

**FORWARD**

**NUMBER 41.**

## THE DESERTED HOUSE.

But gloomier pictures came with years—  
The work man lies on a bed of pain,  
And the pale wife sits by his side in tears,  
Watching his broken sleep in vain—  
In vain for his days on earth are done,  
And the falling sands of his life are run;  
And the sick man's face the sorrow is fled,  
And the living is left alone with the dead.

A funeral now in the darkened hall,  
The mourners gather round his bier,  
And look their last, and their children small,  
Weep in the eddies and shrink with fear;  
The body is borne with tears and woe  
Down the dark passage to the silent room,  
Down to the gate where winter awaits,  
And the plumed horse and his sable state

The house is quiet and sleeps in gloom,  
The north and wind of joy have fled,  
The wful awe in the silent rooms,  
And dreams of the dead departed dead,  
Fast by the magic of Memory bound—  
And the looks and haunts and the gifts around  
The house are all the same, and the same  
His portrait; hung on the glebe wall.

The shadows darken—a plumed train,  
Sorrow and sickness—death—aye fall—  
Sorrow and sickness—death again—  
The shade of his young is over all—  
Regent and left his sorrow's day,  
Due by one the family died,  
And the sorrow's day is now in decay,  
And winter with the silent years away.

## BY MISS POWER

Nyenes Hamilton, whose name was preceded by the aristocratic word "honourable," was a cousin to the fair Louisa; and being an orphan and the second son of a father who had been disinherited all but the small entail-  
ed property which accompanied the title, for some youth-  
ful follies, Lord Anandale, far less from motives of kind-  
ness and generosity than from the love of patronising  
and a desire to support the dignity of the family in the  
person of one of its members, had brought the young  
man to his knees when he was about nineteen, and in  
a year or two procured for him a commission in the  
Gardes.

On a dark and cloudy night in the month of January did the weeping girl forsake the home where her happy childhood had been spent, where she had grown into womanhood, loved and cherished by all around her, to follow the fortunes of one who beside his love, had but little to give her. That she thought amply sufficient *them*; but, alas! Poverty is a hard master, and the lessons he teaches us are salutary in themselves, they generally come too late for us to render them available.

Lord Donsyford having quite made up his mind to marry *some one*, and being thus disappointed in the one *he* had chosen, thought it would be a very good arrangement to transfer his affections to the other—this plan would save him the trouble of setting out on a fresh search, and as Lord Annandale was already prepared to make a most comfortable father-in-law, it seemed to him to be in all respects a most excellent and advisable mode of proceeding. Accordingly a second time did the venerable wooer come to Lord Annandale to make his proposals and with a far different result. Lady Emily was quite gracious and

As weeks and months rolled on, Lady Louisa's situation became daily worse. The fortune she had expected to possess was entirely conditional, and depended upon her marrying according to her father's wishes, so that not having done so, she forfeited the whole of it, and nothing remained but Sydne's extremely limited income. He diminished still more by being divided, and by certain debts, almost unavoidably incurred, partly by the purchase of different grades in his profession, partly by the inexperience of the youthful pair in the earlier days of their marriage. He was still abroad, nor did their seem much likelihood of his immediate return; and, as Lady Louisa saw herself, means daily dwindling, and thought how far she was from him who alone on earth could comfort and help her to struggle against poverty, she felt despairing and heart-broken.

husband for whose dear sake she had endured all, was to be taken from her, and the news of his death soon reached her. The letter announcing it had been written by one of his brother officers, whom she had known while in England, and who had been Sydney's first intimate friend, and it informed her that a party, in which they were both included, had been sent to explore the coast, and in crossing a large bay, one of the violent and sudden squalls so frequent in those latitudes had overturned their boat, and three men, of whom Sydney was one, had sunk to rise no more; the rest of the party had won the greatest difficulty reached the shore, and returned the encampment to relate the melancholy fate of their companions. This seemed to put the finishing stroke to her misery; a brain-fever had followed, and for many

