

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Journal.

SABBATH DAY.

SABBATH holy

To the lowly,

Still art thou a welcome day,
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-wake forest!

Birds that soarest

O'er the mute empurpled moor!
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest;
Wind, that over dew drop goest!
Welcome now the woe worn poor.

Little river,

Young for ever!

Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee!
Happy wood-blue, gladly weeping!
Gnat within the wild rose keeping!
Oh, that they were blessed as ye.

Sabbath holy!

For the lowly,

Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God.

Pale young mother,

Gasping brother!

Weeping sister young and fair!
Grief-bowed sire, that life-long diest!
White-lipped child, that sleeping sighs,
Come and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth,

Still he giveth

What no life can take away,
And oh, Sabbath bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou the "Poor man's day."

From Chambers's Journal for July.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

MR RABY'S guess had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked companions in the bush, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, in which hope he had been foiled. This having been found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to identify it with his own remains; and for these so many years he had not dared to show himself in civilised parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired of this, and having by a successful pillage obtained enough money for his transit homewards, he had ventured back to England. Finding his unfortunate wife well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was redoubled, and his determination strengthened to persecute her further at all hazards. The poor lady had never before had strength of mind to reveal his extortions, nor the horrid truth of his being still in existence; and now her confession, and the certainty of having to leave her beloved Markham for this dreadful husband, had brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death more fervently than any dying man for life; when, therefore, the squire had carried up to her the result of my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had finally got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. Her gratitude towards me was without bounds, and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears choked her utterance. The squire was but little more composed. With their mutual confidence, which had been but this once broken, quite restored, and their very life-blood as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of new-found happiness, by reminding them of the real position in which they stood.

The reaction from the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety, had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian man as the squire was, the circumstance of Mrs Markham being still the lawful wife of Heathcote—whatever that man's character might be—and therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man having been thoroughly got rid of, and all idea of personal annoyance at an end, Mr Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless, she was the first to see the rightness of the path, which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case wherein spirit and letter seemed at war; if ever one wherein an innocent error seemed to be more terribly avenged than crime itself, I acknowledged that it was this of theirs. My heart was rung for them to its core, but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs Markham sighed to me that it was

enough. 'I go,' said she, dearest George, at once, while I have still strength to travel.'

'The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please.'

'I thank you, dear Mr Grantley, but I leave Woodislee,' said she 'as far behind as possible this very night.'

'And I,' chimed in the good little old maid, whom we had almost forgotten, she had been so silent a spectator—and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart.'

The squire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling-chariot ordered to the door; and after such a leave-taking as I trust does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the widower was left mourning for the wife that was yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch-book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to busy herself, her favourite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him at once. Tears instead of smiles sprang forth at the sight of them, horror was born of them in place of joy—skeletons of their former selves wherefrom the glory had departed, and into which the life was no more breathed. As kind and as good as ever, his cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and gray at head apiece. Mr Heathcote—for she had reassumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the squire daily, and to receive those letters and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departed wife was his soul's pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr and Mrs Markham, that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodislee for the summer months on account of the sickness of my eldest child, for a parish on the sea coast, and with much difficulty, I got the squire to accompany us.—The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat benefiting him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually, one evening while he was employed, I was suddenly sent for to the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signalling to them the approach of a revenue cutter. A little crowd had gathered round him on the shore, but not evincing that sympathy which is usually felt among the poor in places of that sort for victims to the excise-laws; they had, however, furnished him with a mattress, and were giving him water. He was speechless, and scarcely sensible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognised the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my directions, to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback despatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one.—When the doctor told him that, without doubt, he was a dying man, I thought it would have killed him on the instant. 'I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing good my whole life long,' he said. 'I gave him such comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to penitence and prayer. His murder, his felony, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of his poor wife. "An angel, an angel," he repeated constantly, and I was a fiend to her. Markham, Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane!—"Poor Jane!" were his last words. When after his burial, I told the squire this, he was effected to tears. "My hatred of that man," said he, "has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all!"

In twelve months time from that forgiveness he stood within this church upon the hill at Woodislee, and was married afresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again; the only person who shed a tear was dear little Miss Markham, but that is the way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the ancient clerk of eighty years, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school children who scattered flowers before her feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides, see, there comes toddling up to us a little fellow before whom nothing further must be said; a pleasant-looking handsome lad with the smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, she said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young squire.

