

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cherrily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower,
Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
'Happy the bride that the sun shineth on.'

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray.
Priests chanting lowly;
Solemnly slowly
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.
Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
'Happy the dead that the rain raineth on.'

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron notes preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.
Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;
Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
If happy the Living, the Dead are the blest.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOST AT CARDS.

It is more than twenty years ago since I was at school with Laurence Mountjoy, but I remember him well. The life of most men, we will hope, is brighter at its close than its beginning—emerging from the grossness and cruelty of the schoolboy and the passions of youth into the light of reason and knowledge; but that of him I speak of was far otherwise. The height he reached was amidst thunder-clouds, and the road before him was no lighter, though the way he came up was only misty, and the place from whence he started lay open to the sun. He was, indeed, a glorious boy, with spirits inexhaustible as long as his pocket money lasted, and both ever ready to be employed in the entertainment of his friends, 'too clever by half' for the majority of his companions, and snubbed and bullied in consequence but having a little knot of ardent admirers all his own; the fate of most wits at school, where practical jokes and drinking-songs are chiefly acceptable, and higher kinds of humor are contemned and stigmatized by the all-degrading term 'facetiousness.'

'What may your name be?' drawled a senior boy to Mountjoy, upon his first arrival.

'It may be Beelzebub, but it is n't,' replied that youth; and he was thrashed upon the spot for the repartee. Nevertheless he soon got to be liked for his other qualities—his generosity, activity, and beauty, a gift which prepossesses boys in favor of its owner, as it does the lowest classes and savages, in an uncommon degree. I seem to see him now beside the 'grub-cart,' where every enemy of the digestive organs from cocoa-nuts to toffy had abode, standing treat to all comers with a smile of welcome, or bounding over the playfields with his golden hair streaming in the wind, and his eyes lit with the light which glows from a happy heart.

Laurence Mountjoy was good at most things in the sporting way, but he was best of all at raffles. He would have raffled his teeth if he could have got anybody to put in for them, and actually did take a ticket cheerfully on one occasion for the chance of the reversion of another boy's boots. Upon the eve of the Derby day—which was his great festival—he would employ himself for hours in cutting long slips of paper, and inscribing them with the names of the running horses for 'sweep' purposes, and, despite strict discipline to which we were all subject, he never failed to see that great race run. Over the high wall with the broken glass, and along the dusty road for miles and miles, now whipped off from behind some aristocratic 'drag'—now hanging by his hands to the back of a costermonger's cart, elbowed by pickpockets, pushed about by policemen, and catching only glimpses of the course through legs and arms, returning in the like unpleasant fashion to certain flogging and imprisonment, he went and came, content and even boastful. Whenever a pack of cards was confiscated, whenever dice—of home manufacture, and cut out (for silence sake) of india-rubber—was forfeited, Laurence was sure to be their owner.—He bet upon the number of stripes that would be given him, and on what crop of blisters the one would raise upon his hands, and he invented a hundred games with slate and pencil,

paper and pen, for school-times. In a word, what whittling and expectation are to the Yankee, gambling in all its branches was to him; it compensated for pain, for toil, and for loss of liberty, and never came amiss to him in any place or time. He came to school one winter evening, at the commencement of the half-year, in a Handsome cap from London with another boy. They had bought a great Roman Catholic taper, and held it by turns between their knees (although it struck them as an impiety), and played cribbage all the way. A terrible voice cried down unto them, on a sudden 'two for his heels,' for Laurence's adversary had omitted to mark the knave, and the cabman had become so interested a spectator through the little hole at the top, that he couldn't help rectifying the error. It terrified them immensely at the time, but Mountjoy never took it (as the other did) as a warning. But 'we all have our weak points,' he said, and his is the pleasure he takes in losing his own money, or in winning other people's to spend it on them again; and for my part, when I left school for college, there was none whose hand I clasped so tenderly, none whose companionship I was so loth to part with, as that of Laurence Mountjoy.

