

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

BY E. L. HERVEY.

'Twas the fifth of November,
I pray you, love, remember,
The merry fires were glancing on the gray hill-
side;
When, spite of wind and weather,
Far down among the heather,
Midst the ferns and mountain gorges, you won
me for your bride.

Now remember, love, remember,
Byer since that old November,
When the earth was lit with glory, and the
heavens smiled above,
We have vowed it solely
As a joy, to memory holy,
And from an old dead custom draw a living
fount of love.

Let us forth at Nature's summons
To the wild, wood-skirted commons,
There we'd kindle every withered bough that
drops around our way;
With our children gathered round us,
We will bless the fate that found us
Down among the reddened gorges in the dying
of the day.

And remember, love, remember,
When around each dying ember
We watch their glad young faces, bright with
artless mirth and fun,
What it is to feel the glow
Of the loving hearts we know
Will ne'er with life desert us till the dark
day's done!

We may weep or we may smile,
Ay, do all things but revile;
We may rue the bitter louring of the cold
world's frown;
But while simple pleasures please us,
Winter's self shall never freeze us—
We can wait with patient faces till the storm
dies down.

Leave we the dear old door
For the heath and upland moor;
Let us tread them, love, together, while the
ways seem fair;
By and by the dimness—lameness,
When all things shall wear a sameness,
But to-day for hope and gladness, and for God's
blest air!

Let my willing arm sustain you:
Does your wound of battle pain you?
Does the rugged pathway shake you? So—
lean heavy on my breast;
There is health and vigour coming
Where the swollen streams are humming,
And the lights of autumn playing on the wild
bird's crest.

Remember, love, remember,
How soon comes blist December,
With its precious gifts of spirit, and its
happy household cheer:
Though the leaves are dropping fast, love,
And the flowers have bloomed their last,
love,
When our days are at their darkest, then a
glory shall be near.

From Chambers's Journal for December.

A LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG STORCH.

It was past midnight—the lights on the
stone bridge which crosses the river Main at
Frankfort were still burning, though the foot-
steps of passengers had died away for some
time on its pavement—when a young man ap-
proached the bridge from the town with hasty
strides. At the same time, another man ad-
vanced in years was coming towards him from
Sachsenhausen, the well-known suburb on the
opposite side of the river. The two had not
yet met, when the latter turned from his path,
and went towards the parapet, with the evident
intention of leaping from the bridge into the
Main Brucke.

The young man followed him quickly and laid
hold of him.

'Sir,' said he, 'I think you want to drown
yourself.'

'You think right, sir; but what is that to
you?'

'Nothing at all: I was only going to ask you
to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and
allow me to join you. Let us draw close to-
gether, and, arm in arm, take the leap to-
gether. The idea of making the leap with a
perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for
the same purpose, is really rather interesting.
Indeed, I have not experienced anything so ex-
citing for some time; and I should not have
thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an
occurrence would happen. Come, sir, for many
years I have not made a request to any human
being; do not refuse me this one, which must
be my last. I assure you, I do not remember
having ever spent so many words about any re-
quest whatever.'

So saying, the young man held out his hand:
his companion took it, and he then continued,
with a kind of enthusiasm: 'So be it: arm in

arm—and now let us be quick about it; it is
really charming to have a human heart near
me in these last moments. I do not ask
what you are, good or bad—come, let us
down.'

The elder of the two, who had at first been
in so great a hurry to end his existence in the
waters of the river, now restrained the impetu-
osity of the younger.

'Stop, sir,' said he, while his weary eye tried
to examine the features of his companion as
well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp
would allow him—'Stop, sir; you seem to me
too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid
you are committing a rash act; for a man of
your years, life must still have bright pros-
pects.'

'Bright prospects!—in the midst of rotten-
ness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and
corruption! Come, let us make an end of
it.'

'And so young! Your experience must
have been very sad to make you consider all
creatures which had the human form a brood of
serpents.'

'Oh, serpents are noble beings compared with
men; they follow the impulses of their nature;
they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their
lips and vice in their hearts.'

'I pity you from my heart; but there
certainly are many exceptions to this miserable
rule.'

'I have found none,' said the young
man.

'Then it may be a consolation, though a
poor one, that you have found one in this so-
lemn hour. However much men are given to
falsehood, there are very few who lie in the hour
of death, within sight of eternity. But for me,
I have never told a falsehood in my life, and I
would not for anything in the world enter upon
the dark road with a lie upon my lips; and
therefore, when I tell you I am not a villain,
as you seem to think me, but an honest and up-
right man, I am telling you the simple, unvar-
nished truth.'

'Indeed?—that is interesting. And so I
must meet the only honest man ever I saw
in the world, when I am on the point of leav-
ing it, and in his own company!'

