

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE HILLS.

BY VIOLET HAWTHORN.

The hills! the hills! the far off hills,
That bar the longing sight;
Their giant arms the heavens uphold—
Bear up the archtraves of gold
That span the halls of night.

The hills! the hills! the solemn hills,
That ocean's bounds declare,
Around their base the hoarse waves dash:
Around their heads the lightnings flash,
And the loud thunders, crash on crash,
Rend all the upper air.
Jove-like their misty curls they shake,
And ocean's deep foundations break
Into wild tumult, and awake
The furies sleeping there.

The hills! the hills! the craggy hills,
So full of mysteries!
In their abysmal caves are streams
On whose black waves the sun ne'er gleams,
But dark and dread as troubled dreams,
The blood that freeze.
Shrieking aloud a wild death song,
They madly, fiercely rush along
To unknown seas.

The hills! the hills! the pine-clad hills,
The bulwarks of the north,
In wild sublimity they rise,
Their proud forms towering to the skies,
And breathing forth,
The very soul of liberty,
To sturdy sons as strong and free
As the broad, illimitable sea,
When it is wroth.

The hills! the hills! the crested hills,
That sleep upon the Rhine,
Their work is done their day gone by;
Alone and desolate they lie,
And bleak winds through their hair locks sigh;
And ghastly spectres twine,
Ivy and myrtle, and cypress leaves,
And breathe upon the golden sheaves;
And garlands bright the glad year weaves,
To hang around their shrine.
They lie like shadows darkly cast
From the dim cloisters of the past;
Shades that float down the aisles of time,
Like the music of a solemn chime.

The hills! the hills! the eternal hills,
The altars of God's praise;
Their flame is lighted by a star;
In clouds the incense blows afar,
And noiseless winds the high priests are
Chanting eternal lays.

From Household Words.

LEFT, AND NEVER CALLED FOR.

I was once upon the deck of a packet bound for Rotterdam; the ropes that lashed her to the wharf had been slipped off, and the ropes with buffers (like an exaggerated species of that seaweed which you pop with your fingers) were already dropped to ease us off the wooden pier, when a young lady who stood near me clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

'O, sir, my box! The black one there! It is left behind!'

It was a large oblong ark with handles—a governess' beyond all doubt—through which could be seen, almost, the scanty wardrobe and the little wealth of books, as though its sides were glass.

'Stop her!' (meaning the ship) screamed I, indignantly.

'Move on a-head!' roared the captain.
'It's all I have in the world,' sobbed the poor governess.

I ran up the iron ladder to those cross planks which are forbidden to passengers, and, wherefrom the commander was giving forth those Mede and Persian orders which are echoed by the fiend beneath.

'Do you know this name, sir?' said I, fiercely, presenting him with my card.

'Yes,' said he, rather subdued; 'but you ain't—'

'No,' said I, 'I am not, but I am, hem?—a relation of his.'

'Then, put her a-starn!' said he; and a-starn she was put accordingly, and the box was taken on board.

The head of the packet company's firm and I happened to enjoy the use of the same name, though I had not really the pleasure of his acquaintance. I think, however, as in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, that the ingenious device may be pardoned for the sake of the feeling which prompted it. I was determined that, even to the detriment of truth, the poor lady's box—the whole of her worldly goods, as she told me afterwards—should not be left behind.

I have purposely been sentimental (thus far over luggage, to prevent these words awakening ridicule and absurd association. If mere things that have lost their owners excite our sympathy, how much more should living creatures—men, women, and children—who are cut off, forlorn, abandoned, and, in two words, left be-

hind! I consider that a dog in a strange city, who has lost his master to be one of the most affecting spectacles in nature. How he threads the mighty throng, with his eager nose upon the pavement, or lifts his anxious eyes to the face of every passer-by, standing upon three legs, poor fellow, as if that should benefit him, giving utterance, from time to time, to a whine of desolation more expressive of abandonment and a breaking heart than whole cantos of morbid self-love; set upon by his whole savage kind, saluted with a hundred kicks, flicked at by idle carmen, regarded feloniously by brutal dog-fanciers; but, indifferent to challenge, to ill-usage, to personal liberty, and even to the pangs of hunger, in that vain search of his for the beloved master by whom he has so carelessly been left and never called for. Happy for him will it be when his miserable existence shall have been cut short by wheel of bus or by edict of town council in the dog-days, when he becomes a portion for cats or an ingredient of sausages. My own profession and principles are those of a philanthropist, but—nay, therefore—if I had the power, and caught any man or boy who knew of the forlorn and piteous state of that poor brute, ill-using and tormenting it, I would hang him higher than Haman.

