

## LITERATURE.

## FONDNESS LINGERS YET.

Though months have fled, and Time hath swept  
A summer's joy away;  
Though many an eye perchance hath wept  
To see its flowers decay;  
Yet I have marked each day depart,  
Nor felt one sad regret,  
For all that lingers in my heart,  
Is fondness for thee yet.

Though months have fled, though Time hath swept  
A Winter to its tomb,  
And Nature, that so long hath slept,  
Again begins to bloom;  
I cannot bring one joy to me,  
Or teach me to forget,  
That in this lone-left heart for thee  
A fondness lingers yet.

I gaze upon thy star-bright eyes,  
And in their depth appears  
A mournful shade, that seems to rise  
From out the tomb of years,  
It bids me cease to think of thee,  
Of hope whose sun is set,  
But this, alas! will never be,  
For fondness lingers yet.

## THE LEPREHAWN.

The "Leprehawn" is one of the *GOOD PEOPLE*, or fairies, in whom many of the natives of Ireland place implicit belief. According to the received tradition, this sprite is brogue-maker to the rest of the Fay fraternity, and it is discovered in the deep recesses of some tangled wood, his captor being led to the spot by the sounds which proceed from the tapping of his little hammer upon the sole of the little shoe he is at work upon. Once caught, it is in the power of the captor to demand any amount of buried treasure, or, if he choose, insist upon having the Leprehawn's purse. This holds but one gold piece, but possesses the magic power of replenishing itself as quickly as its contents are withdrawn.—The little fairy is, however, no small trickster, and many instances are on record of his cheating his temporary master by giving, in lieu of the purse of gold, a worthless affair, enriched with only one copper coin, and void of all reproducing powers.

Other traditions invest the "good people's" brogue-maker with the power of removing personal defects, and bestowing good looks and grace in the place of deformity and awkwardness. The following legend is one I have been familiar with from childhood; I will relate it as nearly as my memory serves, in the language of the dear old woman from whom I first heard it. "Is it believe in thim? Musha! thin av coorse I do! Faith, why not? Shure it's goin' to tell yez, from the father that owned her, and it's consarnin his own grandfather he was spakin'. You see, honey, by all accounts he was a little wee bit of a crock of a child, with a mighty fine brow, and sweet curlin hair, as black as a bad man's heart, and an eye that would lead a glow-worm astray in a dark night, and take the love out of all that looked upon it in the bright day! But it's a mighty ailin' he was from his birth, and the poor back of him was as twisted as the letter S itself. It's little he minded it for many a long year, for he was beloved by his strappin' six feet brothers, and shure his father had ever the kind word for the *Daunchy* little thing;—and as for his mother, O thin it's only a mother, and a mother's heart, knows the depths of its love for the child that bears the world's blight upon it!

"He'd winnin' ways wid him, had little Paudeen; there was the music of the wild birds in his sweet voice, and many and many a time young and ould would listen to him singing the old songs he liked, till the big tears would hang upon their cheeks, and their thanks would die upon their lips, and all they could give him for his pains would be an unheard blessing, an' a gentle pat upon the head whin they hurried away without speaking, as if they feared to drive the sweet sounds from their ears where they loved to keep them.

"Among the listners, acushla! there was, as I've heard tell, the purtiest creature that ever set foot on the green grass! faith, the sight of her cheeks would wither a rosebud, and her teeth be the death of a lily itself.—And who but Aleen—that was the name, honey, she had upon her—who but her was gone for ever in love with the twisted little Paudeen. And this, darlint, this was the way he found it out. Many and many a night he'd walk to the ould wood beyant his father's cabin, and sittin' him down at the foot of a favorite wild oak tree, sing by the hour all alone by himself. Well, who but Aleen knew this? and whose fut was it but hers that left its small print on the dewy turf as she'd steal out to listen to his songs, not with her ears but heart, for there wasn't a word that came from his lips, or a sound that gave it birth, that didn't nestle snug in there, as a little bird under its mother's wing?