I was his senior by a year or two, and when he came up to Cambridge, was within a few terms of my degree, so we were not much together. He was grown very graceful and handsome, and the qualities which had been ignored at school were at the university gladly recognized. It would have been impossible, amongst the freshmen, to have picked out one more popular, and Geservedly so, than he. He did not read very much, indeed, but he talked of reading as though he would be Senior Wrangler. He subscribed to the Simeon Fund, the Drag, and the Pusey Testimonial; was a fluent speaker at the 'Union,' a tolerable musician, a good pool-player, a passable poet, and in short, promised to become one of those Admirable (university) Crichtons who from time to time glance meteor-like athwart the academic course, and then disappear wholly, and are lost in the darkness of the outward world.

We had pulled in the same boat one afternoon, in the "Scratch Races" of our club—which, rendered into modern English, means in races wherein the boats' crews are drawn by lot—and we had been successful. As Laurence jumped out at the winning-post, breathless, and with heightened colour, his broad bare chest rising and falling like a wave, I thought I had never seen a more splendid assurance of a youth; his sparkling eyes and honest hearty laugh, as he drew forth his little betting book—novel accompaniments to such a proceeding as they were—gave hope of one who would not slip nor fall from honour, even on the 'turf' itself.

We crossed over to the 'Plough' that night and dined together, all the crew of us. The 'Plough,' where first on earth egg-flip was made, and where pre-eminently for ever egg-flip is; where shakes the well-worn bagatelle board on its uncertain legs in the small sanded parlor; and where the lawn slopes down to the river's edge, which every afternoon in summer time is trod by 'the flash and the fair.' And there he sang the songs we loved at school, and such as suited careless youth, and was the soul of all our jovial company. As he drove me home through the May midnight, his talk fell light and fresh upon my heart, which was about its hardening time when reason stays the fire-flood of life, and prudence moulds it in her iron hands, and as we reached the college gates, I said, 'You make the hours fly fast, Laurence; that's one o'clock.'

'The quarter to,' he said, 'I'll bet a crown.' Nor was that mat-time more jarred, I think, by noise and tumult of the day, than his bright spirit then was tarnished by dishonor or the breath of shame.

I left soon after for the Inner Temple, and while I ate my terms, made flying visits, now and then, to Cambridge. During one of these when I had been two years a graduate, I gave a supper-party at the 'Bull.' Mountjoy was late, and we sat down without him—for nobody waits supper at college, even for a lord,—and we talked over the absent man, as the mode is. I thought there could be no harm in a playful kick at such a favorite, and offered to wager that he was detained by cards.

'I would not like to be his adversary,' said one.

'Nor I his partner,' said another, 'least old Hornie fly away with the two of us with pardonable freedom, for he have the devil's own luck.'

'Yes, and the devil's own play, too,' said a third, sulkily.

'It doesn't keep him from the duns, at all events,' added the man next to me; I dare say there is some pertinacious fanatic waiting for him upon his staircase now, who makes him so late, after all.'

Much distressed by this news, and especially by the tone of the other remarks, I requested in a low voice to be informed further, I learnt that Mountjoy was not so popular as he used to be; affected a bad fast set, to whom it was supposed he had lost considerable sums; was certainly in temporary difficulties, and very much changed in manners and appearance.—Further information was cut short by the entrance of Mountjoy himself. If I had not been expecting him and no other, I doubt if I should have known him; his face was pale and haggard in the extreme, his eyes—brighter than ever—were set in deep black circles, and his clothes hung loose upon his limbs; he welcomed me, however, with all his cordiality, and threw about the mounds of his wit as usual; they were more barbed than they were wont to

be, the sheet-lightning had become forked.—The talk having turned upon the choice of a profession he fastened upon his opposite neighbor, Wells's (who had announced his intention of taking orders), like a gadfly. It was Wells, I then remembered, who had complained of his 'devil's own play.'

