

# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

## THE FOUNTAIN.—A CONVERSATION.

BY WORDSWORTH.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat ;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

" Now, Matthew," said I, " let us match  
This water's pleasant tune  
With some old border-song, or catch,  
That suits a summer's noon.

Or of the church clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade,  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes,  
Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree ;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray haired man of glee :

" Down to the vale this water steers ;  
How merrily it goes !  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay :  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird in the summer trees,  
The lark upon the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

With nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife ; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :

But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me ; but by none  
Am I enough beloved."

" Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains !  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains."

And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee !"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
" Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep track did we glide ;  
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's Rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

## SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

We followed the trail of Sir George Simpson to the shores of California ; and we now set forth in his wake for the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific.

" Whilst we were at dinner," says Captain King, the friend and companion of Cook, " in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Avatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe, a solitary, half-worn powder spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention ; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us." " 'Tis sixty years since !" and now the new adventurer, in putting a girdle round the earth, meets at the same island with native pilots, who speak English like their mother-tongue, in front of a large and flourishing town of nine thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago, Mr. Stuart describes one of the queens as banqueting on a living cuttle-fish, held to her face with both hands, while its snaky arms writhed and twisted round her head. Sir George's supper with Governor Kekuanaca was somewhat different. " We were received by the governor in his hall of justice, an apartment large enough for the church of a considerable parish, being sixty feet long, thirty broad, and about thirty-five or forty feet high, to the ridge pole of the roof. The chiefs were all handsomely attired in the Windsor uniform, their clothes fitting to a hairs-breadth : so particular, indeed, are the aristocracy in this respect, that they have imported a tailor from England for their own exclusive benefit. Supper being announced, the chiefs, each taking one or two of our party by the arm, conducted us across an open era to another apartment of considerable size, built in the European fashion, and handsomely furnished with tables, buffets, chairs, sofas, &c. ; the whole, or nearly the whole, being of native wood and native workmanship. The main table would have done no discredit to a London mansion, covered as it was with glass and plate, and lighted with elegant lamps. The fare was very tempting. It consisted of fruits of all kinds, sweetmeats, pastry, Chinese preserves, &c., with excellent tea and coffee : the latter, which had been grown in Woahoo by the governor himself, being fully equal to Mocha. Our plates, by the by, had been marked with our names, and we had been told to take our seats accordingly, his excellency sitting at one side among his guests. In fact the whole proceedings blended the most punctilious regard to etiquette with the cordiality of nature.