

You know when he went he was angry with me,
 And such very great friends, as we used to be!
 I regret that we quarrelled, and quite long to see,
 If he passed through the Board, and is now an M.D.
 Frenome or dear Fanny have probably read,
 But if so, to me not a word have they said,
 And their hateful, detestable quizzing I dread;
 So I shall not ask them—Will you, dearest, inquire?
 But that I want to know, love, must never transpire;
 For I would not, for worlds, show that I care "a hum,"
 Because Doctor Tourniquet chose to look glum.
 Oct. 23th, 1865.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock,
 In all the fairy dolls,
 And if I find the charmed leaves,
 Oh! how I'll weave my spells."

SO said that pleasant Irishman, Samuel Lover, at the opening of a charming little poem in which he celebrated the magical qualities of the tiny plant so beneficently endowed. And, although the green deils of our young and unromantic country are not so notoriously inhabited by the fairy people as are the famed and verdant seclusions of Erin, it is quite possible for us to find a four-leaved clover in a silent ramble over the wild pasture-lands, or upon the sunny meadows rich with all the "pomp of cultivated nature." The grace and pathos of the poet's verses are never absent from my thoughts when I search the trefoils for their rarer relative, and when I succeed in finding the little curiosity, I try to believe in its potency. Who would not like to fancy that in obtaining the "charmed leaves" he became possessed of an effectual talisman to banish care? I like to set reason aside, and cherish the gentle folly which teaches that a bitter feud may be healed, a lost friend won back, or a long headache soothed by the simple gift. When I can gather a few "four-leaved clovers" I profess to keep them jealously, and part with them only in such emergencies as warrant the exercise of their subtle charm. But, alas! our faith in this as in higher matters is not always practical; and when, in the partings and separations which leave such cruel gulfs of pain between, we look at the delicate stem and shapely leaves, and remember that their power is guaranteed in such cases by the kindly poet when he says:

"Hearts that had been long estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold
 Should meet again like parted streams;
 And mingle as of old."

We still hesitate to employ our treasure, and stubborn pride, mingled with a doubt of its reception, forbids us to despatch the peacemaker.

Ah! if we would earnestly try to conquer the sin which so surely precedes our sorrow, and as diligently search our hearts for the growth of selfishness and passion, as we examine in our sport the clover-beds for their famous occupants, we should less often need the tender influence of our mute messenger; or if an occasional back-sliding required the concession, the mission of our offering would never fail. For

"To be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain."

Ah! pride and anger, those obstinate demons, who, when we believe them banished, and have swept and garnished our house anew with repentance and good resolutions, return in sudden triumph to make the last mischief worse than the first. Then comes that phase of spent feeling, as natural to us after the turmoil of strife and pain, as it was to Ulysses and his sea-beaten company when they sat upon the lotus-shore, and renouncing the long struggle, sang

"Let what is broken so remain
 The gods are hard to reconcile."

But life is not long enough to permit us to indulge with impunity in hasty passion or unforgiving pride. What costly sacrifices do these cruel gods demand? What is our gain in serving them? Small, indeed; but how freely we can count our losses. Our thought is burdened, our self-respect lessened, our general goodwill impaired. For the inconsiderate bitterness of wounded feeling, we have parted, perhaps, with one whose influence ennobled, whose tenderness

blessed us. One, in the presence of whose serene strength we felt it not so hard to be good. One, it may be, who loved our weakness as much as we needed their repose. That one is gone, and with him or her has departed the charm and essence of a great portion of our life. The countless hopes built up with and inseparable from that regard, the dear possibilities of future intercourse, possible now no longer, all replaced by estrangement and gloom, by the severance of a bond, whose broken chain still fetters us. We carry our heads haughtily, and hide our wounds; we shun the eyes we once met so gladly—we shrink from the hand we loved to touch. We misunderstand, and avoid each other. The recollection of past suffering rises in our hearts like the "waters of March," and makes us resentful even when we desire to forgive. And so we stand aloof, until some irrevocable step is taken—some calamity upon which we had not counted overwhelming us, or the dread conqueror himself comes between—to teach us, when too late, what we would not learn in time; the folly of our short-sighted wrath and pride—the wickedness of the spirit, that daily needing forgiveness, yet hesitates to forgive, until the hour is at hand when remorse may be fruitless, and even our "four-leaved clover" supplicate for peace in vain.

Io.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Poe's "Raven" has recently been translated into German, and is said to be the most successful yet made.

