

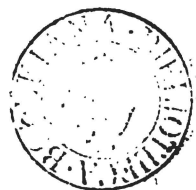
ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

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THE MODEL BISHOP OF ST. MARTIN'S.

Do any of our readers recollect the parish of St. Carabbas—St. Carabbas of the dead dogs, close streets, and neglected children? Can any one call to mind how summarily the dead dogs were swept away, the close streets widened, and the neglected children cared for, when the manly, practical-headed Botolph Fleming succeeded to the living of St. Carabbas? Above all, do they recollect his daughter Margaret, his faithful companion and helpmate in many a work of good? Margaret, whose presence gladdened every child's heart, whose lips breathed hope and consolation even to the fallen sister, and who did all these great duties without forgetting one tittle of the lesser things of every-day life? We trust the Rev. Botolph Fleming and Margaret are *not* forgotten, and that some will feel some interest in hearing of them in an enlarged scheme of usefulness. The probability of the Rev. Botolph's advancement to the bench was always an article of our belief: our suspicions were verified.

But we are not going to write a panegyric on the bishop of St. Martin's; we have merely to say, that as he got older, peace and quiet seemed to suit him better than business; and he was by no means sorry when the arch-bishopric of St. Eburs removed him to a more dignified, yet less onerous position. His regrets at leaving the former scene of his kindly and useful life were almost nullified by the consciousness that the Rev. Botolph Fleming was to be his successor.

To say that the new bishop felt sorry for the promotion would be to assert as great a paradox as it would be to deny that he was, most of all men, fitted for the office. He left St. Carabbas utterly different from its former self, and took care to appoint a successor both able and willing to keep up the work already so far advanced. Moreover, far greater as were his new duties, he seemed to have no fears of falling short of them.

But the diocese of St. Martin's, taken collectively, was not promising. The late bishop, with all his kindness and liberality, had not been a man who moved much of his own accord, and few of his clergy possessed the stimulative disposition of the Rev. Botolph Fleming. In fact, the diocese of St. Martin's was, to a great extent, much the same to Bishop Fleming that the living of St. Carabbas had been to Parson Fleming. Whole districts in the diocese merely exhibited a large illustration of what

streets in St. Carabbas had presented—churchless districts,—schoolless districts,—ragged, ignorant, uncared-for districts, formed a dreary picture. Statistical maps showed painful comparisons of relative dirt, disease, and immorality, extending many a mile; and, as if in painful satire, the clergy-list showed a dozen or so livings in districts of a couple of streets of warehouses, averaging from eight to fourteen hundred a year, and, apparently, generally bestowed with the view of assisting a prebend or a canon to eke out the starvation of his other pluralities.

These were grave difficulties. Probably had the law admitted of violent reform, a great number of almost congregationless churches would have been cut down summarily to a couple of hundred a year each; and new churches and new clergy would have found an existence and a maintenance in the handsome fund thus accumulated. But the new bishop had too great a belief in the necessity of gradual and orderly reform, and had too wise a respect for any institution founded in the cupidity of mankind, to venture even upon the suggestion of such a remedy. As to his real inclinations, there was not much doubt which direction they took, but he preferred the force of example in the first instance, and of consistent influence; in the second, to any eloquent philippic against Pluralists, from whom he could unfortunately take nothing!

It was soon found, however, that the frequent visits of the bishop to certain districts, especially when the vicars were absent (an idea, which, by the way, does not often occur to bishops), gave painful anxiety to many an undisturbed sinecurist. Moreover, the bishop had a horrid habit of asking plain questions, and a still more offensive one of showing when he thought an answer evasive or unsatisfactory. Although never harsh in his manner, there was something about him which people dreaded more than they could easily understand. Honesty is a terrible thing to face, however modest may be its demands.

It will seem strange, but Bishop Fleming found he had now more leisure than when he was vicar only. To be sure, he had almost overdone the work of visiting and teaching; and time, distributed among single persons, does not go far. He seemed to revel in his new element, or rather, it seemed as if he had, after cramping himself by swimming in fresh water, taken a bold plunge into the sea to refresh himself, and cure fatigue by a greater exertion. He rose and went to bed earlier, except when

RE-ISSUE OF ELIZA COOK'S POEMS.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

ON SEEING HER PLAY "BIANCA," IN MILMAN'S TRAGEDY
OF "FAZIO."

I THOUGHT thee wondrous when thy soul portrayed
The youth Verona bragged of; and the love
Of glowing southern blood, by thee was made
Entrancing as the breath of orange grove.

I felt the spirit of the great was thine:
In the rapt Boy's devotion and despair,
I knew thou wert a pilgrim at the shrine
Where GOD's high ministers alone repair.

No rote-learned sighing filled thy dotting moans;
Thy grief was heavy as thy joy was light;
Passion and Poesy were in thy tones,
And MIND flashed forth in its electric might.

I had seen many "fret and strut their hour;"
But my brain never had become such slave
To Fiction, as it did beneath thy power,
Nor owned such homage as to thee it gave.

I did not think thou couldst arouse a throb
Of deeper, stronger, beating in my heart
I did not deem thou couldst awake the sob
Of choking fulness and convulsive start.

But thy pale madness, and thy gasping woe,
That breathed the torture of Bianca's pain;
Oh! never would my bosom ask to know
Such sad and bitter sympathy again!

When the wife's anguish sears thy hopeless cheek,
Let crowds behold and laud thee as they will;
But this poor breast, in shunning what *they* seek,
May yield perchance a richer tribute still.

THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them, and when subjected to powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—
Philosophical Notes.

THE greenwood paths were thick and long,
The sunny noontide shed its glow;
The lark was lazy in its song,
The brook was languid in its flow;

And so I sat me down to rest,
Where grass and trees were densely green,
And found dear Nature's honest breast
The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,
With Love and Hope and Faith and Prayer;
And if the truth must needs be told,
I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower,—
I caught a moth—then let it fly;
And thus a very happy hour,
Perchance it might be two, went by.

A fragment from a fuel stack,
Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
Fell, in its rayless garb of black,
Beside my one dear jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censor bell;
I held no dappled moth again;
I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,
And thus it bound my busy brain.

* * * * *

There lies the charcoal, dull and dark,
With noxious breath and staining touch;
Here shines the gem whose flashing spark
The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this,
How meanly poor—how nobly rich;
Dust that a peasant would not miss,
Crystal that claims a golden niche.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—
Here gleams the diamond, high in fame;
While well the sons of Science know
Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
What varied workings from one cause!
How great the Power and the Will
That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form
The same eccentric, wondrous mould?
The lustre-spirit purely warm,
The beamless being, darkly cold?

Do we not find the heart that keeps
A true immortal fire within?
Do we not see the mind that leaps
O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,
The good, the excellent of earth,
The rare ones that appear designed
To warrant Man's first Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem
Is fashioned by the hidden hand,
To stud Creation's diadem,
And fling GOD's light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see
The sordid, soulless things of clay,
Sterile and stark as heart can be,
Without one scintillating ray?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,
Save when some anguish falls on self—
Hand that but seeks to sell and buy,
Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space
That Spirit has no room to stir;
Wills, that where'er may be their place,
Seem only fit to act and err?

We boast the demi-god sublime,
We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—
One linked divinely with "all time,"
The other stamped with "reign of blood."



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