ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

WRITTEN AFTER READING MALVINA'S BEAUTIFUL LINES ("NIGHT AND MORNING") IN THE EXAMINER OF WEDNESDAY LAST, AND FEELING SORRY SHE DID NOT ALLOW HER IDEAS A MORE EXPANSIVE RANGE.

'Tis sad to think when morning
Is smiling fresh and young,
With her robe of rosy fringes
So lightly round her flung;

That clouds may soon enfold her
Like the sable robes of night,
And gloom may shroud the infant flower
Now laughing in her light.

But the sable cloud that veileth
Her beauty from the view,
Shall melt in drops as pearly
As the brightest summer dew.

And each drop that gems the rosebud
Or seeks a softer flower,
Shall reflect the living beauty
Of the mild and sunny hour.

And the lightly bounding bosom,
And the songsters from the thorn,
Shall tell of sweets untasted, on
A cloudless summer morn.

Like the stream of purer feeling
That illumes the youthful heart,
When joy in radiance beaming
Bids the sadness, there, depart.

The sky would lose its beauty
If the sun was ever there,
And youth would cease to charm us
If the cheek was ever fair.

So seek not changeless brightness
Or flower of fadeless bloom;
Till you reach a land of beauty
Thro' the portals of the tomb.

J. O'H.

Armagh 26th September.

TO A LADY WITH A WATCH.

Oft as the silent-moving hands
Around the figured dial wheel,
Amid the joys and cares of life,
Oh! may one thought thy brother steal.

And when, beneath thy pillow'd head,
This toy shall keep its midnight measure,
Think that one heart as constant beats,
To shield from harm its chiefest treasure.

As long, dear girl, as Heaven ordains
Thy days and mine together flow,
This hand shall never cease to twine
A wreath of joy to deck thy brow.

And when the Fates their threads shall spin
To that said point where we must sever,
Their doom, perhaps, may make me leave
My sister—but forget her never!

A LABORER'S HOME.

BY MARY GILLIES.

On a sultry day of last summer, a little party entered one of the lanes branching off from the great thoroughfare of Whitechapel, and walking slowly forward, oppressed with the heat, and the burdens they had to carry, stopped before the door of a small house of two stories. The party consisted of a man, his wife, and five children, the youngest being a baby in arms. They were evidently country people; and the wife's ruddy cheeks, and the children's bright complexions, were enough to remind every one that looked at them of green fields and fresh breezes. The husband carried a little girl in his arms, and a large bundle on one end of his stick over one shoulder. The wife carried the baby, and a basket so full of all manner of articles, that the little girl quoted, upon the three boys who made the rest of the family, had each a pack, box, or bundle; and beside them was a man with a truck, on which were deposited a couple of small bedsteads, a cradle, and a chest, a table and three chairs, with two or three little stools. They had come up by the canal from their village, and had brought all *their furniture* and goods with them to settle in London, where the man had reason to expect to get into constant work; and work had become scarce down in the country. He was a bricklayer's laborer, and had a cousin in the same trade, now employed on the houses of a grand new street in course of building in the neighborhood; and it was this cousin who had advised his move to London, and who had taken two rooms for him in this lane in Whitechapel.

The outer door stood open, and a crowd of little dirty children who were at play in the passage, ran off up the narrow, dark, staircase as the new comers entered. They evidently ran to announce the arrival of the lodgers, as a pale, lame woman with a crying infant in her arms, soon appeared with the keys of the two ground-floor rooms, which the landlord had left with her; and these being opened, our party from the country entered their new abode.

A close, stifling sensation struck them as they went in, but heat and fatigue had got the mastery for the time, and the first thought was rest; so they put down their burdens without a word, and commencing the truck, paid the porter's hire, and when he was gone seated themselves on some of their goods.

'John, dear,' said the wife, after a minute's breathing time, 'there's a horrid smell, and it's needfully dark. I wish you would open the window.'

She had lost her bright colour, and looked faint and sick as she spoke. Her husband directly tried to comply with her wish, but it was no easy task. The window was thick with sooty dust, and spashed with mud, and seemed glued to the frame-work with dirt. He shook and pulled from top and bottom, and at least had to force it up with an iron tool which he took out of the bundle he had beer carrying. It was not made to open from the top. The three boys began to look out and take their observations; and Peter, the eldest, declared that the nasty smell came in at the window from the black stuff in the gutter. The little girl was clinging to her mother's side as if frightened at the strange place, and now asked for a drink of water.