Shall I ever forget that agony of despair, that utter desolation, which I myself experienced during my first few days at a boarding-school—the first time I was left behind? When the shadow of my mother, as she bent over me for the last time, had been withdrawn; when the noise of the wheels which conveyed her home (home!) had died away; when the accents of my schoolmaster—as different from those in which he spoke two minutes back as a grating nutmeg from the fall of wine through a silver strainer—smote harshly upon my ears with—

'You had better join your new friends in the playground, sir!'

How all the memoirs of my happy childhood rushed through my little brain in that one moment; how dear seemed every kindness of which I had recked so lightly, how gentle every hand whose pressure I had not cared to understand! How the soothing of the pillow, and the soothing of the pain came back to reproach me with ingratitude, and the thousand pleasures of my young life to pierce me with regret! My new friends in the playground, I was pretty certain, were not concocting plans to insure my happiness, and those companions of my solitude did not belie my suspicions. How mockingly familiar they were in their inquiries after papa and mamma, how cynically interested about my little sister, how hypocritically sentimental upon the rheumatism which I told them my old nurse Mathison was suffering from in the left knee; and, when I had communicated every thing, with what a hearty good-will the biggest boy knocked me down, and the rest kicked me back when I attempted to get up again! This incident so charming to the advocates of school discipline, and so illustrative of our educational moral training, made but little impression upon me, except physically, in bumps and bruises. I have thought much of this since, however, in my position of philanthropist, and whenever a similar case occurs I would hang—not the poor brutal boys, but their learned, and, perhaps, reverend preceptors, under whose rule such abominable instincts are let loose on helpless and offending objects. As I say, however, this was, in my case, rather a relief, for having been hurt a good deal about the head, and bleeding a little from the mouth, I was carried up stairs and put in dormitory at once, a long bare room with five white beds in it beside my own, clean as snow, and almost comfortless. I just beheld it for an instant, and the uninteresting vision passed away.

But, O! for that indifferent chamber over the saddle-room at home, where the old coachman slept, and my beloved playmate the knife-boy; and for one look of my unsympathized-with old nurse Mathison; and one tuck-up of my bed-clothes by her affectionate hands! Towards nearer and dearer than these my full heart did not dare to flutter, or, I verily believe, it would have burst upon its way; tears from the depths of some divine despair at last relieved me, and I revelled in what was, by contrast to the smothered passion, a luxury of grief. Robinson Crusoe—I made these parallels out of my stock of infant reading, but without deriving any consolation therefrom—Robinson Crusoe, when first cast ashore upon his island, enjoyed high spirits compared with mine, for he had not then as I had, discovered that he shared it with savages. Captain Bligh, cut adrift with his ship's biscuit and a bottle of rum, was, in his jolly-boat and amongst his companions, to be relatively envied. Philip Quarll—I was calling to mind the superior advantages of that recluse over myself when up came the school to bed. They ascended the carpetless stairs to their respective resting places with about the same disturbance that the builders of Babel must have gone about erecting their last finished story with; and yet they were in their stockings only, for I heard a tremendous noise of kicking off shoes at the bottom flight, and the slippers, which each had been there furnished with, were merely used as weapons of offence and retaliation. Smacks like the report of pocket pistols gave warning of the approach of my five

