His neatly fitting suit of black developed a form almost faultless, though there was not the elasticity in his step which one might expect from a man of thirty, and the observer would be puzzled to decide whether he was older than he appeared or whether youthful habits of dissipation had enfeebled his constitution. He was received as he entered the saloon by Miss Strenhold whose toilette might have become a miss in her teens, and introduced to Mr and Mrs Mildmay by her brother, who had seen him on business once before. As John Mildmay advanced to give his hand he faltered as his eye fell upon Capt. Hawksley—but it was unobserved by all,—and he bade him welcome. The dinner party passed off as dinner parties generally do, where the guests are restrained by artificial laws of society, and where the gossip of the day is indeed the small talk of the table. Mr Mildmay was as usual the cipher of the table, but his watchful eye rested more than once upon Hawksley, whose attention to Mrs Mildmay were marked not only by her husband but by Miss Strenhold who sought in vain on several occasions to draw his devoirs to herself. After the repast the company strolled through the grounds and Miss Strenhold coloured with rage as she saw the Captain offer his arm to Emily, who, captivated by his flow of language and by his easy manners, forgot poor John Mildmay, and wandered away with the new comer to the groves which skirted the grounds. John quietly contented himself with a cigar on the piazza, and Miss Strenhold was the unwilling companion of another. In the evening there was music, in which Emily was the leading vocalist, and at an early hour the vehicles were at the door to convey their owners to the city. As Hawksley passed out he shook the hand of Emily, whose eyes fell as it met his piercing gaze, and with a low bow to the aunt he left.

That night there were two in that house whose bosoms beat with different emotions. The young wife experienced the indescribable feeling which awaits unhallowed thoughts, and the aunt gave way to the anguish consequent upon Hawksley's neglect. John Mildmay was calm. Capt. Hawksley continued his visits to the Mildmays, and was skilful enough to blind the jealousies of the aunt while he bestowed his favors upon the niece. John Mildmay met him with a coolness which would have chilled another more susceptible than Capt. H., who treated him like the rest of the household, with almost silent contempt. Mr Potter's suspicions were, however, awakened, and fearful lest scandal might blight the fame of his darling Emily, he noted carefully the attentions of Capt. Hawksley, and an opportunity to convey them to Miss Strenhold soon occurred, for she solicited him to invest more money in the Inexplosible Galvanic Company.

'I cannot do it, my dear sister,' said Mr Potter. 'When Emily married, I settled eight thousand pounds on her, payable to the trustees, six months from the date of the settlement. That's eight months since, and I've not paid a farthing of the money yet.'

'And what of that, pray?' said Miss S. 'She's your only child: all you have will be her's at your death.'

'At my death!' sighed the brother. 'Well, if there is eighteen years' difference between your age and mine, Jane, there's no occasion to allude to my death in that cheerful way. But I'm bound to pay that eight thousand pounds over to the trustees under the settlement. Suppose Mildmay asked after this money some fine morning. A pretty figure I should cut!'

'Mr Mildmay knows too well what is due to our position to do anything of the kind. He's not at all keen in money matters; that I must say for him.'

'No—that's it, sister. It's just because he is such an innocent, unsuspecting lamb of a man—'

'Nonsense, brother! I don't wish for any discussion; I only want an answer, yes or no. You've already invested one thousand pounds, in shares, in Captain Hawksley's Galvanic Navigation Company, and now he has very kindly offered you twenty more fifty pound shares, and I've promised you will take them up. You surely don't wish me to break my promise?'

'Certainly not, sister, certainly not. It always gives me pleasure to carry out your

wishes, but I really don't like to propose the thing to Mildmay.'

'And why should you say a word to him about it? I suppose you can pay him the interest of the money. The Galvanic Navigation Company guarantees eight per cent.; you pay Mildmay five, and put three per cent into your pocket by the transaction. You can't deny that.'

'Well, but this Galvanic Company, you know—how can one tell its quite safe?'

'Do you consider Captain Hawksley a gentleman?'

'Oh, certainly, my dear.'

'Do you think he would inveigle you into a dangerous speculation?'

'No, I don't believe he would, for a moment, but—'

'Then what have you to say?'

'Well, my dear. I say—'

'Black, because I say white! That's always the way. I wonder what would happen if you could once agree with me on any one subject?'

'Well, I am sure, sister, I always do end by agreeing with you.' And indeed he did, for his weak and vacillating nature was no match for the determined spirit of his sister. Mr Potter availed himself of the opportunity to express his fear that Capt. Hawksley was not a man for Emily to be intimate with. He knew it was nothing but a flirtation, but still there was no telling where it would end, especially as Mildmay was such an unsympathetic husband, who could not appreciate the tender susceptibilities of his darling wife. Miss Strenhold at once defended Captain H., intimating that it was not Emily he came to see, but he shook his head, and bearing the Captain's cab she hurried her brother into his room while she prepared to reconnoitre before re-opening her batteries upon the false one, should she so prove him to be. Captain Hawksley had his interview with Emily, and left without even asking for Miss Strenhold, who, concealed in the conservatory, adjoining the saloon, had been an eye and ear witness to all that had passed. His excuse for the visit, was a letter which he found in the city, at the club, for Mr Mildmay, which he gave to Emily for him. She was astounded at Emily's imprudence and Hawksley's impudence, and as Mildmay had announced his intention of going to Manchester that night she resolved to revenge herself and defend his wife's honor.

That evening at nine Hawksley dismissed his cab near Mildmay's villa, and walked slowly towards the house. He took a key from his pocket, re-opened a gate in the garden wall in the rear of the house, and a low 'down Bruno, down Bruno' brought the watch dog to his side, who welcomed the intruder he should have repulsed, but who showed his gratitude to his former master by obeying his commands. He paused a few moments, and then a gentle push caused the glass door of the conservatory to yield, and he grouped his way to the saloon, where, though the lamp was turned down, he discovered a female form, whose hand he seized, exclaiming 'Emily!'

The lamp was turned up, and he found himself in the presence of Miss Strenhold, who replied with frigid dignity, 'It is not Emily.' 'So I perceive,' quietly replied the Captain, who was too old a General to be taken at a disadvantage by a *coup de surprise*. At this moment Mildmay entered, but seeing the parties, stepped back so quietly that he was not seen by this interesting couple, and the leaves of the orange trees in the conservatory, which in the morning had served Miss Strenhold as a shelter, now afforded him an opportunity to listen. The letter which he had carelessly thrust into his pocket he had read on reaching the depot, just in time to discover that its contents rendered his visit to Manchester by the 9 o'clock train useless. (To be continued.)

## READERS.

COLERIDGE divided readers into four classes: the first he compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand, it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. The third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class he compares to the diamond miners of Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.—*Critic*.

## ANCIENT TRADING.

THE Carthaginians, sailing beyond the Straits, or pillars of Hercules, traded with the Libyans and those parts in the following manner:—After they had got into some creek they landed their goods, and leaving them exposed on some point of land, returned again on board their ships. They then caused a great smoke to be raised, at the sight of which the Libyans immediately came to the plain where the wares had been left, and lying down a certain quantity of gold. Retired a good distance from them. Upon this the Carthaginians went on shore a second time; and if upon viewing the gold it appeared to them sufficient, they carried it off, and sailed without delay; if not they left, and continued quiet on board for some time. The Libyans finding this, made an addition to what they had before deposited; and if this proved insufficient they continued improving the original quantity of gold until the Carthaginians were satisfied, and the bargain made. Neither of these nations offered the least injustice to the other. The Carthaginians did not so much as touch the Libyans' gold till it was of equal value with their wares, nor the Libyans the Carthaginians' merchandise till