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AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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October 12, 1865.

POETRY.

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne me breathaway!

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set;
The laburnum on his birth day,
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools would hardly cool
The fever in my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—HOOD.

Select Literature.

A Miner's Love Story.

NELLY GLOVER was the prettiest lass in the pit village. Her cheeks were of the sweetest blue; her eyes were like roses; and you might have thought her brown hair was the finest silk. Then she had a figure like a fairy, it was so trim; and with a waist you could almost span. I loved Nelly, but as for that, all the young chaps of the village were of the same mind, and she might have had her pick of us; the worst of it was, she treated us all alike, and wouldn't look to one more than another. She had a smile for everybody, and was always good-tempered, but there it ended, and somehow, none of us could screw up courage to try her further. I don't know how often I thought it over. It came into my head the first thing in the morning, and there it remained the last thing at night, when it either kept me awake or haunted my dreams. At last it quite took possession of me. No matter where I am, digging, or blasting, or tunnelling; above ground, or down in pit; my thoughts turned on Nelly, and from being the merriest fellow in the village, I just came to be the dullest. One morning because the viewer wanted that part of the seam shored up, and it struck me, all at once, that I would have it out with Nelly, so I made myself smart, and set off, walking as brisk as if it was for a wager. You may think it conceit in me, but I can say that I was then as clever a chap as I look at as you would often see—and I knew it! For all that, I began to walk a little slow when I caught sight of Mrs. Glover's cottage, and I felt a dread at my heart. But I went on, and I just got up to the cottage, when she should come out but Nelly herself. She never looked prettier than at that minute; but, appearing so suddenly, she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she cried, in a frightened sort of a way.
"Well, it is just this," I said. And there I stopped.
"Is anything wrong with Jack?" she cried quickly.
"Jack!"
"Yes, he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes mother and me uneasy. You haven't heard anything?" And she looked in my eyes as if she would search me through.

"No, no!" I answered, steady, now that I thought I could comfort. "He is all right. You mustn't mind what the old women of the village say, or you'll be looking out for a blowing-up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come to you about Jack, Nelly; it is about myself."
She gave me another look now; then her cheeks flared up like a flame, and her eyes turned away.
"Do you know what I want to say Nelly?" I went on. "I wish you did, for I can't tell it; it's more than I have got words for. How I love you, how you are always before me, how I am crazy, and mad about you! But though I can't say all I want to, here I stand, and I wouldn't change with a king, if you'll take me as I am!"
"Ah, Charley, you don't know how you pain me!" she answered.
"Don't say that, Nelly. I don't about speaking to you, but now that I have done it, now that I can't go on deceiving myself, if you have any pity in your heart show it to me, and I will cherish you to the day of my death."
"It is no use," she replied. "I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack when he walked up to the funeral of my poor father and brothers, all three killed in the mine—our great sorrow which I can never think of without crying."

And the tears, it is true, were running down her cheeks, though, for the minute, she seemed to me to be harder than stone. And I seemed turned to stone myself, I had no recollection, no feeling, no sense, and I couldn't have moved a step to save my life. Then it all flashed upon me like lightning. I took a last look at Nelly, dropped my head upon my breast, and without a word more, walked out through the gate.
Our village seldom looked bright, no matter how the sun shone, and now I felt as if the sun would never shine again for me; so, as my eyes fell on the line of cottages, with the clouds hanging down from

above, and nothing around but a waste, I thought I might as well be in my grave as continue to live there. Besides I should be always meeting Nelly, perhaps lurking about her mother's cottage, and making her as miserable as myself. Why should not I go away, to Yorkshire, or Derbyshire, or to the diggings in Australia, for that matter? The notion, if it was good for nothing more, gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts, and I stepped out brisker, going straight home—I hadn't much to settle there, only to bid good-bye to the folks I lived with, pack my pack, and begin my tramp.

I stopped at the moon and looked back, remembering I might never see the place again, and, disheartened as I now thought it with its gipping walls and shaken roofs encumbering the blackened ground, I had been happy there. Not one of those tumbling cottages but what would open its door to me; not one where I wouldn't meet a friend.—And there I had been born; it was the only spot on earth that, even in that hour of bitterness I loved best, and I didn't turn away without dashing my hand over my eyes.

I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash that shook the ground.—I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the black country and, throwing down my pack I darted off to the pit, with the feeling that animate every miner on such occasions.

It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust-heaps round the pit's mouth, but some were there before me, and the off-men and the women were rushing up from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost stifled me as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, not leaving a stick of it, but it hadn't injured the signal rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as we saw this, I set to work to rig a cross-bar, and presently had it ready.

"Just lower me gently," I said to the banksmen. "I may pick up one or two, if there's any near."
"You can't go down yet," said the viewer. "How many are there in the pit?"
"Half an hour ago there were fifty," replied the time-keeper; but I am thankful to say they all came up but ten."
"And they are all lost," said the viewer, "for there will be another explosion directly."

