

LITERATURE.

THE PRESS.

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And last, the PRINTING PRESS! that tongue, that foot,
That breath of knowledge; the four-faced, four-wing'd,
As in Ezekiel's vision, looking at
The quarters four of heaven; the chariot
Of the inspired Nahum, with its torch
And lightning speed—the glorious Printing Press!
Had sprung from that great wondrous fane of thought,
That curious laboratory—apex bright
Of bright creation—Eagle eyrie built
On Nature's loftiest summit—crowning gem
Of all that God hath wrought—the brain of man!
Knowledge leaped up and Liberty, beside
Embracing, they exchanged in love their gifts.
Liberty gave her scorn of Tyranny
To Knowledge; Knowledge gave to Liberty
Her stary brow; and both, then towering up,
Called out for RIGHT!

LOVE TRUSTS WITHOUT TRYING.

Constance Dinorbin was young, beautiful, and well born; and if she was rich only in that best of riches—the love of friends and kindred—she had never thought to murmur, or wish it otherwise. Constance had a thousand plans for the future, some of which she talked openly about, while others she only dreamt of. At one time she had almost made up her mind to be a governess, only then she must leave home—and, perhaps, there were other ties, scarcely less dear, which she would have grieved to sever herself from, and so the scheme was given up. Her next idea was to give lessons in music, for Constance was an exquisite musician; but her mother said, "Why not keep a school at once, and then we might be always together?" So Constance, assisted by her young sister, finally agreed to open a school; and they walked together cheerfully and hopefully of the future.

Gilbert Rodney said that it was a good idea, and immediately offered his services in any way in which they could be made available. Nothing was ever done without consulting Gilbert Rodney; but then, to be sure, he was their cousin, and almost like a brother; but Constance would have been very sorry if he had been really her brother.

"What can he do, Rose?" asked the young girl laughingly of her sister. "He is too awkward for a dancing-master; and as for writing, it is out of the question with such a hand as he writes! which no one can make out but myself, who am used to his hieroglyphics! I really do not believe that he is fit for anything!"

"Neither useful nor ornamental!" added Rose.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Dinorbin, impatiently, "if you go on in this manner, I am afraid that nothing will be arranged in time. Gilbert has quite enough to do to look after his own practice, without coming here so often."

"I almost wish I had," replied the young doctor, with a sigh.

"Courage, dear Gilbert! Courage and patience!"—whispered Constance affectionately. "You only require to be known. But come now, and help us to draw up our prospectus."

The prospectuses were drawn up and printed, but never sent. A few days after the conversation above recorded, Constance received a letter, informing her of the sudden death of a distant relative, by whose will she unexpectedly became one of the richest heiresses in England. What joy! what thankfulness! for she did not pretend to mourn for one whom she had never seen, save once in her dimly-remembered childhood. Her first thought was home—dear, dear home, and then she recollected some poor relations, poorer even than they had been—who has not poor relations? And gradually the circle widened, until it embraced all humankind.

"Oh the good that I will do," exclaimed Constance, in the fulness of her heart. She called it the happiest day of her life. Alas! we little know what really makes our happiness.

"It is well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud;
That we cherish a flower, and think not of blight,
That we dance on the loom that may weave us a shroud!"

Constance could not but feel that, rich as she was, one thing still remained wanting to complete her felicity, and that all earthly grandeur would be in vain if her cousin Gilbert loved her not. But he did love her; and now that the only obstacle was removed which stood between them—want of money—he told her frankly with his lips what she must long since have guessed from his manner, how very dear she was to him. Happy Constance, she seemed to have nothing left to wish for.

Gilbert, at her request, agreed to "throw physic to the dogs," although many people said it was a pity, as he was so clever; but somehow they had never found out his cleverness until he became rich. Every one envied him, as well they might, with such a fortune and a bride—the world always putting the fortune first! He entered warmly and eagerly into all Constance's plans and dreams for the future; for her first exclamation, "Oh the good that I will do!" was not a mere transitory ebullition of feeling, but the earnest wish of her

heart; and while he could not occasionally avoid laughing at the romantic nature of some of her visions, he assisted by his judicious advice to give them shape and tangibility.

