

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE TIME SHALL COME.

BY J. E. POWELL.

The time shall come, 'tis a prophet voice,
That echoes the holy strain,
When mankind in freedom shall rejoice,
And love shall for ever reign;
Oh, then shall the wrongs that bring despair,
To canker the poor man's breast,
And tangle his life with sorrow and care,
For ever remain at rest!

The deceitful shams that haunt the age,—
Whose shadowy forms appear
On the colour'd print of history's page
Forgotten, shall disappear;
No longer the Priest, with canting breath,
And sonorous tone, shall dare,
To choke our life with the weed of death,
And torture our breast with care.

The time shall come, when the King, in
state,
Shall sit for a People's weal,
When the true in heart, the only great,
Shall cease in despair to kneel
At the feet of Mammon's bloated form,
Kept there by a giant power,
When goodness no more shall heed the storm,
Which blights its effulgent flower!

The faith that would hide from earth's do-
main,
Both the upright and the true,
And worry the young and artless brain,
To pale its vigorous hue,
Shall drop, ere long, in oblivion's tomb,
Unknown in a future world,
And instead of its banner of gloom,
A brighter shall be unfurled.

Ye may laugh in demoniac glee,
Ye sceptics who wield in might
The sceptre which entrammels the free,
And wounds the pinions of right!
Ye may laugh at the musical song,
Which breathes the Poet's desire,
But the time shall come, and the myriad
throng
Shall feel its undying fire!

Yea! do ye doubt, when before your eyes,
As the fleeting years revolve,
Problems that puzzled the great and wise,
Children can easily solve,
That the progress of knowledge in time,
Shall bring us nearer the goal,
When the people of every clime,
In love are knit by the soul.

From the American Temperance Magazine.

THE AUCTION, OR THE WED-
DING COAT.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

'WHAT'S the hour, Mr Collins?' said Harry Moore to a rather elderly man, as they stood lounging together at the counter of a country store. 'Isn't it almost time for the auction?' They tell me that old Philip Merton's clothes are to be sold among his other effects, and I want to see the exhibition, for it must be something of a curiosity. It's strange though, that his relations would do such a thing.'

'Why, you see his brother-in-law has the ordering,' answered Collins, 'and he is a strange man, and so covetous that he is afraid of losing a penny of what comes to his wife. Phil shares the common fate of old bachelors—nobody cares much for their memory after they are dead. They are put under ground, and those who can get the most of what they leave behind are considered the most fortunate, but as for Philip's clothes, I don't think the skin-flints who sell them will make much out of them.—They may perhaps find his wedding coat, if it is not eaten up by the moths. I never saw him wear it after that night when he was disappointed. Poor Phil! he was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world; and not an old man either—only about my age. It's a pity he should have sacrificed his life to a boyish fancy.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked Harry; 'you are not credulous enough to believe that he died of a broken heart?'

'No, not exactly. He died, at last, of a broken constitution, the effect of intemperance in his youth. Ah! there were no temperance lectures then, nor pledges given to abstain from liquor. If there had been he might have married Fanny Ross, and had something to live for. But he must needs get intoxicated on his wedding-day; and so the match was broken off, and that completed his ruin. He was never the same man afterwards; it was poor Fanny who died of the broken heart.'

'Do tell me that story, Mr Collins. I never heard the whole of it, for you know we are new settlers at Mapleton, and the affair had blown over before we came.'

'Well, no one can tell more about it than I can; for Phil and I were school-cronies, and I knew it all, from beginning to end. It wants an hour yet to the auction, and its just an idle time; so let us cross over to the buttonwood-trees, and sit down in the shade.'

It was a broad street, with a great deal of grass in it, which even sprung up and covered

the ridges between the ruts made by the teamsters' carts; for it was seldom, in those days, that any other vehicle was driven through the little village of Mapleton. Foot-paths were trodden down between the houses, which stood at a considerable distance apart; and opposite the single store, comprising in its wares, groceries, drygoods, and crockery, was a row of buttonwood-trees, where a rude bench had been constructed by some old smokers, who left an occasional sign, in a broken pipe, that they had occupied it. This seat was now appropriated by the two above mentioned, when Collins, the elder, began his story of Philip Merton.

