Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

CHANGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

CHANGE sweeps o'er all. The ancient columns quiver,
Through the rent chasm the exulting whirlpool flow,
The rifted rocks man's magic thunders shiver,
And o'er the desert steals the wandering rose.

The buried seed to perfect blossoms springeth,
From its damp bed the lilly of the lake,
The acorn o'er the land broad shadow flingeth,
And song and wing the solemn groves awake.

Where erst the pannier'd mule went slowly creeping,
The plodding wheel its tardy message bore,
The iron-footed steeds like flame are sweeping,
And thought electric darts from shore to shore.

His last sweet lay the wan musician drinketh,
The pencil fades, the artists eye grows dim,
The mighty statesman from the senate sinketh,
And eloquence in sackcloth mourns for him.

The tyrant Czar who held his millions quaking,
Who stirr'd the nations with a warrior's tread,
On his camp-bed a pulseless sleep is taking,
Pale as the serf that in his battles bled.

Change sweeps o'er all. In home's small orb it worketh,
Clouds, silver-lined, grows dark with gushing rain;
But prism'd on tears, a bow of promise lurketh,
The sun shines forth, and all is bright again.

Up comes the cradling to his father's stature,
Down o'er his staff the man of power bends,
Unpitying winter strips the pomp from nature,
And snow o'er beauty's lustrous locks descends.

To her first babe the joyous mother clingeth;
Another weepeth in a rifled nest,
And to the grave's cold casket, grudging, bringeth
The little diamond from her yearning breast.

But the redeem'd soul hath no declension—
Tir'd sense may fail, the eye forgets its fire,
The nerve be sever'd in its firmest tension—
The chainless spirit soareth toward its Sire.

Back to the Giver of its life it tendeth—
Up to His glorious throne where angels dwell;
Oh! unknown friend, that o'er this poem bendeth,
That home of rest be thine! A sweet farewell!

From Dickens's Household Words.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

'HOLLO! who's there?' cried Winnington, hearing the door open and shut. 'Is that you, Arthur?'

'Yes; are you not asleep yet?'

'I've been asleep for hours. How late you are. Weren't you out of the house just now?'

'I felt hot, and went out for a minute to see the moon.'

'Hot?' said Winnington. 'I wish I had another blanket—good night.' Arthur passed on to his own room.

'If he had opened his door,' he said, 'and seen my dirty clothes, those yellow stains on my knees, these dabbled hands, what could I have done?' He saw himself in the glass as he said this; there was something in the expression of his face that alarmed him. He drew back.

'He's very like Lucy,' he muttered to himself, 'and I'm glad he did'nt get out of bed.'

Meantime Winnington had a dream. He was on board a beautiful boat on the Isis. I seemed to move by its own force, as if it were a silver swan; and the ripple as it went on took the form of music, and he thought it was an old tune that he had listened to in his youth. He sat beside Ellen Warleigh with his hand locked in hers, and they watched the beautiful scenery through which the boat was gliding—past the pretty Cherwell, past the level meadows, past the Newnham woods—and still the melody went on. Then they were in a country he did not know; there were tents of gaudy colours on the shore; and wild-eyed men in turbans and loose tunics looked out upon them. One came on board; he was a tall dark Emir, with golden sheathed scimitar, which clanked as he stept on the seat. Winnington stood up and asked what the stranger wanted: the chief answered in Arabic, but Winnington understood him perfectly. He said he had come to put him to death for having dared to look upon his bride. He laid his grasp on him as he spoke, and tore him from Ellen's side. In the struggle Winnington fell over, and found himself many feet in front of the fairy boat. The Arab sat down beside Ellen, and put his arm round her waist, and then he suddenly took the shape of Arthur Hayning. The boat seemed to flutter its wings, and came faster on. Winning tried to swim to one side, but could not. On came the boat, its glittering bows flashed before his eyes—they touched him—pressed him down; he felt the keel pass over his head; and down, down, still downward he went, and on looking up, saw nothing but the boat above him; all was dark where he was, for the keel seemed constantly between him and the surface, and yet the old tune was still going on. It was a tune his cousin Lucy used to play; but at last in his descent through the darkened water, he got out of hearing and all was silent. The music had died away—and suddenly he heard a scream, and saw Ellen struggling in the water. He made a dart towards her with arms stretched out—and overturned the candle he had left on the table at the sid of his bed.