Mrs. Dinorbin was too good and affectionate a mother to be ambitious, and appeared well content in the prospect of seeing her child unite to him she loved. It was one of her favourite maxims, that "love is better than riches," and she was right. She took, nevertheless, a great and natural pleasure in her change of circumstances, and in the new house and equipages which seemed only proper to their present position; and above all, in the admiration everywhere bestowed on her beautiful Constance! who bore it all very well, considering that she was still so young, and that all was so new, and delightful and intoxicating.

It has been said that "the sunniest day is not without its cloud, or the sweetest rose without a thorn." It may be so; but sure we are that the cloud and the thorn are oftentimes—nay, most times—of our own creating. It is the case of thousands, who make the very grief which they lament. It was the case with Constance.—Some one said one day in her hearing, and not knowing that she was so near, "that Gilbert Rodney only wished to marry her for the sake of her money, or why did he not ask her to have him long since, instead of waiting till she became rich?" Constance knew that they spoke falsely, and yet she was silly enough to suffer those idle words to haunt and trouble her. Not that she believed them for a moment, but she could not forget them. Her first vehement contradiction was received by this injudicious and thoughtless friend, with a calm, mocking smile. She was "sorry that it had been mentioned, but certainly it was the general opinion; people would talk, and it was a pity that Mr. Rodney had not spoken before."

"How could he ask me to marry him, when neither of us had a penny?" asked Constance, impatiently.

"True," replied her friend, with another smile.

"Gilbert is incapable of the sentiments attributed to him," continued the excited girl; "and that noble and generous heart has been mine from childhood."

"To be sure you ought to know best," replied her companion.

Constance was greatly vexed; but when she told her sister, Rose only laughed. It was a pity that Constance never mentioned it to Gilbert Rodney, or her mother; but she was ashamed, and so suffered this foolish report to prey upon her mind. Half our miseries in this life arise from want of confidence. If there were no secrets, we sometimes think that there would be, comparatively speaking, no sorrows. There should be no secrets between those who love.

Mrs. Dinorbin having occasion to leave home for a few days on a visit to an old friend, Constance determined to avail herself of her mother's absence in order to put into practice a scheme which she had long dwelt upon, and into which Rose entered with all the thoughtless romance of extreme youth. One or two of their young friends shook their heads, and warned Constance of the fearful consequences, which would attend the failure of her plan.

"What if he should not be all you so fondly imagine?" said one.

"I have no fear."

"Be warned, nevertheless, and do not trifle with your own happiness."

But Constance would not be warned, and their fears and remonstrances served to strengthen her determination to set all doubt of Gilbert's disinterested attachment at rest for ever.

A few days after Mrs. Dinorbin's departure, Gilbert received a hurried note from Constance, enclosing one written in a strange hand, and informing her that in consequence of another will having been found, bearing a later date, she must be prepared to yield up her briefly enjoyed possessions forthwith to the rightful heir. The scheme was well laid, and Gilbert fell at once into the snare—how could he suspect that Constance would deceive him? It was a sudden and bitter disappointment to all his fondly-cherished hopes, but he grieved most for her.

Constance had said that he would come immediately on receiving her letter, and he did so. It was getting dusk, for she chose the time, and she was all alone, but in the adjoining apartment, the door of which stood a little way open, there was a low murmuring of gay voices, which ceased all of a sudden at his entrance.—Constance was very pale, and her hand trembled in his. She had never doubted his faith for a single instant, and yet, now that the time had actually arrived to test it, she felt strangely agitated; so true it is that "coming events cast their shadows before them."

Gilbert sat down beside her on the sofa, and spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the future. He repeated to her all the fine things that had been said lately of his professional skill, and anticipated a brilliant reputation.

"One day," said he, "my little Constance shall be proud of her husband; and meanwhile we will hope, and work and love one another. We were very happy before, and we shall be happy again, when this brilliant dream of fortune has passed away—happier than ever, perhaps. God is very good; it was only this morning that I received a small legacy, which will enable us to begin housekeeping, so that the wedding need not be put off after all; and your dear mother, and little Rose, can live with us. It is but exchanging a large house for a small one, and contriving to do without a carriage.

for a few years—only a few years; for when I am a physician, of course I must keep my carriage! What, not a word, Constance—not even a smile—nay, speak to me, dearest!"