'When I was a young man,' said he, 'Fanny Ross was the beauty of our town; and, though I have been married now for many a year, and have daughters grown up and married also, I have never seen a handsomer girl. Her complexion was a clear red and white, and her glossy brown hair was parted over a forehead as smooth as marble. I could never tell the color of her eyes, for they were like the chameleon, always changing: sometimes they appeared to be a dark grey, then a hazel, and at other times I could almost have sworn they were a deep violet blue. Her lips were like coral, her teeth without a blemish, and her person might have been a model for a sculptor, it was so perfect in its proportions. But Fanny was a silent beauty. She never talked much; and Phil was a lively, light hearted fellow, and just suited her; for you know we always like the opposite of ourselves. He had just what she wanted—a word always ready upon occasion; and she got in the habit of depending on him to speak for her when she was at a loss.—His wit was quick as a flash of lightning; and when I have seen them in company together, I used to think of the old saying, that 'some people's thoughts go beforehand and some follow after.' They knew each other from children, and learned to read and write and cipher, (which is all the learning we need in this place) at the same school. After they grew up he began to wait on her to the country balls and parties, and soon got the name of being her beau. There were no distinctions between rich and poor at Mapleton. All were on an equality, and one was as good as another, as long as their conduct was proper. Philip was an only son, and his father had some property; and Fanny's was a mechanic.'

'But she was industrious and amiable, and handsome enough for anybody; and his relations had no objection to his falling in love with her. In fact, the objection all lay with her family; for Phil was rather wild and would drink a little too much, occasionally, when out at a merrymaking. At such times, Fanny would shrink from his attentions, and declare she would have nothing more to do with him; but, somehow or other, he always contrived to get into her good graces again, and persuade her to believe in his promises of reformation. A woman will believe almost anything from the man she loves; and, though he break his promise ninety-nine times, she will still believe that he will keep it in the hundredth. Drunkenness was unfortunately, at that time the vice of Mapleton; and Phil could not resist temptation, yet he did not lose his station in society. His undeviating good-humor and irrepressible flow of spirits made him a general favorite, and everybody knew it was his generosity which helped to ruin him. His lapses from temperance were not very frequent then, and his companions could not do without him, for his presence was always the herald of fun and frolic. There was an ease about his manners, too, and a sort of natural grace about his actions which took mightily with the girls. His eyes seemed to be always laughing to keep company with the smiles on his lips; and his tall figure and curly hair gave him rather a stylish appearance.'

As I told you at first, he and I were cronies, and I often tried to keep him from drinking. I used to tell him he would lose Fanny and break her heart, unless he would first break his glass and resolve never to take another.

'Poh! Ned,' said he one day, in answer to my remonstrances, 'you would take all the high spirit out of me and make me appear as niggardly as old Deacon Wharton, who, you know very well, has got no soul at all. Come, take a glass with me; that's a good fellow. It'll make you feel lively, and your Mary will like you all the better, for she's as gay as a lark. Fanny and she ought to change characters; or else you and I ought to change girls.'

'What,' said I, 'do you want to give up Fanny?'

'Give her up!' he exclaimed, 'no, not for the value of all the whales in the Pacific; and I'm pretty sure she wouldn't give me up either, but my wit is always thrown away on you Ned, for you haven't got enough yourself to understand it.'

'Well, you are in a fair way now of bringing your own to a level with mine,' said I, 'for, when the wine is in, the wit is out. Phil.'

He laughed out loud as he replied, 'The shaft didn't hit, Ned. I'm as sober as a judge, and you know it. You are only jealous.'

'No, I should be as loth to change girls as you would,' said I, 'though I own that Fanny is the handsomest; but I'm satisfied with Mary, and I'll bet you a pair of wedding-gloves, that

I'll be married first, unless you quit drinking brandy.'

'Done,' said Philip, 'and you may go and buy them as soon as you please, for I'm going to ask you to my wedding next Saturday.'