'I should like a draught of cold water, too, John,' said her mother, "better than anything I can think of."

'That you shall have, Sally,' he replied; and after searching out a clean jug from a basket of crockery, he set off in quest of water. He groped along the passage, and called to the woman up stairs, whose voice was heard trying to quiet two screaming children, to ask 'where the pump was?' The woman called down the water-butt was in the back yard, he groped his way farther along the passage, and stumbling down two steps came to a door which was rickety upon its hinges and without a latch. Pushing it open, he went out into the yard.

What a place he had got into! Poor John's weather-beaten face became lived with the sudden disgust. He had done plenty of hard work, and many a rough job, but such a place as this place was in London proving, he had never seen yet. The yard was one mass of the most offensive refuse, stagnating and putrifying in the burning sun. The water-butt he was looking for stood close beside the centre of these abominations.—He had to remind himself of Sally, and her pale lips, or he would not have been able to make up his mind to pick his way up to it. He did it, however, but when he turned the cock no water came; it was empty.

'There's no water in the butt,' he called up the stairs.

'The water came in this morning, too,' answered the lame woman. 'Well I suppose my husband never told them to put the ball-cock right, and I know none came in last water day, neither.'

'And when will it come again?' asked John.

'This is Friday; why next Monday,' was the answered.

'What's to be done?' thought John to himself, struck dumb at the sudden experience of a new kind of hardship. Many a primitive scene had John witnessed, the denial of a drop of cold water had never happened to him before.

'Can you oblige us with a little water, neighbor?' he said, shutting the door upon the reeking yard, and returning towards the stairs.

'I have only a little left,' she replied, 'but you are welcome to it, if you will come up-stairs and fetch it. It's hard work for me to carry it up or down, with my lame leg and the child to mind.'

John went up, and followed her into her room. It was so crowded and dark, that he hardly saw what was in it at first. A pale lame woman lay a pale, crying infant girl, of about fifteen, whose cough sounded hollow and death-like. Beside her was a boy about twelve, whose head and throat were bandaged up, and much swelled. Besides these there were six children of different ages, including the infant. The mother pulled a small wooden tub from under the bed, and told John to take what water was there, adding that she wished there was more, for his sake.'

He took a little, not all—he could not bear to do that—and kindly thanking her, went back to Sally with it. She was nursing her baby, and eagerly put her lips to the jug; but in moments she set his cousin again, and shook her head. John soon found out why. His senses had been deadened by the horrors of the yard, and the stifling air of the up-stairs room; but a hearty greeting to Sally from Joe. And now the comfort of rest after fatigue, and refreshment after thirst, and hopeful prospects for the morrow. They ate, and drank, and talked, and laughed. They were used to hardships, and the wife especially was ready and ready to be cheerful and hopeful. Even the children all took good draughts of beer. If they had been used to such draughts, John would have hesitated about the stock of the goods and furniture together that Sally's savings as a servant had bought on their marriage, nor have been able to more than half to the cheerful help, and only by parting with the chest of drawers and looking-glass; but, without a drop of water to give them, what could he do?

When this pleasant meal was over, the present evils did come to mind a little, however; and Joe was asked whether he could not have found a better place for them. He answered, that since the improvements had been begun in the city, so many poor people's houses had been knocked down to make room for the new streets, that there was no getting lodgings anywhere. That they had told him he must not go beyond four shillings a week, and that he could not do better. That as to the bad smell, and dirty yard, and want of water, it was as bad everywhere else just; and that from being a yard was something above the common, for numbers of lanes and alleys had only one stand-cock for all the houses. He had complained forth, and seen the ball-cock to rights, and shovelled the worst of the horrible refuse that covered the yard into a heap in one corner. That as all they could do; was to hope for a drain to carry any of it off could be found; there was none whatever. And so, with an agreement that John should go to work next morning at six, they parted.—Work and good wages were sure; that seemed to make all smooth.

