

Poet's Conquer.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

(From the 'Nation'.)

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shun his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hoddin gray"
Was fool or knave, and a' that;
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fall, and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls, and a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox, and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man, for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that;"
And though you put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not the crown, and a' that;
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best he is, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMINISCENCES.

ROSINE'S heart was aching sorely for her friend, but she was at a loss what consolation to offer; she dropped on her knees by her side and laying her head gently on her lap she whispered, "Our dear Lord is merciful, and Father Roberts says one act of perfect contrition, one earnest desire for the sacrament of baptism, where it cannot be had, may save the soul in the hour of death."

"That is my only hope, dear," replied Dora, looking up; then pausing awhile, she added, as she felt the hot tears of her friend drop slowly on her hand, "I have talked to you too much in this strain, you will pass but a sad day with me."

"I like to hear of him," said Rosine, wiping her eyes, "I knew there must be something very sorrowful about this friendship of Ned and your brother, for when I asked the Doctor why he had never told me of his friend, he answered in his gruff way, 'because I must not be sympathised with,' and his step and manner when he said it, showed he was suffering most keenly."

"Good, noble Ned," replied Dora, I daresay he longs for your sympathy, but less unselfish than I am, he would dread making you unhappy. Try to comfort him if you can, Rosa, for his young life was sadly blighted. But I wish you to know Harry," she added, changing the subject for fear of returning emotion, and opening the locket she had shown her friend in a former interview. "He is not like Earnest, but a brave, fine fellow, with a conscience like the purest crystal. I expect him here before long, you may be sure he will be in haste, for never was there a heart that beat more fondly for his own home and friends. Hark! that sounds like a salute," she continued as the noise of a heavy cannon reverberated across the water; "he will come here at once, and he must not find me in tears," she said, going to the mirror to arrange the dark braids of her hair. Rosine gave a little brush to her own locks, as she sat looking far out into the sea, wondering if she should really know 'that gentleman,' and if he recognise would her. In all her visits to her friend she had not once met the Commodore, and her dread of meeting him was much increased by the recital of the morning, but to day she was doomed to encounter his dreaded presence. Before the echo of the guns announcing the anchorage of the man-of-war had died away, he entered. She had imagined a bold, piratical looking gentleman, and her astonishment was great when she saw a short square built figure in an undress, his nether garments tucked into his long boots, and his close cap pressed

down over his heavy brow. His thick mass of gray hair, together with an immense grizzly beard and moustache, gave his face a somewhat savage look. A broad, self-assured chin, and long Roman nose, told of a powerful will; in his eyes alone, which were very dark and lustrous, Rosine saw a resemblance to his daughter. She was gazing down the bay with the telescope when he entered.

"Well, Dora," he said, coming towards her and clapping her on the shoulder, "do you see him? That's his ship just anchored—wants heavy repairs. I hope we may bring the boy to reason yet before she's ready for service. But who have you here?" he added as she laid down the glass and brought Rosine forward to introduce her. At the first sight of the young girl the Commodore's face lighted up, and he prepared as bland a smile as could be painted on so rough a visage, but at the name "Miss Benton," there was a change, the frown returned, and he drew back, bowing very slightly, freezing Rosine in an instant. He turned away from her at once, and continued his conversation with his daughter. "I have business in town immediately, and shan't be here when he comes up to the house; but you'll see him, and if you won't back up your old father in this matter, just hold your tongue and say nothing."

With this he went to the door, Dora following; in the hall there were more words, a loud voice, oaths, and angry tones. It was some moments before Miss Greenwood came back, and when she entered, it was from the oratory, her face very pale, and her lips quivering. She did not renew the subject of her brother's return, but brought out cabinets filled with the treasures of land and sea, precious things with strange devices from foreign lands, which she explained to her young friend, entering into the subject with deep interest, and never pausing till she thought her companion's mind was turned from the unfortunate interview with her father. Rosine little suspected that she had been the cause of all the loud talking in the hall; the Commodore having guessed she was Philip Benton's daughter, cursed every branch of the family, as belonging to the man who had defrauded him of his hard earnings; he swore his children were ungrateful brutes, they chose their friends from those who had wronged him every way; taunted Dora, with her early predilection for his enemies, vowed he would marry again and cut off his children with a young family. The quiet dignity of his child as she met this tirade, awed the old man in the midst of his wrath, little did he know or care for her after struggles in the oratory, with a heart that rebelled against a life filled with these grating elements.

The ladies had just finished their lunch, which was ordered in the sunny parlor, when the sister's quick ear caught the sound of a football on the pavement, and a springing step on the stairs, and in a few moments she was clasped in her brother's arms.

"Thank God! I am with you," he exclaimed; "and a free man," he cried, embracing her a second time.

"Harry, my own dear brother, God be praised," she replied, bringing him forward to Rosine, and introducing her as "her dear young friend."

"Excuse me, sister," he said, after the first formal greeting; "I have met this young lady before; her face is not readily forgotten." Rosine blushed crimson as he held out his hand again, saying, "Let's shake hands for old acquaintance sake; I could not but remember the fair—the flower table. By the way, Dora," he continued, observing the confusion into which his remark had thrown Rosine, "what's this I hear of Aleck Hartland? Clardestinely married to Captain Marten's daughter! Captain Jones told me as I came up. Is it true?"

"There is no doubt of it, I believe," replied Dora, "and it has caused a great deal of very unnecessary talk."

"People will talk when men do such astonishingly silly things. What on earth had they to prevent the marriage being made public? I am sorry for Aleck. His ship has been ordered direct to the Gulf of Mexico, and will not come home first, as we have done."

Dora changed the subject to the fair and the flower table, and the three laughed merrily over the odd volume of Jane Eyre. Rosine related how carefully Ned had secured the other, and Lieutenant Greenwood declared with true gallantry that he "should never part with the mate. Alone for a few moments with his sister, he made further inquiries of Aleck Hartland's marriage."

"She seems to be quite alone," said Dora, "with no protector, her father being ordered away again. There is, as you have heard, a great deal of scandal about her; but she has lately of her own free will gone to stay with Sister Agnes, which looks well, certainly. Colonel Hartland's family have quite cut her; it seems a pity, such a young, motherless girl."

"I will call upon her there with you, for Aleck's sake," replied her brother. "I am certainly bound to believe nothing bad of his wife till he believes it; however, all my memory of Laura Marten is of an abominable flirt. Why, she had the air of a coquette when I was only a middy! I rather wonder at Aleck, and yet no, I don't; such quiet unsuspecting men are sometimes the first to get taken in; and I have heard that Laura was very fascinating."

The sun that had shone so brightly when Rosine left home, had become gradually obscured, and snow began to fall quite fast before she was ready to return. Lieutenant Greenwood insisted upon seeing her to the Colonel's door, although she repeatedly assured him she could find her way perfectly, it was not nearly dark, and she was so accustomed to the route. "But this short winter's day will come to a close, Miss Benton, before you reach home, and it will be quite dark; the coaches too run very full at this hour, uncomfortably so for a lone lady; besides, at least while I wear these," he laughingly added, pointing to his shoulder-straps, "I could not suffer you to run any risk of being benighted, without danger to my reputation as a soldier."

Rosine was truly thankful when she entered the crowded bus, that she had a protector, for men and boys had taken most of the seats, leaving a woman with a babe in her arms standing, and an old man leaning on his crutch. Harry Greenwood soon shamed two stout fellows into vacating their seats for these, but all his logic was unsuccessful in securing a place for Rosine; so she stood by his side, his arm supporting her in the rough jolting, till they were safely landed at Colonel Hartland's house. The Colonel rubbed his hands with de-