

LITERATURE.

SLAYING THE DEER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

In the woods, hunters say,
It is glorious and gay,
To rush through their sporting career;
Where the leaves falling red,
Yield a ready made bed,
When they rest after slaying the deer.
On the venison steak,
Jovial feasting they make,
And the flask going round helps the cheer;
While the logs burning bright,
Keeps them warm thro' the night,
When they rest after slaying the deer.

But I know a sport
That is safer resort,
For wives will complain, if too far
You are tempted to steer,
In pursuit of the deer,
And they wonder, 'wherever you are?'
So give me the sleigh
On the white frozen way,
With woman beside me to cheer;
Who is never complaining,
How long you're remaining,
While thus you are sleighing the deer!

ST. KEVIN, A LEGEND.

BY S. LOVER.

At Glendalough lived a young saint,
In odour of sanctity dwelling,
An old-fashioned odour, which now
We seldom or never are smelling,
A book or a hook were to him
The utmost extent of his wishes;
Now, a snatch at the 'Lives of the Saints'—
Then, a catch at the lives of the fishes.

There was a young woman one day,
Stravagin' along by the lake, sir,
She looked hard at St. Kevin, they say,
But St. Kevin no notice did take, sir,
When she found looking hard wouldn't do,
She look'd soft—in the old sheep's eye fashion:
But with all her sheep's eyes, she could not
In St. Kevin see signs of soft passion.

'You're a great hand at fishing,' says Kate,
'Tis yourself that knows how, faith, to hook them;
But, when you have caught them, *agra*,
Don't you want a young woman to cook them?'
Says the saint, 'I am *sayrious inclined*,
I intend taking orders for life, dear.'
'Only marry,' says Kate, 'and you'll find
You'll get orders enough from your wife, dear.'

'You shall never be flesh of my flesh,'
Says the saint, with an anchorite groan, sir,
'I see that myself,' answered Kate,
'I can only be 'bone of your bone,' sir;
And even your bones are so scarce,'
Said Miss Kate, at her answers so glib, sir,
'That I think you would not be the worse
Of a little additional rib, sir.'

The saint, in a rage, seized the lass:
He gave her one twirl round his head, sir,
And, before Dr. Arnott's invention,
Flung Kate on a watery bed, sir.
Oh!—cruel St. Kevin!—for shame!
When a lady her heart came to barter,
You should not have been Knight of the Bath,
But have bowed to the order of Garter.'

TOM THORNE.

A TALE OF THE MASORCHA CLUB,
AT BUENOS AYRES.

Tom Thorne was a bachelor, who lived in one of the best houses, had the best horses, and gave the best dinners and suppers, of any merchant in Buenos Ayres. The head of the 'house,' or firm, he was his own master; and this privilege he used to the uttermost. Wherever a ball was to be held in that dancing city, there be sure you find Tom; and few dinner parties, pic-nics, or country excursions, were complete without him. Little mattered it to him, whether he were invited or not—he knew everybody, and everybody knew him: and his jovial good humour, his hearty laugh and frank address, won him the good graces of any party upon which the whim of the moment induced him to intrude. Tom was a restless, rattling blade, and delighted in excitement of every kind. He could no more have sat still on a chair for half an hour than he could have passed over an entire day without drinking champagne, where it was to be had, or brandy and water where it was not.

Courteous and gallant to the ladies, he was noisy and jovial with the men; and although he was well known to boast of his liberty as a bachelor, yet this, probably, only made him more of a favourite with the fair. There

could be no harm in flirting and coquetting with one who openly defied their attractions. The shy and timid could be pert and playful with Tom Thorne the bachelor, without any feelings of indelicacy; while those who were less reserved, considered it fair play to entangle him in the nets of their raillery—probably not without a distant hope that the gay flutterer might yet singe his wings in making his circuit round the flame of their attractions.

It will be thought surprising how our hero, with such roving and unsteady habits, could transact business at the head of a mercantile house. But in South America, business is not conducted in the same systematic way that it is in London or Liverpool; and probably more hides and bullocks, gin or gingham, are bought and sold at the dinner or billiard table than at the desk or exchange.

