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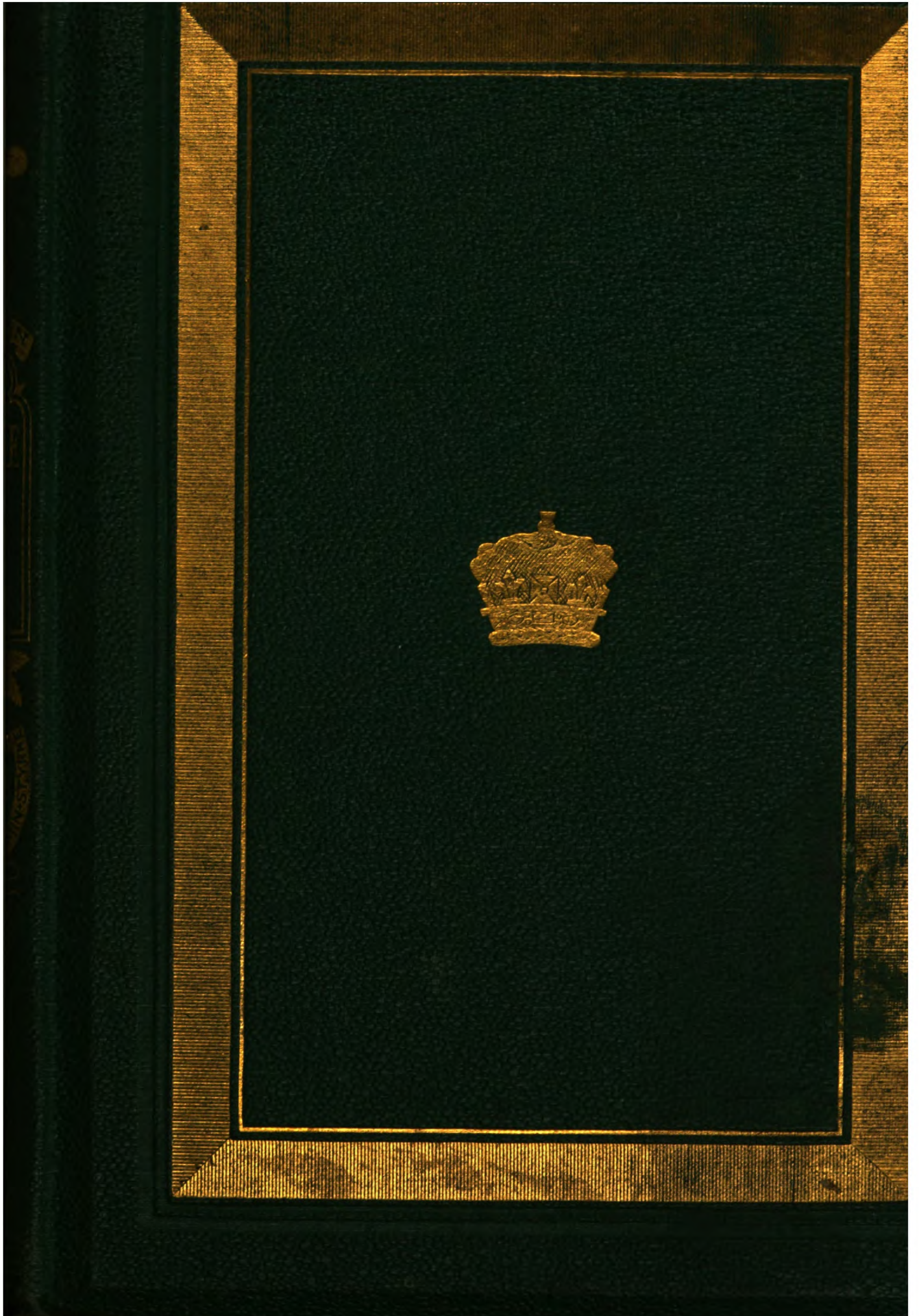
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Case 13

Frederic Locker

With Miss Fairpole's compliments

C





Victoria Press 83 A Farringdon St  
London. E.C. Jan 1863.

Dear Sir

I am publishing a volume of original contributions in poetry & prose under Her Majesty's sanction & dedicated to H R H the Princess of Wales on her marriage & being very anxious to include your name in the table of contents I venture to write to you to request an introduction in the hope of inducing you to furnish one with a poem. Some of the pieces are specially written on the subject of the marriage others do not relate to it. among the authors are Anthony Doallpe Miss Martineau Muloch Esq Cairns, Sydney Dobell, Christina Rossetti Prof Kingsley W Maurice H. Child Mrs Grote Mr Norton &c.

Believe me very truly  
Yours faithfully



Dear Mother  
I love you  
1888

Dear Mother  
I have just received a letter from  
you and was so glad to hear from  
you. I hope you are well and  
happy. I am well at present and  
hope these few lines will find  
you the same. I have not much  
news to write at present. I am  
still in the same place and  
doing the same work. I hope  
you are all the same. I love  
you very much and hope to hear  
from you soon. I am your  
affectionate son,  
John Smith



Victoria Press

Feb 10/69.

dear Sir

Very many thanks for your kind notes & ready compliance with a wish that some of your happy verses should appear in the Princess' volume. I like them particularly, & they will make a good finish to the whole book. I wish there was time to send you a proof but as there is not I will







correct them as carefully as  
I can. Will you tell me how  
I may convey a copy to you,  
which I hope you will do me  
the favour of accepting.

Yours truly  
Smith's faithful.

When you see Mr. Dices will  
you kindly remember me to  
him. I rec'd his letter from  
Paris, & I trust Mr. Dices has  
borne the journey comfortably.





A WELCOME :

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS IN  
POETRY AND PROSE.



LONDON :  
EMILY FAITHFULL,  
*Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty,*  
PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, AND  
83A, FARRINGDON STREET.  
1863.





DEDICATED,  
BY HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,  
TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.



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A WELCOME.

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DEDICATION.

I.



FIERCE, brown-bearded, enclad in the spoils  
of wolf and of wild-cat,  
Keener in hunt than wolves, than wild-cats  
wilder in onset,  
Came, in the days gone by, the Dane to the shores  
of the Angles ;  
Came on an errand of blood—to beleaguer, to burn  
and to ravage.  
Ploughing up furrows of foam on the grass-green  
meadows of Ocean  
Steered the old Vikings their course, one hand on the  
helm of their galley,



One on the helve of their axe: and when from  
Flamborough's foreland,  
Shading his eyes from the glimmer of sunset, the  
watcher beheld them  
Holding right on for the coast, with the signs and  
standards of battle  
Loud thro' the wolds ran the cry, "The Dane! the  
Dane cometh hither!"  
Flickered with warning flames the crests of the hills  
and the cressets,  
Mothers and maidens fled inland—fast gathered the  
bowmen and billmen.  
Grim the welcome awaiting the strangers!—such greet-  
ing as arrows  
Carry on wings of war, such kisses as edge of sword  
renders;—  
All their room in the land as much as the length of  
their lances  
Nay, or beneath its turf, the length of the Chieftains  
who bore them.

II.



FAIR, golden-haired, and glad with the joy of  
her youth and her beauty,  
Daughter herself of a Prince,—of a Prince  
the loved and the chosen,  
Comes in these happier days the Dane to the shores  
of the Angles,  
Comes on an errand of love, to the music of soft  
hymenæals.  
Over the silver-green seas, which kiss the keel of her  
vessel,  
Bending their foreheads on this side and that to the  
maiden of Norseland  
(Rightfully queen of the waves by her Father's right  
and her Husband's,)  
Speeds the sweet Lady to land; and all the voices  
of gladness  
Tell that she is arrived whose hand the Prince of  
the English

Takes in the sight of God and man for the hand of  
his consort—

Consort in splendours and cares, in the gloom and  
the glitter of ruling.

Warm the welcome awaiting the lovely and winning  
invader!

Such as men give with the lips when the heart has  
gone forward before them,

Such as a nation of freemen, not apt to flatter for  
fashion

Make, when the innocent past is a pledge of the happy  
to-morrows.

## III.



PRINCESS! weak is one voice in the throng  
and clamour of voices,

Poor one flower in the rain of the roses  
that shower at thy footsteps,

Faint one prayer in the anthem of litanies uttered to  
bless thee ;

Yet to thy young fair face we make this manifold  
greeting,  
On thy path to the altar we lay *this many-leaved*  
*blossom,*  
Blossom of humble hopes, of timorous labours the  
token—  
Unto the God of the altar we lift our blessing together,  
We—of the men whose fathers encountered thy fathers  
with battle,  
We—of the women whose mothers turned pale at the  
galleys of Denmark,  
Heralds of happiness now—sea-birds that bring from the  
Norland  
Unto our Prince his Bride—to England omens of  
gladness.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



TWO SONNETS.

I.



HIS old, grey Albion!—this dear Isle of ours!  
Princess! puts forth no witchery to the view;  
Clouds cover up, too oft, the Heaven's calm  
blue,

The sun is ever struggling with the showers.

*This* for thine outward eye:—yet, as the flowers

And soft, green turf of England court the dew,

So, fairest Lady! thou may'st find it true

That noble virtues spring in shaded Hours.

And do thou trust the Land where *they* drew breath,

They, the world's glory—Shakespeare, Milton—all

Those high-born souls, who heard the trumpet call

Of duty,—and obeyed it to the death.

And last, not least,—think of that honoured One

Who came, a Stranger: and remained, a Son.

## II.



HE is not here—Alas ! HE is not here,  
 To bid thee welcome, daughter of his choice :  
 But thou hast heard the kind, maternal voice,  
 That never swerves one moment, from the  
     clear  
 Straight line of truth ;—therefore *they* need not fear  
     Who keep that path themselves : whose vows are  
     made  
     In the calm confidence of Heavenly aid ;  
 Who love the more, the more their hearts revere.  
 Long life, large bliss, sweet Lady ! be in store  
     For Thee and Him who brings thee. Doubt ye not,  
 Our English hearts are loyal to the core,  
     Through good or ill :—and thus the regal lot,  
 To the great Commonweal so closely tied,  
 Your joys we welcome and your cares divide.

EMILY TAYLOR.



IN MEMORIAM.



MARK well, how through the rolling centuries,  
Some names have left a glittering track of  
light,

And made their age an epoch. In old Rome  
AUGUSTUS barred the grisly gates of War,  
And bade the nations from the known world's end  
Meet in the marble palaces of Art  
He first upreared. On this our Island shore  
ARTHUR, the type of Christian Chivalry,  
Shone a bright beacon to a wayward age,  
In gentle rectitude, calm, prudent, true,  
In mien, in mind, of such ethereal mould,  
That baser natures scarce could scan. That name  
Has not been lost to later fame. Next rose  
ALFRED, whose patient spirit had drunk deep  
The founts of Justice and eternal Law,

Gave Learning honour, and bade Science bloom  
In unaccustomed bowers. Their rays converge,  
Peace-maker, peerless Knight, wise Counsellor,  
In thee, our loved lost ALBERT. Thy renown  
Is hymned in loftier songs; thy name embalmed  
In holier grief; let this stray cypress wreath,  
E'en 'mid the clusters of the bridal crown,  
Hang on thy silent bier.

CARLISLE.

## EASTER,\*

PAST AND PRESENT.



IN olden time, at Easter-tide  
It was the wont of ladies fair  
To leave their bowers' gilded pride  
And to the outer hall repair ;  
Marshalled by courtly seneschal,  
Followed by youthful page they glide  
Along the corridor ;

\* "Anciently, on Maunday Thursday the kings and queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old. . . . This was in imitation of Christ washing His disciples' feet. Queen Elizabeth performed this at Greenwich when she was thirty-nine years old—on which occasion the feet of the same number of poor persons were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and lastly by the queen herself, the person who washed making each time a cross on the pauper's foot above the toes, and kissing it. This ceremony was performed by the queen kneeling, being attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlewomen. . . . James II. is said to have been the last of our monarchs who performed this ceremony in person."

And when they reach the castle hall  
Each stately dame and damosel  
Kneels down upon the marble floor  
Beside a row of bedesmen poor,  
To wash their feet, well-washed before,  
    While the priest says a prayer.  
A good deed—were it humbly done—  
    But how unlike that solemn hour,  
    (Of which it was the mimicry,)  
When He, the Lord—the greatest One,  
    With sovereign humility,  
Laid by His robes—took up the bowl—  
    And full of the coming agony,  
With the Shadow of Death upon His soul,  
    Knelt down to wash His loved ones' feet  
Ere He went forth for them to die.

In pride of silken bravery  
    And sheen of gold and jewels rare,  
Led by the flower of chivalry,  
    'Mid courtiers debonair—

Full many a noble dame hath met

To do this pious work—

Many a fair Plantagenet

And the White Rose of York—

Fanatic Mary dealing death,

And splendid lone Elizabeth.

Now is the pageant passed away,

And at this coming Easter-tide

We shall not look to see the day

When our sweet Scandinavian bride,

In pomp of power and high estate,

Prepares to act the sacred deed—

No—she will rather imitate

The spirit of love which that deed wrought,

The lesson that our Saviour taught

To help each other at our need,

And raise the heart with anguish fraught.

Not with the glare of pageantry,

All secret shall thy solace be,

In thy bright dawn of bridal life,  
Forget not Her—the Widowed Wife.

O gently soothe Her stricken soul,  
Pour in the balm of hope and love,  
Tell Her the dear One lost on earth  
But waits for Her above.

Tell Her, the people watch Her gate  
To see Her gracious face again,—  
Tell Her the land is desolate  
Till She come forth again,—

A cry goes up throughout the realm,  
Come back to us, oh Queen—so dear!  
Let not Thy sorrow overwhelm  
All thought of us, so near;  
A sacred sorrow—it hath drawn  
Thee and Thy people nearer yet.  
Oh let this spousal be the dawn  
Of hope that ere this year shall set

We may yet greet Thee back again  
Once more within our sight to reign,  
Until Thou stand beside the Throne  
Before which monarchs cast their crown.

MRS. F. P. FELLOWS.

## SISTER BRIDES.



THE sun is up ; the cottage girl is spring-  
ing from her bed :

The day is come ; there's much to do—  
and soon her prayers are said.

She feeds the chicks ; she sweeps the house, and makes  
the kettle boil :

Once more—this once,—she does it all, to save dear  
mother toil.

Now she puts on her Sunday gown ; pets Dicky on  
his perch :

She knows her love is there outside, all ready for the  
church.

Her face tells what is in her heart, in turning from  
the door :

“To live with him all day! My love! My own for  
evermore!”



The Danish maiden by the sea is looking far and wide :  
She knows the boat will soon come in with this fresh  
morning's tide.

And there it comes,—deep laden, sure! for well the  
nets were blest.

She could not stay within before ; but now she must be  
drest.

He lifts his oar, she waves her hand ; and trips within  
the cot,

'Tis the last time he'll land without one waiting at  
the spot.

When evening comes those twain are one, and whisper-  
ing on the shore,

“To live together! O my love! My own for evermore!”

The factory girl is up before the early bell is ringing.

“The day is come! my wedding day!” her busy heart  
is singing.

The noisy mill is music now ; her secret is her own :

Her neighbours feel how gay she is, how kind in every  
tone.

The breakfast hour gone by, they see the ring upon  
her finger:

They tell how at the factory gate they saw her lover  
linger.

She lets them talk: she thinks all day till the day's  
task is o'er,

“He is my husband now,—My love! My own for  
evermore!”

The handmaid early comes to wake the daughter of  
the house.

The slumber is but feigned; for she, as still as any  
mouse,

Is full of thoughts: more silent she the more her heart  
is singing.

What is't to her that guests are coming? that the  
church bells are ringing?

The day is like a dream,—the feast, the flowers, the  
bridal veil,

The blessing in the church and home. Who cannot  
read the tale

Her eyes relate to him who with her leaves her father's  
door?

“To live my life with him! My love! My own for  
evermore!”

All England rings with wedding peals: the people cry  
aloud

Their blessings on the royal pair whose lot is bright  
and proud.

In sweetness all the pride is lost to her whose day is  
come;

The brightness all is in the thought of husband and of  
home.

What if within the chapel throng the nobles of the  
realm!

Her in her bliss no splendour daunts,—no pomp can  
overwhelm.

The bridal song, in low or high, is still, the wide world  
o'er,

“To live my life with him! My love! My own for  
evermore!”

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

## A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE DANISH.\*



IN the heart of the highest mountain range of the province of Upper Thelemarken in Norway, midway between Hjartdal and Silgjord, lies a lovely vale, which in all its features forms a striking contrast to the generality of Norwegian mountain valleys. As a rule, these are little more than deep and far-stretching clefts in the Fjelds, the sides of which shelve more or less abruptly down to the edge of the stream whose rushing waters mostly occupy the entire bottom of the ravine, leaving no level banks for habitation or tillage ; for which reason the homesteads and cultivated lands of the Norwegian Fjeld Bønder

\* Danish is the language of Norway as well as of Denmark.



(mountain-peasants), instead of being clustered together in the bosom of the valleys, are scattered along the slopes of the mountains.

Flad-Dal, however, the subject of our legend, is a wide oval-shaped basin, surrounded by gigantic rocks rising almost perpendicularly from the level ground to a considerable altitude, their naked, stony fronts, and crenated summits, giving them the appearance of the walls of a mighty fortress with turrets and battlements, reared by nature to guard the little paradise of peace and plenty that lies spread out at their feet.