'Let me go alone and do you remain here.
Believe me there are many good and honest
people who could render life charming for
you. Seek them, and you are sure to find
them.'

'Well, the first one I have found already.—
But if life presents itself to you in hues so
bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave
it.'

'Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, un-
able to earn anything, and who can endure
no longer that his only child, an angel of a
daughter, should work day and night to main-
tain him, and even sometimes to procure him
luxuries. No, sir, to allow this longer, I must
be a tyrant, a barbarian.'

'What, sir!' exclaimed the other, almost
terrified, 'you have an only daughter sacrific-
ing herself for your sake?'

'And with what patience, what sweetness,
what love, what perseverance! I see her sink-
ing under her toil and her deprivations, and
not a word of complaint escapes from her pal-
lid lips. She works and starves, and still has
always a word of love and affectionate smile for
her father.'

'Sir, and you want to commit suicide! Are
you mad?'

'Dare I murder that angel? The thought
pierces my heart like a dagger,' said the old
man sobbing.

'Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with
me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you
must tell me your history; and if you have no
objection, I will then tell you mine. But this
much I say at once—there is no occasion for
you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very
rich man; and if things really are as you repre-
sent, your daughter will no longer have to
work, and you shall not starve.'

The old man allowed himself to be dragged
along by his companion. In a few minutes,
they were seated at a table in the tavern,
with full glasses before them, and each exam-
ining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed and comforted by the effects of
the wine, the old man began thus:

'My history is soon told. I am a mercan-
tile man; but fortune never favored me. I
had no money myself, and I loved and married
a poor girl. I could never begin business on
my own account. I took a situation as book-
keeper, which I held until I became useless
from age, and younger men were preferred to
me. Thus my circumstances were always cir-
cumscribed, but my domestic happiness was
complete. My wife was an angel of love, kind-
ness, and fondness, good and pious, active and
affectionate; and my daughter is the true
image of her mother. But age and illness
have brought me to the last extremity, and my
conscience revolts against the idea of the best
child in the world sacrificing herself for an old
useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to
live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for
cutting off a few days or weeks from my life,
in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear
Bertha.'

'You are a fortunate man my friend,' ex-
claimed the young man; 'I have never seen a

more fortunate one. What you call your mis-
fortune, is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at
once. To-morrow I will make my will, and
you shall be the heir of all my possessions, and
to-morrow night I will take the leap from the
Main Brucke alone. But before I leave this
world, I must see your Bertha, for I am an-
xious to look upon one who is worthy the name
of a human being.'

'But, sir, what can have made you so unhap-
py at this early age?' said the old man, moved
with compassion.

'I believe it was my father's wealth. I am
the only son of one of the richest bankers in
Frankfort; when I mention my name, you will
at once be convinced of the truth of my asser-
tion. My father died five years ago, and left
me the heir to an immense fortune. From that
moment, every one that has come in contact
with me has endeavored to defraud and deceive
me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and
confiding; my education had not been neglec-
ted, and I possessed my mother's loving heart.
I endeavored to associate myself in a union of
love and friendship with good and generous peo-
ple, but I found only hypocrites and impostors,
who pretended friendship for no other purpose
than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy them-
selves at my expense. My friends, or rather
the villains whom I mistook for friends, and to
whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and
then laughed at my simplicity; but in time I
gathered experience and my heart was filled
with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heir-
ess, possessed of all fashionable accomplish-
ments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her
love, I thought, would repay me for every dis-
appointment. But I soon saw that she was no-
thing more than a proud fool, who wished to
make me her slave, and yoke all other men be-
sides to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the
engagement, and selected a poor but charming
girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who
would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found
her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses
to a youth whom she loved; she had accepted
me for my wealth only. My peace of mind van-
ished; I sought diversion in travel; every-
where I found the same hollowess, the same
treachery, the same misery. In short, I be-
came disgusted with life, and resolved to
put an end this night to the pitiable farce.'

'Unfortunate young man,' said the other
with tears of sympathy, 'how deeply I pity
you. I confess I have been more fortunate
than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter,
who came forth pure and emaculate from the
hand of the Creator. The one has returned to
Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will
the other.'

'Will you give me your address, old man,
and permit me to visit your daughter to-mor-
row? But you must also give me your word
of honor that you will not inform her, or insin-
uate to her in any manner whatever that
I am a rich man.' The old man held out
his hand.

'I give you my word; I am anxious to con-
vince you that I have spoken the truth. My
name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my ad-
dress,' giving him, at the same time, a bit of
paper which he drew from his pocket.

'And my name is Karl T—. I am the
son of Anton T—. Take these bank-notes,
but only on condition that you do not leave
this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter!
a bedroom for this gentleman. You require
rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow
you will see me again; but under whatever cir-
cumstances this may happen, do not forget the
word you have given me.'