"I'll go down anyhow," I said, doggedly; and if nobody will lower me, I'll jump down."
A good many were on the heaps now—men and women—some of the women crying, and some praying; but when I spoke out that way, there was a dead silence.—Then two or three called out "Good-bye, Charley. God bless you, brave lad." The banksmen lowered me down, and I sank through the pit's mouth. A Davy lamp was tied round my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became too foul. But I had no intention of going back till I had searched the pit, and seen there were any alive. One thing, I didn't care about my life, another, I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without doing something, so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a small price, and I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. The shaft had never seemed so deep to me before. I strained my eyes in the darkness below, and I saw no bottom; I glanced up, and the gleam of light grew smaller and fainter! I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black board. But my progress was notified by the increasing density of the air which began to affect my breathing; and as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground.

I looked round, as I jumped out of the straddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and, from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses; for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft; and what open could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stand to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they got through my mind. I knew the old mine blindfolded, but what with the foul smell, and what with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way.—And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and, in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery, which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap, and went on a few steps, though my Davy lamp was what pitmen call "a-dre,"—the flame being all blue—and I knew that the atmosphere was so much powdered. But I stumbled along, as if I wasn't to save any one, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once, it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad; my foot struck something; I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on its face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant, and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were once in the main or horse-road; for now the shaft was before you, instead of behind; and though you wouldn't think it, this made a wonderful difference in the light. Dark as pitch as it still was, though not a pitman's eyes, and I found out that Jack breathed when I reached the shaft. The discovery nerved me afresh, and kept all my senses at work, without seeming to know it. I only felt that there would be another explosion. So I placed Jack on the straddle, and, taking the cord from

my Davy-lamp, tied him hand-and-foot; then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, and lifted the straddle from the ground, I hung on by my arms; thus we began to mount the shaft.

It wasn't till we had got twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing, but, from that moment, it became just terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap; the ache in my arms spread through every muscle; my head spun round; and my feet kicked about in agony. I watched the mouth of the pit fill my eyes swam, and as I reckoned the space between, while my strength waned, and my misery deepened, I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster. I mastered all my strength, I tightened my grip of the straddle, though my fingers were growing numb; I steadied my feet and hardly trusted myself to breathe. I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the pure air; I heard voices; and presently the tackle swung; strong arms caught me around the waist, and I was landed on the bank.

They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head, and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley Batson?" he asked, bending over me.
"Everybody away from the pit, sir," I said.

"You are right," he answered; it will come in a minute or two.
They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Nelly, trying to throw herself on her brother Jack, but kept back by the other womenfolk. She never glanced around at me! I wished then that I had stopped in the pit, or let myself drop from the bars as I came up, and so escape seeing her again. But I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and when they let go my arms, I turned towards the door, intending to pick up my pack, and drag on at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to the pack I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so beat, that though there was now another explosion at the pit, as I had expected, and thought I shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was stretching out my arms and legs, and lying quiet. How long I lay there I never knew. But, by degrees, I recovered a little strength, and my thoughts took more shape, when I decided to return to my old lodging, and have a day's rest before I set out on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, the good folks tended me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked with pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be a position; so I got up very quiet, and was putting on my things when the room-door opened and, to my wonder, in came Jack Glover.

"Hallo, Charley, here we are!" he cried, seizing my hand, and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have thought of us two being alive to-day?"

"Well, Jack," I answered, "I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself."
"How's that?" he asked.

"Because I have something on my mind. You'll see," he said, laughing, and giving me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like smoke."

"I don't care if I never smoke a pipe again," I said savagely.
"Now, I'll tell you what it is," said Jack; "you have been having a tiff with our Nelly."

"I haven't," I answered, my cheek burning.
"Well, you know best about that," continued Jack; "but it's what I guess, because you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you brought me up from the pit, she fell on my neck and fainted."

"Didn't she know it before?" I asked, relenting.
"No."
"Then I'll just tell you about her and me," I said.

I was a long time telling it, but Jack set up as if he was listening to a play, or a sermon at chapel. I gave him a description of Nelly that would have done for the *Blue and Grey*; went into all the feelings she had raised in my breast, told him how I had watched for her, thought of her, and dreamt of her, and finally recounted our last colloquy. Jack never moved a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath did he put in a word.

"Don't you think you've been a little fast, Charley?" he then said, dubiously.
"How do you mean?" I answered.
"Why, in giving up so. Suppose when Nelly said she couldn't have you, and said she must?"

This view had never struck me, and rather took me aback.
"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to marry a pitman," I urged.

"So there was. But did you never hear that promises were made to be broke?"
"I can't say but I have," I muttered, clapping on my hat.

