

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FORWARD FRIENDS!

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

WARRIORS of that nameless host
Which a statesman never reckoned,
Which the sceptres have not beckoned
Out of every clime and coast—
Law and language—creed and kin,
For the war with woe and sin—

Since your battle day began
All but Heaven has changed its place
And the misery of man
Still outlasts both realm and race,
Leaching down from Babel's towers
To these burdened days of ours.

By the shrine of every god
Have your countless squadrons trod—
In the shade of every throne
Were your charging trumpets blown—
Under every badge and banner—
After every age and manner—
As ye saw and as ye might
Ye were valiant for the right.

O'er the wide earth's hills and valleys
Ye are scattered now as then,
Dwellers of the hut or palace—
Toilers with the spade or pen—
Host which none regards or numbers
Save the eye that never slumbers—
From the evil days beginning,
Fierce and far your strife descends;
There must come an hour for winning
That long conflict—forward, friends!

Poor and people, crown and mitre,
On the world have tried their skill,
But her burden grows no lighter
For these changing forms of ill—
Art has made her rich in all,
Hand can clutch or eye can covet,
Yet what help or hope comes of it
To redeem the ancient thrall?

Life is still the spoil of need—
Nations toil and armies bleed—
By the churches and the schools
Rise the old gigantic crimes,
With new weapons for our times,
Forged beneath their creeds and rules;
And the reckoner's boast is proud,
And the cry of souls is loud,
For the world's great wants assail her
Where her wealth and wisdom ends;
Counsellor and prophet fail her—
To the rescue—forward friends!

Forward with the night and day,
Ocean tides and starry lines,
With the years that will not stay
For our wishes or designs,
Bringing harvests and grey hairs,
Leaving only empty places
Where the light of loving faces
Fell upon our hopes and cares.

By the field or by the hearth,
City, street, or mountain sod,
Like among the tribes of earth
Faithful witnesses for God;
Poor man, let not life's oppressions
Bend thy soul to craft or clay—
Rich man let not great possessions
Send thee sorrowful away
From the convent of thy youth
Made with liberty and truth.

The man, whose'er thou art,
In the senate, in the throng,
Up and do thy dauntless part
Now against the nearest wrong—
For the days of generations
That must heir what we have done—
For the heritage of nations
Promised long, but still unwon—
For that kingdom all victorious
On whose coming faith depends—
For the rest that shall be glorious
In its shadow—forward friends!

From Chambers's Journal for January.

AN ADVENTURE ON DARTMOOR.

It is not very often that a doctor gets a ticket-of-leave! either he is high up on the ladder, and his sick patients must not be neglected, or he is low down on the ladder, and is afraid if he leaves his post for a day he shall be ousted by those above and below him, and find his two or three paying patients picked up, and carried off before his return. Any way, it is not easy to get off; if he has plenty to do, he waits till he has less; if he has nothing to do, till he has more; and sure it is that there is no profession the members of which are so 'tied by the legs' as those of the medical. The only thing that gives a doctor furlough is sickness—his own, I mean. A good fit of illness sometimes saves his life, by cutting him off from the possibility of work—from that endless wear and tear of body and mind which strikes so deep at the roots of life and health.

A severe attack of fever, which had for a long time threatened to withdraw me from the heavy struggle I had for some years maintained with the toil of life, was, by God's mercy, abated; the weary hours of convalescence were past, and the pleasant sentence, that an entire change

of air and scene must be again resorted to before I again faced a single patient, had been pronounced. And so, obedient to the agreeable mandate, I left my home; and after a week spent in a quiet lodging on the borders of the moor, found myself, though certainly not well enough to return to my town duties, yet decidedly at that stage of recovery which would sanction, and indeed called for a more active and inspiring mode of life than I had as yet ventured to pursue.

