

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE DEAD CZAR.

LAY him beneath his snows,  
The great Norse-giant, who in these last days  
Troubled the Nations. Gather decently  
His Emperor's robes about him. 'Tis but man—  
This demi-god. Or rather it was man  
It is—a little dust; that will corrupt.  
As fast as any nameless dust that lies  
'Neath Alma's grave or Balaklava's vine.

No vineyard grass for him! No quiet bones  
By river-margin laid, where o'er far seas  
Do children's prayers and women's memories  
Come,

Like angels, and sit by the sepulchre,  
Saying: 'All these were men who knew to  
count,

Front-faced the cost of Honour, nor did shrink  
From its full payment; knowing how to die  
They died—as man.'

But this man?—Ah! for him  
Pale, solemn state, church chantings, funerals  
grand,  
The stony-wombed sarcophagus, and then  
Oblivion.

No—oblivion were renown  
To that fierce howl which rolls from land to  
land

Exulting: 'Art thou fallen, Lucifer,  
Son of the Morning?' Or condemning:  
'Thus

Perishing the wicked.' Or blaspheming:  
'Here

Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,  
Our Pharaoh—he whose heart God hardened,  
So that he would not let the people go.'

Self-glorious sinners! Why this man  
Was but as other men; you, Levite small,  
Who shut your sainted ears and prate of hell  
When, outside church doors, congregations  
poor

Praise Heaven in their own way; you Auto-  
crat

Of all the hamlet, who add field to field  
And house to house, whose slavish children  
cower

Before your tyrant footstep; or you, fierce  
Frantic, and ambitious egotist,  
Who think God stoops from His great universe  
To lay His finger on your puny head  
And crown it, that you henceforth loud parade  
Your maggotship through all the wondering  
world

'I am the Lord's anointed!'

Fools and blind!

This Czar—this Emperor—this dethroned  
corse,

Lying so straightly in an icy calm  
Grandeur than sovereignty, was but as ye;  
No better, and no worse—Heaven mend us  
all!

Carry him forth and bury him—death's peace  
Be on his memory! Mercy by his bier  
Sits silent; or says only in meek words:  
'Let him who is without sin 'mongst you all,  
Cast the first stone.'

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## FERNLEY HALL.

## A TALE.

MARY VAUGHAN returned from her morn-  
ing walk, and went into her father's study as  
usual, to see that he was comfortable. And, as  
usual, Mr Vaughan's gray head was raised when  
he heard her step in the room, and he said, with  
a little smile: 'Well, my girl, what news from  
the village?'

'I don't think there was any news in the  
village, papa; but there is coming going on at  
the old hall.'

'Decay and overgrowth. Anything else?'

'Nay, papa; if what I suppose be true, decay  
and overgrowth will soon give place to repairs  
and gardening. I do believe the old place is  
let.'

'I daresay you may have heard some one  
talk about it. I have heard many people in the  
course of the last fifteen years, talk of taking  
Fernley Hall. It is a very attractive place from  
a distance. Tenants are not inclined to re-  
build another man's house, and it would require  
little short of rebuilding to make it habitable.—  
Colonel Fernley neglected the old place shame-  
fully, as he neglected other things it was his  
duty to care for and cherish.'

'But, papa,' said Mary, 'I really do think  
the place is let now. As I was passing along  
the fence by the shrubbery, I heard people  
walking inside, and some one said: "Very well,  
Mr Burrows; I like the place well enough to  
agree to the terms. Next Monday, then, I  
shall send in a builder to make an estimate of  
the necessary repairs, and he shall set his men  
to work immediately. This is March; by the  
end of June I shall hope to move in." Then I  
heard Burrows mumble some reply; and the  
next minute, just as I was passing the little gate  
in the fence, it opened from within, and Bur-  
rows came out with a gentleman. He was a  
stout middle-aged man, with a heavy, respect-

able face, a gold-headed cane, fine white linen,  
and a new coat. In short, papa, he is my ideal  
of a millionaire.'

'Millionaires often do very extravagant things  
and so a millionaire may hire Fernley Hall and  
rebuild it; and if he is a man of sense, he will  
think better of it after next Monday.'

'Mary Vaughan and all the village of Fernley  
were ware,' as the old ballads say, of a builder  
in a gig on the following Monday, he drove  
through the village, and put up at the Black  
Horse, and proceeded thence, without loss of  
time, to the house of Mr Burrows, who accom-  
panied him to the old Hall whence the builder  
did not return for three hours, when he went  
back to the Black Horse, ordered his gig, drank  
a glass of ale, and drove away. He would have  
gone without telling anything of what the whole  
village was burning to know, if the landlord,  
John Brown, had not ventured to say as he at-  
tended him to the door: 'I hope, sir, ye'll be  
going to set the old Hall to rights?'