Great is the surprise of the traveller, coming from Hjartdal, when, emerging from the belt of forest which separates that valley from the spot we are describing, he looks down from the heights into the rock-girt basin, and discovers in its depths, not the dark waters of a mountain lake, as his knowledge of the country leads him to expect, but a rich and verdant landscape with waving cornfields, luxuriant meadows, and blooming orchards, surrounding the little homesteads of a hamlet clustered at the foot of a gentle knoll, on which stands

a simple country church overshadowed by hanging birches ; and he listens with almost undoubting faith to the story which his guide tells of how the waters of the little tarn, that lies glittering in the Western extremity of the valley, and whence a silvery Elv finds its way down to Silgjord, in early days really filled the entire basin, and of how it came to pass that the fitful waves were converted into firm land.

This was in the old, old times, when christendom had but just conquered heathendom in Norway, when the people was still restless and warlike and mighty in its rude strength ; when many still clung in secret to the old gods, whom publicly they had abjured for the worship of the "White Christ;" and when every peasant knew as well how to handle the sword and the pike, as the plough and the sickle. At that time there lived in Hjartdal a rich and powerful chieftain, who owned almost the entire *Bygd*, and who, in case of war, could muster more than a hundred retainers. Thord Bonde, (the Peasant)—for thus he called himself in his haughty humility—was proud of his riches, but still more proud

of his descent from one of the petty kings who had reigned in these valleys up to the period when the whole of Norway was gathered under one crown. Thord had, it is true, sworn fidelity to the king, and called himself a Christian, but nevertheless he ruled very nearly as independently and powerfully in his *Bygd* as his forefathers had ruled before him, and the new religion he had adopted had no stronger hold upon him than would admit of his sometimes making an offering to Odin or to Thor ; for, worshipping the principle that might was right, Thord Bonde had but small reverence for the Christian virtues and graces. But with all his arrogance, and contentiousness, and love of gain and power, he was liberal and hospitable according to the custom of his fathers, and in his hall, and at his board, the stranger ever met a hearty welcome, and the scaldic art and every manly sport found in him a generous patron and supporter.

Thord thus lived a happy life, after the fashion of the times, divided between banqueting and fighting ; yet there was one thing wanting, which seemed to him to

deprive all that he possessed of half its value. Thord's wife had borne him no sons to whom he could transmit his property and his name; and though to remove this curse, as he deemed it, he had not only made offerings to the old gods, but had even built a church for the "White Christ," fate remained inexorable, and this drop of gall continued to embitter his life. Yet Thord was not childless, and might well have considered himself blessed by the possession of a daughter, who surpassed in comeliness and every gentle, womanly charm and virtue, all the young maidens of the province. But though he loved his Sigrid well, and often contemplated with fatherly pride her beauty and her grace, he could never find rest in this love, because the sight of her slight and delicate form ever reminded him that to this gentle being he could not entrust the carrying out of the plans of his manhood, nor could he lean on her as the staff of his old age; therefore, to find a partner for her, who should take the place of a son in his house, and who should be a support to his tender flowret when he himself was gone, became one of his



chief cares. It was not for lack of suitors that Thord Bonde had not yet found a helpmate for Sigrid ; for the fame of her beauty and his riches had spread far and wide, and his hospitable hall was ever filled with young men of valour and renown, sons of chieftains and wealthy Bønder, from all parts of the country, who vied with each other in endeavouring to win the favour of father and daughter. But as far as the former was concerned none had yet succeeded so well as to venture to build any hopes on the preference shown him, for as regarded a husband for his daughter, old Thord was difficult to please beyond all reason, and was never able to find any one rich enough, mighty enough, or of sufficiently noble descent. It seemed indeed that while affecting to pride himself on being merely a simple "Bonde," he had determined he would accept none less than the heir of an earldom or even a kingdom for his son-in-law.

But sweet Sigrid was of another mind, and her young heart, taking little heed of the proud and rich suitors who addressed themselves more to her father than to herself,

and who based their claims on the extent of their lands and the distinction of their lineage, rather than on their powers of pleasing—had given itself away to one too little gifted with this world's goods to have been noticed in her father's hall except by herself. How she had happened to single out among the numerous guests that flocked around her, young Asmund from Silgjord, who ever remained modestly at the lower end of the hall, and was never seen in the immediate vicinity of the host and his daughter, it is not easy to say, unless it were by the aid of that mysterious power of love, which knows how to draw together, in spite of all obstacles, those who are destined for each other. However this may have been, certain it is, that not only had Asmund's and Sigrid's eyes sought and found each other in spite of the distance between the door-post and the high-seat, but that the young people had devised means of meeting where soul could speak to soul in undisturbed converse, and that a bond of strong, though almost hopeless, affection had been knit between them.

Some time had elapsed since they had plighted their

troth, yet no one suspected their secret ; for though it had been remarked in Sigrid's home, that her solitary morning walks were protracted beyond their usual length, this caused no suspicion, as, according to the usages of her times and country, she was allowed unrestrained liberty, and more especially as it was known that it was her gentle custom, on these morning wanderings, to visit the poor and the sick among her father's dependants. Asmund's old mother, also, in her little homestead on that slope of the Skorvefjeld, (the northern mountain wall of Flad-Dal,) which descends towards Silgjord, was left more alone than usual, and remarked with anxiety and surprise, that Asmund, generally so full of boisterous mirth and overflowing energy, had suddenly become melancholy, taciturn, and dreamy, and though oftener than formerly absent on hunting and fishing expeditions among the mountains, he, the foremost hunter of the Bygd, whose arrow or whose javelin never missed its mark, and who was so proud of his superiority in all manly sports, now mostly returned home without booty, and yet never expressed a regret at his want of success.

Many a long hour did old Gro ponder in vain on the cause of the change that had come over the humour of her son, and she was at last driven to the conclusion that Asmund had fallen into the power of the old *Disar* and *Vætter*, gods and demi-gods who—so said the priest at the chapel in the valley—were now by the spell of the cross held bound like evil spirits in the interior of the Skorvefjeld, whence indeed deep sighs and moans were constantly issuing, as also the sounds of sweet, plaintive voices, which, the country people knew well, were the *Huldres* luring poor mortals to their doom.

Thus some time sped. Asmund continued his dreamings and his solitary roving, old Gro redoubled her pilgrimages to church and priest, and Sigrid—aye Sigrid, bloomed forth daily in ever greater loveliness, for in her deep blue eyes there was a tenderness, and on her candid brow a shade of reverie, which lent a new and indescribable charm to her beauty. But while the lovers, happy in their stolen interviews, thought not of the future, a heavy storm was gathering over their heads. Thord Bonde's long cherished wish, the ambitious hope



which had made him from day to day defer his choice among his daughter's numerous suitors, had at length been fulfilled. A Jarl's son had sued for Sigrid's hand. In his own mind Thord did not for a moment hesitate to accept, nor did he dream of his daughter's offering any opposition to his decision ; but being anxious to maintain to the last the proud semblance of disdain for rank which he had always affected, and being moreover desirous to avoid giving offence to the other suitors, he caused it to be known that the choice of a husband, now at length to be made by Sigrid, was to be left entirely to herself, while in secret she was informed of his wishes in regard to her selection.

A day was settled on which the suitors were invited to meet at a banquet in Thord's house, where all the splendour the times could afford [was displayed, in order to give the Jarl's son an imposing idea of his future father-in-law's riches ; for Thord's pride could not brook being second, and wealth was, therefore, made to balance rank. The massive and elaborately carved beams of the great banqueting hall, called *Skaalen*, were hung with

rich tapestry and shining weapons ; along its whole length were spread tables groaning under the weight of heavy dishes, and tankards and goblets of silver and bronze, filled with the choicest viands, and home-brewed beer, luscious mead, and even wine from the sunny south, whence the Norwegian Vikings in the earliest times already brought to their rude country the products of a higher civilization. In the high seat or daïs at the upper end of the first table sat Thord Bonde, a tall and powerful figure, with long grey locks and flowing beard, and fiery eyes under his bushy brows, clad in the simple white woollen kirtle of the peasant, which formed a striking contrast to the scarlet doublet of the Jarl's son, who sat on his right hand, as the most honoured guest. On Thord's left sat the suitor next in importance, and thus further, side by side, according to precedence of rank, stranger guests, and friends and neighbours, as many as the hall could hold, nay more, for beyond the door, which was thrown open, and far out on the greensward bank under the open sky, table was joined to table, and here the more humble inhabitants of the Bygd enjoyed their share of

the good cheer. Attendants, musicians, and jesters moved about in the hall as well as outside, and did their utmost to increase the noise and mirth, which were at their height when Thord Bonde suddenly rose, and rapping the table, (the usual signal that the host was about to address the company) when silence was established, spoke as follows :

“Numerous and highly estimable are the men who have honoured Thord Bonde’s house by asking his daughter in marriage ; and difficult, nay impossible, would it be for me to choose among them, as I would fain have all for my sons-in-law. But as this cannot be, as one only must be selected, and as it would be showing but little consideration to allow so many gallant suitors to waste their time longer in vain expectation, I have placed the decision in the hands of my daughter, whom, unquestionably, it most concerns. She will, therefore, now appear among us openly to declare her choice. Him to whom here, in the presence of all, she stretches forth her hand, him I promise to take for my son-in-law.”

The words were hardly spoken, when the door behind the high-seat opened, and Sigrid appeared, followed by her attendant women. As she entered, every guest rose impelled by the magic spell of her gentle loveliness; and as she advanced slowly into the hall in her blue silken dress, with tinkling silver ornaments round her waist and throat, with red ribbons in her rich flaxen tresses, while an unwonted pallor was spread over her cheeks, and a strange fire burned in her eyes, over which the lids were partially dropped, many a heart beat high under scarlet doublet, woollen kirtle, or steel corslet, and in the breast of each suitor arose the hope that towards him might be extended the little white hand, which still hung listlessly by her side. Sigrid first took her father's hand and pressed it to her lips, and then, led by him, stopped one instant before the Jarl's son, who, confiding in a sly hint received from her father, already put out his jewelled hand to receive hers. But it remained untouched, for, after a short inward struggle, betrayed by the purple flush that succeeded to the pallor of her cheeks, and by the tremor of her lips, Sigrid, to the

surprise of all, moved on. Her father, however, remained behind, as if riveted to the spot, with hands convulsively clenched, while with glaring eyes he followed the figure of his daughter as she glided slowly along the ranks of the guests, who still remained standing in such breathless suspense, that in this hall, filled with several hundred armed men, no sound was heard save the light tread of the maiden, and the rustling of her dress on the sand-strewn floor. Not until she had reached the lowest table did Sigrid stop ; but there, pausing before a young Bonde, until then unobserved by all, she put forth her hand and said with faltering voice, which was nevertheless heard throughout the hall, "This is my betrothed before God and man !"

The spell was broken, and a scene of unutterable confusion followed. A hundred voices spoke at once ; mocking laughter and profane oaths, and the clatter of arms were heard ; but loud above all sounded the voice of Thord Bonde, who, beside himself with rage, was elbowing his way down the hall, upsetting tables and benches along his passage, the sooner to encounter face



to face his unexpected son-in-law. Overcome by the various emotions that were contending in her bosom, and terrified by the storm raised by her bold announcement of her heart's choice, Sigrid had sunk swooning to the ground, and her drooping head was now resting on Asmund's knee, while the young man, with both her cold hands clasped in his, was bending over her with such all-absorbing tenderness and anxiety, that he heard not the deafening din around him, saw not the fiery eyes that were darting revengeful glances at him, heeded not the glittering weapons that were brandished almost above his head. But now Thord Bonde broke into the circle, and catching up in his arms the still lifeless form of his child, cried with thundering voice : "Away from my daughter, thou son of a thrall !" Asmund started to his feet, and was about to raise his battle-axe against the man who had wrested from him his bride so recently won. But when he saw Sigrid in her father's arms, when he beheld the scalding tears falling from the eyes of the stern old man, on the pale forehead of his daughter, he involuntarily lowered his

weapon, for he felt that here was a right greater and older than his.

In the meanwhile, Thord had given Sigrid into the care of her women, with directions that she should be carried to her rooms; then, turning to Asmund, he cried with a voice choked with rage and grief: "And now to thee, base churl! Before I order thee to be flogged off the farm, as is meet for a thrall, tell me thy name, and by what dark arts thou hast ensnared my poor child."

Drawing himself up with dignity, the youth thus addressed looked fearlessly around, and answered proudly yet modestly: "My name is Asmund Gudlaugson from Silgjord. I am a free Bonde like thyself. Thy equal Thord, not thy thrall. As for the arts wherewith I have won thy daughter, they are those natural arts with which man wins woman, and in right of these I now stand here as sweet Sigrid's chosen bridegroom, and demand to be allowed to take her to my home."

The surrounding crowd would fain have replied to this bold answer with a laugh of scorn, but it died

upon their lips, for each man could not but confess to himself, that as the young peasant stood there in his simple dress, with his tall manly frame swelling with indignation and pride, and his frank and fearless countenance beaming with triumphant love, he seemed far more fitted by nature to carry off the prize, than the puny Jarl, in his scarlet doublet, who still sat in mute surprise at the head of the table.

But Thord's scorn was unsubdued: "To thy home!" he cried, with a withering sneer. "And where may be the hovel which thou callest thy home, and to which thou wouldst take my daughter, the rich Thord Bonde's only child?"

"The farm my father left me is on the slope of Skorvefjeld," answered Asmund calmly. "It is not large, and the soil yields not readily to the plough; but the property is freehold and unburdened with debt. Besides this inheritance, I own nought but my two hands and my battle-axe, but with these a man may make his way in Norway in our unsettled times."

"And thus long must my daughter wait and pine,

until the Fjeld-Bonde Asmund has won an earldom for himself with his two hands?" continued Thord in the same scornful tone.

"He need not leave his bride to wait who has already won her," rejoined Asmund calmly as before; "and thy daughter I have won, Thord Bonde! But a few moments ago, thou didst solemnly declare in this assembly, that thou wouldst adopt as son and heir the one to whom thy daughter should give her hand. That hand she gave to me, as all here present may bear witness, and Asmund Gudlaugson is therefore thy son-in-law—unless thou wouldst break thy word?"

"Never has it been said of Thord Bonde that he broke his word, nor shall it be said now," answered the old man with a wily smile. "But, sirrah," he continued after some reflection, "since thou hast marked my words so well, thou wilt admit that I said, *that one* of my daughter's *suitors* to whom she gave her hand should be my son-in-law, and that in so saying I could only mean those who had stood openly forward as such, and did not count among their numbers one who, in darkness

and in secret, and unknown to me, had tried to insinuate himself into the young and inexperienced maiden's heart. I might therefore well reject thee, in spite of her choice. But I will let mercy temper justice, I will give the widest extension to my word, and will accept thee, unknown and penniless as thou art, for my daughter's husband, on one condition."

Here he paused for a moment and looked triumphantly round, while a murmur of discontent arose among the bystanders; but Asmund, radiant with joy, bent down as if to kiss his hands, exclaiming, "Name the condition, that I may comply with it."

"What I would ask of thee," answered Thord, whose anger had now given way to a kind of malicious glee, "can be no difficult matter for one who must have more than natural powers at command, since he could induce the timid dove, my daughter, to set aside all womanly modesty and reserve, and declare openly in an assembly of stranger men, a love unsanctioned by her father. Therefore listen, Asmund. That mountain lake, the Dalsjö, that lies between Hjartdal and Silgjord, and the



waters of which have no doubt often borne thee to the tryst, has frequently roused my ire, when wishing to look after my property in Silgjord, I have been arrested for the want of a boat, or worse still, when the sudden gusts of wind that spring up there, have forced me to turn back when half across the lake. Many a time have I thought on such occasions what a pity it was that that wide valley should be filled with deadly waters, and how delightful it would be if green meadows spread, and rich harvests waved, where now the dark waters flow. Well, Asmund, this is what I ask of thee. If, before three days and nights have passed, thou canst fill up the deep Dalsjö with firm and fertile soil, so that I and my men can ride across it dryshod to Silgjord, then thou wilt have won a goodly piece of land to offer in dowry for thy rich bride, and then is Sigrid thine. If thou canst not do this, then never venture to appear again before her eyes or mine."

A loud shout of derision from the bystanders followed this mocking speech. The blood mounted to Asmund's face, his eyes shot fire, and his axe was already glisten-

ing above the old man's hoary head—when suddenly letting his arm sink again, he cried with a voice that was heard above the din: “Wert thou not the father of my betrothed, old scoffer, thy head would now be lying at my feet! But one thing I would have thee know, thy daughter *shall* be mine, come what may! As for you, base cuckoos, take heed that you never meet me at less odds than now, a hundred to one, or I may perchance teach you the truth of the old proverb: ‘He that laughs last laughs best!’”

“Enough of words!” now cried Thord, whose anger was again rising. “Fall upon him, my men, and drive the beggar from the door!” And behind a wall of shields, the whole mass of assembled guests now pressed in upon Asmund, who, yielding slowly foot by foot, was at length forced out of the door of the hall, which was closed in his face, while old Thord's deep voice once more thundered out: “I will be true to my word: When Dalsjö shall become grassy sward, then shall Asmund Gudlaugson be Sigrid's lord!”

Late on the night of that eventful day, Asmund

Gudlaugson was rowing homewards across that very lake. He hardly knew where he was, or how he had come there. The whole evening he had been wandering about on the hills behind Thord Bonde's house, in the vain hope of seeing Sigrid ; till at length he found himself unconsciously on the accustomed road that led homeward. His bosom still swelled with anger and grief at the indignities that had been heaped upon him, yet from the depths of his heart there gushed forth a spring of indescribable joy and pride at the thought of his beloved maiden's high-minded and single-hearted fidelity.