Winnington's visits to the manor grew more constant as the day of his departure drew near. Early in the morning he passed through the village, and entered the dilapidated house, and only issued from it again, accompanied by Ellen, to pursue their botanical pursuits upon the hills. Had he ever told her of any other pursuit in which he was engaged? Had he gone in a formal manner, as recommended in the True Lover's Guide, to the father, and demanded his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? Had he displayed to that careful gentleman the state of his affairs, and agreed on the sum to be settled during the marriage upon Ellen as pin-money, and as jointure in case of his death? No, he had never mentioned the state of his heart to Ellen, or of his affairs to Mr Warleigh. He had spoken, to be sure, a good deal about the future; his plans when he had taken his degree; the very street he should live in when he entered into practice and somehow all these projects had reference to some one else. He never seemed to limit the view to himself; but in all his counsellings about the years to come, he was like the Editor of a newspaper, or the writer of a ponderous history, and used the dignified 'we:' We shall have such a pretty drawing room, with a great many roses on the paper, a splendid mirror over the mantle-piece, and a piano, such a piano! against the wall. Who was included in the We? Ah! that was a secret between him and Ellen; and I am not going to play the spy, and then let all the world know what I have discovered. It seemed as if the father was included too; for there was a charming little room laid aside for a third individual, with a nice low fender and a nice warm fire, and a nice pipe laid already for him after dinner, and some delicious tobacco procured from a patient of Winnington, a distinguished merchant in the Turkey trade, and kept in a beautiful bag of blue silk, which Ellen had sewed up with her own hands, with gold tassels, astonishing to behold.

'And we must have a spare bed-room,' he said; 'it needn't be very large for my sister—she's not very tall yet, and a little crib would do.'

'But Ducibel will grow,' said Ellen; 'she's now seven, and by the time she requires the room, she will be—who can tell how old she will be then, Winnington?'

'I can. She will be ten at most.'

'I think,' said Mr Warleigh, 'you had better bring her here: we can get Joe Walters to patch up another room; and, with a prop or two under the floor, even the ball-room might be safe to occupy.'

'Oh! no, father; the floor is entirely fallen in; and, besides, the ceiling is just coming down.'

'And London is such a noble field for exertion,' said Winnington; 'and if I have a chance, I will so work and toil, and write and make myself known, that I shall be disappointed if I am not a baronet in ten years—Sir Winnington Harvey, Bart.'

'A very modern title,' said Mr Warleigh, which I hope no one I care for will ever condescend to accept. My ancestors had been Knights of Combe-Warleigh for six hundred years before baronetcies were heard of; besides as those pinchbeck baronies are only given to millionaires, where are you to get a fortune sufficient to support the dignity?'

A sudden flush came to Winnington's face.—'I should like to owe everything to you, sir; and, perhaps—perhaps, there will be enough for any rank the King can give.'

'It strikes me,' said Mr Warleigh, with a laugh, 'you are a great deal more hopeful even than I was at your time of life. Ah! I remember what day-dreams we had, Ellen's mother and I—how we expected to restore the old name, and build up the old house——'

'I'll do both, sir!' cried Winnington, standing up. 'I feel sure there is a way of doing so; I have thought much over this for a week past, and before I go I will prove to you——'

'What? Has a ghost come from the grave to point out some hidden treasure?'

Winnington was silent standing up in the excitement of the new idea which filled his heart. He was just going to reply when a sudden crash alarmed them. Ellen screamed, and fled to Winnington for safety. The sound shook the whold house. At first they thought some of the outer wall had tumbled down. A cloud of dust soon filled the room, and nearly blinded them.

'It is the ball-room ceiling,' said Mr Warleigh, as if struck with the omen. 'The house is ruined beyond repair, and some time or other will bury us all in its fall. Young man, I advise you to get out of its way; for it will crush whatever stands near it.'