Constance wept: she could not speak, when she knew that every word that passed between them would be overheard. She was proud of him, but ashamed, bitterly ashamed of herself; and it was this feeling which made her shrink from him in tears and silence. How she longed to tell him all, but not now. Her manner was constrained and embarrassed; and Gilbert felt hurt and surprised at the apparent coldness with which she listened to his protestations of affection, and shrank from his caresses.

"Leave me, dear Gilbert," said Constance, at length, in a low voice; "I would be alone."

"If you wish it, Constance, I will go; but why send me from you? why grieve over this golden dream—What is the world's wealth to those who are all the world to one another?"

"Oh, go now," exclaimed Constance, eagerly. "In an hour I will see you again, and explain everything."

"I will wait that hour in the library," said Gilbert.

As soon as he was gone, Constance passed into the adjoining room, with a rapid step, and a smile of triumph upon her pale face.

"Are you satisfied?" asked she, exultingly, of the eager group who crowded around her, mingling whispered congratulations with petitions for forgiveness while Rose clapped her little hands, and danced for joy Gilbert heard her laughing and dancing as he sat in the room beneath, and he remembered it afterwards. A few words were spoken, and those in praise of him who had just gone; and the tears stood in the eyes of her young companions as they kissed Constance, and went away one by one, leaving the sisters alone.

"How beautiful?" exclaimed Rose. "I declare is quite like a romance. Dear, dear Gilbert! what a noble fellow he is! How proud you must be of him Constance."

"Yes, very proud; but I am afraid now, that it is a over. What if he should be angry with me?"

"Nonsense! he will only laugh."

"Do you think so? then I will go to him at once—Poor Gilbert! he must have thought, my conduct very strange; but how could I speak—how could I tell him all the love and gratitude that were swelling in my heart before you all?"

"No, certainly not. I shall long to hear what he says about it."

Constance hesitated a moment before she entered the library. "Heaven send that it may all end well!"—thought she; for she felt that she had done very wrong. Gilbert advanced eagerly to meet her, and this time she did not shrink from him.

"Oh, Gilbert!" exclaimed Constance, as she placed both hands in his, "I have so much to tell you!"

"Not now dearest—not till you are calmer," replied her cousin, soothingly.

"Yes, this instant, for I cannot be calm—I cannot rest until I hear you say that you forgive me for having deceived you."

"It was not your fault, Constance; you could not tell that there was another will in existence."

"There is no other will."

Gilbert took from his pocket-book the letter which she had sent him, and placed it before her.

"Do you not recognise the hand-writing, albeit it is a little disguised?" asked Constance, looking up in his face, and trying to smile.

Her companion started, and his brow contracted:

"It is like yours."

"It is mine," said Constance. But when she began to tell him all, his passionate vehemence so frightened and confused her, that she scarcely knew what she said, and could only weep and wring her hands while Gilbert paced up and down the room, with pale, quivering lips, and flashing eyes. It was the first time, that she had ever seen him thus, and there was something fearful in the wild excitement of one hitherto so calm.

"If I understand you rightly, there were witnesses to our last interview?" said he, pausing at length before the terrified girl.

"There were. Oh, Gilbert, forgive me, pray forgive me."

"You must have exulted in your triumph."

Constance was silent; she knew not what to say.

"It is a pity that no one will be present to record the end of this well conceived romance."

"The end!"

"Without faith in one another," continued her companion, "there can be no happiness; and the sooner our engagement is terminated the better."

"Oh Gilbert! Gilbert! I have deserved that you should be angry with me; but not these cruel words."

"I am not angry now," replied her cousin; and his calmness frightened her eye more than his passionate vehemence had previously done. "Let us part friends, Constance, and may God bless—and forgive you!"

"No, we will not part!" exclaimed the girl, wildly, "indeed, indeed, Gilbert, I never doubted—never ceased to love you."

"Love trusts without trying," replied her cousin, bitterly; and gently removing her detaining arms, he pressed his lips to her forehead, and hastily quitted the room.

As Rose stood by the open window, looking out into the bright moonlight, and dreaming of all sorts of