companions, who were driven in by a superior force from the room opposite. They dipped the ends of their towels in jugs, however, and with these ingenious weapons at once repelled the enemy; moreover, a Cave, or sentinel, was set at the door with a bolster, to guard against surprise, while the other four disrobed themselves for action. There was war declared, as it seemed, between our dormitory and the next, which was at once both a bold and a perfidious dormitory, hard to beat, and whom no treaty could bind; and we had an awful time of it. Often, in the dead of night, when sleep was knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care, has my pillow been abstracted, and myself half suffocated by repeated blows; often has water been poured upon me five hours before the usual time for performing the morning ablution; often have my limbs been deprived of blanket, sheet, and counterpane, at one fell swoop. The next room never slept. Our outposts in the Crimea was a joke to the life I led in those times. This first night, however, our candle having been immediately dowsed, or extinguished, by the invading force, my presence was, for some time, undiscovered. I lay with beating heart, motionless through fear and sorrow, until the moment should arrive when mutual animosity should be buried—I expected it—in a common object of persecution. Not till the usher came to take away our candle, and brought a light of his own with him, was my being recognized by my companions. I can only compare their horrid exultation at that moment to that which demons are said to testify at any unexpected accession to their party. They executed a pas-de-cinq at once, partly on the floor, but principally, and always three at a time, upon my body; they made of me an extempore battering-ram, stole softly out into the passage and knocked over the opposition Cave with that astounding weapon; they—but it is enough to say that they behaved as only the real, good old, constitutional, pattern, Parliament-belauded British school-boy, when he gets a forlorn victim to torment, and is in the enjoyment of good animal spirits, can behave. I have heard, indeed, that Caffres, when intoxicated and under the influence of hereditary revenge, are almost as cruel, but I don't believe it.

For my part, that first night at school has stood out for my life long a sublime memorial of wretchedness, compared with which all other possible miseries fade away and are not. Toil, poverty, exile, nay, sea-sickness itself, are trifles light as air when weighed against that. When I think of my natural sensitiveness at that time, and of my extreme youth, it is positively a wonder to me that I survived. After I had been sufficiently pounded, torn to pieces, trodden on, I was let fall somewhere, and molested no further. Then it began to seem that I had been dropped ever so long ago out of heaven where my mother lived, and was never more to return to it again. There was indeed an appointed limit for the banishment, but it was so far off that it appeared almost nominal. I counted it, however, hour by hour: thirteen weeks, ninety-one days, two thousand one hundred and eighty-four hours, or one hundred and thirty one thousand and forty minutes to the vacation. What had I done to deserve all this? I pondered. What good was to come of it? And now I fell asleep, and dreamed the sweetest of dreams, about my sister Harriet and the pony; of haymaking in the fields at home and syllabus afterwards; of how, above all, I was never—never to leave home again; of my father bringing me a watch on my birthday, and saying, with an affectionate smile—

'A quarter to seven young gents a quarter to seven.'

Alas! I was awakened by the school butler saying this as he came to call us, as I lay upon the bare boards, bruised and shivering, among strange cruel faces—left behind at school; and never, or as good as never to be called for.

It was after I had lost my seven thousand pounds in the rag and bone business, and was existing upon fifty pounds per annum, paid quarterly, that I revisited, after ten years' absence, the University of Oxford. I was on foot and weary at the end of this my second day's journey from London, and I sat down in a field upon the right of Bagley Wood, that looks down upon the town of towns. There was a gate close by, over which I have remembered to have leaped my horse upon my last visit to this place.

Three of my most intimate college friends were then with me—Travers of Trinity, Stuart of Brazenose, and Gory Gumps, which was what we all called Grindwell or Magdalen, but why we did so I had forgotten. Our conversation on that same day had been about our futures when we should have to leave this ancient place whose high and noble associations had had less effect upon us, perhaps, than its genial influences. We knew then that we should one day regret that time of our hot youth when we walked in the ways of our heart and in the sight of our eyes, putting sorrow far away from us—when friends were many and foes were none, and all the months were May; but I, for my part, had never guessed how bitterly, I could never have looked forward—or I should, as a philanthropist, have slain myself—to this miserable hour, ten years away, when the beautiful

