

LITERATURE.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las Mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.—CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing or in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

The following parody appeared in a late No. of the Dublin "Nation":—

THE LONGING.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray,
Waiting for the sunlight dancing,
Where the bristling pikeheads glancing,
With the rifles alternating,
Lads in green and gay.
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray.

Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray—
Longing to escape from speeching,
Reading, writing, and beseeching,
Longing for the stormy thronging
Round our banners gay.
Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray.

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray,
Throbbing for the time of starting,
Wives and sisters fondly parting,
Kisses from the loved one robbing,
"Love I cannot stay."
Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray.

Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray—
Burning for the roar and rattle,
For the crimson steam of battle,
Squadrons round me wildly turning,
Far far, far away.
Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray.

Waiting, calm, determined, steady,
Waiting for the fray.
Spring goes by with preparations,
Baffled law and stern ovations—
Summer comes that we be ready,
God of hosts, I pray,
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray.

Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer laxity of principle from that ignorance of vice. Prudery on the contrary, is often assumed to keep off the suspicion of criminality.

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep?—Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

'Clara, I wish you would assist me with this sewing; Miss Grey was not well yesterday, and I fear will not be able to come here to-day.'

'And do you wish me to take her place, and turn seamstress? No, no, aunt Letty, I dislike sewing; plain sewing is horribly vulgar, and besides I've no time; after taking my Italian lesson I will finish one more row on my worsted netting, and then I must dress for a walk. I don't know why Mary Grey has those everlasting headaches; people who live by their needle should act differently; she knows Ma will be disappointed if she is not here, and I think she might have exerted herself a little to oblige Ma.'

'You cannot be so unreasonable as to wish her to work when she is unable to do so.'

'Unable! I believe half the time she is only putting on airs; and it is Pa's fault, for he treats Mary as if she were an equal, instead of an old maid who is paid by the day for plain sewing!'

'Clara! Clara! I am grieved to hear you talk so unfeelingly. From your cradle you have been surrounded by luxury, every wish has been gratified, and just in proportion as you have been removed above the toiling thousands around you, in just such proportion you have become pampered and selfish.'

'I wish no lectures, aunt Letty. Your sympathy for the single sisterhood is not to be wondered at; old maids—pshaw!'

The young lady took her lesson, finished her row of netting, dressed herself with extreme care, and then went out to walk.

Clara's mother was out of town, and the duty of superintending the household concerns devolved wholly on aunt Letty. Indeed, this was no rare occurrence, for her sister-in-law, when in town, was obliged to receive and return so many visits, that—'Letty, will you give orders to cook this morning—Letty, will you help Miss Grey with this sewing—Letty, will you stay in the nursery until the baby goes to sleep, the little thing does not like nurse, and I am engaged for the evening'—requests that had first been made in a gentle, insinuating manner, as if a favor would be granted if aunt Letty complied with them, were now equal to commands when uttered by Mrs. Alexander Boardman to her husband's sister.

Whilst thoughts of her own happy girlhood were thronging round her heart, aunt Letty felt that she was indeed an old maid, as with tears blinding her eyes she sat down alone to 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' for her brother's wife.

From the death of her aged mother, Letitia Boardman had resided with her only brother, a wealthy merchant. Affectionately attached to his sister, Mr. Boardman always wished her to act as if his house were her own, and, daily engaged in business, he knew not but his dear Letty was happy as he desired she should be. Of the many services looked for as a matter of course by Mrs. Boardman, and exacted as a right from the 'old maid' by Clara, he knew nothing, for his sister would not stoop to complain, nor did she wish to wound his feelings by showing him how matters really stood.

'Is not Miss Grey here to-day?' inquired Mr. Boardman of his sister, when they sat down to dinner, 'I thought you told me she would remain for two weeks, Letty.'

'She was not well yesterday, and was obliged to go home, and I fear is no better to-day, or she would have been here.'

'Poor thing,' said Mr. Boardman, compassionately, 'You must go and see her after dinner, Clara; perhaps she wants something that we can send her.'

Clara looked up with a flushed face. 'Go and see her; go and see Mary Grey, Pa?'

'Yes, that is what I said; you look surprised—what do you mean, Clara?'

'Nothing—but—I think Duncan might go instead of me.'

'But I wish you to go, and not your maid.'

'Well, Pa, this is so strange; I don't know where Mary lives, and it is certainly more fitting that Duncan should visit our seamstress, than that I should go trudging into some out-of-the-way street to look after her.'

Mr. Boardman gave one long, searching look at his daughter, and, without replying to her, he turned to his sister.

'Letty, my dear, you will see Miss Grey this afternoon; if she requires medical advice let Dr. Walker go to her immediately. When I return in the evening we will consult together how we may best benefit her without wounding her delicacy or feeling.'