I had often longed for the opportunity now offered to me, to search out and inspect some of the curious Druidical remains which abound on Dartmoor, especially some new discoveries lately made by Mr Whitley of Truro. I therefore made my arrangements for a few days' walking excursions, gave up my lodgings at Meavy, and took my course southward, designing first to visit the Dewerstone Rock, then crossing Cadaford Bridge, to inspect this newly discovered British village, and the other relics of the ancient Britons on Trowlesworthy Tor; and then to make my way right through the moor, partly on foot, and partly by any conveyance I might be able to hire passing through Prince's Town; then to visit Great Miston, and thence to strike across by Sittaford Tor, see the circles, the Tolmen, and other aboriginal relics by Castor Rock, and so to Chagford.

It was a lovely day in August that, with spirits elated by the combined effects of returning health and the pure hill air, which always blows over Dartmoor, I set off on my expedition, crossed Wigford Down, visited Shaugh Bridge, and before noon found myself seated exultant on the top of the Dewerstone Rock, amidst its rough gigantic crags, ever green with ivy, and the spreading fringe moss (*Trichostema patens*), between which cropped out tufts of heath trees of mountain-ash, now bright with berries, and other wild-flowers, which gave life and variety to the colouring of that beautiful scene.

After resting here, and partaking of the food which my wallet supplied, I again girded up my strength, went aside to visit Saddleborough and then crossing Cadaford Bridge, followed the course of the beautiful little river Plym to Trowlesworthy Tor. It was getting towards evening before I had completed my survey of the many interesting relics of our British forefathers which are found on this wild hillside; and as I stood among the mighty masses of unhewn granite, disposed in small circles, and partially hidden in the earth, which marked the spots which had been the homes of families, and pondered on their modes of life, and thought of the young children who had been there born and brought up; of the youths and maidens whose hearts had there beat in unison, of the parents who had laid their children down to sleep the sleep of death among those wild breezy slopes; of the aged men and women who had there begun and ended their course—my attention became so deeply absorbed that I did not notice the shades of evening had begun to fall, until a soft drizzling rain descending on me, accompanied by a chilling wind, led me to rouse myself, and look about for a place where I might obtain shelter for the night.

It is no pleasant thing to be surprised by night in a wild solitude, and when once the idea had arisen in my mind that such was likely to be the case, I lost no time in seizing my stick and wallet, and setting off at full trot down the slippery turf, in that which I took to be the direction of the farmhouse where I had rested on my way to the Tor, hoping that I might get leave to selter there, in a barn, even, if I could not find better accommodation. But I was not fated to reach even this doubtful place of refuge. The district was wholly unknown to me, and I had walked so many times round and across the hill, that I knew not by which way I had approached it; so, in my haste, I took the wrong path, and found myself, ere long, opposite an unknown hill, between which and myself lay a brook of some width and depth, its whole bank on either side of so wet and boggy a nature, that I could not attempt to cross it. Along its course, skirting towards the right hand, I, however, soon found myself on stony ground, but in the midst of a wild heath, over which lay scattered huge blocks of moorstone, like flocks of sheep lying asleep. Bogs lay all around me, marked out by the peculiar flowers which always occupy them, the red sundews (*Drosera*) yellow spikes of asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), and above all, acres of ground covered with the tassal-like down of the cotton grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*).

I knew not which way to turn; so, being thoroughly wearied, I thought the best thing I could do was to creep into the shelter offered me by an overhanging mass of stone, and there to lie down and wait till the rising moon, in case she vouchsafed her presence, or, at the worst, till the early dawn should afford me light enough to extricate myself from my unpleasant position.

I had some biscuits and a small flask of wine in my pocket, so that I was not obliged to go quite supperless to bed; and after having partaken of this food, I crept into a snug dry corner, and soon fell asleep.