The interruption gave Winnington time to think, and he resolved not to make Mr Warleigh the confidant of his hopes. That night he took his leave. It was the last night of his residence in the rectory, but he was to return next short vacation. The parting was long, and it was late before he got home. Arthur was busy writing. He had given up his geology for the last week, and seldom moved out of the house; he looked up as Winnington came in, he said nothing in welcome.

'I'm glad to find you up,' said Winnington, 'for I want to talk to you, Arthur, and take your advice, if you are not busy.'

Arthur laid aside the pen, and covered the sheet he was writing with blotting-paper.

'About Ellen, I suppose?' he said; 'love in a cottage, and no money to pay the butcher. Go on!'

'It is about Ellen,' said Winnington; 'it is about love—a cottage also, probably—but not about poverty, but wealth, rank, magnificence!'

'Ha! let us hear. You speak with sense at last—you'll give up this penniless fancy—you'll hate her in a month when you find yourself tied to penury and obscurity.'

'But I shan't be tied to penury and obscurity; I tell you she is the greatest heiress in England, and it is I who will put her in possession of her wealth. It is this right hand which will lift up the veil that keeps her treasures concealed! It is I who will hang pearls about the neck that would buy a kingdom, and plant the diamonds of India among her hair—and all from her own soil!'

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech upon the listener. He sat upright upon his chair: his lips partly open, his face as pale as ashes, and his eye fixed on the enthusiastic boy.

'And you! you, dear Arthur, you shall help me in this—for your German residence gave you a knowledge of the appearance of a mineral bed—you have studied tho subject here, for I have watched your experiments. I know this estate is filled with ore; but how to work it, Arthur—how to begin—how to smelt—to clear—to cast! these are the things you must help me in; Ellen will be grateful, and so shall I.'

'Shall you? You be grateful for what?'

'For your aid in bringing into practical effect the discovery I have made of the vast mineral resources with which all Combe-Warleigh is filled. You'll help us, Arthur—for Lucy's sake! for my sake! for all our sakes! won't you?'

'How have you made this discovery?' said Arthur in a calm voice.

'Do you remember the night you burned the broom-plant? I thought nothing of it at the time, but in the morning when I came down, the old woman was clearing out the grate. I stopt her, and grubbed about among the ashes; and see what I found! a piece of solid metal, perfectly free from earth! See, here it is! How lucky I was to make the discovery! It will make Mr Warleigh richer than if his lands were filled with gold.'

The face of Arthur grew almost black.

'I was of age,' he said, 'four days ago, and made an offer to Mr Warleigh's agent for the manorial rights and health-lands of his estate—which he is bound to accept, for I give the sum they ask.'

'Arthur!' exclaimed Winnington, starting up, 'have you the heart to ruin the right owners of the soil?'

'By this time they have sold it; they are deep in debt.'

'But they shall not! No; this very moment I will go back to the manor and tell Mr Warleigh what I know; he will not fulfil the bargain made by his attorney.'

'Oh! no, you won't,' said Arthur, knitting his brows; 'I have toiled and struggled for many years for this, and you think I will now submit to beggary and disgrace, to see the wealth I have worked for, formed into shape, called out of nothing into glittering existence, heaped upon another and that other a dotard whose fathers for a thousand years have been treading on countless riches, and never heard the sound—the sound that reached my ears the moment I trod the soil. It shall not be.'

Winnington looked at the wild eye of his companion. A suspicion again came into his mind of the state of Arthur's brain. He tried to soothe him.

'But perhaps, after all,' he said, 'we may be both mistaken. It is very likely the friendliest thing I could do to hinder you from buying these unprofitable acres. If your expectations are deceived, you will be utterly ruined, and what will you do?'

'A man can always die,' replied Arthur, sitting down; 'and better that than live in poverty.'

'And Lucy?'

'For ever Lucy! I tell you, Winnington, that when you look at me you grow so like her, that I almost hate the girl as if the blow you strike me with just now, were struck by her.

'I strike no blow. I merely say that Lucy would give you the same advice I do. She would not wish to grow rich by the concealment of a treasure, and the impoverishment of the rightful owner.'