The name the young man had mentioned,
as well as the large sum, struck the old man
with astonishment; but before he could reco-
ver himself, his companion had left the house,
and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom,
where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank in-
to a profound sleep.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of
Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and un-
sightly house, sat a pretty blonde, about twenty
years of age, busily employed with her need-
le. The furniture of the room was poor, but
clean and tasteful; the girl's whole dress would
not have fetched many kreutzers; but every
article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if
it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a
face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly
blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a
pure soul. The spirit of order, modesty, and
cleanliness reigned in everything around her.
Her features were delicate, like those of one no-
bly born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and
anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh arose
from the maiden's breast. Suddenly, steps
were heard on the staircase, and her face light-
ed up with joy; she listened, and doubt seemed
to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock
at the door, which made her tremble so much
that she almost wanted the courage to say,
'Come in.' A young man, shabbily dressed,
entered the room, and made a low but awk-
ward bow.

'I beg your pardon, Miss,' said he, does
Herr Schmidt live here?'

'Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?'

'Are you his daughter Bertha?'

'I am.'

'Then it is you that I seek. I come from
your father.'

'For Heaven's sake where is he? What
has happened? Something must have hap-
pened—this is the first time he has stayed
away all night.'

'The misfortune is not very great.'

'Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I
hear?'

The young man seemed to observe the visi-
ble marks of anxiety with great interest; then
looking round the room, he said: 'Do not be
frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great
importance. Your father met last night an
old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern.
They had some wine together; but when the
landlord came for his bill, your father friend
had decamped, and left him to pay the score.
He had not sufficient money for this; and now
the man will not let him go until he is paid,
and declares that unless he gets his money, he
will send him to prison.'

'To prison!—my father to prison!' exclaim-
ed the girl. 'Can you tell me how much the
bill comes to?'

'Three florins and a half.'

'O God!' sighed the girl, 'all I have does
not amount to more than one florin; but I will
go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to
advance me the money.'

'Who is Madame Berg?'

'The Milliner for whom I work.'

'But if Madame Berg does not advance the
money—what then?' The girl burst into
tears.

'I am much afraid she will refuse. I al-
ready owe her one florin, and she is very
hard.'

'For what purpose did you borrow the money
you owe her?'

The girl hesitated to reply.

'You may trust me, I take the deepest inter-
est in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I
could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk
myself. Tell me for what purpose did you
borrow that florin?'

'Well my father is very weak, and occasion-
ally requires strengthening: I borrowed that
money to get a quarter of a fowl for him.'

Under these circumstances, I fear Madame
Berg will not give you any more. Here is one
florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any
valuables upon which we could raise some
money? Bertha considered for a moment.

'I have nothing,' said she at length, 'but
my poor mother's prayer-book. On her death-
bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and
there is nothing in the world I hold more sac-
red than her memory and the promise I gave
her: but still, for my father's sake, I must not
hesitate.' With a trembling hand, she took
the book down from the shelf. 'O sir,' said
she, 'during many a sleepless night, I have
been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts
of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the
book. I hope no one will ever know whose
writing they were: will you promise me
that?'

'Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm
yourself; I will take care that your secrets shall
not be profaned. But now get ready, that we
may go.'

Whilst she left the room to put on her bon-
net and shawl, Karl T—, (for the reader
will have guessed that the young man was no
other than our hero) glanced over the writing
of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with
tears of emotion and delight as he read the out-
pourings of a pure and pious heart; and when
they had left the house together, and she was
walking beside him with a dignity of which she
seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her
looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not
give the advance required, but assured the young
man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this
praise Mr T— valued higher than the mo-
ney he had asked for. They pawned the book,
and the required sum was made up. Bertha
was overjoyed.

'But if you spend all your money to-day,'
remarked the young man, 'on what will you live
to-morrow?'

'I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall
work the whole night through.'

'Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help
you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm which
almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young
man went in first to prepare old Mr Schmidt
for the part he wished him to act; then he
fetches Bertha. It is impossible to describe the
joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw
herself in her father's arms, and pressed him to
her heart.

'O father,' said she, 'what a dreadful night I
have had—how uneasy I have been about you;
but, thank God, I have you again; and her
face brightened up with a smile of joy.'

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him
home. T— accompanied them, and said he
had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she
had better go and get them something to eat.
And then you should have seen this darling girl
how she busied herself, and how gladly she set
about it; the young man felt as if he could fall
at her feet and worship her. It was late before
T— went home that night; but the leap from
the Main Brucke was no more thought of. He
came to the house every evening, in order, as
he said, to share with them his scanty earn-
ings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away