I know not how long I had slept when I was disturbed by a sound which in the puzzled state of feeling I thought the best thing I could do was to creep into the shelter offered me by an overhanging mass of stone, and there to lie down and wait till the rising moon, in case she vouchsafed her presence, or, at the worst, till the early dawn should afford me light enough to extricate myself from my unpleasant position.

feeling for my bed-curtains, and wondering when I put my leg, as I thought, out of bed, that it was still on the same level, I at last rolled over, started up, and perceived what was my true position. The rain had ceased, and the clear full moon was purging floods of white light over the moor; and so I left the shelter which had proved so friendly to me, and stepped out into the moonlight. But now the cry I had before heard again sounded in my ears: it was the voice of a little child, and evidently very near to me, for I could plainly distinguish that the words it uttered were 'Mother, mother, do'ee come.' Then came a low mournful wail, and then again, in louder and agonised tones, the same words: 'Mother, mother, do'ee come.' I shouted aloud, and encouraging tones and words bade the little one tell me where she was. 'Here ticked in the mud,' was the reply; and guided by the sounds, I became aware that the child must be very near me; and presently, by the moonlight, I saw a little creature, apparently not more than an infant, squatted on the ground within a few yards of the spot on which I stood, but behind a belt of such deep bog-water that I knew it would be no easy matter to reach it. Calling to the little wanderer not to move, and promising speedy help, I skirted the place of water till I came to a place which afforded me a passage. With the aid of a stout walking stick, and stepping very carefully from one heap of rushes and heath-roots to another, I at last contrived warily to approach the spot where the poor child was, and found that the voice had proceeded from a little girl not more than four or five years old, who had got stuck in the wet mud, and could not move. She had no doubt been tempted by the glowing tints of the asphodel and tassal heath, or the snowy tufts of the cotton-rush, and had reached that point, and then been unable to find her way out had been benighted there.—There, however, she was, sunk far above her knees in mud, weeping and wailing with cold, hunger, and fear, and as yet not saved, for between her and me, near as she was, lay a pool so deep and deceitful-looking, that I was afraid to venture through it. The spot on which I stood was so small, and so surrounded by deep mud, that I could not take off my boots and stockings; but turning up my trousers; and firmly planting my foot on the most promising spot I could see, I gauged the mud with my stick, and found that was not much more than mid-leg deep at that point; so withdrawing the gauge, I put my foot in its place, sinking deep in the coldest of fluids, and felt out a place for the second step in like manner; and so by degrees succeeded, at the expense of making my clothes one mass of mud, in reaching the little child, tucking her up under my arm, leaving her shoes—if she had any—in the mire, and at last fairly getting her and myself to terra firma.

My 'treasure-trove' was a pretty little slight girl, tidily dressed, although of course now well splashed from head to foot. She could give no account of herself, but that her name was 'Titty,' that she saw 'pitty flowers,' and went to pick them, and got 'ticked in the mud.'

A nice predicament I was in! Here, on a wild hillside, near midnight, covered with mud, wet, and leading a poor little child by the hand, who was as wet, dirty, and tired as myself, and without a notion which way to turn, or where to seek food or shelter for either of us.

As I walked along with my little wailing companion by my side, my thoughts recurred to all the stories of lost children I have ever heard, but foremost came one that had been told me only a day or two before, as having occurred in that very district; and I comforted myself by the same merciful hand which had shielded that poor little wanderer from harm would surely guide my steps; and with thankfulness to God that He had thus graciously used me as an instrument in saving this poor baby, I besought His guidance and protection for us both. The story I heard was of a little girl of between three or four years old, who had strayed from her parents' cottage amid those wild hills.—When the little thing was first missed, which was in the evening of the same day she had wandered away, a diligent search was begun, but in vain. It was fine warm weather in July, so that hope was entertained that if the poor babe had lost herself among the hills, she would not suffer materially, and would be found in the morning; but morning came, and with it a renewed and extended search, but still in vain—the child could not be found, nor was there the least trace of her to be seen, and deep and agonising were the fears of the poor parents.—Did she lie dead in some wild waste, murdered, or starved or killed by some dire accident? A second night and a second day passed in anguish and suspense. It was on Tuesday morning the child had last been seen, and now it was Friday, and all efforts to find her had proved vain. The whole neighbourhood for miles round had been roused, and bands of men and women had sought together or separately in every direction they could think of, without gaining the least clue. But now a new idea occurred to some of them: all the sheep dogs of the district were gathered together, and taken out to seek the poor lost lamb; and they found her. She lay, without her clothes, under a stack, not more than a mile and a half