For such irregular kind of trade, Tom was peculiarly adapted. His was not the character to plod at a desk over intricate speculations, nor was it necessary in a trade confined within narrow compass and certain seasons. Trade would sometimes be brisk, vessels would require to be loaded and discharged; then Tom would write night and day with desperate energy, and then, as if he had earned a holiday, he would idle away for weeks. What was the use of clerks if not to write? or, according to an old proverb, what is the use of keeping a dog, and barking yourself?

Tom Thorne, when sent out to South America, in the first instance, came under great advantages. He was the son of the head of one of the richest firms in Europe, and with an ill-judged liberality was allowed lots of pocket-money; and more consideration was paid to him than to other clerks by the managers of the house in Buenos Ayres. Thus he had both more time and money to spend than other 'young men' with more limited prospects. Tom was not one to throw away these advantages; and so his horse was the swiftest, his coat the tippiest, his cigar the longest, his gloves were ever the whitest, and his bouquet the richest of all the riding, smoking, flower-giving youths of Buenos Ayres; and it may be conceived that with all 'these appliances, and means to boot,' he was more an adept in the ways of gallantry than scrivency. In the course of time Mr. Thorne, in spite of all his failings, arrived at the dignity of representative in Buenos Ayres of the rich firm of Thorne, Flower, & Co.

Once established as his own master, Tom's natural levity of character was not long of displaying itself; pleasure was his business, and business his pastime. The lute or the piano (he was a splendid musician) occupied him more than the pen; he was more in the camp or in the streets, than in his house—and more in other people's houses than his own. And yet with all this, his business went on most swimmingly—he was an indulgent master, paid his clerks well, and fed them like princes: this they required by paying more attention to his business than he did himself; and thus Tom, almost in spite of himself, was, as we have formerly said, one of the richest merchants in the city.

Some of our fair readers may say—this is all very well, but why does he not marry? and then he might rest happy at home, instead of being so dependent on others for enjoyment. But it was this very dependence on others for excitement and the means of enjoyment, that made Tom shirk marriage. It would have been a thralldom to him. Was it, could it be possible for him to stop all night at home, reading a book, and looking at his wife? Oh no! Could you drink brandy and water, and smoke cigars in a parlour? Oh no! Tea and toast at seven was tame work in comparison with toddy and devilled kidneys at eleven. It was very agreeable, certainly, to see ladies dressed out in smiles and silks; but he had heard or read that husbands might sometimes see them in sulks and slippers. It was more pleasant for Tom to be night-errant to the fair in general. There could be little romance about a husband, little poetry about a wife, and very little jollity about a nursery. So thought Tom; but as we shall see,

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a gley.

CHAPTER II.

In Buenos Ayres, though a town of fully sixty thousand inhabitants, nearly everybody of any pretensions knows every other body, either by sight, by report, or nodding acquaintanceship. Society may be divided into English, French, and native, or Spanish. Among the English we comprise the British, Americans, Germans, Danes and Swedes—in fact, all the Anglo-Saxon family, (without excluding therefrom the Irish,) as they can all speak English, and are somewhat allied in character, pursuits, and political relationship. The French and Italians, again, resemble each other more than they do the above.

The visiting and visitable part of the native community, form a most interesting and agreeable feature in Buenos-Ayres society. Thanks to civil wars, and to Rosas, the females vastly preponderate in numbers over the males. You may visit five or six families, and meet five or six ladies in each, and not a single gentleman; partly from the reasons we have given above, and partly because to ladies appear to be exclusively allotted the duties of ceremonial reception—husbands and brothers, if there be any, remaining in their studies, or back rooms, even when the sala, or reception room, is crowded with visitors or a small evening party. Oh, how pleasant and

agreeable are these Senoras and Senioritas! how sweetly they help you out with a sentence when you are at a loss! how freely they suggest subjects of conversation! how good-humouredly they smile at your awkward mistakes, and make you fancy that you will soon be a perfect proficient in Spanish—as indeed you soon would be under their tuition; how soon you forget that you have never seen them before! how soon you learn to suck *matte*, and to pay compliments! and when you are about to leave, and a flower is agreeably presented to you by a smiling Seniorita, with an assurance that the house and everything in it is entirely at your disposal, you bow your way out with a profusion of promises to return with a rose at your button-hole, a smile on the face, and an elasticity of step that will last half the day. Oh, Tom Thorne! Tom Thorne! how could you resist so many dimpling smiles and sweet compliments! How could you flirt away the forenoons in the circles of beauty, look the language, breathe the gay atmosphere, reflect the glad glances, enjoy the warm enlivening glow of youthful feeling, bask in the sun shine of favour streaming upon you from the eyes of youth, innocence and beauty, and then cool down your feelings with cigars and brandy?