'Strange,' said Laurence, 'isn't it, that all our fastest men take holy orders? And still more singular how rapid that metamorphosis is—the French prints, the tandemwhips, the colored clothes, are sold at a frightful sacrifice, a spick-and-span divine turned out the next morning. What a pity, Wells, to have to throw away that exquisite taste of yours.'—Wells had a red tie—'upon the merest black and white.'

He said many things of this savage sort, and drank off glass after glass of wine rapidly; some of the rest were not more backward either in retort or drinking, and occasion soon arose when in my capacity as host I was obliged to interfere.

'He said I was a greater fool than I looked,'—Who said so?—So you are,—Who said so?—So you are,—Shame, shame,—Here's a lark! were expressions that burst forth from every side, until 'Chair, chair,—Silence for the Lord Chief Justice,' and 'Here's an opinion, free gratis for nothing,' quelled them upon the homœopathic system of counter-irritation, and obtained for me a hearing.

'I am sure Mountjoy will apologize for that remark of his,' I said; 'we are all college friends, and most of us old schoolfellows, and we are not come here to pick quarrels, but chicken bones.'

'He called me—he called me,' hiccuped one, 'a gr-greater fool than I looked.'

'My dear fellow,' said Mountjoy, holding his hand across the table in the most affectionate manner, 'I retract the observation altogether; you are not such a fool as you look, as everybody knows.'

The offended party made as if he would have kissed the proffered palm, and endeavoured to explain that he was perfectly satisfied; we broke up amidst shouts of laughter, and in high good humor.

'I have left a few men at my rooms to-night,' said Mountjoy, 'and, if you will join them in a game at *vingt-et-un*, come at once, before gates shut.'

I was anxious to see the sort of company he kept, and adjourned accordingly to his college rooms. Six or seven men were sitting round his table as he entered, whom he had left, (with some unselfishness, I am sure) to sup with me; they had been eating nothing, although food was piled in plenty on a piano in the corner, but a number of empty bottles proved their thirst. They did not interrupt their game for a moment, but one of them moved his chair to give us room.

'Eleven; now then for a ten!' roared the dealer. 'Fifteen—curse my luck—and nine; overdrawn, by Jove.' A peal of joy rose from the rest. 'You only pay me a skiv, though,' said one, mournfully; 'a fiver for me,' said another; and 'you pay twelve pounds, six pounds on each card,' added a third. They were playing then a good deal too high for me, and as I should have thought for Mountjoy also. I declined, therefore, joining the party, but stood with my back to the fire, and watched the game.

Vingt-et-un, like other matters which depend mostly upon luck, is a considerable trial for the temper, and the present company did not seem to have much patience to spare; they were more or less in wine, too, and exhibited a great contrast in their manner to the quiet and friendly fashion in which cards are (and should be) usually played at college. The chief cause of this was, that they were playing for higher stakes than they could afford,—that is to say, gambling.

The eternal 'make your game,' and 'I doubt; you,' were the only words that Mountjoy spoke, as dealer, but he spoke them like a curse.

Despite the heat of the room and his intense excitement, his face shone, beneath the bright light of two or three lamps, as white as alabaster, and his thin hand shook over the pack like a lily on the dancing Cam; he kept the deal for a short time only, and lost heavily even then, and when he was player he clutched at the cards before they reached him, like a drowning man.

I shaded my face with my hand, for I was deeply pained, and watched him intently; he had usually 'stood' upon his first two cards without drawing another, but he seemed suddenly to change his plan, and 'drew' again and again.

'Nine—sixteen; surely you must be over,' said the dealer.

'No,' said Mountjoy, 'thank you, I stand.'

Now, on that occasion I happened to see that Laurence was over (being twenty-two,) and then he received the stakes instead of paying them.

