

For the Pearl.
THE ORPHAN.

I

My father died when I was young,
When first my mother blessed her child—
While yet my cradle hymn she sung,
And o'er my infant slumbers smiled.

II

He died—and she, bereft of all,
In him her only earthly guide,
Resigned her life to sorrow's thrall,
And then, heart-broken, also died.

III

She died—and I was left alone—
A poor unfriended orphan boy—
With none a kindred tie to own,
Or feel for me a parent's joy.

IV

Predestined o'er the world to roam,
Uncheered by Fortune's friendly ray,
Since then I have not found a home,
In which my wearied frame to lay.

V

There are who spurn me in my need,
There are who mock the orphan's tear;
But I shall soon from want be freed,
And cease to weep forlornly here.

VI

My youthful thoughts have learned to rise
To Him who heeds the orphan's prayer,
And He will take me to the skies,
And I shall meet my parents there!

J. McP.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

She passes our gate every morning at a quarter before eight. She is never a moment later. The cook knows this so well that she sets the kitchen clock by 'the young lady in the cottage bonnet.' All the winter we could tell her approach by the plashing of her clogs, in the wet unrepaired piece of path at the corner, a standing disgrace to our highway inspectors—I was going to write them "highwaymen," for they take our rates and do not mend our ways. And now she passes noiselessly, as our summer flowers grow; but like them, neither unobserved nor unremembered. Her bonnet is a coarse Dunstable; within the last week, the morose coloured ribbons have been replaced by those of *vapour*: but they are both plainly put on. The *ruche* beneath is ornamented with a very little wreath of pale primroses; the black veil is still worn; but a parasol (not one of those fawn-coloured, baby-like, fairy mushroom rooms of the present season, but a large full-grown parasol, two years old at the very least) has replaced the heavy, brown cotton umbrella, whose weight her thin, white wrist seemed hardly able to sustain. The *broderie* on her collar is coarse, but the collar sits smoothly, and is very white; her shawl—what a useful shawl it has been! With the assistance of a boa she seemed to think it a sufficient protection against last winter's cold, and yet now, thrown a little open at the throat, and with the relief of a white collar—how well it looks! Her dress then, was merino, now it is muslin-de-laine; her boots are exchanged for strong prunella slippers, fitting nicely; and she generally rests a roll of music or one or two books in the bend of the arm, the hand of which carries the parasol. I must not forget her brown silk bag; what odds and ends peep out of it at times, when 'tis over full; shreds of German wool; paper patterns; netting, knotting, and knitting needles; half-a-dozen new pens, nibs out, to avoid the risk of injury—or a round ruler; in short, let it be filled with what it will, the bag is never empty; and yet, if you could only see the thread-bare purse within, worn out, not by money, but by time; three-pennies worth of halfpence at one end, and a silver fourpence and a shilling in the other; you would understand that the daily governess is anything but rich. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome, but she would be so, if the weight of anxiety that presses upon her broad polished brow were removed. The countenance (the thoughtless would say) wants expression; it wants variety of expression, but the prevailing one is that of pallid, silent resignation; her eyes have an earnest, gentle look, when they raise the silken lashes that veil, not their brightness, but their sadness; and her smile, if a passer-by inquire the way, is as gentle

as her eyes. She is neither short nor tall, dark nor fair, but her cheek is pale, not the pallor of ill health, for she is fortunate in being obliged to walk twice a-day through our now green and cheerful hedge-rows: it wears the hue of oppressed spirits. She is young, and might be mirthful—if she were not a *DAILY GOVERNESS*.

She knows enough to know, that if she had been taught a little more of all, or of every, of the accomplishments she is obliged to teach, she might command a high salary; "finish young ladies," instead of trudging on with little children; but her mother is an officer's widow, and could not spend a great deal upon one, when she had three children to educate and send into the world: "She looks neither to the right nor to the left, except perhaps to glance, when she gets beyond the lane, at our church clock; but she finds she has no need to hasten her steps, unless when her mother is ill—she is always in time. Perhaps she casts a wistful eye at the bookseller's placard, telling of her greatest luxury—a new novel—or at the linen draper's, with an undefined hope, that by the time she receives her next month's salary she may seek a cheap Challis among his winter stock, now selling off, that would do very well for summer; dark colours are best for the street; ribbons do not attract her; she has trimmed her bonnet, and learnt the blessings that arise from thrift, not extravagance.

She reaches her destination, and knocks at the door, not with a tremulous hand, for it is practised in such indications of her humble arrival, but with the modest certainty that she will soon be admitted, because she is wanted. The footman hears the sound; but does not hurry to answer the daily governess; because he knows she is beloved by the nurse-girl, in whom she smiles, and to whom she speaks kindly; and the girl's home and parents are far in Cumberland. The daily governess can appreciate even the nurse-girl's attention. The children she has to instruct in this presuming mansion are wayward and rude; but they are, nevertheless, affectionate, and would be what are called "good," if they were properly managed "out of school hours;" as it is, they have too much of their own way, and their mamma hates the daily governess before them, for their faults.

"Miss Grey, you must be firm and determined; Gertrude complains of her eyes. So, if you could manage to stay and teach her lessons, after three, for about half an hour, to prevent her poring over her book, she could repeat them the next morning. Poor darling! we must take care of her eyes."

The daily governess knows, if she perform this daily duty, she will lose a music pupil, to whom she gives a lesson, commencing at half-past three, for the sum of one and sixpence; but this family live in a large house, and have promised to recommend her. The daily governess must pay her usual slave-tribute for patronage.

