

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day and worship  
The old Past, whose Life is fled;  
Hush your voice to tender reverence;  
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead;  
For the Present reigns our monarch,  
With an added weight of hours;  
Honor her, for she is mighty!  
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes  
Girt around her cloudy throne;  
And each day the ranks are strengthened  
By great hearts to him unknown;  
Noble things the great Past promised,  
Holy dreams, both strange and new;  
But the Present shall fulfill them,  
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,  
She is heir to all his fame,  
And the light that lightens round her,  
Is the lustre of his name;  
She is wise with all his wisdom,  
Living, on his grave she stands,  
On her brow she bears his laurels,  
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer  
If we thus her glory dim?  
Let us fight for her as nobly  
As our fathers fought for him.  
God, who crowns the dying ages,  
Bids her rule, and us obey—  
Bids us cast our lives before her,  
With our loving hearts to-day!

From Dickens Household Words.

## TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three, two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many; consisting only of two wretched little bed-chambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it had ever come to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its ever having been more wealthy or populous than it then was; but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a steady income of nearly nineteen pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory—nor frequent visits to his parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwelling place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaird hill.

And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments. I have described—fitted them up with a cart-load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighbourhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books and maps and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height; with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active and enquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his

pocket, and a canvas bag slung over his shoulder, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighbouring hills; while Winnington Harvey, arming himself with a green gause net, and his coat sleeve glittering with a multitude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away; not so the more fortunate naturalist: with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the neatest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

'What a dull occupation yours is!' said Winnington one night, 'compared with mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing for ever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow in its meandering, happy flight—'

'And kill it—with torture,' interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

'But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune—'

'And that justifies you in putting it to death?'

'There you go with your absurd German philanthropies; though, by the bye, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen chest quite filled; and when you are married to her—'

'Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue.—How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing.' Arthur sighed as he spoke.

'How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?'

'When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect.'

'I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand,' said Winnington Harvey, with a changed tone. 'She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; and if you have to wait till fortune comes—'

'She will wait also, willingly and happily.—She told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved anything else.—I love you too, Winnington for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement.'

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

'Don't be alarmed, Winnington,' said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. 'I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The geni of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess.'

'With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing.'

'A seat on my right hand, whenever I sit down to my banquets.'

'Good. That's a bargain,' said Winnington laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil. His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had

been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to College, Oxford. Here he had made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey: and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Mainfield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend's, with no fortune but her unequalled beauty, and a fine, honest, open, and loving disposition, which made an impression on Arthur, perhaps, because it was in so many respects in contrast with his own.

For some weeks their mode of life continued unaltered. Study all the day, geology and natural history in the evening. Their path led very seldom through the village of Combe-Warleigh; but, on one occasion, having been a distant range among the wilds, and being belated, they took a nearer course homeward, and passed in front of the dwelling-house of the squire. There was a light in the windows of the drawing-room floor, and the poetic Winnington was attracted by the sight.

'I've read of people,' he said, 'seeing the shadows of beautiful girls on window-blinds, and dying of their love, though never knowing more of them—wouldn't it be strange if Squire Warleigh had returned, and with a daughter young and beautiful—and if I saw her form thrown clearly like a portrait on the curtain, and—'

'But there's no curtain,' interrupted Arthur. 'Come along.'

'Ha, stop!' cried Winnington, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. 'Look there!'

They looked, and saw a girl who came between them and the light, with long hair falling over her shoulders, while she held a straw-hat in one hand; her dress was close fitting to her shape, a light pelisse of green silk, edged with red ribbons, such as we see, as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

'How beautiful,' said Winnington, in a whisper. 'She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?'

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing towards the window.

'A nice enough girl,' said Arthur, coldly; 'but come along; the old woman will be anxious to get home; and besides, I am very hungry.'

'I shall never be hungry again,' said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. 'You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view.'

'Good night, then,' replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I cannot tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

'Well! he inquired, 'have you found out the unknown?'

'All about her—but for heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?'

'I thought you were never to be hungry again.'

'It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated for ever. Here's to Helen Warleigh!—he emptied the cup at a draught.

'The Squire's daughter?'

'His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that house.'

'He will set about repairing it, I suppose,' said Arthur.

'He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it,' replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

'He has an immense estate,' said Arthur, almost to himself. 'Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres.'

'Of heath and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder if she's fond of butterflies,' he added; 'it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together.'

'Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not, whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth.'

'What a wise fellow you are,' said Winnington, 'about other people's affairs. How many hundred a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane.'

'But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty,' said Arthur, with a laugh. 'The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings.'

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the Papilio had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He

was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long. What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick!—and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins, which was called the stable, with his own hands. He went with him into the church.—He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him quite in a careless manner, of the family's return.

'I have done it,' he said, when he got home again, late at night. 'I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was such a charming creature before; and, Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gause net, and has a very good collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late that night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed.'

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

'You look very much ashamed of yourself,' said Arthur, 'and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with your object in coming here.'

'Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose.'

'What!' exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; 'what right had you, sir, to make any offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She shan't have one—I'll burn them first.'

'Arthur!' said Winnington, astonished.—'What is that puts you in such a passion?—I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her—but I will apologize, and never ask you again.'

'I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle,' said Arthur, resuming his self command. 'I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume—beside,' he said with a faint laugh, 'they are all about metallurgy and mining.'

'I told her so,' said Winnington, 'and she has a great curiosity to see them.'

'You did!' again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. 'You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which.—You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine.'

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

'I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning,' he said; 'from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in everything; your energy, your talent, your acquirements. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, womanly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again.' He was going out of the room.

'I did not mean what I said,' said Arthur, in a subdued voice. 'I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?'

'Ay, if you killed me!' sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand. 'I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world.'

'That's not much,' said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; 'and never will be if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve.'

'You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own,' said Winnington, gaily. 'I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So shake hands, and good night.'

'But Ellen is not to have my books,' said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. 'I wouldn't lend you for an hour,' he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, 'no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself.'

August and September passed away, and October had now begun. Arthur avoided the Warleighs as much as he could; Winnington was constantly at their house. The friends grew estranged. But, with the younger, the estrangement made no difference in the feeling of affection he always entertained for Arthur. He was hurt, however, by the change he perceived in his manner. He was hurt at his manifest avoidance of the society of the squire and his daughter. He was hurt, also, at the total silence Arthur now maintained on the subject