'Tell that to the marines, Phil,' said I, 'for the sailors won't believe it. No, no—you don't come over me in that way; you are not going to get any of my property on false pretences.'

'But I say it's a fact, Ned,' said he, laughing, 'so you see you are caught in your own trap.—We have been engaged these two years, and next Saturday evening we are to be married.—I have promised Fanny to be the steadiest husband in Mapleton; and so I will, though I won't be so mean beforehand as not to drink a glass to her health.'

'Beware, Philip,' said I, 'take the advice of a friend for once, and let it alone.'

I didn't believe him, for he had already drunk several times, and the liquor was beginning to take effect; and, with some trouble, I got his arm linked through mine and took him home without his situation being noticed in the street. I spent the whole afternoon with him, and got him pretty well sobered down by evening, for I was sorry for him, and still more sorry for Fanny, if he had told me the truth. Well, sure enough, the Saturday came, and I found it was even so. It was to be his wedding day. I was invited, before I went to Mr Ross's I concluded to look in just before night upon Phil; for I couldn't help feeling a little uneasy. They told me he was in his chamber, and I went up; and what do you think I found him doing?—Why, standing before a small table, with a decanter of brandy in one hand, and a tumbler in the other, just ready to pour out a drink. I made one step from the door and caught his arm.

'Philip Merton,' I exclaimed, 'are you crazy? On this day, of all others, to drink brandy?'

'Let go my arm, Ned,' said he, 'this is my last glass, and I won't be disappointed for any one.'

I saw that he was intoxicated then, and, with a little adroitness, I got the decanter from his hand, and pitched it out of the window.

'You shall pay for that, Edward Collins,' said he, and his face flushed to a bright scarlet.—But he sat down; and, after the excitement went off, he became stupefied with what he had taken before my entrance. His wedding-coat hung over the back of a chair, and his white vest and gloves were laid on the bed. I think I never felt more distressed in my life. It was almost dark, and he was no more fit to be married than an idiot would have been. But I got some cold water and soaked his head and bathed his face, till at last he began to realize partly what he was going to do. He had forgotten all about my breaking the decanter, and asked me to help him dress, for he was really incapable of doing it alone. Poor Fanny, thought I to myself, it will be a sad fate for her to be a drunkard's wife. Two or three times I was on the point of going and telling her of Philip's situation; but I knew the messenger of ill-tidings seldom got either thanks or good will; and so I determined not to meddle with the match. She knew his habits beforehand, said I, and if she chooses to run the risk it is none of my business. I left him just before the hour; for, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to go to Mr Ross's in his company, and so went on by myself, for being well acquainted with Fanny and her sisters, I did not mind being early.—Emily Brown, a sister of Mary, who is now my wife, saw me coming and came out to meet me; for there was no formality among the young people at that time.

'Where's Philip?' said she. 'We thought you and he would come together; and everybody is wondering that he is so late.'

'Em,' said I (for I found it impossible to keep the secret entirely to myself), 'don't say anything about it—but Phil is waiting to get sober.'

'Good gracious, Edward!' exclaimed she; 'you don't say he's been drinking! Why what's to be done? Fanny ought to know it.'

'Well, wait a little,' said I; 'perhaps he will be quite himself by the time he gets here; and, for the future, we must hope for the best.'

'Edward,' said Emily seriously, 'can you tell me a single man in Mapleton, who was known to love liquor in his youth, who is not now a confirmed drunkard? I have no faith that Philip will prove an exception. But here comes the minister. Do you go in, while I run back to Fanny.'

A few of the village girls were assembled, in their white dresses, and blue or pink ribbons, according to the taste of the wearer; and Mr Waters, the clergyman, walked in and took his seat among them. The father and mother of the bride were unusually taciturn. They looked anxious and unhappy, as if they felt a presentiment that something was going wrong.—Fanny was not present; and the suspense of waiting was becoming painful. Mr Ross rose and whispered to me:

'Edward, something must be the matter with Philip. Hadn't you better go and see what it is?'

I could have told him without going to see; but I didn't speak; and just at that moment the door opened and poor Phil staggered into the room. There was a silly smile on his face,

as he threw himself down on the nearest chair and asked, in a thick voice, if Fanny was ready.