'The rightful owner is the man to whom the treasure belongs,' said Arthur, not bursting forth into a fresh explosion as Winnington expected, the moment his speech was uttered. 'And if the bargain is concluded, the lands are mine.'

'Not all?'

'No. I leave them the rich fields, the pasture ground in the valley, the farm upon the slope. I am modest, and content myself with the useless waste! the dreary moor, the desert hill. It is, in fact, making Mr Warleigh a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds, and with that he can give his daughter a portion, and rebuild his old ruin, with a wing in it for his son-in-law; and the remaining five hundred of my stately fortune (that wretches should be found so low as to exist on two thousand pounds!) will erect a crushing-mill, and dig to the first lode. Then—then,' he continued, as the picture rose to his imagination, 'the land will grow alive with labor. There will be a town where the present hamlet shivers in solitude upon the wild. There will be the music of a thousand wheels, all disengaging millions from the earth. There will be a mansion such as kings might live in, and I—and I——'

'And Lucy?' again interposed Winnington.

'Ay! and Lucy—when I have raised the annual income to ten thousand pounds—I could not occupy the house with less.'

Winnington looked upon his friend with pity. He sat down and was silent for some time.—There was no use in continuing the conversation. 'You seem to forget,' he said at last 'that I go to-morrow to Oxford'

'So soon?' said Arthur, with a scrutinizing look. 'You did'nt intend to go till Saturday.'

'I shall have a few days longer with my family. I want to see Dulcibel, who is home from school; and besides,' he added with some embarrassment, 'I don't find our residence here so pleasant as it used to be. There was a time,' he said, after a pause, 'when it would have broken my heart to leave you; but now ———'

There was a tremble in his voice, and he stopped.

'And why?' said Arthur. 'Whose fault is it that there is a change?'

'Ah! mine, I dare say. I don't blame any one.' replied Winnington, checked in the flow of feeling by the coldness of Arthur's voice.—'You will have your letter for Lucy ready. I shall start before you are up; so you had better let me have it to-night.'

'There is plenty of time. I don't go to bed till late. I will walk ten or twelve miles with you on your way to the post wagon. The exercise will do me good.'

'I start very early; for the wagon leaves for Exeter at ten in the morning. I have sent on my trunk by the shoe-maker's cart. I have taken leave of—of people who have been very kind to me, and shall walk merrily across the moor. It is only fifteen miles.'

'I shall see you as far as Hawsleigh Brook,' said Arthur; 'that is, if you don't object to the company of a friend. And why should we quarrel?'

Winnington took the offered hand. 'I knew your heart could not be really so changed,' he said, 'as you tried to make it appear. You are ill, Arthur, your brain is too much excited. I will not let you get up so early, or take such exercise. It will put you into a fever. Let me feel your pulse, and you can owe me my first fee.'

The pulse was galloping; the cheek alternately flushed and paled.

'This is beyond my present skill,' said Winnington, shaking his head. 'You must apply to the nearest doctor for advice.'

'You are very kind, my dear Winnington as you always are; but I don't think medicine will be of much avail.'

'But you will see the doctor?'

'Whatever you like,' replied Arthur, now quite submissive to his friend's directions.

'And you will write to Lucy, quietly, soberly. She'll be alarmed if you give way to your dreams of wealth,' said Winnington.

'And Aladdin's palace and the salary?' replied Arthur, with a smile. 'Well, I will be as subdued as I can, and the note shall be ready for you in time.'

He took the pen as he spoke, and commenced a letter. Winnington looked at him, but more in sorrow than in anger. There was something in the pertinacious offer of Arthur to accompany him which displeased him. 'He watches me,' he said, 'as if afraid of my whispering a word of what I know to the Warleighs. I shall reach London in time, and carry a specimen of the ore with me.' The clock struck one. 'You don't seem very quick in writing, Arthur. Perhaps you will leave the letter on the table. I am going to bed.'

'No—just five minutes—and tell her, Winnington—tell her that I am unchanged; that, riches, rank, position—nothing will alter my affection——'

'And that you will come to see her soon?'