

## LITERATURE.

## THE STORMY SEA.

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,  
In the sunset at her knitting,  
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting  
Underneath her threshold tree;  
And, as daylight died before us,  
And the vesper star shone o'er us,  
Fitful rose her tender chorus—  
"Jamie's o'er the stormy sea!"

Warmly shone that sunset glowing;  
Sweetly breathed those flowers blowing;  
Earth, with beauty overflowing,  
Seemed the love of home to be,  
As those angel tones ascending,  
With the scene and season blending,  
Ever had the same low ending—  
"Jamie's on the stormy sea!"

Curfew bells remotely ringing  
Mingled with that sweet voice singing:  
And the last red ray seemed clinging,  
Lingering to tower and tree;  
Nearer as I came, and nearer,  
Finer rose the notes and clearer;  
Oh! 'twas Heaven itself to hear her—  
"Jamie's on the stormy sea!"

Blow ye west winds! blandly hover  
O'er the bark that bears my lover;  
Gently blow and bear him over  
To his own dear home and me;  
For, when night winds bend the willow,  
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,  
Thinking of the foaming billow—  
"For Jamie's on the stormy sea!"

How could I but list, but linger,  
To the song, and hear the singer,  
Sweetly wooing Heaven to bring her  
Jamie from the foaming sea;  
And while yet her lips did name me,  
Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me—  
"Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,  
Home returned to love and thee!"

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Lieutenant Lincoln's own bulletin of his own state and condition, was that he was desperately wounded and dying. And yet he had fought neither battle nor duel; his sword was unfleshed and his pistols had never shot at anything but a mark. Howbeit, Lieutenant Lincoln was dying—of love.

However, before quite giving up the ghost so that he could not have it back again, Lieutenant Lincoln thought that it might be as well to inquire if it were necessary to do so at all, and he accordingly wrote to the lady to know 'whether he should die for her, or live for her?' to which the lady, probably thinking that he could be of little service to her if laid in a position to be trodden under foot, in a literal sense, and perhaps thinking it more amusing to have him so that he could be trodden down figuratively, very kindly sent him word that she thought he had better live. Lieutenant Lincoln was of course in raptures. Every trace of the horrible disorder of which he had so recently been dying, vanished like magic, and it was wonderful to see how fresh and florid the gentleman that was expiring immediately became.

'Well,' said Lieutenant Lincoln, 'I must, as a matter of course, speak to old Ellison: but he is such a nice gentlemanly fellow, that I am sure not to meet with any obstacle from him. He is, without exception, the most agreeable man of my acquaintance—gives such good dinners, and always sends one an invitation.'

So Lieutenant Lincoln set off full speed to Bedford Square, and found the most agreeable man of his acquaintance at home.

Now old Ellison did not think himself old at all, neither, indeed, did anybody else, always excepting the generation of twenty, who are decidedly of opinion that the generation of thirty are quite ancient, and according to this calculation old Ellison was old, for he belonged to the generation of forty. Yet notwithstanding this patriarchal age, old Ellison looked young enough to dress, to laugh, to dance, to flirt, and while men do these sort of things it is of no use for people to tell them that they are old, for they will not believe them.

'My dear sir,' said Lieutenant Lincoln, 'I have come to ask a favour.'

'My dear captain, count it done.'

'Ah, but you do not know its magnitude!'

'Do you want to borrow my villa?'

'O, no!'

'My horses?'

'No.'

'My opera box?'

'No.'

'Money?'

'No.'

'Pshaw! then, it is some trifle not worth mentioning between us.'

'On the contrary, it is the happiness of my life.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'Without it I shall die!'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'Yes, indeed, believe me!'

'My dear fellow, you look amazingly well. Your person is as stout as usual, your cheeks as red as usual, your eyes as bright as usual. I do not perceive anything of the complaints mentioned in the bills of mortality hanging over you.'

'My dear sir, you speak only of bodily maladies?'

'What, have you got a mind diseased?—Ha! ha! ha!'

Now when one fancies oneself in a sentimental state, it is an abominable thing to be badgered and bantered as if nothing were the matter. Lieutenant Lincoln's face flushed as deep as his regimental coat.