"Where are you going?" said Jack.
"You wait here a minute," I replied.
With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road, and hurried off to Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood outside a minute when I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Nelly, sitting by her mother and looking like a ghost—only ghosts never look pretty. She gave me one look, then started up and sprang into my arms. My heart was so full that I couldn't speak at first, but I thought I must do something, so I slipped my arm round her waist, as Jack recommended. Now I felt sure of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and, as my breast swelled proudly, I began to bear a little malice.

"Ah, Nelly! if you had only loved me!" I said. Nelly tightened her arms round my neck.
"How happy we might have been!" I continued.

"Now, Nelly? We can never marry, you know."
The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Nelly falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel and held her by the waist.

"There's your promise to your mother and Jack," I continued; how are we to get over that?"
"I forgot that," faltered Nelly, her face as white as a sheet.

"And what do you say to it, mother?" I cried to the old lady.
Mrs. Glover got up, and took Nelly's hand and put it in mine.

"That's what I say to it," she said heartily, "and I know Jack is of the same mind."
"And this is what I say to it," I cried, giving Nelly a kiss.

"You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am a viewer of the colliery, and as for Nelly, she will tell you that, though she has married a pitman and has her roughs and smooths, like other women, there is no happier woman in the kingdom."

THE WISEST CHOICE.

A Philanthropist of liberal means once beheld himself of the good he might accomplish by gratuitously presenting a portion of his wealth to some worthy man whose poverty would make the gift acceptable and desirable. In cherishing these generous thoughts he recollected that there were three worthy and homeless men in his employ, either of whom would be a worthy subject to receive his gift. But which of the three was the most worthy he was unable to determine, as each possessed his peculiar virtues and his peculiar faults; and as his means would not allow of his presenting each with a gift, which he intended should be a home, without doing injustice to himself, he concluded, in order that he might learn which was the most worthy to receive the favor of his liberality, to make known unto them the subject of his intentions, with the assurance that the one who should make the best selection of a home, both for his own good and for the good of others, he would present that one with the home selected.

Accordingly he acquainted them with his intentions and qualified offer, allowing them ample time wherein to select such a home as they might choose. After the expiration of the time which he had allowed for them to select the site of their prospective home, he inquired of each where he had determined his home should be, providing his selection should be considered the best.

"I have," answered the first, "selected for the site of the home of my choice my own native vale, for the reasons that I shall be the happiest and most contented there among the scenes of my youth, and that others shall naturally partake of my happiness and imbibe of my contentment, which will, besides improving my own, afford me an opportunity of ameliorating the social condition of others by increasing their happiness and in enhancing their contentment; and in seeking to provide for the welfare of others, and to guard them against the commitment of sin, we should first strive to make them happy and contented. Those are the paramount guardians of all good morals; for when a man is happy and contented there is no danger of his being enticed by the allurements of sin to depart from the doing of good."

"Your selection," said the philanthropist, "is very good, and deserves our admiration; first, for the love which you retain for your native vale, as it is natural for man to love the home of his birth; secondly, for the generous regard which you cherish for the social advancement of others, which is worthy of our emulation."
"I," replied the second, "have selected my home in a quiet town where I can obtain the means of giving my children a thorough education, which I consider will be the best for my own and for the good of others; first as no man can do a better deed than to educate his children; secondly because no man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family."

"Your selection," said the philanthropist, "is a wise and good one; and was chosen with a laudable object."

"I have not selected my home yet," returned the third, "but can tell you where I should select it, were I to do so. I should select it in the most corrupt, depraved and immoral community extant. First, for the good which I should receive from seeing the evils and sins of other, which would, I trust lead me to strive more earnestly to lead a less sinful life, seeing the folly and the wickedness of the more sinful actions of others; secondly, for the good of others, which good I should seek to accomplish by combating the prevalent evil, and by striving to win its perpetrators to embrace a purer way of life by emulating my example, which I should earnestly endeavor to make an example worthy their emulation."

Your would be selection is by far the best," said the philanthropist, not so much for the good which you hope to derive from it, but for the good which you seek to confer upon others by making such an eccentric yet good selection. Therefore, I willingly declare that you are justly entitled to receive my intended gift, under the qualifications with which it is and was to be presented, as those qualifications have been strictly adhered to you in making your selection, and by me declaring you to be the successful aspirant for the gift; for, while your colleagues seek to aggrandize the good of others by increasing their happiness and contentment, and by setting the good example before them of educating their children, you seek to accomplish an object which contains and surpasses those worthy designs, as you strive to combat evil and to reform the evil doer. In order to do this you must cherish the good as well as discard the evil. In doing this, you will provide for the happiness of others, for that is a good, and will strive to dispel their discontentment, for that is an evil; and will look well to the education of your family, for that is one of the fairest features of moral good, while beyond this, you will be performing the duty of man to execute, namely, "combating evil," which, would we all do, evil would soon be vanquished and truth and good become triumphant."