

LITERATURE.

PARTY SPIRIT.

Oh! Hindu car of Heathen rites,
And blind idolatry the type.
Canst thou more hapless victims slay?
When rolling forth from fane abhorred
Of Christian men, thy pond'rous wheels,
Midst eager crowd press on, and crush,
Beneath thy weight, thy willing slaves.

Rome, Rome, thou City of the Seven Hills,
Erst in imperial purple robed,
Now crown'd with Papal diadem,
Canst thou do more when hurling forth
Thy loud anathemas, and dooming men
To loss of heaven, that right divine.

Or thou, who won the sacred crown
Of holy martyrdom, who, tho' dead,
Yet speak'st, did'st thou more pain endure,
When scorching flames thy limbs enwrap,
And men, thy brother men, stood by,
Whilst thou gav'st up thy body to be burnt,
And breath'dst out thy soul to God.

More pitiful, more kind ye all!
Than those who rend and tear the fame
Of such as lack, what they require
To prove men's faith, who sounding forth
Their party's, sacred Shibboleth,
Profane God's Temple with their feet,
And e'en for grief, make angels weep.

Hark how they hym'd their joyful song
On that blest night when Christ was born,
When God, who laid his glory by,
Came here to dwell as sinless man.
Glory to God in heaven above,
On earth the peace which there abides,
Goodwill-henceforth, thro' Christ the Lord,
To every sinful child of earth.

Can this be true? Yes, truth itself!
And can it be that those who live
By virtue of his death and life,
Like beasts of prey, each other rend,
And fill the air with madd'ning cries,
Forgetting him, who said Forbear,
Forgive, and e'en as I've loved you,
So let each man his brother love.

Say not that error calls thee forth
To stand the champion of God's truth,
And bid the sons of men flock round
The standard which thy hand has reared.
Say not that God has nerved *this* arm,
And taught *these* that which men reject;
That God to *these* alone his truth
Reveals. 'Tis *thine* own narrow mind!
Thou lov'st to preach thyself, and say,
Stand by!—Behold!—for I alone
Am holy! Ye grope in darkness.

Hast thou the truth? Then hold it fast,
And let thy light shine brightly forth,
To prove by *works* that thou hast faith.
Thy *words* are but as sounding brass
And tinkling cymbal to our ears;
'Tis charity, the bond of peace,
And of all heav'n-born virtues chief,
'Tis this which stamps thee as God's own.

Say not that truth must *first* be pure
Then peaceable; that love for souls
Inspires thy tongue. It cannot be.
God, indeed, bids thee love the souls
Of men, but who made thee a judge?

Leave it to Him who sees aright
To pass His just decree,
And pluck the beam from thine own sight,
Thy brother's mote to see.

LACE AND DIAMONDS;

OR, TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO IN LONDON.

"Do you think, mamma," asked Caroline Clifford, "that our new friend, Mr. Franklin, has much feeling?"

"I think he has. I think him peculiarly gifted with unselfish ardour. That which appears to you coldness, is, in my opinion, the natural reserve of a warm heart—so modest, that it rather retires from observation than parades itself before the world. Sentiment and fire, when common on the lips, are not more likely to be native to the soul. It is precisely that calm, that repose you allude to, which forms, in my judgment, the guarantee of Mr. Franklin's sincerity, and the finishing grace of his character—a character in all other respects, also, a true and noble one."

Caroline did not listen without interest.

Mrs. Clifford was a native of New York, and had come over the year before to enjoy a tour in Europe. Franklin had been a fellow-passenger; and a sort of intimacy had grown up between the young people, which the gentleman had taken rather *au sérieux*. He had gladly availed himself of an accidental business necessity which called the son and proposed travelling companion of Mrs. Clifford suddenly home, to join her little party, and had accompanied through Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result was, that the happiness of his life now appeared to depend upon an affirmative monosyllable in reply to the offer he had just made of his heart and hand. Mrs. Clifford was the widow of a captain in the American navy, who had left her a moderate income—sufficient, but no more, for the wants of herself and daughter. Mr. Franklin was a lawyer of six-and-twenty, who had been advised to repair the effects of too severe professional application by change of air and a year's repose and travel.

The conversation was scarcely finished, when the subject of it was announced.

After the usual salutations, Mr. Franklin said he had come, according to appointment, to accompany the ladies on a walk, and to see the lions of London, where they had arrived some

days before. In a few minutes, hats, shawls, and gloves being duly put in requisition, they had left their lodgings in Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, they were wending their way towards Regent-street and the Strand, through the crowds of this wonderful and magnificent metropolis, of which everything was a delightful curiosity, and where, amid the millions around, they knew and were known by scarcely a human creature.