'When a man blushes he is always serious,' said old Ellison, 'so now I will hear as gravely as you will speak. You know you may depend upon my friendship.'

'My dear sir,' began the soldier, 'you must have observed the attentions which I have been in the habit of paying to your daughter.'

'Who! what!' exclaimed Ellison sharply, as the shadow of a frown came over his face.

'To—to—Miss Ellison,' stammered the embarrassed suitor.

'Every gentleman must pay attention to the ladies in whose society he is thrown.'

'But mine have been particular. They were meant to be so. I had hoped that they had attracted your attention without exciting your disapprobation.'

'My dear captain, you must remember that I am not the cast-iron father of a romance, nor the dragon-like parent of a farce. I have always wished my daughter to be as happy as she could, but I knew that it was not the way to make her feel so to treat her like a slave.—I do not listen to every word she speaks, nor watch every action. At the same time, I put every confidence in her discretion. I am not among the number of those men who think all women quite fools. On the contrary, I have some idea that there are women who may have sense, and I think my daughter among them.'

'Her mind is of the finest order!' exclaimed Lieutenant Lincoln, in the true style of a true lover.'

'She is not a Madame de Stael, nor a Mrs. Somerville, but she is passable,' said the father with great equanimity.

'Madame de Stael—Mrs. Somerville,' said the soldier with a tone and gesture of contempt, 'tut! tut! what are they in comparison with Miss Ellison! mere commonplace women!'

Old Ellison, smiled a scornful smile, but whether at the lover or the lady we disclose not.

'And then for beauty!' ejaculated Lieutenant Lincoln.

'She is neither a Venus nor a Sutherland,' said the father quietly, 'but she is passable.'

'Passable! she is angelic!'

'She has her temper as well as other people,' said the old gentleman provokingly.

'She is too good for this world,' passionately exclaimed the lover.

'But not good enough for another,' said the father. 'My dear fellow, we have all our faults, and she has hers.'

'There you are wrong, sir! There you are wrong! Isabella can have no fault in unprejudiced eyes.'

'In prejudiced ones, you mean,' said the merchant quietly.

'There are no eyes capable of appreciating perfection in this mistaking world!' said Lincoln pathetically.

'Because there is no perfection to appreciate.'

'You will not see,' exclaimed the lover.

'What does not exist,' said the father.—'But enough of this. I thought you were out of your senses, and merely wished to bring you into them again.'

'My dear sir, I knew that you could not mean a single word that you have said!'

'Only them all.'

'You trifle with my feelings!'

'At all events, I hope you are not too blind to perceive that I am wishing to cure you of your infatuation.'

'Sir, my feelings are part of my existence! I could as soon part with the one as the other!'

'Well, I suppose that your disorder must go through its natural stages. After it has had its run it will cure itself. Nature is the best doctor after all.'

'Mr. Ellison, do you wish to drive me to distraction?'

'You are very young,' said the merchant philosophically.

'I am referring to you the hopes of my existence!'

'Very young indeed, younger than I thought,' went on coolly speculating the hard-hearted merchant.

'You trifle with me!' exclaimed Lincoln passionately.

'Now, my dear fellow, listen to me, dispassionately if you can. You have no idea how very raw and boyish you are making yourself appear. I really have a liking for you, and therefore I will give you a little of my time, although I ought now to be on the Stock Exchange, and with talking to you I may be losing some lucky spec., and some pretty thousands. However, let that pass. Now tell me, my good fellow, if you ever thought of the expense of keeping a wife.'

'Mercenary feelings can never enter the heart where true affection lodges—there is no room for them. O, Mr. Ellison, the pomps and gauds of the world, what are they! Isabella and myself would live to each other!'

'No doubt! no doubt! Love and a cottage. A few

roses for dinner, and so on.—Well, you are rather worse than I apprehended. I don't see that I can do you any good until the paroxysm abates.'

'Indeed my dear sir, I was never profuse.'

'I believe that you never were particularly able to be so. If I mistake not, you have nothing beyond your pay?'