One thought occupied him above all others—how to get Sigrid away from her father's house, where she would now be closely watched. While the rower was thus absorbed in conflicting thoughts and feelings, the boat had reached the middle of the lake. It was a calm, warm summer night in the latter part of July ; darkness had already begun to close in, but seemed still pervaded by a silvery haze of light, in which the waters of the lake immediately round the boat glittered and

glanced, while further on they merged in the dusky shadows of the high cliffs that walled it in. Not a sound was heard save the dipping of the oars in the water, and from time to time the flapping of a night-bird's wing, or the rolling of a rock down the steep slopes of the distant hills. The deep silence seemed to awaken Asmund to a consciousness of where he was, and to a remembrance of what Thord had said about this lake, and a voice within him was ever chanting: "When Dalsjö shall become grassy sward, then shall Asmund Gudlaugson be Sigrid's lord," while from the clefts of the surrounding rocks the monotonous refrain also sounded, now in louder accents, now in faint and dying tones.

He fell into a deep reverie. Images and ideas, which he had before thought impossible, rose up in his mind: the legends about mountain sprites and Huldres, about the old Asa gods who were held captive in the interior of the Fjelds, which he had so often heard his mother recount, and which he always listened to with a doubting smile, now assumed reality to him; and with a

strange mixture of trembling awe and intense yearning to know more, he felt himself within the sphere of something mysterious, supernatural, that was drawing closer and closer around him, and would soon have entire power over him. He attempted no resistance, but pulling in his oars, and allowing the boat to drift whither the current would carry it, he gave himself completely up to this strange world of dreams.

It seemed to him that the boat drifted gently towards the shore where this was highest and steepest, as if attracted by the monotonous chant that was sounding in himself, and which, re-echoed again and again by the rocky walls, was now accompanied by the wild, but strangely luring tones of an unknown instrument. At what moment the boat reached the shore he could not tell, and when it floated in under the deep shadows cast by the steep cliffs, he knew not whether these receded, or whether the rock wall opened, but it seemed to him that he continued to drift forward into a long narrow cleft or gallery that was lighted by a dim blue light.

As he advanced up this subterranean passage, the



luring tones seemed to come from an ever greater distance in the interior, and he beheld on one side a vaulted cavern in which sat an old woman working diligently at a loom. The cloth she was weaving was green and had a strange gleaming, wavy appearance, like that of a meadow, when the grass stands high, and the summer wind passes over it; and it glided so swiftly from the loom, that the vault seemed almost filled with it. Asmund felt compelled to ask: "What art thou weaving, grandame?"

"The carpet," she answered with tremulous voice, "that is to spread over Dalsjö lake, the day that Asmund Gudlaugson's bridal train is to ride across it."

Hardly had the words escaped the old woman's lips, before the boat gliding swiftly on brought Asmund to another cavern, in which stood an old man, cutting and chopping and joisting together a number of huge beams and rafters, with as much ease as a boy cuts willow switches and ties them together. Again Asmund was impelled to ask: "Good man, what art thou carpentering?"

“The banqueting hall for Asmund Gudlaugson when his wedding is to be celebrated on Dalsjö lake,” was the answer. And again the boat shot forward, deep into the heart of the Fjeld, until it seemed to Asmund to ground upon a firm bottom, and a hall opened before him, so lofty and so wide, that he almost turned dizzy as he entered. The high ceiling was vaulted and blue like the cloudless canopy of heaven, and the lights suspended from it glittered like stars. In the background of the hall, on a raised daïs, sat a beautiful and imposing female figure, clad in splendid scarlet robes, and with luxuriant golden tresses flowing on her shoulders. She was spinning, and the wheel as it turned shone like the disc of the full moon, and the lady sang softly the while the monotonous tune and words which had so long been sounding in Asmund’s ears. When, having reached the middle of the hall, he suddenly stayed his steps as if hesitating, fearful to proceed, she as suddenly stayed her spinning-wheel, and Asmund heard her call to him in a strangely sweet and plaintive voice : “Come hither, come hither, Asmund,

Asmund!" And without knowing how, Asmund found himself immediately in front of the majestic figure, and felt courage to say: "Who art thou, and what askest thou of me?"

"I am Freya," answered the plaintive voice, "the goddess of love, whom thy fathers worshipped, and who still, here in her solitude, bears in mind the sons and the daughters of her valleys. This thread,"—and here again the moon-wheel sped round, spreading a faint light through the hall, and making the chords of Asmund's heart vibrate—"this thread is the one by which I have bound Sigrid to thee. Strong as it is, it may still break. What wilt thou give me if I help thee to fulfil the sole condition on which Sigrid's father will allow her to be thine? What wilt thou give me?"

"Alas! I have nought to give," said Asmund with a sigh.

"But much there is that thou canst promise, O youth, so rich in the life that lies before thee," again spoke the witching voice of the lady of the mountain—"and it is promises that I ask. Know, then, that the race of Aser,

who, by the magic of the South, have been driven from the soil of the North, and from the hearts of the people, have chosen thee, Asmund, for their deliverer. Nearer and nearer the stranger God presses upon us ; in almost every valley of this land there is now raised a church to him, and even in this, our last refuge in the cold depths of these Fjelds, we are pursued by bell-ringing and solemn chants. It is therefore our intent to create a new realm for ourselves, whereby our power may be again revealed, and whence it may spread once more through the Bygds that have been lost to us. By means of this new creation we will again place ourselves in connexion with man, and it is on thee, Asmund, that we will bestow the rich gift. Long have we watched thee, and directed the thoughts of thy mind, while thou hast been roving above the walls of our mountain prison, busy with dreams of love. It is the gods of thy fathers, it is I, Freya, the source of love, who have led thee to Sigrid, and who caused Thord Bonde's scoffing lips to utter the words, which shall now, perchance, come true."

While the lovely and majestic spirit thus spoke, and

the tones of her voice sank with strangely fascinating power into Asmund's heart, the vast hall became filled with a number of gigantic and mysterious forms, bearing vague resemblance to the old Disar and Vøtter: some pale, with melting outlines like mists; others, shining and glowing like Northern lights, but none stood out in full and vivid distinctness, save the one who called herself Freya. But to Asmund it seemed as if they stared at him with the eyes of the tempter, and wove round him an impenetrable net of light; while rushing sounds, as if of the distant clash of arms and the plaintive song of the Huldres, filled the hall, benumbed his senses, and bewildered his mind.

The red-robed goddess continued:—"If thou wilt promise, Asmund, never to build a church on Dalsjö ground, but each Christmas night to make an offering to Odin, Freya, and Thor; if thou wilt promise as a pledge of thy faith, to give into my power the first child that Sigrid bears thee—then the new valley shall be thine, and with it Sigrid and all her wealth. But shouldst thou ever break thy word, or betray what has passed to Sigrid,



over whom we have no power, that day the valley will sink again, and thou wilt sink with it into eternal death. Here, pledge thyself in this horn!" Saying this, she held out to him a golden drinking-horn.

Asmund stood for awhile motionless, but within him raged a storm of conflicting feelings, and the waters of temptation threatened to close above him. Again the witching voice of the Fjeld Queen fell on his ear.

"Dost thou hesitate, Asmund? Love and riches, or poverty and vain repining? Drink, Asmund, drink!"

And the strange rushing sounds in the hall grew louder and more confusing, and the vague forms of light and mist shone brighter, and Freja's moon-wheel spun round with blinding swiftness, and the fascination of her voice seemed ever greater. Overwhelmed and bewildered, Asmund stretched out his hand almost in spite of himself, and seized the horn. No sooner did his lips touch its rim, than he felt as if a consuming fire was rushing through him, and the roar of mighty winds was in his ears, and he sank down insensible.

When he awoke, and found himself lying on a grassy

bank, under the blue canopy of heaven, and heard the song of birds, and breathed in the fragrance of flowers, he was inclined to look upon the adventures of the night as the wild visions of a dream, until, gazing around, he recognised in the stony walls that girt the valley the rocky shores of Dalsjö lake, and beheld his boat lying on dry land beside him. He was thus forced to acknowledge with surprise, amounting almost to terror, that where now firm land stretched on all sides, but yesternight the faithless waters of a bottomless lake were spread.

The third day after Asmund had been ignominiously expelled from Thord Bonde's hall, two stately messengers appeared there to give notice that Asmund Guglaugson had fulfilled the condition imposed upon him, and therefore demanded Sigrid's hand as a right; for her father might now ride dry-shod over Dalsjö lake to his farms in Silgjord; and Asmund invited him to stop on the way and take rest and refreshment in his hall. Old Thord laughed right heartily at this message, received while he was still surrounded by the

guests whom the recent banquet had brought to his house.

“The poor wight must have gone mad!” he exclaimed. “But as, in every case, it was my intention to go over to Silgjord to-day, we may as well take a view of his domains on the way. I invite you to accompany me, my friends, as many as are here; and my daughter also shall be of the party. It will be a fine ride, though it will have to end in our taking boat, I trow.”

It was not long before the cavalcade set itself in motion—a stately train of gaily clad riders on spirited and richly caparisoned horses. At the head rode Thord Bonde on his large black charger, the only one that could bear his weight, and by his side, pale and silent, Sigrid on her cream-white palfrey. No word had escaped her lips since the painful scene in the banqueting-hall. The great effort she had then made seemed to have exhausted her every energy, and there had been little need for the jealous vigilance with which her father had watched her, for she had not even made an attempt to see Asmund or to communicate

with him. She now rode on as if totally unconscious of what was passing around her, and even when the cavalcade emerged from the wood, and neared the spot whence the lake in its whole extent could be seen, she showed no interest or agitation. Not so Thord Bonde, who, curious to know what might be the drift of Asmund's message, rode forward at a brisk pace to the edge of the cliff, whence a steep and narrow path led down to the shore. But instead of the loud jeer with which the noisy train behind him expected that he would greet the sight of the waters flowing as usual in the old basin, they heard Thord exclaim: "Christ and all holy men, what is this?" and to their surprise saw him rise in his saddle, throw up his arms, and then sink back as if annihilated. With eager curiosity and boisterous clamour they urged on their horses, carrying Sigrid along with them, and, like Thord, were seized with awe and terror, when, instead of the dark and desert mountain lake, they beheld before them in the light of the bright mid-day sun the lovely and fertile valley, or rather plain, where "green meadows spread

and rich harvests waved," and which to this day meets the eye of the wanderer who looks down from this spot into the rocky basin.

Sigrid alone retained her self-possession, though joy inexpressible spread through her heart. Her love was strong enough to believe in miracles; and, pricking her palfrey, she rode trustingly and quickly down the rugged path. When she reached the level plain she descended from her horse, and, with cheeks once more glowing with the bloom of youth, and eyes overflowing with tears of happiness, she knelt down on the sward of the valley, and sent up a thanksgiving to the Holy Virgin, to whom, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this miracle of love. When she rose, Asmund stood by her side. Passing one arm round her slender form, he drew her towards him, saying, "Welcome to thy home, lady of the valley!" and then led her to his house. In her joy she marked not the dark cloud that had settled on his brow.

Meanwhile Thord had somewhat recovered from the first surprise. "We must ride down," he said, with



subdued voice, to his faint-hearted followers, "and make sure that this be not a trick of the senses. If it be reality, I owe amends to Asmund, the mighty!"

Thus speaking, he rode slowly down the craggy path, and on to the level sward; first, however, letting his horse feel his way gently with his forefeet, for he still doubted the evidence of his sight, and feared the ground might give way under him. Once reassured, he rode briskly on to the house, but the stately and boasting Thord was strangely altered. His head was bowed, his pride was broken; yet he was calm and without fear, while the formerly so noisy troop of roysterers who followed him were still pale with fright, and halted every now and then to ascertain whether the water was not bubbling up in the tracks of their horses' hoofs. When they arrived at the beautifully carved entrance to the banqueting-hall, they found Asmund there, standing hand in hand with Sigrid. "Welcome to Flad Dal!" he said, gloomily, while the old man was dismounting. "Thanks, Asmund," replied the latter; "it is an arduous task thou hast performed in three short days."

“Not too arduous for this rich prize,” rejoined Asmund, presenting Sigrid to her father.

“I see thou hast already taken thy reward. Well, thou hast the right as thou hast the might. I give my consent, if you care to have it.” Sigrid took her father’s hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. “Take my blessing, then,” continued the old man. “And thou, Asmund, my son, forgive an obstinate old man, for not having at once recognised thy worth and thy power.” Asmund held out his hand in silence, and Thord resumed: “I ask not whence come thy might and thy miracles. It is enough that my foot rests on thy ground, that my hand touches thy door-post. What is, is. I demand not to know more. And now, my children, let us enter your house.”

Asmund led his guests into the richly decorated banquetting-hall, where a sumptuous meal was prepared; and taking the high seat, with Sigrid on his right and Thord on his left, performed so well the duties of host, that even the most craven-hearted of Thord’s friends and followers soon forgot their past fears in the present

pleasures of the table. But when the mirth was at its highest, several of Asmund's thralls, pale with terror, burst into the hall, exclaiming that the waters were rising, that the lake was coming back, that the house must soon sink! A rushing, roaring sound, as of foaming waters, was heard without, that seemed to confirm what the thralls had said, and some of the guests imagined that they could feel the house rocking to and fro. A panic seized all present except Asmund and Sigrid, and old Thord, who, though very pale, remained quietly in his seat. But the guests from Hjartdal tumbled and scrambled over each other in indescribable confusion, almost crushing one another to death in their frantic haste to reach the door. When there they as frantically strove to get back again into the hall, to save themselves from the waters which they fancied they saw raging without. Suddenly a wild shout of derisive laughter from Asmund rose above the terrible din. He now laughed at those who had laughed at him. The whole was a false alarm raised by order of the host to inflict a slight retaliation on those who had treated

him with so much scorn. He had made good his word, that "he laughs best who laughs last."

But from this day Asmund laughed no more. Though he had attained all that fortune could bestow—the possession of his beloved maiden, riches, honours, power—he was seldom even seen to smile, and a secret sorrow seemed gnawing at his heart. Some attributed this deep depression to the fact that his marriage had remained childless, and that he had none to whom he could bequeath his name and his wealth. Even Sigrid would sometimes question him as to whether this were the cause of his sadness. But he would shake his head gloomily, and answer, with a look of horror : "God preserve us from having children, Sigrid ! Then the curse would be deeper still." As time passed on, matters became worse and worse. He was often absent from his home for weeks together, no one knowing whither he had gone or whence he came.

At length a suspicion dawned on the faithful wife's mind, that the cloud which darkened her husband's life was in some way connected with the sudden rising of

the valley that had secured to him his bride, and that the miracle was not owing to the Holy Virgin, as she had at first believed. And she, also, was now seized with a nameless terror of the evil powers to whom she thought her happiness must be due, and she prayed night and day to heaven for succour in her need.

And it so happened that one day, while Asmund was in one of his gloomiest moods, when he shunned all intercourse with his fellow-men, there came to the priest in Silgjord a saintly pilgrim, who had just returned from visiting the Saviour's tomb in Jerusalem. To him went Dame Sigrid with her tale of sorrow, humbly beseeching help and counsel. The saintly pilgrim reflected awhile, then said: "Build a church upon the spot, and let mass be said there every day. But first ask thy husband, whether he know of any impediment." Sigrid did as she was advised, but obtained from Asmund only the enigmatic answer: "Yea, build the church, and the valley will sink." After which he relapsed into his wonted silence. When the pious man heard this, he also said, "Yea, build the church; I will consecrate the



ground. For thy great love, O woman, the Lord will have mercy on thy husband !”

Confiding in his words, Sigrîd ordered that the work should be begun. The foundations and the corner-stone were laid, and for a time all went well. But when the cruciform shape of the church became visible, the waters suddenly welled up in the western extremity of the valley, threatening to re-cover their old domain. Throwing down their tools, the workmen, as well as the rest of the inhabitants, were soon in full flight. But just then the venerable form of the pilgrim was seen to emerge from the rocks behind the church, where he had spent the night in prayer. Taking his stand on the corner-stone of the church, and raising his staff, he made on every side the sign of the cross. At the holy symbol the advancing tide stood still, but the waters that had already risen from the little tarn which sleeps so peacefully in the tranquil bosom of the vale, and still remains. The pilgrim then stooped down, and deposited under the church a small stone brought from the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem ; and as he

did so, a deep sigh, a subdued wail of sorrow, seemed to issue from the rocky walls.

“Now proceed trustingly with the work,” said the holy man ; “this ground is in the keeping of Christ, and the owner is delivered from the power of the evil spirits.”

And it happened as he said. The church was finished without further interruption, and with each day that it grew nearer to its completion Asmund’s heart grew lighter.

When the spire was raised, Asmund, who, in the days of his terror, had fled to his former home on the Skorvefjeld, returned with his faithful Sigrid to the hall in the valley ; and the first time mass was said in Flad-Dal church, the rescued husband and the happy wife brought their first-born to the baptismal font.

But to this day the sighs and moans of the Huldres may be heard issuing from the mountain prison, in which they are still awaiting with hope a day when the sacred stone may be removed from the foundation of the church ; for should this ever take place, the waters will reappear, and a dark mountain lake will take the place of the smiling Flad-Dal.

FREDERICA ROWAN.