By ten o'clock at night, the laborer, and his wife and five children, were all in bed and asleep, in one room of their new home. It was true they had another; but Sally had declared at the first glance that her poor boys could not sleep there till she had scoured it.—The wall near the window was green and damp, and smelt most offensively; they did not know why; but it was because it was saturated with the same disgusting matter which had overflowed into the yard, and which there was no drain to carry away. The window looked into the yard. They had done the best they could.—John had brought a pail of fresh water from the pump several streets off, tired as he was; and they had coffee; and the little bit of fire seemed to sweeten the room and they had put up the two beds, and arranged all as well as possible; and now they slept too soundly to feel the bites of noisome vermin, or to be aware of what they were drawing in instead of every breath. The sleep of toil is indeed a boon. Only the mother was roused from time to time by her infant's moaning, as never since he was born had he needed so much nursing in the night; but sleep came upon her again as soon as she had quieted him.

It was wonderful to see how much Sally did for the two rooms in the course of Saturday. All that could be done without money she did. The precious pail, and the little that Peter had strength to fetch in, she had to husband with the greatest care, and only used a little to clean the windows. Everything was scoured as tidily as possible when John came home in the evening from his work. The back room was of great use, to hold all the goods though the children had over go into it without a shudder. She and Joe went out, and marketed for Sunday with John's money. She sighed as she put her children to bed without their Saturday night's good washing; but to put by a little water to cleanse the faces and hands of all the family was all she could do. Still she consoled herself, and said, 'The water will come in on Monday.'

During the night, however, an anxiety began to press upon her that she could not shake off. Her infant's restlessness increased; it cried and wailed unceasingly, and little Mary began to cough and then wake up crying. She got scarcely any sleep; and the hollow cough of the girl in the room above sounded very sadly in her ears. The boy, unused to work, and then suppressed her, and she was fevered by the bites of vermin The increasing illness of the two youngest children kept her employed all Sunday. She could not go to church with her husband, nor join his walk with Joe and the boys.

Monday morning came round. She wished for Monday, the day for the water to come in. But, besides the continual attention required by the children, a new hindrance to her wishes had been longed to begin now appeared. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and out of a corner by the house there began to run a stream of abominations like that in the yard. This court contained about twenty houses, with four or five families to each house, and no drain, no water, nor scavengers. There had been three weeks of dry, hot weather. No wonder that a 'stream of abominations' flowed out of it. It flowed more and more; and the rain falling again, it spread, and came into the passage, and even threatened to get into the room. Again and again Sally came this odious stream, and swept it back into the gutter. Whenever she tried to get to work, this black, noisome enemy seemed to make its appearance. Sally was a cleanly woman, as she was laboring at her hopeless task, she observed a gentleman on the opposite pavement, who had stopped to look at her. There was something so sympathizing in his face, that she could not help expressing something of her trouble to him.

'Five times this very day, sir,' said she, 'have I swept this place as clean as I possibly could; but you see the stream comes in, sir, and I am at my wits' end to keep it clean.' He gave her a look of pity, and passed on.

Besides this, another trouble had come upon her. The water she had so longed for was discolored and offensive when she drew it, and a nasty black scum appeared on the top. Sally knew that the fault was at bottom had tainted it all; and, besides, the butt was old and rotten, and enough to spoil the water had there been nothing else. Such it was, however, to get be used; and first she set about washing up all the clothes that had been worn, meaning to finish and clear up before her husband came in. But she was with the black stream, and the poor restless children, she got on very slowly; and the wet clothes were still about, and the place still unswept, when he appeared at the door. The bad water caused the steam and the clothes to smell very badly; the baby had cried for a long time, and was still evidently in pain, or suffering to be quieted; the supper was not laid; the passage was up to the door of the room, for the attempt to cleanse it had been given up in despair. Peter was nursing little Mary, who leaned her sick head on his shoulder, and Bill and Dick were quarrelling in a tone, of hunger, and fretting for their supper.

'Here's a pretty place for a man to come home to after his hard day's work,' cried John; 'I thought you were going to clean it all up, and you've got it worse than ever.' So saying, he flung himself on the bed, and soon fell fast asleep in utter exhaustion. The day had been close and hot, and he was tired to death.

Sally hid her face in her hands, and the tears dropped from her eyes, as she sat down on a stool by her baby's cries. She coy heard her husband's harsh tones, and saw his angry look. And all he had said was true; it was a disappointed day to him, and he came to; he did not know all she had to contend with.