"Shure, there was wild bastes used to be prowlin' about in thim ould times; and one blessed night Paudeen was roused by a scream that would almost wake the dead, and shure it's laving him he thought the senses of him was, or that he saw a ghost itself, whin,

with a face pale as a white frost, Aleen rushed through the thick branches of the underwood, and fell like a dead angel at his feet. It's small time he had for looking at her just thim, for the left arm of him seemed bitten through and through with red hot teeth. A wolf had closed its jaws upon the same. It wasn't long he enjoyed himself there, sucking better blood than ever had been in his blaggard body, for Paudeen drove the blade of his hunting-knife betwixt the ribs of the mauling thief, and drove and drove, and cut and stabbed, till the brute fell dead upon the bloody turf.

"It's little he thought of the loss of blood when he saw who he had lost it for, and from that moment the deep love he didn't know was in him burst up in a blaze in his heart, and the thought of his crooked back, as he looked on the beautiful girl at his feet, made him shiver as if a palsy had fallen upon his hopes.

"She thanked, she blessed him, in tones that might have made him know she loved him; but despair had blasted him, and when he left her at her father's house the big tears burst from his eyes and saved his heart from breaking.

"It's an altered man he was from that day; he shunned all his friends, his looks were haggard, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals; and morning, noon, and night, it's away in the woods he was huntin' for the Leprehawn. Well, darlint, shure one day he heard the tap, tap, tap, of the little hammer. Oh, how his blood tingled! and he held his breath till he nearly choked himself, as he stole along to the place; the smallest noise, made by the laste dry twig that snapped under his fut, sounded to his ears like a clap of thunder, and he'd stop and listen as if his life depended on the next tap! He heard it agin, and O! think uv his joy and fear, when, within a yard of him, wid his back facing him, he saw the Leprehawn hard at work. Wid the spring of a wildcat and the laugh of a madman, he grasped the little creature by the waist.

"I have you at last," sez Paudeen.  
"First or last, you needn't squeeze me so tight," sez the Leprehawn; "what do you want?" sez he—"is it money?" sez he.

"It is," sez Paudeen; "that and good looks."  
"Faith, you're in need o'them, my fine fellow, at any rate," sez the Leprehawn.

"Don't be jokin'," sez Paudeen.  
"I'm in earnest," sez the little brogue maker; "What do yer want them for?"

"To win Aleen's heart," sez Paudeen.  
"You're a fool!" sez the Leprehawn.  
"Better manners," sez the hunchback. "I have you tight."

"True for you, you have, more tight than pleasant—don't be breaking the ribs aff uv me—shure you'll get nothing by that."

"Don't you be impident, thin," sez Paudeen, "for you'll get nothing by that; so give me what I want."

"I will," sez the little thing, after a pause. "I will, for I like you. I knew that you were comin', or you wouldn't have caught me. There's me purse; don't be doubtin' me, it's the right one—you can pour the bright gold out of it like runnin' water, and there," sez he, touchin Paudeen wid his queer little hammer, "now you're a changed man; but mind me, if Aleen likes you now, she is as false as a snow drift or a shifin' sand. I'll see you here to-morrow, and if you wish, I'll change you back."

"Paudeen had no time to thank the creature, before he was out o' sight. He rushed into the sunshine, and saw by the shadow his form was changed, and his hump was gone. With a wild hurra he bounded off to the lake, and almost fell when he saw reflected in the sky's own lookin' glass the handsome face and strong built form he had upon him. Did he walk or did he fly? or was it lightnin' carried him to the darlin's roof? She was alone; he poured out the gold at her feet; she started; he knelt to her; a faint scream escaped her lips; he talked of love and took her hand; she dashed him from her in scorn! There was a curl on her lip, a cloud upon her brow, and a quivering in her voice, as she called him 'coward thus to press his suit.' She rushed from the cabin, and threw herself down at the foot of the tree where Paudeen had saved her life, weeping the big tears that are born in the depths of the heart.

"Paudeen felt as if the 'good people's' curse was on him; he stole to the place she had run to, and there heard her, in spite of the sob, whisper his name. It was enough! The truth flashed upon him like the lightning in a black night. He saw the Leprehawn again! There was a merry smile on the little brogue-maker's face as he asked:

"Paudeen, darlin, will you stay as you are?"  
"Change me! in mercy change me back!"