THE MOSLEM LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

**D**IAMOND, ruby, and emerald rings,  
For the fingers I long to clasp in mine ;  
Of milk-white pearls seven delicate strings,  
Around her wrists and her arms to twine ;  
Coins of gold, and a moon of pearls,  
To crown her head and its glossy curls ;  
Golden coins for her braids of hair :  
When shall I see them all shining there ?

Six times the tardy sun must rise  
Before the dawn of our marriage day ;  
Six times the moon must light the skies  
Ere Helwé's veil be cast away !

Veils and wimples of broidery fine,  
Girdles of silk, and mirrors of gold;  
When shall her bright eyes be mirror'd in mine?  
When shall my story of love be told?  
When shall my trembling arms embrace  
The form that this girdle to-night may grace?  
Would we were "*Franjîs*," that I might see  
Helwé, the sweet one, who's waiting for me!

MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

[A young Moslem of Hâifa thus lamented, while he showed to me the trousseau which he had prepared for Helwé, to whom he had been betrothed in early boyhood, but whose sweet face he had never seen, except in my sketch-book.

It is usual to send an offering to the bride about a week before the day appointed for the marriage.

Europeans are called "*Franjîs*" throughout the East.]

DREAM LOVE.



YOUNG Love lies sleeping  
In May time of the year,  
Among the lilies,

Lapped in the tender light :

White lambs come grazing,

White doves come building there,

And round about him

The May bushes are white.

Soft moss the pillow,

For oh! a softer cheek ;

Broad leaves cast shadow

Upon the heavy eyes :



There winds and waters  
    Grow lulled, and scarcely speak ;  
There twilight lingers  
    The longest in the skies.

Young Love lies dreaming :  
    But who shall tell the dream ?—  
A perfect sunlight  
    On rustling forest tips ;  
Or perfect moonlight  
    Upon a rippling stream ;  
Or perfect silence,  
    Or song of cherished lips.

Burn odours round him  
    To fill the drowsy air,  
Weave silent dances  
    Around him to and fro :  
For oh ! in waking  
    The sights are not so fair,  
And song and silence  
    Are not like these below.

Young Love lies dreaming  
Till summer days are gone,  
Dreaming and drowsing  
Away to perfect sleep :  
He sees the beauty  
Sun hath not looked upon,  
And tastes the fountain  
Unutterably deep.

Him perfect music  
Doth hush unto his rest,  
And through the pauses  
The perfect silence calms :  
Oh! poor the voices  
Of earth from east to west,  
And poor earth's stillness  
Between her stately palms.

Young Love lies drowsing  
Away to popped death ;  
Cool shadows deepen  
Across the sleeping face :

*Dream Love.*

So fails the summer  
    With warm delicious breath,  
And what hath autumn  
    To give us in its place ?

Draw close the curtains  
    Of branched evergreen,  
Change cannot touch them  
    With fading fingers sere :  
Here the first violets  
    Perhaps will bud unseen,  
And a dove, may be,  
    Return to nestle here.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

OUTWARD BOUND.



AR upon the unknown deep,  
Where the unheard oceans sound,  
Where the unseen islands sleep,  
Outward bound.

Following towards the silent west  
O'er the horizon's curving rim,  
To those Islands of the Blest—  
He with me, and I with him—  
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem  
In the waste of waters round ;  
Floating, floating like a dream,  
Outward bound :

Yet within that tiny speck  
Two brave hearts, with one accord,  
Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,  
Look up calm and praise the Lord—  
Outward bound.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



## THE HEART'S WAVES.



MY children, shall I tell you a tale of life? A tale often told, yet ever new,—a tale of beautiful things, yet very sad.

The sun shone down, one summer morning, upon the sandy beach of a beautiful bay, surrounded with lofty and rugged cliffs, bearing little or no vegetation, and whose chief beauty seemed to lie in their calm majestic grandeur, as they lifted their solemn heads up into the lovely cloudless sky. Some way off the Sea shone like molten silver, as the sunlight danced upon the waves, and threw rainbow colours into their foamy crests.

Upon the smooth sandy beach there lay a young girl. She was very fair, and seemed to have but just stepped out of her childhood—too innocent to know a fear,

too gentle to withstand one. Her countenance was thoughtful, but more as if from the shadow of coming thoughts than from anything remaining of the Past ; and every now and then her pleasure in the surrounding scene, or the bright pictures her fancy was painting of the Future, illumined her face with brightness and gaiety. But she soon left off looking about her, and gradually her eyes became fixed upon the Sea, as if she knew that ere long the tide would reach the beach where she sat,—and this seemed to occupy her whole thoughts ; though, sometimes, when some cold breeze passed by, whispering in her ear, or when the roar of the distant breakers reached her, or as she saw some one wave dash up high, breaking over its fellows—then she would turn her eyes to the encircling rocks, as if to make sure she had a refuge and a home in them ; for though rugged and craggy, there were very distinct and accessible paths, where even the weakest might with patience ascend them.

But the cold breeze passed away, and the warm zephyrs toyed gently with her hair ; the distant roar

subsided into a pleasant murmur ; the waves sank down calm and placid, but ever bright ; and again the young girl smiled upon the Sea, as if she was lovingly inviting it to approach her.

And gradually, though slowly, it advanced towards her. She watched it steadily, with her gentle, loving smile ; and as it came nearer, she turned less and less often to the great rocks behind her, until at last she seemed almost to forget their presence. It was evident that she forgot everything but the great, beautiful Sea ; her eyes brightened and her frame quickened as it came near her ; and when it came so close that she could see the pebbles dancing, as it were, for joy, in the clear edges of the waves, she stretched out her arms in a wild longing to embrace its loveliness.

Alas ! poor child, they will come only too soon for thy peace.

Presently she arose from the spot where she had been reclining, and moved restlessly about ; sometimes as if she would fain go and meet the waves, and then as quickly drawing back ; and this again and again, until at

last, all suddenly, one clear, sparkling wave dashed out from the rest, and as she stood still, half startled, half delighted, it ran up and bathed her beautiful feet ; and in her joy and confusion she stooped in haste, and filled her hands with the delicious water, and, running some paces off, pressed them wet and dripping over her blushing face. Then she lay down again, as if content with her bliss.

But the great Sea was not content also. Higher and higher came the waves, and again they flowed over her white feet ; and each time she started up to gaze on the receding wave with rapture, yet as quickly turning again to bury her face in her hot, burning hands.

Then one wave, bolder than the rest, flowed over her knees. With a shudder she started up, and moved some way towards the high, calm rocks behind her ; but a passing cloud at the moment darkened their shadows, and made them appear sterner and steeper than usual. The girl trembled, and turned again to the Sea : there was no cloud there ; and as she smiled over its beauty, the blue foamy wave rushed up again, and now even

encircled her slender waist ; but at that the maiden shivered and shrank away, and turned one more wistful gaze to the mountains. They seemed to frown yet more darkly on her, and with a sudden look of chilly fear, she sank down on the strand. And ever on came the cool sparkling waves ; one by one they rose higher around her, and at each the maiden seemed to shrink more and more away from them, although she did not now try to escape from them, until, rising higher and higher, she felt them becoming stronger than she.

Then she arose hastily and in terror, and struggled with them ; but they struggled too ; she beat them with her little hands—she tossed aside their snowy spray, and flung back their white foam,—but ever and ever rose the waters higher and higher around her. Then, for a moment wearied with the struggle, she would cross her arms on her breast, and be still. And every time she was still there seemed to come a cold breeze from the rocks, passing roughly, whistling in her ear ; then she would start up, and struggle afresh more wildly than before, and sometimes seem just clear—just ready to break



away from the wave's edge, and be free—when, alas! her foot would strike upon some tiny pebble, and she would totter for a moment,—or the many radiant hues of some mass of foam would catch her eye, and she would pause to mark them, — or stoop to look at some bright-coloured seaweed which the wave would fling towards her,—and then the waters mounted higher, and pressed her more closely in their arms; and the cold breeze whispered in vain, and the maiden forgot to struggle,—but, more and more passive, she let the waters bathe her beautiful shoulders, and at last I saw them flow over her lips;—one look she turned then despairingly to the calm, stern mountains, ere she laid down her fair head, and the great wave passed over her, and I saw her no more; only I heard a cry of despair, and where the foam had been whitest and the spray lightest, there came now a crimson tinge upon the waters, and the whole sea seemed to grow dark and savage. And far away, as from the deep caverns of ocean, there came up a sound too sad to be called a song—a long, low wail—such as

might have been heard from the lips of the Morning Star when Lucifer fell from heaven.

Oh, my children! there are few who will escape that Sea when they have once seen it: he will come and pour his warm, pleasant waters over your feet, and spread out his lovely, tempting waves before you—but oh! beware and be strong: slumber not upon the shore, but at the first distant murmur of his waters, fly ye to the mountains. Fear not their stern and painful ways, but labour on, through toil and hardship and suffering; for they shall be “a strength to the needy in his distress,” they shall “undertake for that,” for they are “mighty to save.”

EMILY A. BEAUFORT,  
(VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.)

LOVE.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.



WHEN we all lie still

Where churchyard pines their funeral vigil  
keep,

Thou shalt rise up early

While the dews are deep ;

Thee the earliest bird shall rouse

From thy maiden sleep

Thy white bed in the old house

Where we all, in our day,

Lived and loved so cheerly.

And thou shalt take thy way

Where the nodding daffodil

Tells thee he is near ;

Where the lark above the corn

Sings him to thine ear ;  
Where thine own oak, fondly grim,  
Points to more than thou canst spy ;  
And the beckoning beechen spray  
Beckons, beckons thee to him,  
Thee to him and him to thee ;  
Him to thee, who, coy and slow,  
Stealest through dim paths untrod  
Step by step, with doubtful glance,  
Taking witness quick and shy  
Of each bud and herb and tree  
If thou doest well or no.  
Haste thee, haste thee, slow and coy !  
What ! art doubting still, though even  
The white tree that shakes with fear,  
When no other dreams of ill,  
The girl-tree whom best thou knowest,  
Waves the garlands of her joy,  
And, by something more than chance,  
Of all paths in one path only  
The primroses where thou goest

Thicken to thy feet, as though  
Thou already wert in heaven  
And walking in the galaxy.  
Do those stars no longer glisten  
To thy steps, ah ! shivering maid,  
That, where upper light doth fade  
At yon gnarled and twisted gate,  
Thou dost pause and tremble so,  
Listening stir, and stirring listen ?  
Not a blossom will illumine  
That chill grove of cambering yew  
Wherein Night seems to vegetate,  
And, through bats and owls, a dew  
Of darkness fills the mortal gloom.  
Haste thee, haste thee, gaze not back !  
Of all hours since thou wert born,  
Now thou mayst not look forlorn ;  
Though the blackening grove is dread,  
Shall he plead in vain who pled  
“To-morrow ?” Through the tree-gloom lonely  
One more shudder, and the track

Softens : this is upland sod,  
Thou canst smell the mountain air,  
What was heavy overhead  
Lightens, the black whitens, the white brightens !  
Ah, dear and fair,  
Lo the dazzling east, and lo,  
Some one tall against the sky  
Coming, coming, like a god,  
In the rising morn !  
And when the lengthening days whose light we  
    never saw  
Have melted his sweet awe,  
And thy fond fear is like a little hare,  
Large-eyed and passionately afraid,  
That peepeth from the covert of her rest  
Into the narrow glade  
Between two woods, and doth a moment dare  
The sunshine, and leap back ; yet forth will fare  
Again, and each time ventures further from the nest,  
Till, having past the midst ere she be 'ware,  
Bold with fear to be so much confest



She flees across the sun into the other shade ;  
Flees as thou that didst so coyly draw  
Near him and nearer, and art trembling there  
Midway 'twixt giving all and nought,  
In a moment, at a thought ;  
Bashful to panic, hidest on his breast ;  
Once again beneath the hill  
Where round our graves these funeral pines refuse  
The clamorous morning, thou shalt rise up early  
When we all lie still.  
Thou shalt rise up early while  
Down the chimney, ample and deep,  
Dreaming swallows gurgle, and shrill  
In window-nook the mossy wren  
Chirps an answer cheerly,  
Chirps and sinks to sleep.  
In the crossed and corbelled bay  
Of that ivied oriel, thou  
Lovest at morn and eve to muse ;  
But this once thou shalt not stay  
To mark the forming earth, and how

Far and near, in equal grey  
Of growing dawn, thy well-known land  
Now to the strained gaze appears  
The nebulous umbrage of itself, and now,  
Ere one can say this or this,  
Divides upon the sense into the world that is,  
As the slow suffusion that doth fill  
Tender eyes with soft uncertainties,  
Suddenly, we know not when,  
Shapes to tears we understand ;  
Such tears as blind thy eyes with light,  
When thou shalt rise up, white from white,  
In thy virgin bed  
On that morn, and, by and by,  
In thy bloom of maidenhead  
Beam softly o'er the shadowy floor,  
And softly down the ancient stairs,  
And softly through the ancestral door,  
And o'er the meadow by the house  
Where thy small feet shall not rouse  
From the grass those unrisen pray'rs,

The skylarks, though thy passing smile  
Shall touch away the dews.  
And thou shalt take thy way,  
Ah whither? where is the dear tryst to-day?  
Trembler, doth he wait for thee  
By the ash or the beech-tree?  
With the lightest earliest breeze  
The dodder in the hedge is quaking,  
But the mighty ash is still a-slumber;  
All its tender multiplicity  
Drooped with a common sleep, by twos and threes,  
That triple into companies,  
Which, in turn, do multiply  
Each by each into an all  
So various, so symmetrical,  
That the membered trunk on high  
Lifts a colour'd cloud that seems  
The numberless result of number.  
Now still as thy still sleep, soft as thy dreams,  
They slumber; but when morning bids  
The world awake, the giant sleeper, waking,

Shall lift at once his shapely myriads up  
As thou at once upliftest thy two lids.  
Ah, guileless eyes, from whom those lids unclose ;  
Ah, happy, happy eyes ! if morning's beams  
Awake the trees, how can they sleep in yours ?  
Look up and see them start from their repose !  
Yet nay, I think thou wouldst forbid them hear  
What some one comes this morn to say ;  
Therefore, sweet eyes, shine only on the ground,  
Nor venture to look round,  
Lest thou behold how subtly the flow'rs sigh  
Among the whispering grasses tall,  
And see thy secret pale the lily's cheeks,  
Or redden on the daisy's lips,  
Or tremble in the tremulous tear  
Wherewith the warmer light of day fulfil  
That frigid beauty of the wort whose stars  
Look, thro' the summer darkness, like the scars  
Of those lunar arrows shot  
From the white string of that silver bow  
Wherewith, as we all wot,

Because it was a keepsake of her Greek,  
Diana shooteth still on every moony night.  
What is it, then, that this close buttercup  
Is shutting down into a golden shrine?  
What hath the wind betrayed to the wind-flow'r,  
That, on either side, it so adjures  
Thy passing beauty, by such votive hands  
Point to point with praying finger-tips?  
I know not how such secrets go astray,  
Nor how so dear a mystery  
Foreslipped the limits of its destined hour;  
Perhaps, the mustered spring, in whatsoe'er  
Deep cavern of the earth, ere it come here,  
It takes the flowery order of the year,  
Heard the soft powers speak of this loveliness  
That in due season should be done and said,  
As if it were a part o' the white and red  
Of summer; or perchance some zephyr, willing  
To sweeten the stol'n fragrance of a rose,  
Caught one of thy breaths, and blew it  
To the flow'rs that suck the evening air,

And in it some unspoken words of thine  
Went thro' the floral beauty, and somewhere  
Therein came to themselves, and made the fields aware.  
Thus, or not thus, surely the cowslips knew it ;  
Else wherefore did they press  
Their march to this sole day, and long ago  
Set their annual dances to it ?  
This day of all the days that summer yields ?  
Didst thou not mark how sure and slow  
They came upon thee with exact emprise ?  
First a golden stranger, meek and lone,  
Then the vanward of a fairy host  
Following the nightingales,  
Bashful and bold, in sudden troops and bands,  
Takes the willowy depths of all the dales,  
And, on unsuspected nights,  
Makes vantage-ground of mounts and heights,  
Till, ere one knew, a south wind blew,  
And a fond invasion holds the fields !  
Over the shadowy meadowy season, up and down  
from coast to coast,



A pigmy folk, a yellow-haired people stands,  
Stands and hangs its head and smiles!  
And art thou conscious that they smile, and why?  
That with such palpitating flight  
Thou fleest toward the linden-aisles?  
Ah, yet a moment pause among  
The lime-trees, where, from the rich arches o'er thee,  
The nightingale still strews his falling song  
As if the trees were shaken and dropt sweetness;  
No heed? More speed? Ah, little feet,  
Is the ground soaked with music that ye beat  
Silver echoes thence, that keep  
Such quick time and dainty unison  
With the running cadence of the bird  
That he hath not heard  
A note to fright him or offend,  
While down the tell-tale path from end to end  
Such a ringing scale has run thro' his retreat?  
The limes are past, and ye speed on;  
Ah, little feet, so fond, so fleet,  
Fleeter than ever—why this fleetness?