My blood rushed to my head, and I heard my heart beat for a moment at the sight, but I drove the idea of its being intended from me, and watched in hope that it would not be so again. No, thank Heaven, he is 'over' this time, and throws his cards up with a sigh; and now he wins, and now—as I live, he is 'content' at twenty-five, and again receives instead of pays; not twice nor thrice this happens, but twenty times—he is cheating whenever there is an occasion to cheat.

The night—or rather the day—wears on, and still the players sit unweariedly; their lips were parched, their eyes are heated, and they scarce can take up their cards; but

not till dawn breaks in through the thick curtains and athwart the dying lamps, does any one leave his seat; then two of them depart from morning chapel—for this is an opportunity of attending early prayers that rarely occurs to them,—and the rest drop off their perches presently, like moulting birds, and I am left alone with him who was my friend, who cheats his guests and his companions.

'Devillish dissipated, ain't it?' said he, yawning.

'Devillish!' I said.
'And what luck I've had: twenty pounds ready, and fifty pounds worth of autograph gone besides; but, Lord love you, I've had worse luck than that, and shall again; and if I don't mind it, why should you, old chap?—Dont look so confoundedly virtuous,' he added, angrily (for I was looking all I felt): 'you've done the same before now.'

'Never the same, Mr Mountjoy,' I replied.
'What do you mean,' said he, hastily, but without remarking on the way I had addressed him; 'you've never gambled—do you mean to say that? I like your impudence.'

'Gambled, perhaps,' I answered, 'but never cheated sir.'

At that word, his wan cheeks burnt like two living coals, and he dropt into an arm-chair beside me without a word, while a sort of convulsion seemed to pass over his whole face, and his breath came and went with difficulty.

'Mountjoy,' I said, with pity and some terror, 'be a man; you were drunk, and did not know what you did; you lost command over yourself, or you would never have done such a foul thing, I know.'

I saw with joy the tears gathering in his eyes, and with my face averted from him, appealed to his old nature as well as I was able. I told him what a hold he had once had on all our hearts, and how men's backs were turning upon him now; I bade him judge how his whole self was changed by his own altered features, and the strange companions he had chosen. He only answered by a silent passion of tears. I was obliged to put to him some bitter questions for the sake of that I had in view.

'Does any one know of this besides yourself Laurence?'

He shook his head.

'Is this the first time in all your life that you ever did this thing?'

'The first—the first,' he moaned.

I thought, and I think still, that this was true; that he had cheated through a sort of despair of fortune, and in a frenzy, rather than according to a preconceived and customary plan.

'Have you a Bible in the room, Laurence? Good; I have it here. Now swear to me that you will not touch dice or card again while you are at the university; swear, I say, for I saw he was about to refuse; 'or, for your own sake as well as that of others, I will proclaim what I have seen this night to the whole college.'

Laurence Mountjoy took the oath and kept it; for he left Cambridge that very day and never returned to it, and went I know not whither; but on a way far apart from mine for years, and only across the memory of my brightest college days, and especially over their scenes of pleasure and excitement, his shadow fell dark and cold.

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity in the result; nor should the break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.—There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character—some announce godness sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride—some often the countenance to their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswelled from the reflection of evil and is illuminated by sweet thoughts.

THE CONTRADICTION OF LIFE.

Most of us have heard from the poets, if we have not learned by experience, something about the malice of Fortune, how she crosses people in love, in work, and in war, puts them to business they have no mind to, plants them in places they are not fit for, flings down the glorious chance where nature has no capacity, does all she can to hide the light under a bushel, and in short makes a mess of the world. The caprices of the old lady with the wheel have called forth innumerable comments from all the ages, but there are contradictions among us still more unaccountable. Can any philosopher explain the motive power which makes so many of mankind act in direct opposition in their own mental tendencies, when neither parents nor guardians can be made responsible for the fact. What induces the man to whom a thriving shop in Cheapside seems the nearest approach to the golden age now practicable, to establish himself on a dairy farm in Gloucestershire.