'I'll try what I can do. I shall put some  
workmen in directly. Can I have a bed here  
occasionally?'

'Aye, sir, that can ye. What's the name of  
the gentleman as is coming to live here?'

'Fielding—Dr Fielding. Good morning.—  
Stand clear, boy.'

From that time, chaos seemed to have come  
again in Fernley Hall and its grounds. All  
through March and April, bricklayers, carpen-  
ters, and gardeners, were swarming about the  
old place, plastering, hammering, digging, and  
cutting down all day long. They were kept  
pretty diligently at work by Mr Burrows, and  
the Builder: and by the time 'the Flowery  
May' had smiled away half her reign, old Fern-  
ley Hall began to smile too, under the influence  
of fresh order and array. There was every  
prospect that the leafy month of June would  
see it a habitable and inhabited dwelling of gen-  
tle, if not of aristocratic pretensions.

Mr Vaughan the curate, and his daughter,  
took cognizance of all that was going on, and  
were as much interested in the matter as it was  
natural they should be. For it is an important  
thing for a country clergyman and his family  
whether the great house of the Parish be inha-  
bited, and by whom, especially when there are  
no educated persons in their immediate neigh-  
bourhood.

One evening, about the middle of June, Mary  
Vaughan had tempted her father away from  
his books, to take a walk with her.

'Which way are we to go, Mary?' he inquir-  
ed as he stepped into the road.

'Why, papa, I want you to go and see the im-  
provements in the grounds at the Hall. Mr  
Burrows has given me the key of the little gate  
in the fence, so that we can let ourselves in, and  
walk there as long as we like.'

Mr Vaughan made no reply, but drew his  
daughter's arm within his and turned towards  
the old Hall. Arrived at the gate in the fence  
—well known to Mr Vaughan of old—Mary  
took the key from her pocket, and fitted it in  
the lock. In another minute, they were shel-  
tered from the dazzling sun, beneath the over-  
arching greenery within the enclosure.

'How delicious!' exclaimed Mary, and imme-  
diately taking off her bonnet, she seemed to be  
at home in that woodland. It was part of a  
large plantation or shrubbery, which used to be  
called a Wilderness, because the old occupiers  
had left it to nature, that it might snatch a  
grace beyond the reach of art.

'Do you remember this place, Mary?' asked  
her father, looking about with a countenance  
where curiosity strove with sadness.

'Very well, indeed, papa. You know I was  
ten years old when the Fernleys went away; I  
am twenty-five now. Everything looks much  
as it did then.'

'That is because you have grown as well as  
these trees. I am very glad the people who  
have had the management of the repairs, have  
had the taste to leave the Wilderness untouched.'

'Dr Fielding gave special orders that they  
were not to lop a bough or disturb a weed here,  
except on the path.'

'I am happy to hear it, my dear.' And Mr  
Vaughan began to walk along the path mecha-  
nically, with his eyes roaming right and left  
among the trees and underwood.

His daughter followed him in silence, for she  
had an intuitive feeling that her father's heart  
was full of the thoughts and feelings of by-gone  
years, suggested by the place in which they  
walked. She remembered when she, a little  
girl, filled her pinafore with primroses and  
bluebells which grew under those very trees,  
while he walked slowly by a lady there. How  
sweet and kind that lady was! How graceful  
and how fair! Yet hers was almost the sad-  
dest face Mary Vaughan could remember; and  
the thought of Miss Fernley always made her  
sorrowful. She wondered now, how in her  
childish years she had thought it so fine a thing  
to be a woman and Colonel Fernley's daugh-  
ter—to ride on horseback, and drive in an ele-  
gant carriage!

Mary kept pace with her father, and thought  
of Grace Fernley. 'I remember her as well as  
if she had never gone away. Either the fu-  
ture or the past is written on her face,' says the  
thoughtful German. On hers both the past  
and the future must have been legible to my  
father, for I am sure he loved her. Yes, the  
regrets of the past, and the apprehensions of

the future, were in the soft radiance of those  
blue eyes as she used to look at them when they  
talked together. I suppose that he knew she  
was going to be married. Mr Burrows says she  
was as much sold as any part of the property,  
to pay her father's debts, and to keep the old  
Hall in the family. And this is the result.—  
For fifteen years, Colonel Fernley has never  
been near the place, but has been living a dis-  
reputable life abroad; his daughter who married  
to save him, as he called it, has been living in  
poverty no one knows where.' At this point of  
her musing, Mary Vaughan ventured a question  
to her father.

