

FORO

Light Literature

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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FIAT JUSTITIA.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER HOLTON.

Yes, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee—
Weighed the light love that thou hast held
so dear—

Weighed word and look, and smile that have
betrayed thee;
The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

Holding these scales, I moved at thy anguish—
For thing so slight that long my heart has
torn—

For God's great-sun the prisoner's eyes might
languish,
No; for a torch by some chance passer borne.

I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing
On the strong chords whose answer was so
full.

Do children are, through dasied meadows stray-
ing,

What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?

Go on, gay tripler! Take thy childish pleasure—
On thee, for thee, may summer always shine—
Too stern were Justice should she seek to
measure

Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine.

(For the Touch.)

CHAPTERS FROM NOVELS.

No. 6.

GRIFFITH GAUNT.

"Don't bother me," said Mercy Vint, land-
lady of the "Packhorse" inn, hard by the vil-
lage of Allerton, in Lancashire. "Attend to
the man thyself, Betty chambermaid, and see
he pay the reckoning. What man is he?"

"A brown, beirdly man," replied the cham-
bermaid, "and he hath a rogue's eye and a
face that favors some face that I do know, but
which, alack! I cannot recall, yet would give
my ears to remember."

"Well, go thy ways, wench, and if he should
stay the night, see thou burn't not the sheets
with the warming pan."

Misses Betty, who was a buxom hussy
with two luscious black eyes, tripped down the
stair. As she set foot in the hall she stopped
short and planted her two hands on her hips.
"Saints alive!" said she to herself, "now I
have it! the man in the parlor is the very mor-
al of master,—black mole on the temple and
all. They must be the sons of one mother." Over-
head, in the chamber above, Mercy Vint

set herself to croon a nonsensical song to the
babe in the cradle: "Well-a-day, mite," she
would say, "send my husband Thomas Leices-
ter home to me—Sweet chipsey-wipsey, father
will be home—be home."

Mercy had quick ears, and, by-and-by, she
heard a scuffle in the hall, intermingled with
a whisper and a giggle. Now that is a sound
that I defy the most impassable woman that
ever trod on shoe leather to overhear and not
want to know more about it. So she opened
her chamber door softly and peeped over the
bannisters, and there was her husband Thomas
Leicester kissing Betty the chambermaid.

The little woman screeched like a weasel,
and made no more ado but precipitated herself
down the stair, cock-a-hoop, and fell on the
offender and pinned him.

Betty, caught flagrantly in her share of the
fact, whisked round a corner and disappeared.
Mercy showed as ravenous as a tigress robbed
of her allowance. She flew at her offending
better half and fixed her little claws, tigress
fashion, on the face of her victim, and, amidst
a confused mixture of blubbering and remon-
-strance, defended her marital rights. "O,
Thomas!" she cried—(whack, whack,— "you
odious wretch,"—(scratch, scratch.)—"for to
go for to do"—(whack, scratch.)—"such a
thing"—(whack)—"with an ugly, squinting,
black-browed, low-legged, hump-backed hus-
-sy. Oh, oh, oh!"

The victim took it very well. "Madam,"
said he, in the pauses of his punishment, "it
is true my name is Thomas Leicester, but I am
not your husband." At this atrocious denial
of his identity Mercy swooned and fell like a
log, with her feet on the fourth step of the stair
and her head on the door mat.

Then Betty's true-lover, Long Jim, came to
the rescue. "Hi! Dick! Samule! Ralph Gard-
-ner!" shouted he, "here be a pretty coil,—
a mon from Coomberland a-kissing our women
afore our face. To the horse-pond wi' un, to
the horse-pond!" So the man calling himself
by Griffith Gaunt's name of Thomas Leicester,
was soundly ducked and sent on his way, his
last audible splutter being, "here be a pretty
tale to hear to Mistress Gaunt."

An hour afterwards Griffith Gaunt rode into

the courtyard of the "Pack-horse," with splash-
ed boots and riding-coat, showing he had come
off a journey. He tramped up the stairs to his
wife's chamber, and throwing a purse on the
table grumbled, "how's the little one? There
be the money, dame, that I promised thee,"
Mercy screamed. "Thomas! Thomas Leices-
-ter! husband!" she cried, "your face is not
scratched!" "What should ail it to be scratch-
-ed?" asked Griffith. Mercy whimpered, "Not
an hour agone a man as like thee as two peas
came here kissing the maid and calling himself
Thomas Leicester and I set my ten talons on
him and they ducked him in the pond." Grif-
-fith took off his hat and scratched his poll. He
turned as pale as a tallow candle. "Thomas
Leicester," repeated he; "ha! Tom Leicester,
then am I a ruined man. Dame, thou hast
done a goodly thing." Then his face grew
stern. "Hark thee! sweet mistress," said he,
"when next you see your husband pilfering a
kiss or so, be certain he is the man. *First
make sure of your promises—and then Go
Ahead!*

CHAS. READE.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—Never marry
a man who has only his love for you to recom-
-mend him. It is very fascinating, but it does
not make the man. If he is not otherwise
what he should be you will never be happy.
The most perfect man who did not love you
should never be your husband. But though
marriage without love is terrible, love only
will not do. If the man is dishonorable to
other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the
time will come when you will either loathe
him or sink to his level. It is hard to remem-
-ber, amidst kisses and praises, that there is
anything else in the world to be done or thought
of but love-making, but the days of life are
many, and the husband must be a guide to be
trusted—a companion, a friend as well as a
lover. Many a girl has married a man whom
she knew to be anything but good, "because
he loved her so." And the flame died out on
the heartstone of home before long, and be-
-side it she has been sitting with one that she
could never hope would lead her heavenward
—or who, if she had followed him as a wife
should, would guide her footsteps to perdition.
Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life;
be careful in the choosing.

Robert Buchanan has named his new journal
"Light." Does that Bu-cannon belong to the
"Light" artillery?