THE fourth volume of D'Aubigné's "Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin," has just appeared.

MR. DAWAIN is preparing "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants; on the Principles of Variation, Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Interbreeding, and Selection under Domestication," a valuable contribution to science.

SIMPSON & MARSHALL, the London publishers, have issued the "Comprehensive Pudding Book," containing recipes for making one thousand puddings.

REPORT says that Omar Pacha is busy collecting materials for a "Life of Alexander the Great," whom he considers a far greater character than Julius Cæsar. When ready, the work will be published in Paris, and in a style very similar to the "History of Julius Cæsar."

At a meeting of the friends of the late Dr. George Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, it was decided that his literary remains should be edited and published. The gentlemen who have undertaken this task are—the Earl of Dunraven, the Rev. Drs. Todd, Graves, and Reeves, Mr. Ferguson, and others. Professor Stokes, of the University of Dublin, has undertaken to write a life of Dr. Petrie, and calls upon the correspondents of the deceased gentleman to lend any letters which may assist the memoir.

An English publisher has recently reprinted one of the most curious books of London topography: "A Vade Mecum for Malt-worms; or, a Guide to Good Fellows, being a Description of the Manners and Customs of the Most Eminent Publick Houses, in and about the Cities of London and Westminster, with a Hint on the Props (or Principal Customers) of each House. In a Method so plain that any thirsty Person (of the meanest capacity) may easily find the nearest Way from one House to another. Illustrated with proper cuts. Dedicated to the Brewers. London: Printed and sold by T. Bickerton, at the Crown, in Paternoster Row." The book consists of two parts, pp. i.—56, and pp. i.—48, and the title of the second part adds: "Done by several Hands." Facsimiles are given of 102 of the tavern signs of the beginning of the last century, and mention is made altogether of nearly 800. The text, in coarse doggerel verse, is attributed to Ned Ward, Wycherley, and D'Urfey. Only one perfect copy of the original edition is known to exist, and that produced 42l. at the sale of the late Mr. Tyrrell's library.

In a sale of books held in London recently, were some few unpublished autograph letters of Lord Byron, which possessed more than usual interest. They were all addressed to his friend Hodgson, the translator of Juvenal. By way of Byroniana we quote the following: Writing from Falmouth, 25th June, 1809, he says: "The town contains many Quakers and salt fish—the women (blessed be the Corporation therefore) are flogged at the cart's-tail when they pick and steal." The letter closes with the passage: "I leave England without regret; I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict, sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab." Writing from Newstead Abbey, 9th September, 1811, he says; "I have been a good deal in your company lately, for I have been reading Juvenal. The 10th Sat. has always been my favourite; it is the finest recipe for making one miserable with this life, and content to walk out of it, in any language." October 11th of that year he writes: "I am like the Evangelical definition of the wind, which goeth where it listeth, but no man knows whence it cometh or when it returneth." On the 14th Dec., 1814, he says: "Will you tell Drury I have a treasure for him, a whole set of original Burns's letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of oaths and most nauseous songs, all humorous but coarse and indelicate? However they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new point of view. The mixture, or rather contrast, of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful." Anticipating a sojourn at Hastings in 1814, when it was still the small decayed Cinque Port instead of the chief rival of Brighton, he says: "I am so glad to hear of quiet, for I would not be at a regular fash—ash—ashionable watering-place for all the gems of ocean, and its codfisheries into the bargain." In a letter dated 8th July of the same year, he adds: "Will you take a house for me at Hastings? I shall also want a housemaid, and extempore pro tempore cook of the place. Let my bedroom be some way from the nursery or children's apartment, and let the women be near together and as far from me as possible." Speaking of his approaching marriage, Oct. 19, 1814, he writes, "She is to be Lady B. the moment the lawyers and settlers will let us. . . . It is a long story, and I must defer it—but I have misunderstood her—she has been attached to me for a considerable time, and the 'previous attachment' turns out to have had no existence. In the belief that I should never renew, she tried to make herself partial to another (this is her own account), but the delusion vanished on their meeting."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The simple interest of one cent, at six per cent per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1864, would be the trifling sum of one dollar, eleven cents, and eight mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a parrot-gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man stationed at the other,—light travelling one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second—the initial velocity of a cannon-ball being about 1500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1120 feet in a second,—he would see the flash after waiting one hundred and ten thousand years; the ball would reach him in seventy-four billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.