'Papa, do you think we shall ever hear of  
Mrs Robertson again?'

Mr Vaughan paused, and then replied, slowly:  
'Yes, my dear, I have reason to think we  
shall.'

'Oh, papa, do you rely? May I ask what  
reason you have?'

'Merely this, my child: she told me, before  
she went away, that she would come back to  
Fernley, though it were only to die here.'

'She loved this place very much?'

'It would seem so, since she made so great  
a sacrifice to retain it in her family.'

'Then Mr Burrows and every one else is  
right—Miss Fernley did not love her husband  
when she married him? Papa, surely that is a  
great crime in any woman—a double crime in  
one who was born so noble and so wise, and  
had every advantage of moral training? It is  
an unpardonable crime in a woman to marry  
one man when she loves another!' exclaimed  
Mary indignantly; the more indignantly, per-  
haps, that she had never thought of the con-  
duct of Miss Fernley in that light before. She  
had been accustomed to reverence and to pity  
her.

Mr Vaughan looked up as his child for a mo-  
ment in some surprise, and then said, solemnly,  
'Do you remember who it was that said: "He  
that is without sin among you, let him cast the  
first stone at her?" You know not that fellow-  
creature's temptation, and should be slow to  
measure her guilt. Do not fall into that grie-  
vous sin—the pride of virtue.'

'Oh, papa, how good you are! You whom  
she has caused to suffer so—'

'Hush, my child; the past is past.'

'Not all past—it darkens your present; will,  
perhaps, spread a blacker gloom over your fu-  
ture; for you, father, are of those whose affec-  
tions change not. Father, I am a woman now;  
no more a child. I cannot see you unhappy  
without thinking why you are so.'

She put her arm through his, and looked  
fondly into his face. It was very pale. It  
might be only the green shade of the trees that  
made him look so wan; but his were closed as  
if in agony, and Mary whispered tenderly:  
'Have I hurt you by touching on this subject?  
Ah, forgive me, dear, dear father. I have spoken  
rashly—cruelly. I did not know that—  
Lean on me, dear father.' She looked about  
for a resting-place, for he seemed to be fainting,  
and she could not support his weight. She  
drew him as well as she could to the root of an  
old tree which formed a sort of a seat; he sank  
down, and reclined there motionless. There  
was something in his aspect which frightened his  
daughter, and she ran hurriedly towards the  
house in search of assistance.

The workmen had all left the premises, and  
the stillness of sunset lay on the lawn and front  
of the house as she emerged from the shrubbery  
and looked eagerly around. No one was to be  
seen; and she was about to return, when the  
splashing of the fountain in the centre of the  
lawn, reminded her, that if she could carry  
some water with her, she might restore her fa-  
ther so as to enable him to walk home without  
help. Then she recollected a report she had  
heard in the village that morning—Some peo-  
ple of Dr Fielding's household, a housekeeper  
and some other servants, had arrived, and were  
already setting the rooms in order. She look-  
ed along the line of windows, that glittered so  
clean and new in the sunlight, but saw no hu-  
man being. She hastened round to the well re-  
membered servants entrance, and quickened  
her step as she heard voices. Two young wo-  
men sat by an open window on the ground floor  
drinking tea; they ceased talking, and stared  
at her.

'Can you give me some hartshorn, and a jug  
of carry water? A gentleman has fallen ill  
—fainted in the shrubbery.'

They both jumped up, as if willing to lend aid  
but looked stupid.

'Give me that jug,' said Mary, pointing to  
one on the table. 'I will fetch some water  
from the fountain, and one of you can bring  
some hartshorn, if you have any. Is there a  
man in the house?'

'No; there's only us and Mrs Smith the  
house-keeper: she keeps doctor's stuff. I'll  
just run and tell her, and she'll come with the  
hartshorn, and bring the gentleman too.'

Mary hurried to the fountain and was soon  
beside her father with the water: she found him  
in the same position. Her anxiety gave place  
to alarm when she found that he did not stir  
when she sprinkled water on his face and chafed  
his hands. His appearance was corpse-like and  
poor Mary trembled when she looked on  
that beloved face.

'Father, father!' she cried; 'open your eyes  
give me one look!'