once used to boudoir so lightly; slowly she passed through a splendid suit of drawing-room, — not a single article of furniture seemed changed, — everything was in its *ac-*  
customed order, but there was a chill, uninhabited air about all the apartments, as if they had been long de-  
serted. She turned into what had once been her own room; boudoir; there stood her harp in its wonted place, but many of the strings were broken; her favorite books lay scattered on the table; she took up one, and instinctively exposed it at the title-page; her name was inscribed in thence with the addition of a few words of tenderness in the well-known hand of Sydney Hamilton. Harris, on seeing her enter the boudoir, had considerably drawn away the little boy, under the pretence of showing him some of the pictures in one of the drawing-rooms; and Louisa, finding herself alone dropped on the sofa, and, yielding to her emotion, wept long and passionately.

Thanks to the care and tenderness of the once despised and forgotten daughter Lord Annandale was ere long restored to health. Never during his illness had Lady Densford seen him, and very rarely had she even seen to inquire of him: entirely devoted to extravagance and dissipation, she cared for no one earth beside herself and her unfortunate husband, of whom she made more cypher, discovered, too late, that it is a great mistake to imagine that one sister will do just as well another for a wife.

Lord Annandale lived for many years; his home on more brightened with the presence of his grandson, whom he became passionately attached and who, at the old man's death, inherited the greater part of his fortune.

—*London Kecksaps for 1843.*

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

**Evening Lecture of Hetty Jones,  
Newspapers.**

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pence, and one shilling and a-quarter just makes twenty-four cents. In my opinion as good as that very man thrown into the fire, and better, too; and that would be most paid for the *Telescope* a whole year; and I expect the printer needs the money as bad as most folks.—There's a power of economy in such doings. Why, what would a body know if it was n't for the paper; and now, too, when there's so many parties, and a body wants to know how to vote?

LONDON IN THE UNITED STATES.—M. De Tocqueville has recently published an article entitled "All Honorable labor is Honorable," in which he remarks:—"In the United States, opinion is not against, but in favor of the dignity of labor. There, a rich man feels constrained to devote his leisure to some industrial, agricultural, or commercial business, or some public duties. He would not be considered as a gentleman if he devoted his leisure to the study of literature, or to the pursuit of the sciences."

IS THERE A GOD?—The eccentric John Randolph once ascended a lofty point of the Blue Ridge to see the sunrise. The scene was one of great sublimity, and it overwhelmed him with the sense of a present Deity. "Jack," said Randolph to the servant who accompanied him, "if anybody hereafter says there is no God, tell him he lies."

The January number of Blackwood contains an article of great geographical interest, reviewing Werne's narrative up the White Nile. Says the writer. "We can conceive few things more exciting than such a voyage as Mr. Werne has accomplished and recorded."

Starting from the ontopsis of civilization, he sailed into the very heart of Africa, up a stream whose upper waters were then for the first time, furrowed by vessels larger than a savage's canoe—a stream of such gigantic proportions, that its width, at a thousand miles from the source gave it the aspect of a lake rather than of a river. The hippopotamus reared his huge snout above the surface, and wallowed in the gullies that on either hand run down to the stream; enormous crocodiles paced along the shore; elephants played in herds among the jasper; the tall giraffe stalked among the lofty palms; snakes thick as grass, lay coiled in slimy swamps; and ant-hills, ten feet high, towered above the rushes. Along the thickly-peopled banks, herds of savages showed themselves gazing in wonder at the strange ships, and making ambiguous gestures, variously construed by the adventures as signs of friendship or hostility. Alternately sailing and towing, as the wind served or not; constantly in sight of natives, but rarely communicating with them; often cut off for days from the land by intermining fields of tangled weeds,—the expedition pursued its course thro' innumerable perils, guaranteed from most of them by the liquid rampart on which it floated. Lions looked hungry, and savages shook their spears, but neither showed a disposition to swim off and board the flotilla.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Life is a battle. The field's the world, and every son of Adam has his part to act in the great struggle. But, of the vast host engaged, no two have, in all respects, the same posts assigned them, though every one a post which is of the greatest importance to himself and to others.—The battle of life, like other battles, is waged with varying success. Now victory crowns a combatant; and anon the victor becomes the vanquished. Here, one fights with the unflinching ardor of assured success; and there another but languidly repels the assaults of his enemies, as if just ready to yield in the hopeless contest; while all around are to be seen the melancholy feuds of the hard fought battle.