That night was but the beginning of troubles. Mary were worse and worse, and the little boy with a cough was out John had found out how bright and comfortable a place the inside of a gin palace is, and never entered his miserable home till late at night.

Before the end of the week, too, the poor family above stairs had all left the house. The fever came down to the ground floor from his work too ill to stand, next day he was prostrate with typhus fever, and was carried off to the hospital; and the man's cousin lodger, eight children all went into the union workhouse.—What could they do? They depended on his daily work for their support; and he was laid up in a fever. Another family took possession of the room next day.

In the other room, up stairs, there lodged a poor Irish woman, named Mary Miller, who was out all day selling apples in the streets. As she came in at night she would stop to say a little word to Sally, or give a piece of cake to the boys: hers was the quietest corner of the house; but this week it also underwent a change. She had a sick husband, who had been long ill, whose husband was seized with fever, and died. To have her helpless relations from starvation, she took them all into her one little bed under the window, became a scene of noise, confusion, and dirt. How few of the richer classes who exercise hospitality in their convenient houses can estimate the virtues of more active s

The first week was over and John's wages were paid, but part of them went to pay his score at the public house, and part to Sally, who was doing life of labor that this had ever happened, for he was a most temperate man. He could not bear his own reflections, but the dirt and wretchedness around him constantly stifled his better feelings. Sally had worked hard, but all she did seemed of no use, for the rainy weather made the yard worse than ever. Damps and over-flowing refuse encroached from back and front; the children were all fretful, and she herself seemed changed. She looked dull, and heavy, and untidy, and dirty, instead of being bright and clean as she used to be.—John, however, set off on Monday evening after his work, to search for better lodgings. He could not believe but what he could find better. The wife streets were clean and airy, the houses and shops full of comfort and riches; but everything there was quite beyond his means. He was obliged to turn down the lanes and courts again, and there he found nothing but patches of the worst description. Anything at all better was already full. Many were much worse.—In some he saw scenes of misery that sickened his heart. In one room, a sick man lying by his dead wife, on a heap of straw, and their children were crying around them for food. In another a sick woman, with her dead family, and a poor like colour told the tale of how long it had stood there. He staggered off and went home. He had seen misery before, but this was a form of misery, and it bewildered him.—There are many large towns and small towns in these parts, and he had seen in villages they may be found; but his village was particularly sweet and healthy, and a will of gain was in his heart to go back outside of it. There he had been full of care for want of work; here he had plenty of work, and good wages; but it was all they could do; and he knew he could buy food, it was true; but the poisonous air seemed to taint it; and his sick children and his wife seemed as if it had given them harm instead of good.

He went in downcast and moody. Sally thought he had been drinking, and reproached him. He answered angrily, and words were uttered such as had never passed before between them. He took to the public house that night. The week passed on drearily. Joe had gone off to the country to hay-making. He was a single man and could go where he liked. John half made up his mind to pay his rent when he got his wages, sell off all he had, and go back to his village. But when the wages came, they were all required for a mournful purpose—to buy a little coffin. Poor Sally laid her baby in it with choking tears, and John went out like a broken man to pawn his Sunday suit to buy bread. A few days more and little Mary was laid in her coffin too. The poor mother had lost her child, and gave up her treasures, and the father went to his daily toil to earn the means of burying them. Before he could earn a shilling, he was down. He gave up to save the rent, and he saw in his own family what had horrified him in another—the coffin of the dead stood among the living. At last, by selling a bed, the cradle, the table, and pawning more clothes, the price of laying the little children in their graves was obtained, and on Sunday morning the heart-stricken parents followed them to the grave.

When they returned to their desolate room with the three boys crouching by them, and Peter's sobs for the little sister he had loved so much breaking the silence, John took his wife's hand, and in his deep homely way, asked her to forgive him. 'I have neglected you,' said he, 'I have neglected you in your wretchedness and pine to the sin-hunger; but look at me and say you forgive me, and it shall never happen again.'

She made no answer. Her hand was cold, and a shivering fit, followed by burning fever, came on. He put her into bed; he made some tea for her, but in the fever she knew not her husband, and in his place homely way, asked her to forgive him. 'I have neglected you,' said he, 'I have neglected you in your wretchedness and pine to the sin-hunger;