But we are forgetting our subject. Among each of the great national families we have classed together, there were particular sets and circles, out of which many would seldom or never move, while some would be nearly equally familiar with all; and this mixture of different nations, tinged with a dash of republicanism, gives a tone of metropolitan urbanity and courtesy to Buenos-Ayres society, which is very agreeable. All being dependent on their own exertions, there can be little affectation of superiority; and all being occupied through the day, they are the more inclined to relax into the agreeable in the evening; and perhaps there are few places under the sun where there are more or merrier evening reunions than there were in the city of Buenos Ayres before the blasting tyranny of Rosas decimated the natives, made fathers suspicious of sons, brothers spies upon brothers, Frenchmen arm themselves for mutual protection, Englishmen almost afraid of the name, and banished wealth and security from the province.

The sala of Senora Tertulia was brilliantly lighted up and brilliantly filled with youth and beauty; the atmosphere was loaded with rich perfumes from the gay and gaudy festoons that adorned the massy chandeliers, and from the sweet little bouquets that heaved on the bosoms of the fair dancers. Knights of every order of chivalry were strutting through the room. Priests were listening to innocent confessions. Don Juans were whispering sweet compliments into willing ears. Domino's were playing at cards with Italian counts. Turks were drinking the firewaters of the Franks at side tables. Gauchos were there rigged out in all the finery of the Pampas; and every masquerade shop in the town had been ransacked by those whose wit could not supply, or whose means could not afford new or appropriate costumes. And so there was a fair proportion of clowns, harlequins, starved apothecaries, and Highlanders with cotton drawers.

Many old gentlemen, with the long ruffles, the broad skirts, powdered wigs, and jocky looking waistcoats, of the 16th century, were seen bowing, scraping, and taking snuff: in fine, every one either was or ought to be enjoying himself. The music struck up and off they went.

A quadrille had just finished. Lords were handing dames and ladies fair to their seats, which the polite old gentlemen of the 16th century vacated for them; that short interregnum was commencing in which young ladies study attitudes and young gentlemen compliments, when a scream of surprise, and a loud roar of laughter at one of the doors of entrance attracted the attention of all. There appeared to be a struggle for admission on one part and a dubious attempt at exclusion on the other.

The lady of the house hurried to the spot; a card was secretly shown to her; and the cloud of dust that hung over her brow at the sight of the strange spectacle before her, was exchanged in a moment for the warm sunshine of a kindly welcome.

'Walk in, pray—walk in, Mr. Bruin,' and a tall slim figure, in a strange dress, the front of which was buttoned behind, with a mask on the back of his head, and long hair streaming all over his face so as completely to conceal his features, led into the room a great white bear. The conductor carried a huge high baton, surmounted by a garland of flowers; and the neck of Bruin was attached to the baton by a chain of the same materials. The bear and his conductor soon became the centre of attraction.

'Now, Mr. Bruin, show the ladies how you can dance, sir; and the shaggy hero stumped on his huge hind paws, shook his head and his tail, and dangled his fore flippers to the admiration of all.

'Now for a waltz, Mr. Bruin.'

'Bur wur hough,' growled the bear, in guttural accents, very like German.

'Mr. Bruin says he must have a partner,' drawled the conductor from the back of his head; and Bruin, clutching the garland of flowers from the top of the pole, stumped round the circle of fair bystanders, with the view apparently of suiting his fancy.

'I presume, Mr. Bruin, you are dazzled with such a galaxy of bright star-like eyes,' said a wag.

'Bur wur her ough,' growled Bruin.

'They remind him of the Aurora Borealis, in the