"Miss Grey, it will not do to teach dancing, without doing the figures *yourself* very often before children."

"Miss Grey, Alice's shoulders are growing round."

"Miss Grey, Alfred must not ink his tuckers."

"Miss Grey, poor little Louisa cannot finish the Cologne stand; pray take it home and finish it for her."

Poor Miss Grey! her patience, gentleness, and all she has really done to improve those children, remains unapproved; but the faults of her *eleves* rise trumpet-tongued against her, when in reality she is in no wise to blame; the affections and tenderness which her gentle heart yearns to bestow, is thrown back upon her. She is a *daily governess*! What sympathies can they have in common?

It was nine when she knocked at the door; it is now three. She was asked to take something at one, and she had a morsel of bread and a glass of milk and water. She remains until half-past three, and then walks a half-mile farther to give her eighteen-penny music lesson. She is in excellent spirits when it is over, for they will wait the extra time, rather than change. She says, 'they are very good.' Why, the mother of the musical young lady knows she could not get such another lesson from any other teacher for less than half-a-crown. This is a busy day, it is half past six and the daily governess has not yet returned.

She had another lesson to give in the same street—not a music lesson, though the echo of 'one, two, three,' in her head seemed for eternity, but to read English for an hour with a young French lady, who met her at the door, kissed her on both cheeks, made her drink a cup of coffee—real coffee—and eat a biscuit, and then sat patiently 'doing her translation' into such pretty non-descript English, that the daily governess chid and smiled until a peal of merry and mingled laughter rang through the room! But the laugh was preceded, on the part of the governess, by such weariness, that the kind foreigner would have detained her longer, not to read, but to rest, were it not that she told her her mother would

be uneasy; and then the lady, with a pretty air of mystery, opened her desk, and held up before her eyes a concert ticket—a real concert ticket—for two, it was to be her's, and would enable her and her mother to go together the next evening, which they would be sure to do, for to-morrow would not be a busy day and they could walk there very well, and leave their bonnets at the entrance, or slide them off, and let them hang down by their sides—so—no one would notice them! Oh, it would be such pleasure—such dear pleasure! to hear sweet music, and her mother was so fond of music, her mother would enjoy it so much, she was very very grateful. The French lady regretted the distance was so great. The daily governess said they would not mind that; they were only a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner—her mother could walk that—and then an eightpenny drive would bring them to the concert rooms. Those fly-cabs were so respectable and convenient—it would be charming; she did not mind fatigue; and Miss Grey commenced her return with a quick step and flushed cheek. She thought, poor thing, though she had been teaching since nine, and it was now nearly half-past six—she thought it had been a very happy day. As she walked rather quickly, several impudent fellows—impudent Irish men—cunning Scotch lads, or, it might be, an English youth, intent on systematizing even his flirtations—attempted to peep under her bonnet; but she poked the big parasol very low at that idle, and walked on; if the attempt was repeated her cheek flushed, her heart beat more quickly, and her eyes filled with tears. Then, indeed, she felt she had no one to protect her.

She stopped at a shop at Lowndes terrace, where black silk and white kid gloves are only a shilling a pair. She looked through the window at them, hesitated, and walked on; perhaps she will wait till her mother is with her, the following evening, and then she can choose for her. What her mother chooses is always best. She has passed our gate. She is evidently very much fatigued, her steps lag heavily; she lodges with her mother in that little cottage for the benefit of the soft pure air of old Brompton. And now you see the widow's cap through the young stems and insignificant leaves of the jessamine. The daily governess quickens her steps, she pulls from her bosom the concert ticket; and after she has received her mother's kiss, before her mother's hands can untie her bonnet, she holds it up before her! Oh how very much a little drop of innocent pleasure sweetens the cup of toil! Drink of it long, and deeply, and it becomes bitter on the tongue, and evil to the heart.

A daily governess, has at least, her evenings. Sometimes, not often, a friend drops in. To-night our patient, good, industrious girl has thrust her swollen feet into her mother's easy shoes; and while the widow reads, or pours out their frugal tea, she is quilting, or snipping, or arranging something white; a little finery for to-morrow evening. And now the work and books are put by, the candle snuffed, they read and pray, not long, but fervently; and then to bed, despite the labor, which, fair reader, you shudder even to think upon. The daily governess sleeps soundly, and will awake as sweet, as patient, and gentle, and it may be, a trifle more cheerful, to-morrow than she was to-day.

POETS AND POETRY.

Charles Lamb calls the plays of the sweet bard of Avon, enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full.

In approaching a poet—one who has been faithful to his high trust, shunning to abuse the gift of the 'vision and faculty divine,' and never desecrating his golden lyre by attuning its strings to the baneful blandishments of vice—we feel as if we were coming in contact with a being superior to ourselves, and endowed with pre-eminent powers. The 'tuneful talisman' of the poet exercises a powerful influence for good or evil, according to the nature of the depraved or pure spirits that acknowledge its spell. When we consider the various elements of human nature, and the strength of the charm which lies in true poetry, we can better estimate the debt of gratitude which we owe to a *good poet*: since the effect of poetry upon the passions may be as a spark of fire upon gunpowder, or as 'oil upon the troubled waters.' A Byron may raise the storm of guilty passions in the breast, or a Wordsworth may produce that hushed repose of feeling which predisposes the spirit to the softening influence of the still, sad music of humanity. It is well for us that Religion first awoke the soul of music sleeping in the chords of the British lyre. Never does poetry appear so triumphantly beautiful as when she bears us on the wings of