Pained by Clara's exhibition of unfeeling pride, Mr. Boardman found that he had committed a great error; he had left his daughter's education, and her moral training, wholly to the mother, and to teachers of her mother's selection, without pausing to think whether the mother was fitted for the holy duty entrusted to her. He resolved in future to watch more carefully the temper and the habits of his child, while he comforted himself with the thought that Clara was barely seventeen, and that it would be easy to uproot from her young heart the tares of pride and selfishness.

'Well, Letty, have you seen Miss Grey?'

'Yes, she was quite ill when I went there, and there was no one with her but her nephew. I sent him for the doctor, who administered some medicine, and when

I came home I left Betty to stay with Miss Grey until to-morrow.'

'You did quite right, dear sister, and now, if you will step into the store room you will find some fresh fruit I ordered while you were out; select the finest and send it to Miss Grey.'

As her aunt left the room, Clara curled her lip contemptuously, and wondered why her father took so much interest in the seamstress, the stiff old maid! Mr. Boardman saw the look, and with some severity he said: 'Clara, I am surprised at the manner in which you conduct yourself when Miss Grey is spoken of, and I wonder that you have so little consideration for the feelings of others, I might say, so little good breeding, as to speak of unmarried women by the sneering title of 'old maids,' in the presence of your aunt Letty.'

'Oh, Pa, I can't bear them. They are all so queer and fidgetty, and they dress so oddly, their clothes are never in the present fashion, but as if made ten years ago at least. What a fright Miss Grey is sometimes, with her old-fashioned white cambric gown, and her hair frizzed, and that everlasting gold locket, and her stately manner, as if she fancied herself some grand lady, instead of what she is, a mere sewing woman, hired at so much a day.'

'Your prejudices are unreasonable, Clara; there are quite as many married women who are 'queer and fidgetty,' as you term it, quite as many who 'dress oddly,' as there are of women who remain single. The mere fact of being married, is certainly no proof of a woman's superiority over those of her sex who do not enter into the marriage state, for it is undeniable that many common-place, silly women, have husbands, as that many richly-gifted, estimable women, have none. If we could look into the past history of those whom you call 'old maids,' what lessons of self-sacrifice might we not read there. The heart of one lies in the grave of the betrothed of her youth—that of another gave its all of love to one unworthy of the gift—another still, has laid the fondest wishes of her life upon the altar of duty.'

'O, pa, you find excuses for them because aunt Letty is one; but they are all disagreeable; I don't believe one of them ever had an offer.'

Mr. Boardman was vexed at the flippant tone of his daughter. He had been proud of her personal appearance, proud of her graceful manner, proud of her accomplishments, without knowing whether the cultivation of her mind kept pace with these outward adornments.

'Clara,' said he, 'I have a story to tell you, which may serve to make you less unjust in your opinions; come and sit beside me. You know the beautiful house that you have admired so often, and that I promised I would tell you all about some day or other.'

'Yes, yes, I know—Mrs. Dashington lives in it now.'

'That house was once owned by a gentleman possessing a large capital, and having business transactions with many of the most influential houses abroad. His numerous vessels traded to foreign ports, bringing him profitable returns on their various cargoes, and he was, in the fullest sense of the term, a prosperous man. His family consisted of a wife and two daughters. The sisters had in all respects equally shared the love of their parents. They were both beautiful, both highly accomplished, but their characters and dispositions were as opposite as their persons. The elder of the two was fair and delicate, rather *petite*, and of mild and gentle manners,

'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye.'

The younger was of a proud and commanding figure. Her rich tresses were folded smoothly on her forehead, and gathered in a low knot on her beautifully formed head, while her dark eyes flashed with the light of a haughty and unsubdued spirit. They were surrounded by all the elegancies of life, caressed by a large circle of gay friends, and sought in marriage by many who knew they were to inherit large fortunes.

Among the occasional visitors to the hospitable house of the merchant, was a young clergyman, who had charge of a country parish, with the *enviable* salary of five hundred dollars a year. A man of polished manners and refined mind, he found much that was congenial in the society of the merchant's eldest daughter, nor could he help observing that she regarded him with kindness. But he never dreamed that she could be his wife, and when he found that love had stolen into the place of friendship, he absented himself from the house, and strove, in the strict discharge of his duties, to conquer a passion that to him appeared hopeless.

The last man to whom the merchant would have given his youngest daughter, was the very one she had chosen for a husband, and no entreaties of her parents could induce her to pause ere she gave her final decision. With the same obstinacy which had always appeared when her pleasure or her will were to be gratified, Adelaide assured her parents that she would never marry any other than Vincent Barclay. Fearing that his daughter might be married clandestinely, the merchant unwillingly gave his consent to the union.

As long as Mary hoped to influence her sister, and deter her from committing an act which she feared would bring sorrow and anguish to their happy home, so long did she plead and entreat Adelaide, to wait one year before she wedded. But when Mary found her sister's resolution was not to be shaken, then in her own loving hopeful manner did she strive to smooth all difficulties, and endeavour to persuade her parents and herself that Vincent Barclay might be a better man than the world