Who is this? a start, a cry!  
A blind moment of alarms,  
And the tryst is in his arms!  
Fluttering, fluttering heart, confess  
Truly, didst thou never guess  
That he would be here before thee?  
Didst thou never dream that ere  
The last glow-worm 'gan to dim,  
Or the dear day-star to burn,  
Or the elm-top rooks to talk,  
Or the hedge-row nests to threep,  
He was waiting for thee here?  
Ah! ne'er so fair, ah! ne'er so dear,  
For his love's sake pardon him,  
Smile on him again, and turn  
With him thro' the sweetbrier glade,  
With him thro' the woodbine shade;  
In the sweetbrier wilderness,  
To his side, ah! closer creep,  
In the honeysuckle walk  
Let him make thee blush and weep,

While the wooing doves, unseen,  
Move the air with fond ado,  
And, lest the long morning shine  
Show you to some vulgar eye,  
To ye, passing side by side,  
With a grace that copies thine,  
Favouring trees their boughs incline ;  
While, where'er ye wander by,  
Hawthorn and sweet eglantine  
From among their laughing leaves  
Stretch and pluck ye by the sleeves ;  
And all flow'rs the hedge doth hide  
Sigh their fragrance after you ;  
And sly airs, with soft caresses,  
Letting down thy golden tresses,  
Marry those dear locks with his ;  
While from the rose arch above thee  
Where the bowery gate uncloses  
Budded tendrils, lythe and green,  
Loosen on the wind and lean  
Each to each, and leaning kiss,

Kiss and redden into roses.  
Oh, you Lovers, warm and living!  
And ah, our graves, so deep and chill!  
As ye stand in upper light  
Murmuring love that never dies,  
While your happy cheeks are burning,  
Will ye feel a distant yearning?  
Will a sudden dim surprise  
Lift up your happy eyes  
From what you are taking and giving,  
To where the pines their funeral vigil keep,  
And we all lie still?  
Love on, plight on, we cannot hear or see.  
Oh beautiful and young and happy! ye  
Have the rich earth's inheritance.  
For you, for you, the music and the dance  
That moves and plays for all who need it not,  
That moved and played for us, who, thus forgot,  
In the dark house where the heart cannot sing  
Nor any pulse mete its own joyous measure,  
See not the world, nor any pleasant thing;

And ye, in your good time, have come into our  
pleasure.

Ah, while the time is good, love on, plight on!  
Leap from yourselves into the light of gladness!  
The light, the light! surely the light is sweet?  
And, if descending from those ecstasies,  
Ye touch the common earth with wavering feet,  
Your life is at your will: whate'er betide,  
We shall not check or chide.

The hand is dust that might restrain;  
The voice whose warning should distress ye  
By any augury of doubt or sadness,  
Can never speak again.

The angel that so many woo in vain  
Descends, descends! Ah, seize him ere he soar;  
Ah, seize him by the skirt or by the wing;  
What matter, so that, like the saint of yore,  
Ye do not let him hence until he bless ye?  
In our youth we had our madness,  
In the grave ye may be wise.  
Love on, love on, for Love is all in all!

Manners that make us and are made of us,  
Who with the self-will of an infant king  
Do fashion them that have our fashioning,  
And make the shape of our correction ;  
Virtue, that fruit whose substance ripens slow,  
And in one semblance having past from crude  
To sweet, rots slowly in the form of good ;  
Joy, the involuntary light and glow  
Of this electric frame mysterious,  
That, radiant from our best activities,  
Complexion their fine colours by our own ;  
And Duty, the sun-flower of knowledge,—these  
Change and may change with changing time and place :  
But Love is for no planet and no race.  
The summer of the heart is late or soon,  
The fever in the blood is less or more ;  
But while the moons of time shall fill and wane,  
While there is earth below and heaven above,  
Wherever man is true and woman fair,  
Through all the circling cycles Love is Love !  
And when the stars have flower'd and fall'n away,



And of this earthly ball  
A little dust upon eternity  
Is all that shall remain,  
Love shall be Love : in that transcendent whole  
Clear Nature from the swift euthanasy  
Of her last change, transfigured, shall arise ;  
And we, whose wonted eyes  
Seek vainly the familiar universe,  
Shall feel the living worlds in the immortal soul.  
But nor of this,  
Nor anything of Love except its bliss,  
On that summer morning shalt thou know ;  
Nor, in that moment's apotheosis  
When, like the sudden sun  
That, rising round and rayless, bursts in rays,  
And is himself and all the heavens in one,  
Love in the sun-burst of our own delight  
Makes us for an instant infinite,  
Owning no first or last, before or after.  
Child of Love, shalt thou divine  
That, years and years before thy day,

In the little Arcady  
And planted Eden of thy line,  
On such mornings such a maid  
Lived and loved as thou art living and loving ;  
Through the flowery fields where thou art roving,  
And in the favourite bowers and by the wonted ways,  
Stepped the morning music with thy grace ;  
Smiled the sunshine which thou with her face  
Smilest ; so, with sweeter voice,  
Helped the vernal birds rejoice,  
Or, when passing envy stayed  
Matins green and leafy virilays  
Startled her sole self to hear,  
Like a scared bird hushed for fear ;  
Or, more frightened by my passionate praise,  
Rippled the golden silence with shy laughter.  
Yet I saw her standing there,  
While my happy love I made,  
Standing in her long fair hair,  
And looking (so thou lookest now)  
As when beneath an April bough


In an April meadow,  
Light is netted into place  
By a lesser light of shadow ;—  
Standing by that tree where he  
This morn of thine makes love to thee  
Leaning to his half-embrace,  
Leaning where, full well I know,  
While slow day grows ripe to noon  
Thou untired shalt still be leaning,  
Still, entranced by Love's beguiling,  
Listening, listening, smiling, smiling ;  
Leaning by the tree—Ah me,  
Leaning on the name I cut  
In the bark which, while she tarried here,  
Chased it with duteous silver year by year ;  
But from the hour that heard her coffin shut  
Blindly closed over the withered meaning,  
Till argent vert and verdant argentrie  
Encharged each simple letter to a rune.  
Ah me, ah me! the very name  
To which—another yet the same—

(The same, since all thy loveliness is she,  
Another, since thou dost forget me)—  
Thou answerest, as she answered me  
When on summer morns she met me,  
While the dews were deep,—  
She whom earliest bird did rouse  
From her maiden sleep,  
From her bed in the old house,  
Her white bed in the old house,—  
She whom bird arouseth never  
From that sleep upon the hill  
Where we all lie still.

For what is, was, will be. Suns rise and set  
And rise: year after year, as when we met,  
In one brief season the epiphany  
Of perfect life is shown, and is withdrawn;  
And maidens bloom and die: but Maidenhood for ever  
Walks the eternal Spring in everlasting Dawn.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE ITALIAN BOY AND HIS MONKEY.

“  FOREIGN vagabond and his ape!  
“ Begging the bread away  
“ From honest English children,  
“ Who are hard at work all day!  
“ You’ll have never a penny of mine, indeed!”—  
I heard the good wife say.

I looked, and lo! a swarthy child,  
With piteous, hollow eyes;  
His monkey was his only friend,  
And almost half his size.  
A Vagabond Life? Well, so it is!  
And they who work are wise.

And we who preach these saws are wise!

Jacko, in red and gold,

Held up his cap; I blushed to think

My sixpence would uphold,

In luxury's lap, the man to whom

The little child was sold.

And then I questioned him, and learnt

Of the hard and pinching ways

That young life was acquainted with,

In its weary tramp, to raise

Enough to pay for a bed and crusts,

From the master of his days.

And how he oft on steps, at night,

His weary limbs would throw,

Not daring, penniless, to meet

His wage of curse and blow—

*Such* idleness, faith! is harder work

Than factory-children know!



So friendless, ignorant, debased,  
Without a single bond  
To raise him, through a human love,  
Unto the life beyond ;  
Almost tempted to seek for rest  
In the heart of the first black pond !

I thought how children, mean as he,  
For whom some mother strives  
To lead them, through the fear of God,  
To follow upright lives,  
Were blessèd : for through the rankest tares  
The grain of good survives.

I thought how he, too, once lay warm  
In the light of love divine,  
As he hung on his sunburnt mother's breast,  
Under a Tuscan vine ;  
And how, when she lay in her grave on the hill,  
That light had ceased to shine !

And I thought how bad the best of men  
Might have been, if that light had fled!  
“Vagabond lives are loveless ones ;  
I pity all such,” I said :  
“In the name of her who bore thee, child,  
Here is a loaf of bread !”

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.


LARRY'S APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

A MEMORY OF IRISH CHARACTER.

. . . "I stand here for law—"

. . . . . "I crave the law—"

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"RE ye a judge—a jury—a coun'ler—a  
'Torney, or even the fag-end of the law, a  
'Torney's clark?

"You're not!—Oh! thin, what will I do intirely? All I ask is LAW. Sure, they say that's to be had *chape* now; and yet, *chape* or dear, it's like the Killarney echo—never near enough to be *cotcht*.

"Maybe, if I set the case before you, you could understand it, and *insense* some lawyer into it. I'm not unreasonable—I don't ask for JUSTICE—I only ask for

LAW. I'm not going to be done out of my rights, as if I was nothing to nobody. •Sure, some of you could recommend me a lawyer! I don't want an impossibility—I'm not asking an *honest* one! I said I didn't want *justice*—that was a mistake I made. I DO want it; but if I can't get what I want, I'll try to put up with what I can get. If I can't get justice, I want LAW—*chape*; and if I can't get law *chape* I want law *dear*!

“The first and the last of it is, I want law! I want a lawyer who'll get me justice wrong or right! I'll set the case before you and him.

“Maybe some one would put me on the track of a lawyer—sure, it's asy to know the track of his *hoofs*. Oh! faix, it's no laughing matter! All my life I've been afther law—I've committed five breaches of promise of marriage, in the hope that a law-*shute* might grow out of one of them—but no! every one of the girls said they were glad to get rid of me.

“I 'saulted the biggest man in Tipperary! He laughed at me, and wouldn't even give me a clip of his shillala!—he said I wasn't worth it. I tried to get up a rebellion—

I made a speech that ought to have lodged me in Kilmanim. Hurroo! wouldn't *that* have been glory! *there* would have been the heart's blood of the law! *nobody* noted it. But I have it now—I have the makins of as purty a little law-shute as ever broke head or bread. Now, will you listen to me, and I'll insense you into the rights of my wrongs in no time?

“My name is Lawrence Brady, but some calls me ‘Larry the Law.’ You must know I live next door to an ancient Briton, whose name—and a mighty ugly name it is—is Cadwallader Jones. Now, there's a purty name for any Christian to go to church with! Well! My neighbour was dying, he said, for the air of his native mountains, and as he couldn't get that on Putney heath, where we live, he thought that, maybe, goat's milk would do as well—so he bought two Nanny goats, which he yoked together, and turned on the common.

“I had a purty tight lump of a horse, which used to graze on the said common—both Mистер Cadwallader Jones and meeself have a right to common grazing. We might turn out to graze on the common any hour of the

day or night, and no one dar' to hinder us. Now mind what I tell you—and remember *that*.

“So as my poor horse was grazin' in the bottom of a dry ditch (thinkin' no harrum—for there never was a thought of harrum in the craythur,) and my neighbour Cadwallader Jones's goats, being yoaked together (which is often a heart thrubble to more than goats), war a brouzin' on the top of the ditch, one of them fell down and dragged the other afther her, and, as the devil would have it, they fell over my poor horse, and as the yoak cought on his back he ran out of the ditch, with the goats hanging on both sides of him, kickin', an' strugglin', an' roarin', until they bothered the poor crayshur out of his sineses—so that at last he got into the grate pond, an' floundered about until they war both—all three—drowned!

“A respectable an' responsable man on the common saw the whole of it, from first to last, and he come, honest man! and tould me all that happened. So I went, hot fut, to Misther Jones. ‘Misther Jones,’ says I, ‘your goats,’ says I, ‘have behaved like two scam-



perin' scoundrels,' says I, 'in takin' my horse—without by your lave or with your lave, and ridin' him into the pond,' says I, 'and there an' then drownin' him alive!' says I; 'and, Monumum Dou!' says I, as bould as a ram, 'if you don't restore my horse again, sound wind and limb, I'll go to LAW,' says I, springing five feet in the air!—'and let me see who'll hinder me!'

“Now here's the mane durty nature of the scrap of a Welsh rabbit that he is—Only ye see, it'll make more beautiful play in the law-shute.

“‘Why, you Irish Teague,’ says he, ‘it was your thief of a horse,’ says he, ‘that ran away with my goats,’ says he; ‘made a trotting gallows of himself, on which he hanged both my goats—without judge or jury,’ says he; ‘and not contint with that, he took 'em to the river and drowneded them—and I'll have the LAW of you,’ says he.

“‘Hurroo,’ says I, ‘stick to that,’ says I; ‘heart's delight!’ says I. Now I'm in for it—there's the makins of as purty a little law-shute as ever bothered judge or jury! Is there no lawyer among ye to make ducks and

drakes of it? I don't ask any of you to do it for love—I'm not so mad as that; and yet you might *begin* it in love and end it in law! But a LAW-SHUTE I'll have. I'll not be called LARRY THE LAW for nothin'. I'll no longer be blue moulded for want of a law-shute!"

MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE LADYE OF THE LONELY TOWER.

I.



THROUGH the drear night of dark delay  
I nurse a stedfast mind alway,  
To live alone and make my moan,  
Till dawn the deep-desired day  
In whose glad spring-tide I shall see  
The Knight in dream reveal'd to me.  
O'er hill and plain, by many a shore,  
He rides, I know, for evermore,  
Seeking for me, upon whose shield  
A fountain argent, on a field  
All golden bright, springs up to smite  
A star of unattainable height ;

But underneath, *I shall attain,*  
Is graved in letters broad and bold ;  
He rides my virgin love to gain—  
Sir Roderick of the locks of gold.

II.

When first upon the still midnight  
He stood within my tranced sight,  
In one great shout my life leapt out  
To name “my own, my only Knight !”  
And fairy voices answer made,  
“He rides towards his own true maid.”  
And from that hour I know not rest,  
Sigh-laden is my sobbing breast,  
My heart burns in me like a fire,  
My soul is parch'd with long desire ;  
Ghost-like I grow, and where I go  
I hear strange voices mutter low :  
“O weary world, and all unsweet !  
“O widow'd life, forlorn and cold  
“For ever, if it fail to meet  
“Sir Roderick of the locks of gold.”

## III.

Full oft in dream I see him ride  
Along the gloomy woodland wide :  
The passionate, pale, fair face and frail  
Is wasted with a wish denied,  
And in the mournful eyes I see  
The depth of his desire for me :  
I cannot speak nor utter cry,  
And yet methinks he knows me nigh,  
As ghost-like through the grove I glide,  
And wander weeping at his side.  
My dream's away at break of day,  
But still I watch him on his way  
Through gorgeous glooms of forests hoar,  
O'er mountain peaks in vapour roll'd,  
For whom I wait for evermore—  
Sir Roderick of the locks of gold.

## IV.

Him but in dreams, alas ! I see—  
Yet more familiar seem to be

His form, his face, his lightest grace,  
Than mine own shadow unto me :  
I know his love-lit eyes, in hue  
Dew-darkened violet's deepest blue ;  
His tender, loving lips I know,  
His prodigal locks of golden flow,  
The noble forehead's airy pile,  
His hand, his voice, and gracious smile ;  
His laughter free is known to me,  
And all his bounteous courtesy,  
The pressure of his touch, the glow  
    Of his glad lips, when down they fold  
A costly kiss on mine, I know—  
    Sir Roderick of the locks of gold.

V.

'Tis said I'm woo'd in many a song—  
It skills not, O ye minstrel throng !  
Lonely I wait the man of Fate,  
Though weary 'tis to wait so long.  
Full often from my casement wide,  
I watch the Knights to tourney ride



All in cuirass and hauberk dight,  
With plumèd helms and brackarts\* bright ;  
And sometimes when some noblest face  
Passes, my heart, in its still place,  
Trembles and glows like the heart of a rose  
That dreams of Spring 'mid December's snows :  
"O foolish flower!" I sigh and say,  
    "O lonely heart! lie still and cold,  
"Till comes the marvellous month of May,  
    "With Roderick of the locks of gold."

## VI.

Full oft from forth my lonely tower,  
What time the day begins to lour,  
When solemn shades troop from the glades,  
And heavily hangs each languid flower,  
While all the plain is dew'd with tears,  
And overhead the starry spheres  
Are cloak'd in clouds, and everywhere  
A fateful silence fills the air,

\* Brackarts are the arm-pieces of a knight's armour.—N. T.

I watch the deepening shadows rise,  
And blot the distance from mine eyes,  
Till over all, like a funeral-pall,  
The muffling folds of darkness fall ;  
And a gloom on my spirit settles deep,  
    And a horrible knell in my heart is toll'd,  
As I think of the darkness of death, and weep  
    For Roderick of the locks of gold.

VII.

O maidens, wheresoe'er you be,  
That mourn a miss'd felicity,  
In what far clime on quest sublime  
Your knights employ their chivalry,  
I pray your severance be not long,  
Nor long delay'd your nuptial song.  
Ye, more unhappy, who make moan  
For good divined, though yet unknown,  
Whose passionate hearts foretaste the pain  
Of life-long longing to attain,  
May you yet find, in fair form shrined,  
The dear ideal of your mind :

And ah! my sisters, bend the knee,  
And meekly prayerful fingers fold,  
Praying that, ere I die, to me  
Come Roderick of the locks of gold.

NEVILLE TEMPLE.