Who that has looked out upon the world with a thoughtful eye, has not realized that life is even so—a battle. Who can have failed to see in every man around him a combatant—men fighting for honor—for distinctions, social or political; for wealth; for business pre-eminence? How keen the encounter! how fierce the contest! and how many, after struggling for a while, are seen to fall down weary and wounded; their courage gone, their hopes forever blasted!

But why should it thus be? Why need men thus bite and devour one another like wild beasts? Is there not room for all? May not all live and let others live around them? Doubtless, if they would; and they would if the spirit of brotherly kindness was possessed and cherished as it should be; but it is not, and therefore man wages war with his fellow man as though he were by nature his enemy rather than his brother.

## NAPOLEON'S HEART.

When Bodaparte died, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of the wondrous orator, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and he retired to rest, leaving the corpse burning beside it in his chamber. He often confessed to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervously anxious as to the custodian of such a deposit, and, though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus, awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water, and then a splash, then the sound of an object falling, with a rebound, and then the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion upon his repose was explained—it was an enormous Normanby rat dragging the heart of Napoleon to its hole. A few moments more, and that which had been so vast in its ambition to satisfy with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in a more degraded position than the dust of Cæsar stopping in a beer-barrel—it would have been derelict as the supper of a rat! "To such vile uses must we come at last!"

## TERRIFIC THEORY

Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet, towards the centre. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says:—"The whole interior portion of the earth, or, at least, a great part of it, is an ocean of molten rock agitated by violent wind, though I dare not affirm it, it is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory, prevalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly futile, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world could not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius." We must look higher than this; and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in the earth."

LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES.—M. De Tocqueville

labor is honorable," in which he remarks:—"In the United States, opinion is not against, but in favor of the sovereignty of labor. There, a rich man feels constrained to devote his leisure to some industrial, agricultural or commercial business, or some public duties. He would expect to fall into disrepute if he passed his life only in idling. It is in order to escape this obligation to work that so many rich Americans come to Europe; here they find fragments of aristocratic society, among whom it is yet creditable to do nothing or have nothing to do."

**THE SUMMIT OF POLITENESS.**—The New York Tribune returns thanks to the Hon. Horace Greeley for donations. This reminds us of a physician in England who always received his fee on his visit, and so accounted himself as not receiving a fee, that when he felt his own pulse, he took a guinea from one pocket and placed it in the other.—*Worcester Spy.*

They tell a story of a man 'out West,' who had a hair-lip—upon which he performed an operation himself by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh, which adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was all well enough, until in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise unsticky, when again

“When a stranger treats me with want of respect,” said a poor philosopher, “I comfort myself with the thought that he is not a philosopher.”

the reflection that it is not myself that he slight, but my old shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

IS THERE A GOD?—The eccentric John Randolph once ascended a lofty point of the Blue Ridge to see the sunrise. The scene was one of great sublimity, and it overwhelmed him with the sense of a present Deity. "Jack," said Randolph to the servant who accompanied him, "if anybody hereafter says there is no God, tell him he lies."

**POSING THE PRIEST.**—The Rev. Father Hurley, on day, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the trite quotation that "all flesh is grass." The season was Lent and a few days afterwards he encountered Terence

"The top o' the mornin' to your riverence," said Terence; "did I understand your riverence to say, 'all flesh is grass,' last Sunday?"

"Sure I did," replied the father; "do you doubt it?"  
 "Sorra a bit would I be after doubting anything your  
 reverence plazes, but I wish to know whether in this Lenn  
 time I could not be after having a small piece of *babe* b

BREAD.—"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school examination. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on it."