river yonder, glittering in the sun, upon which I had so often passed the summer noons, should be as the waters of bitterness, that came in even over my soul. I could see the green Christchurch meadows, and the thin dark stream of Cherwell, and that fair tall tower of Magdalen standing by the bridge; and the whole prospect mocked me with its beauty more than the mirage of the desert mocks the traveller. The water was there, truly, but I was never more to drink of it. I got up and walked towards Oxford with a weight at my heart—a physical weight, even as it seemed, heavier than that of the knapsack I carried on my shoulders. Two or three parties of young horsemen met or overtook me at full speed, covering me with mud from their horses' hoofs. Then I came amongst the constitutionalists, the reading men, who go out walking for their health's sake; and when I had crossed the Isis, among those in cap and gown, it was like a perfect retrogression of my life ten years, except for some vague, frightful difference that I could not altogether lose sight of. Such of the conversation, even, as I caught of the passers-by was precisely such as I used to hold and hear myself; about the bump that should have been decided foul—of him that had been screwed at supper—of him that was a safe double-first. The great Christchurch clock pealed forth the quarter to our Magdalen dinner-hour as I passed its gateway. We three had ridden in upon that day I mentioned, exactly at this very time. Travers was now a member of Parliament, of which we had always suspected him at the Union, where he had been very noisy; Stuart, who was always going up to town to dine with city companies, and who had brought us down on one occasion (it seemed yesterday) a white satin dinner carte to laugh at, composed entirely of French dishes, with the very appropriate motto at top of it of *Domine Dirige Nos*—Stuart, I saw by the newspapers, had been trying to be Mayor of Glasgow lately; Gory Gumps was a Fellow of my own college, Magdalen, I knew. It was to see him that I had come down to Oxford, uninvited; but now that I was there, my courage failed me. I had got visible woolen stockings on, a bad hat, a coat that had lost a button; still I was hungry, and I pressed up that street which might well be called the Beautiful, but which is named the High. I rang the Magdalen gate-bell, and the porter, the jolly old porter whom I knew so much better than he knew me, came out and stared superciliously.

'Is Gory—I mean is Mr Grindwell in college?' said I, with a beating heart.

'Do you mean Mr Grindwell, the dean?'
'No,' answered I, hastily; 'by no means—not the dean;' and I turned away. I could not quite stand that. Travers an M. P.—Stuart an Alderman—these were enough removed from me; but Gory Gumps a Dean! No, I felt that I was left behind, too far for recognition.

When my family, who suffered also very severely in the rag and bone failure, had made up their minds to emigrate in a body, I, as a philanthropist refused to deprive this country of my saving presence, and still remained in England. I went down to Liverpool to see my people off. As the saying is, It was a sad sight truly. My mother, indeed—she for whom my little heart had yearned so when at school—was left behind in that green churchyard in the south which she had always wished to be her final resting place; but, there was my father to take leave of—gray-haired and aged—and that beloved old Dame Mathison, whose rheumatism in the left knee had long become chronic, but who nevertheless would not be parted from my dear sister Harriet. She thought, kind soul, that she should be able to defend and watch over her, better even than her husband, who was a true brother to me as he was a son to my father. Two of these four friends of mine I could never, I could never in the course of nature, hope to see again; the other two would certainly be separated from me for long years—perhaps for life. That inquisitive portion of our interiors which will rise up into our throats when we are saying good-bye to those we love, would, I thought have suffocated me. Reflect, O! happy ones, unseparated at home, what a thing it is to be parted from parent, from sister, from all; not by death—for before him, perforce, the whole human race must bow submissive—but by poverty, which carries off by a sort of premature death so many into exile every year—a new strange land awaiting those who go, and an old land that has become strange through the exiles' absence awaiting those who stay.

Be not extortionate, O cabman! upon the quay; that extra sixpence which you have pilgred from the old man's scanty purse, you will be glad, if it were possible, to restore a hundred-fold—to atone for with all you have—Gently, official, gently, as it is only a question of a minute. Let the girl hang round her brother's neck a little longer, and trust him not aside; it will be better for you, very surely. Not that the old man, nor his child, nor I, have a thought now for injustice or for insult; our eyes, are blinded, our poor hearts are crushed. Never so near as when we part, is a true saying. 'Good-bye,' God be with you. I am hurried from the deck of the vessel by a weeping crowd, and can stand only at the edge of the quay, no nearer to those who are waving