## VARIETY.



LONG before the reader comes to this page, he will have resolved that variety is pleasing. It is more, however ; it is a necessity of man's being—the indispensable food of his life. The virtue of contentment, so extravagantly praised, consists in nothing more than a patient waiting upon the variations of Nature. Perpetual youth is the ideal of those who are wrinkled ; the repose of age of those who are in the noon of life ; and life, without death, has never been thought of but as the direst punishment of an accursed man. Variety is instructive as well as pleasing. The greatest of modern philosophers attributes the superior adaptability of women to changes of social position, chiefly to the greater variety of their occupations. The historian of the Crimean war has described a great potentate as having

“the look of a weaver!” but even Mr. Kinglake would not be so bold as to say what is the look of a weaver’s wife.

Sameness of life is ruinous to the mind. The incessant study of Greek particles, or the perpetual care of a revolving light, make equal havoc in the brain, if the natural craving for change be unsatisfied. The horrors of solitary confinement originate in the same cause. For a time the mind can feed upon itself, but the longest picture gallery has an end. The combinations of the kaleidoscope are not innumerable ; and when the senses become wearied with continued reproduction—when the power of recreation is exhausted, insanity steals upon the captive, and the variety which comes is that of wild phantasy.

The great demand of man is for change, and Nature, with her offspring Art and Science, is the bounteous source of it. Not only is change necessary in his mental, but also in his bodily food. Is it not written in the Scripture and taught in Physics, that “Man shall not live by bread alone?”

The industry which gathers the produce of the earth, from the arctic to the antarctic, the commerce which fills our markets with provisions of every kind, are ministers to a real necessity. The great discovery of our famous cattle feeders has been that what is good for the farmer is also good for his beast. They have learned that perpetual turnips are not less distasteful to the stalled ox, than perpetual porridge to the herdsman.

But it is to the especial faculties of man himself that variety is most necessary. In it are involved all his pleasures, all his longings, all his love and all his hopes. It is the chief element of beauty, the everlasting attribute of Nature, the great want of man. Does not the whole world comply with the requirement? If it were possible for a man to be born with adult powers of mind, nothing would surprise him so much, when first opening his eyes upon the world, as the wondrous variety of form which creation exhibits. Of millions of men no two are so much alike that mistaken identity could possibly result upon actual comparison. The lower animals present the same marvellous distinctions in their shape,

colour and movement. The unwearied eye receives the same beneficent provision from inanimate Nature. Night relieves day, the seasons clothe the landscape in its various dresses, the rich robe of summer succeeding the ermined snow of winter and the green garb of spring. Climatic influences cause difference of race and production, and where these are most evenly and most completely varied, there man is found in his nearest approach towards perfection.

If Nature abhors monotony, Art has a correlative detestation of straight lines and circles. Unbending lines may acquire grandeur by their length, and circles by the majesty of their contents, but there is beauty in neither because there is no variety of form. The rippling sea is lovelier by far than the calm ocean. The line of beauty is composed of various curves. The charm of colour is lost when one unvarying tint is alone presented to the eye. And do we not love light the more because it gives us shade? It is the business of literature, of music, of painting, of sculpture, of all the arts, both fine and mechanical, to bring to man that



perception of the beautiful, which is the satisfaction of his natural appetite for variety. Literature gives to him the reflection of many minds, music her "orient pearls at random strung," painting and sculpture reproduce the varied features of nature, and architecture is pleasing when it expresses harmony of proportion with variety of composition.

In one direction only does man seek for "no variability, neither shadow of turning." Resting his faith upon Divine truth, he anchors there, safe for all time and for eternity. Yet the instinct of his nature, which causes him to delight in the universal law of change that governs the earth, will of itself lead him to look with hope for that new life which is promised to the faithful servants of God.

R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

## LOST DAYS.

(SONNET.)



THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
What were they, could I see them on the  
street

Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?  
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?  
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
The throats of men in hell who thirst alway?  
I do not see them here; but after death  
God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
“I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?”  
“And I—and I—thyself,” (lo! each one saith,)  
“And thou thyself to all eternity.”

D. G. ROSSETTI.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



HE lieth cold upon her bed,  
Her hands crossed on her breast,  
And death hath fixed the look of woe  
Her gentle face exprest.

And stooping o'er the cold clay stood,  
With smile serene and sweet,  
The severed SPIRIT, waiting yet  
Her mission incomplete.

And up the stairs a slow step came—  
HE came—cold, calm and proud ;  
He gazed upon the quiet dead,  
The face above the shroud.

And close beside the SPIRIT stood  
And whispered in his ear—  
It seemed a voice within his soul,  
He could not choose but hear.

“Too late,” SHE cried, “thou comest now:  
Where are the days and years  
I watched and waited for thy hand  
To wipe away my tears?”

“Too late,” SHE said, “my woe to share,  
Or earthly comfort bring;  
One morn ago those long-loved hands  
Had plucked out all the sting!

“Too late,” SHE cried, “to close mine eye  
Or hear my latest breath:  
Another came, as cold as Thou;  
*He* failed not, faithful Death!

“ Too late,” SHE cried, “ to love again  
Or my forgiveness crave :  
Thou canst not heal the broken heart  
When mouldering in the grave.”

And nearer still the SPIRIT came,  
He felt her icy breath—  
One cry from out his soul SHE wrung,  
“ Too late for all—but Death !”

Right round his neck SHE wreathed her arms,  
And stilled his throbbing brow—  
While down beside the Dead he fell—  
All humbly knelt he now.

He seemed to kiss the Dead one's face,  
And feel its deathly dew—  
SHE came between—and through his lips  
His soul SHE softly drew.

From taint of sin and sorrow free,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Those happy re-united souls  
Then mounted up to Heaven !

EMILY A. BEAUFORT,  
(VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.)

## THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.



THE infant lies in blessed ease  
Upon his mother's breast ;  
No storm, no dark, the baby sees  
Grow in his heaven of rest.

His moon and stars, his mother's eyes ;  
His air, his mother's breath ;  
His earth her lap—and there he lies,  
Fearless of growth and death.

And yet the winds that wander there  
Are full of sighs and fears ;  
The dew slow-falling through that air—  
It is the dew of tears.



Her smile would win no smile again,  
If the baby saw the things  
That rise and ache across her brain,  
The while she sweetly sings.

Alas, my child! Thy heavenly home  
Hath sorrows not a few!  
Lo! clouds and vapours build its dome,  
Instead of starry blue.  
Thy faith in us is faith in vain—  
We are not what we seem.  
O dreary day, O cruel pain,  
That wakes thee from thy dream!

Dream on, my babe, and have no care;  
Half-knowledge brings the grief:  
Thou art as safe as if we were  
As good as thy belief.  
There is a better heaven than this  
On which thou gazest now;  
A truer love than in that kiss;  
A peace beyond that brow.

We all are babes upon His breast  
Who is our Father dear ;  
No storm invades that heaven of rest ;  
No dark, no doubt, no fear.  
Its mists are clouds of stars, inwove  
In motions without strife ;  
Its winds, the goings of His love ;  
Its dew, the dew of life.

We lift our hearts unto Thy heart ;  
Our eyes unto Thine eye ;  
In whose great light the clouds depart  
From off our children's sky.  
Thou lovest—and our babes are blest,  
Poor though our love may be ;  
Thou in Thyself art all at rest,  
And we and they in Thee.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

SONNET.

ON A RING OF LEIGH HUNT'S HAIR.




OR coal, nor jet, nor raven's wing more black  
Than this small crispy plait of ebon hair :  
And well I can remember when the rare  
Young poet head, in eager thought thrown back,  
Bore just such clusters ; ere the whitening rack  
Of years and toil, devoted to the care  
For human weal, had blanched and given an air  
Of snow-bright halo to the mass once black.  
In public service, in high contemplations,  
In poesy's excitement, in the earnest  
Culture of divinest aspirations,  
Thy sable curls grew grey ; and now thou turnest  
Them to radiant lustre, silver-golden,  
Touch'd by that Light no eye hath yet beholden.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF ALTENAHR.

“O the foemen have fired the gate, men  
of mine ;  
And the water is spent and gone ?  
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine—  
I never shall drink but this one.

“And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,  
And lead him me round to the door:  
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,  
As horse never took before.

“I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,  
I have drunk my share of wine ;  
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight  
Led a merrier life than mine.

“I have lived by the saddle for years two score ;  
And if I must die on tree—  
Why the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,  
Is the properest timber for me.

“So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,  
How the Altenahr hawk can die :  
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest  
He must take to his wings and fly.”

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,  
And he mounted his horse at the door ;  
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,  
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,  
And he leapt him out over the wall ;  
Out over the cliff, out into the night,  
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,  
With never a bone in him whole—  
A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,  
For such a bold rider's soul.

C. KINGSLEY.

## THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH.

(FROM A POCKET-BOOK OF FORTY YEARS AGO.)



FORTY years ago!

An old pocket-book lies before me, bound in scarlet morocco, and fastened with a silver clasp. The leather is mildewed; the silver tarnished; the paper yellow; the ink faded. It has been hidden away at the back of an antique oaken bureau since the last day of the year during which I had it in use; and that was forty years ago. Aye, here is a page turned down—turned down at Wednesday, March the eleventh, eighteen hundred and twenty-three. The entry against that date is brief and obscure enough.

“Wednesday, March 11th. Walked from Frascati to Palazzuola, the ancient site of Alba Longa, on the Alban



lake. Lodged at Franciscan convent. Brother Geronimo. Dare one rely on the testimony of the senses? *Dieu sait tout.*"

Brief as it is, however, that memorandum fires a train of long-dormant memories, and brings back with painful vividness all the circumstances to which it bears reference. I will endeavour to relate them as calmly and succinctly as possible.

I started on foot from Frascati immediately after breakfast, and rested midway in the shade of a wooded ravine between Marino and the heights of Alba Longa. I seem to remember every trivial incident of that morning walk. I remember how the last year's leaves crackled under my feet, and how the green lizards darted to and fro in the sunlight. I fancy I still hear the slow drip of the waters that trickled down the cavernous rocks on either hand. I fancy I still smell the heavy perfume of the violets among the ferns. It was not yet noon when I emerged upon the upper ridge, and took the path that leads to Monte Cavo. The woodcutters were busy among the chesnut slopes of Palazzuola.

They paused in their work, and stared at me sullenly as I passed by. Presently a little turn in the footway brought the whole lake of Albano before my eyes. Blue, silent, solitary, set round with overhanging woods, it lay in the sunshine, four hundred feet below, like a sapphire at the bottom of a malachite vase. Now and then a soft breath from the west ruffled the placid mirror, and blurred the pictured landscape on its surface. Now and then, a file of mules, passing unseen among the forest-paths, sent a faint sound of tinkling bells across the lake. I sat down in the shade of a clump of cork-trees, and contemplated the panorama. To my left, on a precipitous platform at the verge of the basin, with Monte Cavo towering up behind, stretched the long white façade of the Convent of Palazzuola; on the opposite height, standing clear against the sky, rose the domes and pines of Castel Gondolfo; to the far right, in the blinding sunshine of the Campagna, Rome and the Etruscan hills.

In this spot I established myself for the day's sketching. Of so vast a scene, I could, necessarily, only select

a portion. I chose the Convent, with its background of mountain, and its foreground of precipice and lake ; and proceeded patiently to work out, first the leading features, and next the minuter details, of the subject. Thus occupied (with an occasional pause to watch the passing of a cloud-shadow, or listen to the chiming of a distant chapel-bell) I lingered on, hour after hour, till the sun hung low in the west, and the woodcutters were all gone to their homes. I was now at least three miles from either the town of Albano or the village of Castel Gondolfo, and was, moreover, a stranger to the neighbourhood. I looked at my watch. There remained but one half-hour of good daylight, and it was important that I should find my way before the dusk closed in. I rose reluctantly, and, promising myself to return to the same spot on the morrow, packed away my sketch, and prepared for the road.

At this moment, I saw a monk standing in an attitude of meditation upon a little knoll of rising ground some fifty yards ahead. His back was turned towards me ; his cowl was up, his arms were folded across his breast.

Neither the splendour of the heavens nor the tender beauty of the earth was anything to him. He seemed unconscious even of the sunset.

I hurried forward, eager to inquire my nearest path along the woods that skirt the lake; and my shadow lengthened out fantastically before me as I ran. The monk turned abruptly. His cowl fell. He looked at me, face to face. There were not more than eighteen yards between us. I saw him as plainly as I now see the page on which I write. Our eyes met . . . . My God! shall I ever forget those eyes?

He was still young, still handsome, but so lividly pale, so emaciated, so worn with passion, and penance, and remorse, that I stopped involuntarily, like one who finds himself on the brink of a chasm. We stood thus for a few seconds—both silent, both motionless. I could not have uttered a syllable had my life depended on it. Then, as abruptly as he had turned towards me, he turned away, and disappeared among the trees. I remained for some minutes gazing after him. My heart throbbed painfully. I shuddered, I knew not why. The very air

seemed to have grown thick and oppressive ; the very sunset, so golden a moment since, had turned suddenly to blood.

I went on my way, disturbed and thoughtful. The livid face and lurid eyes of the monk haunted me. I dreaded every turn of the path, lest I should again encounter them. I started when a twig fell, or a dead leaf fluttered down beside me. I was almost ashamed of the sense of relief with which I heard the sound of voices some few yards in advance, and, emerging upon an open space close against the convent, saw some half dozen friars strolling to and fro in the sunset. I inquired my way to Albano, and learned that I was still more than two miles distant.

“ It will be quite dark before the Signore arrives,” said one, courteously. “ The Signore would do well to accept a cell at Palazzuola for the night.”

I remembered the monk, and hesitated.

“ There is no moon now,” suggested another ; “ and the paths are unsafe for those who do not know them.”

While I was yet undecided, a bell rang, and three or four of the loiterers went in.

“It is our supper hour,” said the first speaker. “The Signore will at least condescend to share our simple fare ; and afterwards, if he still decides to sleep at Albano, one of our younger brethren shall accompany him as far as the Cappucini, at the entrance to the town.”

I accepted this proposition gratefully, followed my entertainers through the convent gates, and was ushered into a stone hall, furnished with a long dining table, a pulpit, a clock, a double row of deal benches, and an indifferent copy of the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The Superior advanced to welcome me.

“You have come among us, Signore,” he said, “on an evening when our table is but poorly provided. Although this is not one of the appointed fast-days of the Church, we have been abstaining at Palazzuola in memory of certain circumstances connected with our own brotherhood. I hope, however, that our larder may be found to contain something better suited to a traveller’s appetite than the fare you now see before you.”



Saying thus, he placed me at his right hand at the upper end of the board, and there stood till the monks were all in their places. He then repeated a Latin grace ; after which, each brother took his seat, and began. They were twenty-three in number, twelve on one side, and eleven on the other ; but I observed that a place was left vacant near the foot of the table, as if the twelfth man were yet to come. The twelfth, I felt sure, was he whom I had encountered on the way. Once possessed with this conviction, I could not keep from watching the door. Strange ! I so dreaded and loathed his coming, that I almost felt as if his presence would be less intolerable than the suspense in which I awaited it !

In the meantime the monks ate in silence ; and even the Superior, whose language and address were those of a well-informed man, seemed constrained and thoughtful. Their supper was of the most frugal description, and consisted of only bread, salad, grapes, and maccaroni. Mine was before long reinforced with a broiled pigeon and a flask of excellent Orvieto. I enjoyed my fare, however, as little as they seemed to enjoy theirs. Fasting as I was,



I had no appetite. Weary as I was, I only longed to push my plate aside, and resume my journey.

“The Signore will not think of going farther to-night,” said the Superior, after an interval of prolonged silence.

I muttered something about being expected at Albano.

“Nay, but it is already dusk, and the sky hath clouded over suddenly within the last fifteen minutes,” urged he. “I fear much that we have a storm approaching. What sayest thou, brother Antonio?”

“It will be a wild night,” replied the brother with whom I had first spoken.

“Ay, a wild night,” repeated an old monk, lower down the table; “like this night last year—like this night two years ago!”

The Superior struck the table angrily with his open hand.

“Silence!” he exclaimed, authoritatively. “Silence there; and let brother Anselmo bring lights.”

It was now so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the features of the last speaker, or those of the monk who rose and left the room. Again the profoundest silence fell

upon all present. I could hear the footsteps of brother Anselmo echo down the passage, till they died away ; and I remember listening vaguely to the ticking of the clock at the farther end of the refectory, and comparing it in my own mind to the horrible beating of an iron heart. Just at that moment a sharp gust of wind moaned past the windows, bearing with it a prolonged reverberation of distant thunder.

“ Our storms up here in the mountain are severe and sudden,” said the Prior, resuming our conversation at the point where it had been interrupted ; “ and even the waters of yonder placid lake are sometimes so tempestuous that no boat dare venture across. I fear, Signore, that you will find it impossible to proceed to Albano.”

“ Should the tempest come up, reverend father,” I replied, “ I will, undoubtedly, accept your hospitality, and be grateful for it ; but if——”

I broke off abruptly. The words failed on my lips, and I pushed away the flask from which I was about to fill my glass.

Brother Anselmo had brought in the lamps, and there,

in the twelfth seat at the opposite side of the table, sat the monk. I had not seen him take his place. I had not heard him enter. Yet there he sat, pale and death-like, with his burning eyes fixed full upon me! No one noticed him. No one spoke to him. No one helped him to the dishes on the table. He neither ate, nor drank, nor held companionship with any of his fellows; but sat among them like an excommunicated wretch whose penance was silence and fasting.

“You do not eat, Signore,” said the Prior.

“I—I thank you, reverend father,” I faltered. “I have dined.”

“I fear, indifferently. Would you like some other wine? Our cellar is not so ill-furnished as our larder.”

