

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

WEARING WHITE.

While walking out one pleasant day,
Beside a thoughtful child,
She turned to me her earnest face,
And asked in accents mild,
"There are some people dressed in black
I very often meet;
Why do they wear that gloomy dress,
When walking in the street?"

We very often talk of death,
That little child and I;
She thought it was a happy thing,
For children, young to die,
She did not know they went to rest,
Beneath the cold, dark sod,
But pictured them on Jesus' breast,
Forever safe with God.

How could I say, "For ransomed ones,
We wear this gloomy dress,"
And not disturb her tranquil thoughts
Of heavenly happiness?
I could not bear to see the look
Of sorrow and surprise,
That such a sorrow glimpse of death,
Would summon to her eyes.

And so I said, "That solemn dress
Is useful as a token,
That unto one that weareth it,
The mighty Lord has spoken."
She looked confused, then softly said,
"But black why should it be?
The saints were white and so would I,
If God should speak to me."

Again I said "Our absent friends,
We miss, when out of sight;
And when they die, we never feel
Like wearing colours bright."
She shook her head, "Why should we mourn
For those who are so blessed?
And I no words could find to tell
Why mourners thus were dressed."

From Dickens' Household Words.

DAISY HOPE.

FAR away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling, loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages, not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days was Daisy Hope, a long irregular building, of which the wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the house far and wide their boundaries had extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread themselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Ochils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth—all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the rebellion broke out in seventeen hundred and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English Government took him prisoner and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honor of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years were come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man who was recognized by some of the neighbors as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenants—a small portion, for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his fortunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry around him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and enquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man—the grandson of the last of the lords—who added to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless knowledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tall, upright figure, with his long, white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not over fed horse. "The Bruce"; no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for

this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then to see her lifted into the cart, and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously named quadruped to more rapid exertion, with promises of warm oatmeal for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when two more years were past, there came into her eyes a more sedate and thoughtful expression, such as poverty often imprints on even more youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the change gave only a deeper charm to her beauty, and even the father seemed to grow conscious that there was something about his little 'lassie' that made her different from 'ither folk.' There was a grace in her walk which he saw nowhere else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scotch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear, old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there were soon to be other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs Donnington was installed in the apartments, into which some scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from Stirling.

When fairly distributed over the drawing-room, and the little parlor, and the two bedrooms, it made the mansion appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady came. There was a table of rosewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture: embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread with a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of carved rosewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantle-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in color and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a work to so degrading a use as to be trod upon; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered from dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the finest possible furs, all sewed and joined together so as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much value for its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Leddy Donnington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family, or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high, thin features, a remarkably erect figure, and a dignity of manner which over-awed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact compliment and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The Queen of Sheba on throne of gold was not more fittingly established than Leddy Donnington, with her feet on the fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet cover of the table. As for Bessy, she said nothing. She was presented to the great lady as her maid-of-all-work, her tire-woman, her chamber-maid, her dame de compagnie; and stood before her in that four-fold capacity, holding tight by her father's hand, who had ascended with her to the drawing-room, and so blushed and so flustered, and so stuttered and trembled at the awful apparition, that she derived no consolation even from the kind tone of voice in which the old lady spoke—nor recovered her self-possession, till by little and little the unaccustomed fear departed, and she went nearer and nearer, and looked into the eyes of her majestic mistress, and saw something in them which seemed to soften when their looks met; and on parting the first night, it was scarcely with surprise—it certainly was with pleasure—that she felt the grand dame's hand laid upon her head, and her lips applied to her cheek.

"Oh, father, father!" said Bessy, rushing into the kitchen, "she kens what it is to hae an orphan bairn, for she has a fatherless laddie herself."

"Puir woman!" said Andrew. "He'll hae dee'd most likely o' the gow, for they say English great folks are terrible on the turtle and wine."

"And only think, father!" continued Bessy, "when I cam' awa' she kissed me!"

Andrew looked at her as she said this, as if for a moment he feared her vanity had led her to boast untruly; but when he saw how real her gratification was, he said nothing, but only looked at her with more pride and affection than ever. He could not have looked at her with more respect if she had been that moment

presented with her order of the Garter with permission to wear the insignia on her arm.