Not a word was spoken, for everybody seemed to be struck dumb. Mrs Ross rose. She was a stern woman; and we were always a little afraid of her when we went to see the girls. But she just gave Philip one look, as if she would have crushed him through the floor, and then hurried out of the room. Emily Brown and one of Fanny's sisters were with her up stairs, and when her mother came in and told her in plain words that Philip had come drunk to be married. Em said that every bit of colour left Fanny's face. She was as white as marble, and seemed almost as stony; for she showed no outward sign of emotion; she only said, 'Don't let him come here, mother—I won't see him. Tell him to go home, for I'll never have him now!'

'You never shall with my consent, Fanny,' said her mother; 'and you ought to be thankful that he has shown himself out, beforehand.'

Mrs Ross did not know how to soothe and comfort her. Just think of telling her, at such a time, that she ought to be thankful! How could she be thankful for anything, with such a blow upon her heart? What was the unknown misery of the future, to what she was now enduring? But her mother meant well. She did not understand the difference between her own feelings and Fanny's.

Well, all this while the company were silently waiting for Mrs Ross's return. It was a strange scene for a wedding; and it seems as if I could see it all before me now. Everybody had a sort of frightened, or horror-struck look, excepting Philip, who appeared to be quite unconscious that anything was the matter, and sat still, with the same silly expression on his face; for liquor always makes men fools.

At last Mrs Ross came to the door, and said in a loud, harsh voice: 'Mr Waters, there will be no marriage here to-night; and you, Philip Merton, the sooner you leave the house the better. Your company is not wanted.'

'I—I came to be married,' said Phil; 'and I won't go till I have seen Fanny, I won't I say.'

Mr Waters then got up, and said with a very solemn manner; 'It is useless for you to remain, Mr Merton, for I cannot marry you to-night. I am sorry to say that you are not in a fit state to perform your part in the ceremony; and your disappointment and disgrace are the bitter fruits of intemperance, which you are now so sadly reaping. Let it be a warning to you for the future; and I trust that not only you, but your young friends here present, will remember that "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."'

With these words he bowed to the company, and walked straight out of the door. The girls all got up and went to put on their bonnets, but Phil never moved. I thought he was trying to realize what it all meant; and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Old Mr Ross leaned his head down between his hands, and never spoke a single word. He was a man of few words at all times. Fanny was like her father, and had always been his favorite child; and he knew, better than her mother, how to feel for her. He knew that she had loved Philip with all the power of a still, silent love, which strengthens more and more in the depths of the heart, because it cannot vent itself from the lips. People may laugh at first love, Harry, but you may depend upon it, it is never entirely forgotten or overcome. Something of it is left, which neither time, nor absence, nor even death can destroy in the heart of the living. But I am going astray from my story. I went up to Philip after the minister had gone, and said: 'Come, Philip, it's about time for us to be getting home. You see they have all left us.'

He was beginning to get sobered by the shock; and the smile on his face was exchanged for a sort of helpless expression, like that of a man led to the gallows. He yielded, because there was no reprieve to the necessity; and I took him home, and helped him to undress and go to bed; and the coat which he took off that night I don't think he ever put on afterwards.

'And what happened to Fanny?' asked Harry Moore, who was much interested in his companion's recital.

Ah, said Collins, 'that is the most melancholy part of the story. She went into a sort of derangement, and was never seen to smile after that night; and what is still more wonderful, the color never came back to her face. Before that time she had the most lovely complexion you ever saw; but always afterwards she looked as white and cold as a marble statue. She refused to see Philip, or to have anything more to do with him, and went nowhere excepting to church, where she was sure to be found in all kinds of weather.'

She would keep her eyes fixed on the minister until he had done preaching, and then get up and go home, before the congregation were dismissed. I met her once on Sunday, and spoke to her. 'How do you do Fanny?' said I. She raised her eyes and they looked blue, then—I shall never forget it, for I had a strange fancy that they were exactly the color of Philip's wedding coat. I don't know what put such a queer comparison in my head, but I was so possessed with the notion, that I kept staring