THE YORKSHIRE PEASANTS.

COMPARED with the condition of a Wilts or Dorset laborer, that of a Yorkshire peasant is indeed enviable. The former starves on coarse dry bread, his only drink water, his family the same, varied, perhaps, now and then, with unsweetened, double-diluted tea of the worst quality (a cottager never enjoys the luxury of even skimmed milk.) Our author dines at a roadside public-house with a number of sunburnt rustics, fresh from the hayfield. 'They eat smoking mutton-pie without shirts, and had a supply of excellent beer.' He converses freely with them. Not one, *mirabile dictu!* complained of hard times. Wages were one and sixpence a day with meat—and good meat, too—beef, mutton, and pies—as much as they could eat. They did not want to emigrate, they—Yorkshire was good enough for them. Paid three pounds a year for cottages, but got it back from the gardens in fruit and flowers. One young labourer, tenant of a lone cottage, standing in a little wood, offers shelter from the storm. He praised his wife. It was a pleasure to come home when there was such a lass to make a man comfortable. Nobody could beat her at making a shirt, or bread, or cooking; and he opened the oven to show how much room there was for loaves. They part with mutual regret. 'Stay a bit longer,' says the peasant, 'I like to hear ye talk.' Northern countrymen are, however, not always so canny. Passing a tillery near Welwick, a beery fellow threw up the window, asking, in a gruff, insolent tone, 'A say, guvner, did ye meet Father Mathew?' 'Yes?' 'What did he say to ye?' 'He told me I should see a fool at the tileworks.' Down went the window with a hearty slam, and before the pedestrian was fifty yards off, the same voice rushed into the road, and challenged him back to fight, but of course no heed was taken thereof.—*White's Month in Yorkshire.*

THE LADIES AT AGRA.

I MUST describe the conduct of the British soldier in the day of sickness and pain. For weeks that the ladies watched over their charge, never was a word said by a soldier that would shock the gentlest ear. When all was over, and when such of the sick and wounded as recovered were declared convalescent, the soldiers, in order, as they expressed it, to show their gratitude for the kindness of the ladies, modestly asked permission to invite their nurses and all the gentry and society of Agra to an entertainment in the beautiful gardens of the Taj. There, under the walls of the marble mausoleum, amidst flowers and music, these rough veterans, all scarred and mutilated as they were, stood up to thank their countrywomen who had clothed, fed, and visited them when they were sick. Every lady in Agra was ready to join in this good work, and not one of them but will bear testimony to the delicacy of feeling and conduct, as well as the hearty gratitude, of these brave men.—*Rake's Notes on India.*

A DESERTED PALACE.

A fine palace, full of every luxurious appliance, mirrors, chandeliers, lustres, pictures, books, and furniture, suddenly deserted—not a human creature left—save one or two withered hags, in the Zenana; cats, parrots, pet dogs, clamorous for food. Outside, in the shady terraces and summer-houses, and round the family mausoleum, wandered animals in quest of water or food, nylghai (blue deer), barasingha (twelve horned deer), and other pet deer; on the wall a little black puppy yelping, and a dog howling piteously; in the poultry-yard geese shut up, and making a frightful noise; at the stables grain for seven horses ready steeped and in separate portions, but the horses pawing, looking round, and starving, with food in their sight; monkeys, cockatoos, and an elephant, who had broken loose, and was helping himself to food—formed one of the strangest yet saddest pictures I ever saw.—*Rake's Notes on India.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR RICHARD WHITYNGTON.

In the year fourteen hundred and nineteen, during Sir Richard's third mayoralty, he entertained Henry of Agincourt, and his bride Catherine of France. It is stated that never before did a merchant display such magnificence as was then exhibited in the Guildhall, whether the account of precious stones to reflect the light of the chandeliers, choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, choirs of beautiful females, wine conduits, rare confections, and precious metals, be at all constrained, is problematical.—Surly, cried the amazed king, 'never had a prince such a subject. Even the fires are filled with perfumes.' 'If your highness,' said Sir Richard, 'inhibit me not, I will make these fires still more grateful.' As he ceased speaking, and the king, nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire he resumed, 'Thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of 60,000l.'