'She heard footsteps behind her and saw one

of the damsels to whom she had just spoken  
carrying a basket, and accompanied by an older  
woman. "Quick! quick!" she cried in a nervous  
whisper; he has been long insensible.'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear young lady,' said  
the housekeeper in a calm kind voice; 'I daresay  
he will be better presently. Ann, come  
and help me to lay him on the ground—  
and she knelt down and put her hands on his  
shoulders. At this moment Mr Vaughan opened  
his eyes for an instant and startled the house-  
keeper so much, that though upon all ordinary  
occasions she was the calmest and most mecha-  
nical creature in the world, she uttered a slight  
cry, and started back in considerable agita-  
tion.

(To be continued.)

## THE ENRICHED WOODMAN.

FOR some short time past a circumstance  
that appeared strange, has attracted my atten-  
tion. I daresay you remember my speaking to  
you of a house covered with thatch, of the  
thatch covered with moss, of the ridge of the  
roof covered with iris, which was to be seen  
from a certain point in my garden. Well, for  
several days I perceived the house was shut up,  
and I asked my servant: "Does not the wood-  
man live up yonder now?" "No, sir; he has  
been gone nearly two months. He is become  
rich; he has inherited a property of 600 livres a  
year; and he is gone to live in town." He is  
become rich! that is to say, that with his 600  
livres a year he is gone to live in a little apart-  
ment in the city; without air and without sun,  
where he can neither see the heavens, nor the  
trees, nor the verdure, where he will breathe  
unwholesome air, where his prospect will be  
confined to a paper of dirty yellow, embellished  
with chocolate arabesques. He is become rich!  
He is become rich! that is to say, he is not al-  
lowed to keep his dog which he had so long,  
because it annoyed the other lodgers of the  
house. He lodges in a sort of square box; he  
has people on the right hand and on the left,  
above him and below him. He has left his  
beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his  
sun and his grass carpet so green, and the song  
of the birds and the odour of the oaks. He is  
become rich! He is become rich! Poor man!  
—A Tour Round my Garden.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is said, that amongst the middle class of  
this country, the life of a man who leaves no  
property or family provision of his own acquir-  
ing, at his death, is felt to have been a failure.—  
There are many modes in which the life of an  
industrious, provident, and able man may have  
been far other than a failure, even in a commer-  
cial point of view, when he leaves his family  
with no greater money inheritance than that  
with which he begun the world himself. He  
may have preserved his family, during the years  
in which he has lived amongst them, in the  
highest point of efficiency for future production.  
He may have consumed to the full extent of  
his income, producing but accumulating no  
money capital for reproductive consumption;  
and indirectly, but not less certainly, he may  
have accumulated whilst he has consumed, so  
as to enable others to consume profitably. If  
he have had sons, whom he has trained to man-  
hood, bestowing on them a liberal education,  
and causing them to be diligently instructed  
in some calling which requires skill and experi-  
ence, he is an accumulator. If he have had  
daughters, whom he has brought up in habits of  
order and frugality, apt for all domestic em-  
ployments, instructed themselves, and capable  
of carrying forward the duties of instruction,  
he has reared those who, in the honourable  
capacity of wife, mother and mistress of a fa-  
mily, influence the industrial powers of the  
more direct labourers in no small degree; and  
being the promoters of all social dignity and  
happiness, create a noble and virtuous nation.—  
By the capital thus spent in enabling his chil-  
dren to be valuable members of society, he has  
accumulated a fund out of his consumption  
which may be productive of a future day. He  
has postponed his money contribution to the  
general stock, but he has not withheld it al-  
together. He has not been the wicked and  
slothful servant. On the other hand, many a  
man, whose life according to the mere capitalist  
doctrine, has not been a failure, and who has  
taught his family to attach only a money-value  
to every object of creation, bequeaths to the  
world successors whose rapacity, ignorance, un-  
skilfulness, and improvidence, will be so many  
charges upon the capital of the nation. He  
that has been weak enough, according to this  
middle-class doctrine, not to believe that the  
whole business of man is to make a muck bill,  
may have spent existence in labours, public or  
private, for the benefit of his fellow creatures;  
but his life is a failure. The greater part of the  
clergy, of the bar, of the medical profession, of  
the men of science and literature, of the defend-  
ers of their country, of the resident gentry, of  
the aristocracy, devote their minds to high du-  
ties, and some to heroic exertions, without being  
inordinately anxious to guard themselves against  
such a failure. It would be well if some of  
those who believe that all virtue is to be solved  
into pounds sterling, were to consider that so-  
ciety demands from the money-making classes a  
more than ordinary contribution, not to dis-  
criminate benevolence, but to those public insti-