from her home, alive, and no otherwise injured than by the exhaustion of three days' exposure and starvation; and was brought home to her mother. The poor baby's own account when she was sufficiently recruited to give it was that she had wandered on the hill and could not find her way home; that when night came, she took off her clothes, folded them up and put them under a bush—where indeed next day they were found as she described—and then lay down to sleep, going to bed in that wild waste. She said that she could not put on her clothes again, so she had run about or lain still without them; no doubt the consciousness that they were thus acting as a charm to chain her to the one spot, until exhaustion prevented her from moving. She said she had 'screached and screeched till she could not screech any more; that she had heard the dogs, but was afraid to speak lest they should hurt her. By the evening of the day she was found she was almost as well as ever and able to run about.

This story, which I had so lately heard, weighed much on my mind; for in a district so wild that a child could lie undiscovered within a mile and a half of her home, whilst all the neighbours were in search of her, what chance had I, a stranger to the place, of finding my way, or of making out to whom my poor little companion belonged.

But amidst these troubled thoughts there was one most pleasant one—I had surely saved a life. The little creature, sentient, hopeful, immortal, who crept along by my side, or whose warm breath touched my cheek as she nestled in my arms, and slept whilst I bore her onward, was no doubt most dear to some one. Probably there was some home where terror, on her account, caused wakeful eyes and pining hearts, and I should have the joy of bestowing their child to them; and so, inspired by these thoughts, I pressed onward, and, to my great rejoicing, discovered a cart-track, which I judged to lead to some mine. Following this for a time, I at length descried a steady light, which I believed to come from a cottage, and strengthened by the hope, I made my way towards it, and found that a decent-looking hut, built of blocks of moorstone, was before me, and through its window shone the light of a cheerful fire. I knocked at the door, but obtained no answer. I knocked again, but though I heard sounds from within, I still received no answer. Then I called, and represented my case and that of my poor little companion, whose voice was now joined with mine in begging mammy to 'ope a door.' A woman's heart was within, for as soon as the child was mentioned, the door was unbarred. We were admitted into the room. Little Kitty seemed bewildered by the light, and by not finding her mother, as the poor baby had seemed to expect, and the woman who had opened the door took her from me, and exclaiming: 'Bless the poor little maid, her's in a purty pickle sure enough,' led her to the fire, by which stood a table with bread and other food on it, looking much as if some one had hastily left it. The house consisted of one long low room, open to the rafters, and a little lean-to which opened from it, and seemed a sort of wash-house. Two beds occupied one end, in one of which lay some one, but whether it was a male or female I could not tell, as the whole person, head and all, was covered with the bed-clothes.

'Tis my son, sir,' said the woman: 'he's sick.'

'I am a doctor,' said I: 'can I prescribe for him?'

'There's no need,' said she hastily, seeing me turn towards the bed. 'He's fast asleep now, and 'tis only a bit of a cold.'

Taking it for granted that there was not much the matter, I now thankfully accepted some of the food she offered me, of which she had already given some to the child, and taking off my wet boots and stockings, I set them before the fire to dry. The good woman, having first poured some warm water into a pan, now took poor little Kitty, and gave her a good washing; then laid her in her own bed, and at my request removed a bundle of clean straw into the little offset from the room for me, as I preferred being alone to occupying a place in the overheated kitchen.

(To be continued.)

A SYRIAN DWELLING HOUSE.

We first entered from the street the room of the family; adjacent to which, and without a partition, was the stable. Passing on we crept through a very low door way or passage to another room, the door of which was a little higher than that of the other. This was our abode for a day and two nights. It had a rickety door on one side into another street; but this door had to be reached by several steps on the inside. There was no window, and no light except from the door. The fireplace was in the middle of the room, with a small hole in the roof as a vent for the smoke. There was here also a *tannur* for baking. A hole sunk in the floor is lined with pottery; this is then heated by a fire kindled within it, and the dough is plastered on the sides, and so baked. There were trays for silkworms in plenty, and several bins for grain. The roof was of the usual kind supported by rude props. It rained heavily during the night, and the water found its way through upon us. Quite early in the morning