Lieutenant Lincoln was obliged to allow this.

'And may I ask how much that exceeds your expenditure?'

'I have not thought of making it.'

'And excuse the impertinence of the question—have you been able to keep out of debt?'

'A few paltry hundreds I perhaps may be in the books of some pitiful tradesmen—mere nothing, believe me. Many of my brother officers owe thousands for my petty hundreds.'

'Yes, and probably have a thousand times better means of paying them. They most likely have wealthy connexions.'

'Well and so have I.'

'May I ask who?'

'I have two old rich maiden aunts.'

'Ah, indeed, pray how old? Any good encouraging degree of ancientness?'

'O, yes, they are getting on fast; the youngest is seven-and-thirty, and the oldest turned forty.'

'Indeed!' ejaculated Mr. Ellison; and he eyed his companion to see whether he were quizzing, or only a fool.

'So you consider forty quite a patriarchal age?' resumed Mr. Ellison.

'Everybody must think it old,' returned the soldier.

'I am forty,' replied the merchant coldly.

Lincoln blushed blue, if we may be allowed to say so. He had just sense enough in his head to perceive that he had knocked it against a wall.

'Notwithstanding such an advanced age,' resumed the merchant, 'it is just possible that they might take into their heads to marry, and if they have property as you say, it is very likely that they would find some marketable man willing enough to honor them. There are good-looking fellows at any price on sale at all times.'

Lincoln shook his head.

'Or supposing them not sufficiently in their dotage for that, they yet may be unreasonable enough to live a long while—tiresome, I allow—but perhaps until you may be as antediluvian when they are kind enough to depart, as they are at this moment when we are speaking of them.'

'They are good souls,' said Lincoln, remembering a little natural feeling; 'they are good souls and I don't want them to die.'

'Another thing—would their dying do you any good? Are they obliged to leave you their fortune?'

'O, that of course.'

'Well, you are very young,' said the merchant, surveying him from head to foot again after a minute's silence, and thinking that he had never seen such a raw simpleton in his life.

'And you are very old,' thought Lieutenant Lincoln, as he looked at the merchant, fully believing, in his inmost heart, that he had never seen such a selfish old wretch in the whole course of his life.

'May I ask,' said the merchant, 'if you ever did anything in the way of book-keeping?'

Lieutenant Lincoln looked at him with something of suppressed scorn. 'It is not an occupation for a soldier. Men of my profession usually leave such drudgeries to clerks.'

'But you learnt a few rules of arithmetic at school?'

'Oh, of course.'

'Then, perhaps you will not think half an hour quite wasted in assisting me in a little business?'

Looking both in a bewilderment and wonderment, the soldier made his drawing-room bow of acquiescence.

'There are pens and paper,' said the merchant, as he pushed them towards the soldier, and they took their seats on the opposite sides of a middle-sized table, and old Ellison proceeded to open a large desk and disinter a huge assortment of very suspicious looking papers, whole sheets of foolscap folded particularly neat, and bearing written characters of most orthodox exactness.

'Business, my dear sir, business must be attended to. Here I have my half-year's housekeeping accounts, and I have not ascertained the total. You will have the kindness to assist me. These are vulgar details I know, but you will forgive their homeliness. To begin, please to write down, Rent, one hundred and fifty pounds—

thank you—taxes, forty-seven—stabling, seventy-five—opera-box—ah, that is an extravagance—three hundred guineas—butcher's bill—vulgar thing—two hundred and thirty four pounds and sixpence—grocer's, a hundred and forty-seven—tailor's—ah, fie upon me! one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.'

'Mr. Ellison!' exclaimed Lincoln, dashing down his pen, his face flushed to crimson, and his feelings all up in arms and hot—'I see what you mean! I cannot misunderstand you! You are wishing to show me my presumption in aspiring to your daughter! To make me feel how impossible it is with my narrow means—to—'

'I wish to convince you,' said the merchant 'that a wife is the most expensive thing you could undertake to keep, for having her, you are obliged to have a thousand things besides.'

Lieutenant Lincoln dashed his open palms upon his