"It's done," says the little sprite. "You loved truly, and you've got what you deserve." He stopped smilin' as he added, wid somethin' like sorrow, "Paudeen, there is no gift the 'good people' can bestow equal to what a mortal may possess—a woman's honest love.—You've won it, be content; to her your blemishes are beauties. She sees you through the fond eyes of her trusting soul. She will share but two spots on earth; and those will be your home while living and your grave when dead!"

"The little Leprehawn vanished from the boy's sight. A few weeks after the hunchback, Paudeen, was the husband of Aleen, and from that hour, darlin', he ceased repining; he put his trust in the good God that had made him, and when he died, he told his story, and left it to be told as a lesson for his children's children—

that honesty of heart is better than handsomeness, and content beyant the price of gold"—with which moral, dear friend, I end this trifling sketch.

LITERATURE.—Highly-interested as our minds must, necessarily, be with the study of science, we may even turn with advantage to the study of literature. This department of instruction will afford to hours of leisure objects well worthy attentive pursuit. For instance, in the field of historical literature, how many subjects of interest present themselves to view! Perhaps, in the whole range of historical literature, there is none more fraught with interest and instruction than the study of the history of Athens. It has been the lot of few amongst us to visit, for ourselves, the remains of that renowned city, yet who has neglected to explore its story? In many departments of human knowledge, we have outrun the early Athenians; but in some we have never yet been able to surpass, or even rival, that great people who, like its own emblem of Minerva, sprung full-grown and full-armed into life. Great are the strides we have made in other points, but the world has yet to seek a sculptor greater than Phidias, an orator greater than Demosthenes, a philosopher greater than Plato. The study of literature deserves not to be pursued as a mere holiday thing; to be assumed on some special occasion, but to mix and blend itself with the affairs of every-day life, with our hours of pleasure, with our days of excursion, not only without diminishing pleasure, but with a considerable increase and enhancement of it. The pleasure of reading deserves most careful cultivation, and it may be relied on that there is no doom so toilsome but will afford intervals in which such pleasure may be cultivated, and oblivion of cares enjoyed. Sow the good seed; and rely on it that your harvest, whether retarded by a passing cloud, or quickened by a genial sun—whether late or early, will prove plentiful, and a reward secure.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
  2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.
  3. Not advertising.
  4. Advertising and not paying for it.
  5. Making a printing-office a loafing-office.
  6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.
  7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.
- For the first and second offence no absolution can be granted.  
The third offence can be remedied.  
The fourth is unpardonable.  
For the balance dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from the aggrieved party.

## THE DIET OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

At the risk of our popularity—which is with us an infinitely minor consideration to the public good—we propose an organic change of a tremendous nature in the British constitution. Plumply and plainly, without if or but, we recommend the conversion of the House of Commons into a National Diet.

It has long been said that no business in this country is ever done without a dinner. We were going to instance Parliament as affording an exception to this rule; but we find, on consideration, that it does not. We say then, that every meeting of the house should be a public dinner; and then, perhaps, there would be some hope of the dispatch of public affairs. In this way the assembly of St. Stephen's would become a *bona fide* Diet. The following are the arrangements which we suggest for adoption; and when they are adopted, we sincerely trust that the evening's legislation may bear the morning's reflection:—

Tables shall be laid out separately for the principal parties, with the legs of mahoganies fixed firmly in the floor of the house, lest, in the heat of discussion, the rival partisans should literally turn the tables on each other.

The bill of fare for the day shall be appropriate to the order of the same. Thus when the poor law is to be discussed, it shall consist of roast beef and plum pudding (with skilly and water-gruel for those who prefer the latter,) in order that the Diet may be generous. On the other hand the debate on the Estimates shall be taken upon cold mutton.

Irish debates shall be preceded by the stew, Scotch by the haggis, of the respective countries.

The business of the house shall not commence until after the removal of the cloth. The Speaker shall then call upon an honourable gentleman for his motion, which shall be proposed after the manner of a toast. If the measure is one of reform or retrenchment, no member shall drink it who is not prepared to vote for it; but if it be for the imposition of a new tax, or of a coercive nature, it shall in that case be allowable to drink, by way of amendment, to its second reading that day six months.

Each member shall be strictly required to drink every pledge which he has given to his constituents. Free Trade shall be debated upon French wines; those relative to Excise over grog; but whiskey shall be