Every stranger, newly arrived and walking about London, has noted the effect of this prodigious town upon him; and how singularly he is lost in its immensity, overwhelmed by its grandeur, and bewildered amid its endless multiplicity of attractions. So it was with our little party. Excited by the thousand novel and dazzling objects, the hours fled by like minutes; and it was late before they had executed or even formed any plans.

"Let us at least go somewhere," said Caroline. "Let us go to St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower; and we have, beside, purchases to make—for ladies, you know, Mr. Franklin, have always shopping to do."

"Well, as it is so late," said Mrs. Clifford, "and we have promised to call on Mrs. Porter at half-past two, I propose to leave the lions for another morning, and only enjoy our walk to-day."

"Then, mamma, let us go to that splendid shop, and look at the lace once more. Only think, Mr. Franklin, we yesterday saw lace, not broader than this, and I had a half fancy to buy some for a new dress—and what do you suppose it cost?"

"I am little versed," said Franklin, "in such mysteries—five pounds, perhaps."

"Twelve pounds—twelve pounds and a half sterling. I never saw anything so superb. Mamma says I ought not even to look at such a luxury."

"But is lace really such a luxury?" inquired Franklin, smiling.

"You can have no idea how exquisite this is!"

"As for me," rejoined Franklin, "I can never tell whether a lady's lace is worth twelve pounds or twelve pence. Although, I hope, not insensible to the general effect of a toilette, yet lace and diamonds, and all that sort of thing, are lost upon me entirely."

"Oh, you barbarian?"

"Real beauty was never heightened by such ornaments, and ugliness is invariably rendered more conspicuous and ugly."

"You will not find many ladies," said Mrs. Clifford, "to agree with you."

"Oh, yes! How often do we hear of belles as distinguished for the simplicity of their toilette as for the beauty of their persons! How often, in real life, and how frequently in novels! There you read that, while the other ladies are shining in satin and lace, and blazing in diamonds, the real rose of the evening eclipses them all in a plain dress of white; without jewels, like some modest flower, unconscious of her charms, and therefore attracting more attention."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, "it is just as you say!"

"Why," said Caroline, laughing, "since you do me the honor to require my opinion, I will give it you. I agree that such pretending ornaments ill become the old and ugly. There you are right. I agree that the extremely beautiful may also dispense with them. These ball-room belles of yours—these real roses of the evening—are, I suspect, so lovely as to make them exceptions to the general rule. But there is a class of young ladies, among whom I place myself, neither so old and ugly as to make ornament ridiculous, nor so beautiful as to render it unnecessary. To this middle class, a bit of lace, a neat tab, a string of pearls here and there, a pretty worked cape, or a coronet of diamonds, I assure you, does no harm."

"That you are not so ugly as to render ornament ridiculous," replied Franklin. "I allow; but that there is, in your case, any want of loveliness, to require—to render—which

"Take care, Mr. Franklin!" interrupted Caroline, mischievously, "you are steering right upon the rocks; and a gentleman who refuses all decoration to a lady's toilette should not embellish his own conversation with flattery!"

"Upon my word," replied he, in a lower voice, "to whatever class you belong, Miss Clifford, you do yourself injustice if you suppose lace and diamonds can add to the power of your beauty any more than the greatest splendour of fortune could increase the charms of your—"

"Mamma," exclaimed Caroline, "we have passed the lace shop."

"So we have," said Mrs. Clifford; "but why should we go back—you certainly don't mean to buy any?"

"No, mamma; but I want some edging, and I might as well get it here, if only to enjoy another look at the forbidden fruit."

The shop was one of those magnificent establishments of late years common in large metropolises. Before the door were drawn up half a dozen elegant coroneted equipages, the well-groomed, shining horses, and richly-liveried coachmen, indicating the rank of the noble owners; and on the benches before the windows lounged the tall footmen, with their long gold-headed sticks, powdered heads, gaudy coats, bright-coloured plush breeches, and white silk stockings and gloves.

Caroline asked to be shown some of the lace which she had looked at the day before. It was produced, and Mrs. Clifford and Franklin were called to examine it. The wonder consisted as much in the endless variety of the patterns as in the exquisite fineness and richness of the material. The counter was soon strewn with the airy treasures. One piece after another, unrolled with rapidity, appeared to make a lively impression on the young girl, who at last, with a sigh, apologised to the polite person patiently waiting the end of an examination which his practised eye had doubtless perceived was only one of vain curiosity.

"It is too dear," said Caroline. "I cannot afford it. Pray let me see some narrow edging."

"That lace is very pretty," remarked a lady of a commanding figure, evidently a person of rank.

"Very pretty, my lady," replied the assistant who had waited on Caroline.

"What is it?"

"Twelve and a half, my lady."

"It is really pretty. Give me twenty yards."

The article was measured and cut almost as soon as ordered, and the remnant re-wound into a small parcel, and thrown upon the counter.