I declined by a gesture.

“Then we will retire to my room, and take coffee.”

And the Superior rose, repeated a brief Latin thanksgiving, and ushered me into a small well-lighted parlour, opening off a passage at the upper end of the hall, where there were some half-dozen shelves of books, a couple of easy chairs, a bright wood fire, and a little table laden

with coffee and cakes. We had scarcely seated ourselves when a tremendous peal of thunder seemed to break immediately over the convent, and was followed by a cataract of rain.

“The Signore is safer here than on the paths between Palazzuola and Albano,” said the Superior, sipping his coffee.

“I am, indeed,” I replied. “Do I understand that you had a storm here on the same night last year, and the year before?”

The Prior’s face darkened.

“I cannot deny the coincidence,” he said, reluctantly ; “but it is a mere coincidence, after all. The—the fact is that a very grievous and terrible catastrophe happened to our community on this day three years ago ; and the brethren believe that Heaven sends the tempest in memory of that event. Monks, Signore, are superstitious ; and if we consider their isolated lives, it is not surprising that they should be so.”

I bowed assent. The Prior was evidently somewhat a man of the world.

“Now with regard to Palazzuola,” continued he, disregarding the storm, and chatting on quite leisurely; “here are twenty-three brethren, most of them natives of the small towns among the mountains hereabout; and of that twenty-three, not ten have been even so far as Rome in their lives.”

“Twenty-three!” I repeated. “Twenty-four, surely, *mio padre!*”

“I did not include myself,” said the Prior, stiffly.

“Neither did I include you,” I exclaimed; “but I counted twenty-four of the order at table, just now.”

The Prior shook his head.

“No, no, Signore,” replied he. “Twenty-three, only.”

“But I am positive!” said I.

“And so am I,” rejoined he, politely but firmly.

I paused. I was certain. I could not be mistaken.

“Nay, *mio padre,*” I said, “they were twenty-three at first; but the brother who came in afterwards made the twenty-fourth.”

“Afterwards?” echoed the Prior. “I am not aware that any brother came in afterwards.”

“A sickly, haggard-looking monk,” pursued I, “with singularly bright eyes—eyes which, I confess, produced on me a very unpleasant impression! He came in just before the lights were brought.”

The Prior moved uneasily in his chair, and poured out another cup of coffee.

“Where did you say he sat, Signore?” said he.

“In the vacant seat at the lower end of the table, on the opposite side to myself.”

The Prior set down his coffee untasted, and rose in great agitation.

“For God’s sake, Signore,” stammered he, “be careful what you say! Did you—did you see this? Is this true?”

“True?” I repeated, trembling I knew not why, and turning cold from head to foot. “As true as that I live and breathe! Why do you ask?”

“Sickly and haggard-looking, with singularly bright eyes,” said the Prior, looking very pale himself. “Had it—had it the appearance of a young man?”

“Of a young man worn with suffering and remorse,”

I replied. "But—but it was not the first time, *mio padre!* I saw him before—this afternoon—down near the chestnut-woods, on a knoll of rising ground, overlooking the lake. He was standing with his back to the sunset."

The Prior fell on his knees before a little carved crucifix that hung beside the fireplace.

"REQUIEM ÆTERNUM DONA EIS, DOMINE; ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS," said he, brokenly. The rest of his prayer was inaudible, and he remained for some minutes with his face buried in his hands.

"I implore you to tell me the meaning of this," I said, when he at length rose, and sank, still pale and agitated, into his chair.

"I will tell what I may, Signore," he replied; "but I must not tell you all. It is a secret that belongs to our community, and none of us are at liberty to repeat it. Three years ago, one of our brethren was detected in the commission of a great crime. He had suffered, struggled against it, and at last, urged by a terrible opportunity, committed it. His life paid for the offence. One who



was deeply wronged by the deed, met him as he was flying from the spot, and slew him as he fled. Signore, the name of that monk was the Fra Geronimo. We buried him where he fell, on a knoll of rising ground close against the chestnut woods that border the path to Marino. We had no right to lay his remains in consecrated ground; but we fast and say masses for his soul on each anniversary of that fearful day."

The Prior paused, and wiped his brow.

"But, *mio padre*——" I began.

"This day last year," interrupted he, "one of the woodcutters yonder took a solemn oath that he met the Fra Geronimo on that very knoll, at sunset. Our brethren believed the man!—but I, Heaven forgive me! was incredulous. Now, however——"

"Then—then you believe," faltered I—"you believe that I have seen——"

"Brother Geronimo," said the Prior, solemnly.

And I believe it, too. I am told, perhaps, that it was a delusion of the senses. Granted; but, is not such a delusion, in itself, a phenomenon as appalling as the

veriest legend that superstition evokes from the world beyond the grave? How shall we explain the nature of the impression? Whence comes it? By what material agency is it impressed upon the brain? These are questions leading to abysses of speculation before which the sceptic and the philosopher alike recoil—questions which I am unable to answer. I only know that these things came within the narrow radius of my own experience; that I saw them with my own eyes; and that they happened just forty years ago, on the eleventh of March, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-three.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

## CAPTIVITY.



HOSTS of old joy and pain,  
Of sorrows and delights, that we have wept  
And buried out of sight,—where have they  
slept,  
That they should come again?

We think that we are free ;—  
Travellers we were, but we have reached the shore,—  
Captives we were, but we are held no more  
In the old captivity :—

The chains are rent at last  
That bound us ;—rent and fallen and buried low,  
Sunk deeper than the book of Prospero  
In the unfathomed past.

And yet sometimes by night  
In dreams intenser than realities,  
And sometimes rising to our waking eyes  
When all the world is light,—

We see them as they were,  
Those forms of love and friendship and regret,  
All we have known and lost ; we see them yet  
How sorrowful—how fair !

Some touch, some look, some tone  
Renews the shattered links, once more to bind  
In the old chains the unresisting mind  
To thoughts we fancied gone.

Like him, the King, who wore  
The iron girdle fast about his breast,  
Who, while he gayest seemed, or most at rest,  
Did penance evermore :

So we from first to last,  
To what is present with us only free,—  
If free at all,—in all our memory  
Are captives to the past.

A. C. L.

BEATRICE.



H AIR Beatrice sat in her tower alone,  
While the sky grew dark and a few drops  
fell,

And sitting she thought upon him that was gone,  
Gone over the brow of yon far away hill.

He thought but of her in his riding alone,  
Though the sky grew dark and a few drops fell,  
He heard not the threatening thunder tone  
As he paced o'er the brow of that far away hill.

A flash and a roar—his good steed shied—  
The sky frowned black and the big drops fell—  
It struggled, it reared, toppled over the side,  
The steep rock face of that far away hill.

Tall pines, craped mourners, sighed over his head,  
Laid still while upon it the cold drops fell :  
The stream moved slow, like the hearse of the dead,  
Deep, dark, at the foot of the far away hill.

They brought him back to her : she met them alone ;  
She knew he was dead, but no tear fell :  
God left her not very long here to bemoan  
Him whom they bore o'er yon far away hill.

RODEN NOEL.



THE PURPLE OF THE WEST.

A CANZONERO.

I. NIGHTFALL.



ON the broad bosom of the sea-thron'd hills  
Flow'd level sunbeams, with their yellowish  
light

Kindling on each long slope gorse, heather, rock.

Down sank the massive curtains of the dews  
On yon blue floor for seraphs: quivering gold  
Burn'd in the midst, one column unimpaired.

Its feeding fire went large and dazzling down:  
Full through the subject elements amazed  
Firmly their monarch trod, with still farewell.

His broad lip sinketh under stirless brine :  
Yet scarcely from their faint and gasping pause  
His vassals, Energies of Nature, turn,

Scarcely the pale cheek of the dusking air  
Can faltering twilight breeze essay to fan,  
Or peering star prevent yon masking haze,

Yon masking haze, which here hath not enwrapt  
Our forward path, nor thickens on the brow  
Cold-kissing dewdrops from its humid breath,

But creeps in many a white, unearthly fold  
From tangled copses, melting in the gloom,  
Whence one by one the bats, like shadows, wheel—

Thro' the deep meadows, mid the slumbering kine,  
O'er water-loving rushes, o'er the dun  
Sea-sprinkled rosmarins, and feathery ferns,

Millefleur and hemlock, tangled in the brake,  
And wild rose, fragile in the pitiless winds,  
All crowded, hearkening to the sorrowing streams.

2. MOONRISE.

Over the casement and the balcony  
Trembled the shadows of the birchen leaves:  
Full tow'rd imperial features moonlight flow'd—

Whit'ning her temples, if more white could be,  
Deep'ning her tresses and her eyelashes—  
A vision full of beauty and of hope,  
To rouse the sadness of death-haunted men.

Methought each beam came sailing like a sylph,  
To light and die upon, her lustrous face,

And touch'd it only with his glittering thread,  
And perish'd in a murmur of delight,  
Full sweetly calling those, who thronged behind.

Some from her roses drew but half the glow,  
Some fed the golden wellsprings of her eyne,  
Some sank beside them in a violet grave,  
Some led blue shadows from her lips and hair.

How could I look away before I slept?  
How could I sleep unless I dream'd of her?  
How dar'd I waken, when I dream'd no more?

3. WATERCOLOURS.

Her tresses, hanging like the snares of men,  
O'er dainty crimson and proud white, the fire  
Of eyebeams, dropping deep and fine desire—  
All those unmoving beauties felt my ken  
Fixed on them, but my fingers shook agen,  
And seemed at every line their force to tire,  
While to the pitch of fancy they aspire,  
Making my brain her only portrait then.  
For she impress'd it, like the spring-sun's power,  
In the first break of warm and quickening light,

Painting the opening bosom of the flower,  
Which ever basking, ever grows more bright.  
How long a summer was to me that hour,  
Whose colours ne'er can fade from inward sight!

## 4. ABSENCE.

Time, idle and unrealizing Time,  
And space, which mainly serves to keep apart,  
Oppress my functions, whilst I gaze athwart  
Waves indistinct, or wait that clocks may chime.  
When will this tardy year attain her' prime,  
And cease to play the hoyden April's part?  
When will red hawthorn scent the month sublime,  
To whose gay companies thou promised art?  
For I am like a bee, whose autumn treasures,  
Nigh wasted, wanhope and starvation threat;  
And thou like Spring herself, that in large measures  
Wilt honey'd flow'rs before my famine set;  
For in thy graces are the founts of pleasures,  
And in thy light no shadows of regret.

5. CONTEMPLATION.

Lady, when you owned with pleasure  
You could lilt with me that measure,  
When your smile was glancing sweet,  
And the movement from your feet,  
Shedding blitheness on your face,  
Made it seem that such embrace  
Pain'd you not, in hour like this  
I fancied, how the Ephemeris  
Might of happiness know more  
Than men dying at threescore,  
Though his life had worn away  
With the wearing of the day ;  
Though his youth had been a morn,  
And at eve came age forlorn ;  
Though his bride he had carest  
While shadow bends not east or west.

## 6. REFLECTION.

My soul is prisoner: thou for me  
Art holding Beauty's sacred key:  
In the quick world of love and truth  
'Tis thine alone to plant my youth.

There crowded flowers the feet surprise,  
And hours unheeded fly,  
While deep the golden circlet lies,  
Which half my soul would buy.

My feet awhile must flowers delay,  
Which but the pure can share;  
And deep the golden casket stay,  
Which but the brave can bear.

## 7. DIFFIDENCE.

As the proud lily on the water shows,  
Too far to reach, too near to be resign'd,  
Her passing whiteness, in green pomp enshrin'd,  
Which more desired as more despaired of grows:



If but a breath or ripple its repose  
Seem to disturb, our wearied hope we find  
Recruited, and still watch with feverous mind  
For that which thus near only comes, then goes :  
In the green woodlands, by the pleasant wave,  
We linger, till the sunbeam shines its last ;  
So floated near my reach your beauties brave,  
And hours, which make the pink of youth, ran past ;  
And haply 'twas but courteousness, which gave  
The hope, that in fond idlesse held me fast.

8. FROM MICHAEL ANGELO:

From every form whence beauty beams, or grace,  
It finds the heart so suddenly through the eyes,  
Its path so plain, and broad and open lies,  
That strength and virtue guard in vain the place.  
Hence I misdoubt, and dread, and fear my case,  
Lest error, which doth every soul entice,  
From the right course, lurk here ; and I surmise  
Man lacks the sense to look beyond a base,

Brief satisfaction. Few to heavenward soar,  
When in love's fire they live, and drink his bane,  
(Though love is knitted with our life by fate.)  
Unless Grace lead us to, and set before  
Our eye, some beauties of diviner strain,  
How wretched is the lover's best estate!

## 9. MISAPPREHENSION.

When adown the road I wander'd  
Of sweet musings unrestorable,  
Now disconsolate, deplorable,  
Thus within my heart I ponder'd :  
  
Sweet we find ye, dear we find ye,  
While our heart remains deceivable ;  
When the trust is unretrievable,  
Bitter thirst ye leave behind ye.  
  
Power, who for Pygmalion sentest,  
Through the marble charms perdurable,  
Warmth and sweetness unsecurable,  
Sweet with bitter loans thou lentest.

Venus, to my longings listen,  
If one pray'r I might ingratiate :  
Let one smile my bosom satiate,  
Wherein love and honour glisten :

Make me, then, perpetual marble,  
Witness of a dream so lovable,  
As the deep, the unremovable,  
Sorrows Niobè enmarble.

10. ICH DIEN.

Ah! turn not once on meaner mark thine eyes,  
That Hope may more enrich them! How should Hope  
Outbid the grandeur of the loftier scope,  
That lifts the soul, that for true beauty sighs?  
'Tis for true service that the martyr dies,  
And who for Mammon with grim death would cope?  
Yet those who serve not, oft in vain may grope  
For what we count the world's most facile prize.

If princely heart for ladyhood must pine,  
If scarce can princely hand her hope sustain,  
Yet waste not therefore fancy's workings fine  
On charms that might possess some baser brain ;  
For only there all passion's left behind,  
Where Reason's pilot feels his perfect wind.

C. B. CAYLEY.

ENGLISH SEPTEMBER.



THE song of the year hath caught its old  
refrain:

Everything tells again and yet again,  
The immemorial story—Summer's on the wane.

The grass growing lush and tall by river-side,  
The creeping mists that veil the landscape's pride,  
The quiet sunset sky, more and more glorified,—

The meadows browned by many a burning noon,  
The closing in of twilight all too soon,  
The mellow, matron radiance of the harvest moon,—

The foliage, full and massed, of waiting trees,  
The wailing cadence sighed amid the breeze,—  
A thousand small yet signal sights and sounds like  
these—

Serene, resignèd Autumn all declare :  
Behold the ominous Presence everywhere,  
And Beauty fading—fading,—even so most fair.


The hectic glow, prophetic of decay,  
Will flush the woods more brightly day by day,  
As though in fullest glory Life would pass away.—

Then comes the time of winds and stormy grief,  
And desperate rain like a full heart's relief,  
Till from the golden boughs hath fallen the last  
leaf.

And then the stillness as of fulfilled Fate—  
And Earth, submissive to be desolate,  
Shrouds herself 'mid her snows—calmly for Spring  
to wait.

MARIAN JAMES.

## GIBBON AND HUME IN PARIS.

 ENGLAND as a whole may be said to have got into fashion amongst the highly educated classes in Paris towards the end of the eighteenth century. As early as 1763, the France of the *salons* professed an almost unqualified admiration for England. We are told by Gibbon, who went to Paris about that period, that English opinions, English fashions, English games, were adopted in high life. And why? The reason is a curious one. Because every Englishman was supposed to be born a "philosopher." As the close of the eighteenth century drew nearer, this tendency to imitate everything that was English, extended so far as to border on mania. The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, gave to the movement a most decisive impulse.



Farewell the embroidered coat! Farewell the *chapeau bras*! France was literally invaded by a victorious host of frock-coats and round hats. Farewell the long-tailed horse! How could France possibly do without British docked tails? A groom became one of the necessaries of life; and to speak French with something like an English accent was considered quite gentlemanly.

No wonder that in a society thus disposed, such men as the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" should have been welcomed with open arms, in spite of what Walpole writes to Mr. Brand. "I have told my Parisian friends, and I am undone by it, that they have taken from us the mania of admiring the two dullest things we had, whist and Richardson."

Still less could such a man as Gibbon fail to enlist in his favour the sympathies of the Parisian *salons*. Independently of his great talents, he spoke French like a native; nay, more, it was the familiar language of his conversation and studies, and he himself informs us in his autobiography that it was easier for him to write in French than in his mother tongue. Indeed, it was in

French that he had composed, while at Lausanne, his "Essay on the Study of Literature." This, one may well imagine, was thought a most flattering compliment to the nation ; and as he probably had some of the desirable English accent which was then in vogue, it is obvious that, what with good French syntax and bad French pronunciation, he must have combined in himself all the elements of success.

"According to his own account, the principal end of his journey to Paris was to enjoy the society of a polished and amiable people, in whose favour he was strongly prejudiced, and to converse with some authors whose conversation," as he fondly imagined, "must be far more pleasing and instructive than their writings."

Were his expectations disappointed? Just the reverse. He was delighted with everything he saw, with everything he heard.

His impressions he has himself described as follows :

"In a capital like Paris, it is proper and necessary to have some letters of recommendation to distinguish you from the crowd ; but as soon as the ice is broken, your

acquaintances multiply, and your new friends take a pleasure in introducing you to others still more new. . . . At London, a way must be made into people's houses, and their owners think they confer a favour by receiving you. Here, they think that they confer one upon themselves; thus I know more houses in Paris than in London. The fact seems improbable, but it is true."