The country-side was alive with reports and conjectures about the past and present history of the Lady at Daisy Hope. Some thought she was perhaps a former Mistress of the Robes of her Majesty the Queen, and had been condemned to her magnificent exile for interfering too much in political affairs. People who were lucky enough to see her in a dress of solemn velvet, with a veil of richest lace extending its thick covering over her features, were the more confirmed in the belief in her previous dignity, in the court, as they took it for granted that the perquisites of the office included the royal dresses; and nothing less than a crowned head could have worn such articles of apparel. Others of a still more suspicious disposition, believed she was one of the deposed potentates who at that time were perambulating Europe; but whether she was a Spanish princess, or one of the elder Bourbons, they could not exactly decide. It is strange that nobody was lucky enough to guess any thing near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe for the grand lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even amused herself by teaching her to read and write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labor in the possession of the cleverest little reader and amanuensis that any body could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl seated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading in a clear, child like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's History of Hindostan, and Lives of Warren Hastings, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainment consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the Far East, the storms at sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of Benares.

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness's son; a lad at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came, but his visit was short, and his interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him at second-hand, with the wonderful knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kindness, patted her on the head with the familiar condescension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time, the extraordinary beauty of cheek and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have an unbounded contempt for girls of eleven and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Daisy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Miller good-by.

Again the confidences between the old lady and her protegee began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at last given her consent to him to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay the Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian stories were more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations was carefully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farm-house on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold-headed cane, superintending the labors of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labors old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picturesque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-bonneted, gray-coated peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the elders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Cal-

ling, as also on the prices of oat-meal, and the prospects of the barley harvest, with the greatest ease and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will (for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and routines of crops with the same facility), by the lady's saying to him; "But, Mr. Miller I have just been thinking again—what will become of Bessy if we both die?"

"Proth, my lady, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce—who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen years auld the next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow fair; I'm thinking she'll hae nae great share o' world's gear—but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for isna there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, or reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left tram needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sae gude as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart ava'! and yet she clam up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope round Haman's thrapple—a proper end for a' unbelieving Jews."

Mrs Donnington did not seem particularly encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the fortunes of her favorite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was busy assorting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters with her own hand, directing them to various practitioners of the law in Bedford Row, and other precincts of Themis; but when the answer came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make up for some involuntary wrong; and whether from disappointment at not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favor or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Andrew Miller expressed it, "the end was unco' near." The young people were as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned one evening, to the sufferer's bed-room, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his majesty—and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's, the grand old lady died. Oh! there was such surmising, and guessing, and wondering within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. Nay, they extended beyond Bank Row. There were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself, who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves of the death. Lawyers from England arrived and took inventories of the furniture.

Many people thought they were commissioners under the Great Seal, who were going to dispose of the famous carpet and the rug and the embroidered chairs, and the rich-hung beds, to some foreign potentate, and so to diminish the national debt. Even in Edinburg, the gentlemen of the robe, in the absence of any business of their own, discussed the character of the deceased, and the legal effect of certain covenants which it was alleged she had entered into to pay off her late husband's debts, and for that purpose had conveyed to certain trustees her pension from the East-India Company as general's widow, and reduced her establishment to the dimensions we have seen it at Daisy Hope. Discussions took place as to whether her personality was included in the conveyance; such as rings, necklaces, and even her wearing-apparel. Bets, also, to a small amount, were plentifully laid on the question of what Court would have jurisdiction in this important case. But the law seemed to settle itself without the intervention of a single wig; for the gentlemen from London carried off all the furniture, and after paying Andrew Miller all that was due for board and lodging, took themselves off, as if in a hurry to escape from so tumble down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the parcels which his mother had so carefully tied up. They were addressed to Bessy; and on going away after the funeral, wretched and broken-hearted, he took his mother's ring from his pocket—a beautiful amethyst surrounded by small pearls, and put it on Bessy's finger—a mile too large for her tiny hand—and kissed her cheek with the tenderness of a brother, and disappeared at a great pace on the Stirling road.

And what became of Bessy Miller? She opened the parcels when her grief allowed, and saw they were gowns of silk and satin, and shawls of beautiful colors; and she determined never to part with them unless under the pressure of extreme want; and cherished them as memorials of her kindest friend, often taking them, and gazing at them with tears in her eyes, and looking back on the two last years as the happiest and the saddest of her life. Ah! Bessy! prepare yourself for more grief still—don't you see how weak your father grows? how deeply