At the same moment, and as a boy handed Caroline the edging, wrapped in paper, for which she had already paid, and which she took mechanically, she heard one of the bye-standers whisper to another "The Countess D—!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Clifford looking at her watch, "do you know how late it is? Half-past two! We promised to be at Mrs. Porter's at this very time. She said, you remember that she was going out at four; and it will take us, I'm afraid, nearly an hour to get there."

"Then let us make haste, mamma." And at a very rapid pace they hurried back towards the place of appointment. They had gone on this way, perhaps, twenty minutes, when a white-headed, respectable-looking old gentleman was thrust aside by a rude fellow pushing by, so that he ran against Caroline, and caused her to drop her pocket-handkerchief. He stopped with evident marks of mortification, and picked it up, with a polite apology. Caroline assured him she was not hurt.

"But my dear young lady," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "let me return your parcel."

"Oh! that is not mine," replied Caroline.

"I beg your pardon; it fell with your handkerchief."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, "what have I done! I have brought away a piece of that lace! Mamma, let us go back directly."

Although the incident had occupied but a minute, Mrs. Clifford and Franklin, engaged in conversation had not perceived it, and had gone on several paces. The old gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared round a corner.

At this moment a man stepped up; and laying his hand roughly on Caroline's arm, said, "Young woman, you must come with." And a second iron hand grasped her other arm. Shocked and affrighted, she saw they were policemen.

Then the voice of a person very much out of breath cried, "This is the person! I can swear to her. And look! there is the very lace in her hand!"

Pale as death, and bewildered with terror, the poor girl could only attempt to say, "Mamma! mamma!" But her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her voice refused its office. A crowd had already collected, and the words, "A lady-shop-lifter!" and "They've nabbed a lady-thief!" were audible enough.

"Come, my beauty," said the man, pulling her forward, "we've no time to lose."

"Scoundrel!" cried the voice of Franklin, as he grasped him by the throat, "who are you?"

"You see who we are," was the stern reply. "We're policemen, in the execution of our duty. Take your hand off my throat."

Franklin recognised their uniform, and relaxed his hold. "Policemen! And what have policemen to do with this lady? You have made some stupid blunder. This is a lady. She is under my protection. Take your hand off her arm."

"If she's under your protection, the best thing you can do is to accompany us," replied the man, bluntly; and he made another attempt to drag her away.

Franklin restrained himself with an effort which did him honour, conscious that violence would be here out of place, and perceiving that it would be utterly useless. He strove a moment to collect his thoughts as one stunned by a thunder-bolt. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"If you ask for information," remarked the man, impressed by his agonised astonishment, "I will tell you. But won't the young woman get into a cab, out of the crowd?"

An empty coach happened to be passing, into which, like a man in a dream, Franklin handed the ladies. One police-officer entered with them, the other took his seat on the box with the coachman. Caroline, although still colourless, had partly regained her courage, and endeavoured to smile. Mrs. Clifford, in a most distressing state of agitation, only found breath to say, "Well, this is a pretty adventure, upon my word!"

As the carriage moved away, followed by a troop of ragamuffins, leaping, laughing and shouting. Franklin said, "And now, my good fellow, that I have submitted peaceably to this atrocious outrage, tell me by whose authority you act, and in what way this young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult?"

"Well, in the first place," said the man coolly, "I act by the authority of the Messrs. Blake, Blanchard, and Co.; and in the second place, the young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult by stealing ten yards of Brussels lace at £12 a yard, value £120 sterling."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Franklin, again grasping his collar.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" cried the man. "Hands off, my cove; and keep a civil tongue in your head—you'd best. It ain't of no use, I give you my word of honour."

"Miss Clifford—"

But Miss Clifford had covered her face with her white hands, which did not conceal her still whiter complexion.

"My dear friend," cried Mrs. Clifford, now nearly beside herself. "I assure you that this is a frightful mistake. She carried the lace away from mere carelessness. Here is all the money I have about me. Take it for yourself—only let us go. My daughter, I assure you, is utterly incapable of stealing. You don't know her. As for the lace, I am willing to pay for it. My name is Mrs. Clifford. I live at No. —, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square. My dear, kind, good sir, turn the coach and let us go home. My husband was Captain Clifford of the navy. Do you think we would be guilty of stealing? I will give you any money you desire. I will give you £50—only let us go."

"If your husband was the Lord High Admiral himself," replied the man, with dignity, "I could not let you go now—not if you were to give me £500. I have only to do my duty. It's a very painful one; but it must be done. I ain't a judge; I'm a policeman; and my business is to deliver you safe into the hands of the injured firm."

To describe the whirl of thoughts which swept through the mind of Franklin during the interval is impossible. He saw that a simple act of carelessness had been committed by Caroline; but he was enough of a lawyer to perceive that the proof against her was singularly striking and unanswerable, and he