AN INTELLIGENT FAMILY.—What family have you? asked the Judge of the County Court at Stockton, the other day, of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment—Myself, wife, and a bull-pup, was the reply.

News of the Week.

EUROPE.

The Fetes at Cherbourg.

The Royal Albert, Curacoa, and Euryalus formed the port line, the starboard line, some half-a-mile or so apart, was composed of the Renown, the Diadem, and the Raccoon. In this order they steamed slowly off towards the western entrance, just as the Emperor and Empress, quitting the Royal yacht, went on board the Bretagne, and standing on the poop the Emperor waved his hand to Her Majesty, and the Royal yacht started. As she moved along under the guns of the French fleet, the men sprang from the decks into the shrouds, and the salute began again with the most stunning uproar, making the vessels rock again, and filling the air with smoke enough to choke the most seasoned veteran. It was a grand sight, but it seemed not a little dangerous also. The forts began saluting, and the terrific din of some 1,500 guns going at once made words of command impossible, while the smoke hung as solid as a wall. Between the intervals of the salute the cheers were loud and even hearty as the Royal yacht, clearing her way through the smoke, rushed past the lines of the English vessels, which were tearing and slashing through the foam at a great rate. The instant the Queen had taken the lead the English began the return from the heaviest guns of the frigates and line-of-battle ships, with such a number of 68-pounders as made all within 10 miles earnestly wish the gunpowder compliments at an end.

That over, and the squadron quitted Cherbourg, leaving the harbour so full of the densest smoke that it looked as if the whole place had been stormed and burnt to the ground. Of course every *contretemps* which took place was certain to occur in the sight of the French officers, and the officer in command of the Banshee caused her to run full into two steamers while quitting the harbour, causing no little confusion and dismay. Beyond this stupidity, however, all passed off well. Once outside the breakwater, and the Royal yacht began to leave all astern, while the vessels of the squadron, spreading their great wings to the wind, went off bounding over the crisp green waves after her at a splendid speed. While the Royal Albert was setting sail her maintopmast fouled in such a manner as that a long and rather clumsy job was made of it before all was clear again. In another hour and there was only a thin track of smoke on the horizon to mark in what direction the Queen of England had quitted Cherbourg. About five miles distant from the Breakwater the Royal yacht met with the competing vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron which had started from Cowes that morning at 6 o'clock.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following account of the dinner given on board the Bretagne by the Emperor to Queen Victoria:

Their Imperial Majesties embarked at 6 o'clock, with their suite, to go on board. As soon as the Imperial barge appeared it was saluted by three salves from all the French and English vessels and from the artillery of the forts. The yards were manned and the sailors cheered lustily. At 7 o'clock the barge of Her Majesty the Queen of England left the Royal yacht and pulled towards the Bretagne. The Salute was renewed. The Emperor received his august guest at the foot of the companion ladder of the Bretagne.

The cheers of the crew and the repeated shouts of 'Vive la Reine d'Angleterre' informed the squadrons that the Sovereign of the United Kingdom had put foot on board the French ship. The table was laid for 70.—During the dinner the band of the Guides of the Imperial Guard performed various pieces. At desert the Emperor rose and proposed the following toast:—

'I drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen of England, and to that of the Prince who shares her throne, and to that of the Royal Family. In proposing this toast in their presence, on board the French Admiral's ship in the port of Cherbourg, I am happy to show the sentiments we entertain towards them. In fact, facts speak for themselves, and they prove that hostile passions, aided by a few unfortunate incidents, did not succeed in altering either the friendship which exists between the two Crowns or the desire of the two nations to remain at peace. Therefore I entertain the sincere hope that if attempts were made to stir up old resentments and the passions of another epoch, they would break to pieces upon public common sense, as the waves break upon the breakwater, which at this moment protects the squadrons of the two empires against the violence of the sea.'

Prince Albert then rose and spoke as follows:—

'Sire, —The Queen desires me to express to your Majesty how sensible she is of the new proof of friendship which you have just given her by proposing a toast in her honour, and by pronouncing words which will always remain dear to her. Your Majesty knows the sentiments of friendship which she entertains towards you,