Gibbon had every reason to praise the urbanity of the Parisian *salons*, as the wits, the philosophers, and the beauties vied with one another in bidding him welcome. Even Madame du Deffand gave him credit for never having laid himself open to ridicule: a declaration all the more remarkable, on the part of a lady extremely hard to please, because the great English historian, plain as he was, seems to have a little overprized his personal attractions. Moreover, he was known to take offence at trifles, and when this happened, Horace Walpole represents him squeezing his round features, screwing up his button mouth, and rapping his snuff-box. For, said many an uncharitable tongue, he had a snuff-box to make people believe that he had a nose.

Be this as it may, his little weaknesses were kindly overlooked, whilst his great qualities and talents were highly appreciated; and he felt so happy, when in France, that, speaking of that period of his life, he says: "Had I been rich and independent, *I* should have prolonged, and, perhaps, have fixed my residence at Paris."

Among those who had the good fortune to become spoiled children of Fashion, I might name several English gentlemen, Horace Walpole, for example, and Wilkes, whose passport into the fashionable world was a rather objectionable adventure with a Neapolitan enchantress. But no one deserves so well to be singled out in this respect, as David Hume, because there was nothing, in fact, to account for his fashionable popularity.

A great philosopher, a great historian, a man of genius, was certainly entitled to be welcomed by the Parisians; but not content with welcoming and admiring, and courting him, they were pleased to treat him, to speak Walpole's language, like an African prince or a learned canary bird. Between the *salons* of Paris

there was a regular scramble for the possession of this marvel—Mr. David Hume.

Nor is it an easy matter to discover by what external endowments of nature he attracted the eyes and conquered the hearts of the Parisian beauties. His was a broad, sleek, inexpressive face. His figure has been likened to a tub. Walpole, alluding to his countryman's wonderful popularity with the fair sex, writes to a friend :—“He must be the only thing in the world that they believe in implicitly ; for I defy them to understand any language which he speaks.”

Grimm says :—“David Hume is a good sort of man ; his comprehension is acute, but his person is heavy ; there is about him neither animation nor grace, nor anything whatever which may square with the tastes and prattling of those charming little dolls called pretty women. Oh ! what a queer set of people we are !”

Poor Grimm ! he saw a mote in his neighbour's eye, but did not see a beam in his own !

Certain it is, that never did Hume make his appear-

ance at the Opera, without being surrounded by some of those charming little dolls alluded to.

The English philosopher, in his life written by himself, boasts of "having taken a particular pleasure in the company of modest women." How is it, then, that his attendance at a lady's toilette was one of the most important items of her daily programme? For such was the case. The world must be made aware that while Madame So-and-so was busy putting on rouge, there stood by her side her grave-looking admirer, Mr. David Hume!

He had got such a name as a lady-killer, that one evening, Madame d'Epinaÿ having favoured her guests with a sort of theatrical entertainment, he was, on the strength of his reputation, selected to play the part of an Eastern Sultan, whose business it was to bewitch two of the most beautiful slaves that ever graced the seraglio with their presence. The account of Madame d'Epinaÿ brings out into strange relief Hume's talents for love-making. Being seated on a sofa with his two fair victims, he began to leer awkwardly on one of them, then on the other, knocked his knees against each

other, and could not possibly go beyond stammering over and over again :

“Eh bien, Mesdemoiselles, vous voilà, donc ! Eh bien, vous voila ici—well, ladies, here you are. I am so glad you are here.” This fine sentence having lasted about a quarter of an hour, one of the Sultanas rose in a fit of impatience, exclaiming, “I never thought his highness had been fed upon anything but calves’ brains.”

The Sultan, of course, was deposed instantly.

In spite of this and some other shortcomings, our philosopher was so delighted with Paris, that he wrote at that time exactly as Gibbon did : “There is a real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which this city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life.”

Neither Hume nor Gibbon thought, at that time, that those amiable, frivolous, and fashionable people were dallying on the brink of a precipice, and that the earthquake was near at hand which is called the French Revolution !

LOUIS BLANC.



## THE LORELEY.

“Von weinen und von klagen  
Muget ir . . . . hoeren sagen.”

DER NIBELUNGE NOT.



MURMUR not! murmur not, Father Rhene,  
Flowing thy blossomy banks between!  
For silent now are both air and water.  
Murmur not! murmur not, Father Rhene!  
But listen alive in the silence green,  
Or answer alone  
In a low under-tone  
To the singing of thy white daughter.

I am a Queen of echoes. I shepherd my fainting flocks  
The lawns and meadows among,  
By the streams, still as dreams,  
Past the rocks

*The Loreley.*

Where the long light gleams  
On the mountain flox,  
From their silent cells  
In the dewy dells,  
To the sound of a silver song.

Bodiless echoes! soft blind things

With dizzy heads and throbbing hearts,  
And cloven tongues where music clings,  
My filmy folk, with a multitude of wings,  
My folk from a multitude of parts!

Say, are ye there in your places, all?

All.

Answer me, answer me, answer my call!

Call!

A Queen of echoes however divine,

Still only, ah me! a haunted Queen  
In a hollow land! O Father mine,  
Comfort me! Father, I pine! I pine!

Comfort me, Father Rhene!

For, lone by the river,

I listen for ever,  
For ever repeating  
A ghostly greeting  
From a reachless life that is richer than mine :  
A life, not lived, only heard and seen :  
A life that doth lie on the ear and the eye,  
Aloud and alight with sound and sheen :  
Which to list, and to look at, repiningly,  
My soul, in amazement,  
At porch and at casement,  
All eye, all ear, delighteth to lean ;  
Trembling, as, under the south wind's sigh,  
Trembles thy surface serene, Father Rhene,  
And in trembling renders reply.  
So I make to myself a mystery,  
Full of a mournful melody,  
Of a world woven out of the trance and song  
Of the real world as it rushes along ;  
The shade of a shade  
That is lightly laid  
Under the spirit that chases me keen ;

The sound of a sound  
That is flowing around  
The rolling orb like a river, between  
The earth and the sky,  
Melodiously,  
Till my senses are drown'd  
In a dream of that sound,  
Dreaming of what it may mean,  
Father Rhene.

Life and Death, they pass me by  
Looking upon me wistfully—  
Life and Death, with a smile and a sigh!  
Love and Hate, Pleasure and Pain,  
They sing to me songs which I sing them again,  
Sweetly, more sweetly than they!  
But smiling, or sighing, they follow their way;  
They do but listen; they will not stay;  
And, ah me! when they seem to have something to  
say,  
Something my soul would retain,

With a smile or a sigh,  
They all fleet by,  
And only their echoes remain!  
Echoes! echoes from cliff and shore!  
Echoes! echoes under and o'er!  
And a hollow sound, and a heart full sore  
With echoes of echoes, and nothing more!

A Queen of echoes however divine,  
Still only a dying hearted Queen  
In a drowsy land! I pine, I pine,  
For the love of a love that is not mine!  
Murmur not, murmur not, linger and lean,  
Lightly lean near to me, Father Rhene.  
And listen, listen to my low song.  
Listen! listen! The white stones glisten:  
The green pools wrinkle: the gold stars twinkle:  
The blue mists wander the meadows among:  
Sigh not, nor moan to me: listen alone to me:  
The music is faint, but the meaning is strong.

All day long,  
The whole day long,  
Moved from the heart of the murmuring land,  
Dropt from the white cloud afloat in the sky,  
Lispt by the wave-lips along the smooth sand,  
Humm'd in the red reeds where hot oozes dry  
Stiff on the high yellow strand ;  
From larks soaring sunward : from boats drifting  
onward,  
Where the fishermen sing when the fishing is done :  
From the hoofs of the horses where knights, riding  
townward,  
Flash bright through the green leaves, clash shrill  
on the stone :  
Suckt out of the heart of the small purple flower  
That nods on the top of the tall craggy tower,  
Blowing, and glowing, alone :  
In the long flowing downward  
Of every blue hour  
Loos'd in light from the rims of the sun :  
Millions of sights and of sounds

Fill me, and thrill me, forever  
With the music of all that abounds  
In blue air 'twixt the rocks and the river.  
And I sing : and the sound of my singing  
Is so sweet that men listen and shudder :  
The knights, to their saddle-bows springing,  
Cross themselves, and ride faster in fear :  
Young lovers turn pale as they hear :  
The helmsman grasps hard at the rudder :  
And afar from the rocks, set a-ringing  
With music, the fishermen steer.  
Ah, will not any come near ?  
Ah, will not any stay here ?  
Fleeting and flowing,  
Coming and going,  
The world appeareth, and all his doing :  
Like the dancing spirits that rise and fall,  
And dissolve themselves in a crystal ball,  
To the wizard that wistfully watches them all.  
When gray blasts blow,  
And glens are chill,



And the cloud on the hill  
Hangs heavy and low,  
I lie light, I lie still,  
On a bed of pearl ;  
Under the ripples that over me curl,  
Each one arching his silver bow,  
And shooting over his brother's head  
Shaft after shaft at the stony shore :  
Shaft after shaft, till a million be sped,  
And then follows a million more.  
There, drooping the eyelid dreamily  
Over the dusk of a half-shut eye,  
I watch the topsy-turvy world  
Winking and wavering overhead  
In the glistening water, all clear-spread  
To a thin green glare, till the gust hath furl'd  
His wearied wing in a ruin'd sky,  
Where the weak white star, dejectedly,  
Sets forth with a lamp ill-fed.  
But when the sun in a golden censer  
Hangs steady and strong his throbbing fire,

And the noon is heavy on blossom and bell,  
And the look of all things grows intenser,  
Like a face that is filled with supprest desire,  
Then I float up to my airy cell.  
There is no sound, save a weary bee  
Bewilder'd by blue immensity :  
Like an ogre asleep  
On a heap of bones,  
The castle-keep  
'Mid his clumpèd stones  
Drowzes aloof in the bluest blue air :  
At the lattice, twining a lazy tress,  
The pearl-white wife of the Landgrave leans :  
Loosening, for very listlessness,  
The gordian'd braids of her golden hair :  
Under the hill, where the freckled beans  
Are sweetest if ever a light wind stirs,  
The field mouse flitteth from lair to lair :  
Grown suddenly grave as kings and queens,  
Akimbo are sitting the grasshoppers :  
The vines are adroop on their dusty screens

But, through airy gaps, the warm breeze expands,  
Come golden gleams of lone corn lands  
With their few sultry harvesters.

Your world is fair, as I see it there, O ye of the earth !

but fairer

Is the world unseen, whereof I am Queen,

(Fairer far, far fairer !)

For therein is whatever your world doth mean,

Only royaller, richer, and rarer !

Since your eyes are so weak they never could bear

The light of a thing so bright and fair,

The sight of a thing so rich and rare :

But who will be my hearer ?

Let him listen, and he shall hear,

And, hearing, seem deep under the stream

In a glorious dream, to see it gleam,

The pure gold, the fine gold,

The glory of gold,

Rhein gold ! Rhein gold !

Here as of old !

When the royal River  
    Bade his three daughters  
Guard it for ever,  
    Beneath the blithe waters,  
Unreveal'd to men's sight once :  
    The white ones, the bright ones  
Singing and dancing around it !  
    Springing and glancing around it !  
Till Alberic, the little thief, found it,  
    And stole it by stealth away,  
    Stole the Rhein's wealth away,  
From the place where the bright ones had bound  
    it.

Alberic, the wicked dwarf !  
Then, on Walhala wharf,  
Full of great mirth, and gay,  
From their high golden town  
All the loud gods lookt down,  
Laughing large laughter.  
But, not long after,  
Great griefs the stolen treasure

Wrought upon earth,  
Dealing in doleful measure  
Madness to mirth :  
Many a noble Ritter  
Rued the ill-gotten glitter,  
Many a fair wife, too,  
Rued many a Ritter true,  
Till back again,  
Misused in vain,  
Hither down-roll'd,  
Camest thou, O Rhein gold,  
Glory of fine gold !  
Rhein gold ! Rhein gold !  
Here as of old !  
Never again,  
Ah ha !  
Shall ye see the gold gleaming !  
Never, O men,  
Ah ha !  
Save in dreaming, in dreaming !  
Never to ye, now,

Shall the glory belong,  
Saying it be, now,  
In song,—my song!  
On the surface what gleameth  
Is shallow and new:  
In the deeps what beameth  
Is ancient and true:  
And the stream, it streameth  
Aloft, aloft,  
And fleeteth, and seemeth  
To change full oft:  
But the deep it sleepeth  
Adown, adown,  
Nor changeth, but keepeth  
Its heart unshown.  
New love telleth  
Of love that is flown:  
The true love dwelleth  
Alone! alone!  
Hither, love, hither, love, rest ye, my own!

Men, call they me cruel? what know I?  
Love and glory, knowledge and faith,  
Have they not voices that lure to the death?  
Cruel and sweet as the serpent's eye,  
As the little cruel serpent's eye?  
Sudden and swift as the serpent's spring,  
As the little sudden serpent's spring?  
Tell me of sweetness and cruelty  
Sweeter or crueller under the sky  
Than love in the heart of an unloved thing.  
And if love be so cruel, then wherefore not I?  
Oh to live, or to die, for anything sweeter  
Than mere life gives, or than mere death takes!  
So making mere life by death completer,  
And death's self live in the hope he awakes.  
'Twere sweeter far than to be as the star  
Where the very heart of the stillness aches,  
Whom the winds, that are forever at war  
With the souls of the rivers and seas and lakes,  
Neither move nor mar in that lustre afar  
Which only the joy of his own heart shakes.



Oh! to weep and be wept for! what sweet tears!  
Oh! to kiss and be kiss'd! what blessed kisses!  
To love and be loved, with the love that endears  
That something of sorrow, which out of all blisses  
Draws keen to its length the full sharpness and  
strength  
Of man's life, as a man draws the sword from the  
sheath:  
Then to die at last, O sweet, sweet death!  
For dear love's sake, lest love should despond  
Of a bliss beyond.

Heart, my heart! I prithee decree  
Which of human kisses three,  
If thine it were, should sweetest be:  
Kiss of lover and of maiden  
All with tender trouble laden?  
Love's first life!  
Kiss of husband and of wife  
Sealing fast two hearts with strength,  
Love's life's length!

Kiss of mother and of child,  
Perfect, pure, and undefiled?  
Holist kiss of kisses three!  
Nay, the kiss of God must be  
Best when mortal kissings cease  
From lips at peace;  
And all mortal loves, set free  
In life's release  
Claim, and find eternity  
For love's increase.

What am I singing? the selfsame strain!  
Which the rocks beat back on my heart again.  
Vain! vain! Pleasure, and Pain,  
Life and death, and all their train,  
With a smile, or a sigh, they pass me by,  
And only their echoes remain:  
For only a Queen of echoes am I,  
Sitting outside of humanity,  
Whose echoes alone I retain!

Echoes! echoes! from cliff and shore:  
Echoes! echoes! from hollow and hill:  
Echoes! echoes! and nothing more,  
But only echoes, and echoes still:  
And a wish that can never work its will  
In a life without love, neither good nor ill,  
I would, dear God, it were o'er!

Soft! I hear along the sleepy  
Water, under hanging scaurs,  
Shocks of silver sound, minute  
As droppings sweet of starting stars  
That through March midnight stillness shoot.  
In among the low and sweepy  
Flags, where peeps a green frog's foot,  
Little sudden ripples run,  
Busy with the news they bear,  
In strange hurry, every one,  
To unlade with laughter there.  
Each has traffic with the sun;

Broken bits of small sunbeams,  
That in the dark pool flicker bright  
And flit away, like pulsing gleams  
Of that peacock-colour'd light  
Whose eddyings of orbs and rings  
Chase each other through the night  
Of throbbing eyelids prest down tight,  
And all in vain, upon the pain  
Of eyeballs which the burning brain  
Floods, in darkness' own despite,  
With the palpitating train  
And tumult of internal sight.  
    Something is, or something seems,  
    Coming, coming, coming,  
    Like a change in dreams,  
Through the red light, to me, down the stream. Let  
    it be,  
    Laid asleep in the lap of his pine-built bark,  
Some bronze-limb'd fisherboy, bare to the knee,  
With lids long-eyelash'd quiet and dark  
On the healthy heat of an olive cheek :

While the net drips, tinkling spark on spark  
Unheeded over the rough boat's beak.  
And all his thoughts are at hide and seek  
With time and toil, and all his wishes,  
Like a brightening shoal of silver fishes,  
Float on the stream of a summer eve's dream,  
For me to catch in the golden meshes  
Of the song I will weave, and fling out to the eve,  
Till his heart in a tangled joy shall heave ;  
While his long black hair in some green pool  
Grows down to a drowning darkness cool.

Lullaby ! lullaby !

Listen to the Loreley.

Art thou poor ? no love of maiden

Ever match'd with love of mine.

Mortal loves with grief are laden,

Mortal passions peak and pine.

Underneath the rolling Rhine

There is quiet. Nothing moves

Save the green wave through the groves

Of the creaking bulrush cold,  
Making music which doth hold  
Sweet forgetting of long fretting :  
And cares cumber not that slumber  
Over which the water roll'd,  
Lidded eyes doth lap and fold,  
With mild murmurings manifold.  
Plunge ! be bold.

Bid the busy world good bye.  
It must die. Care not why.  
Near, more near,  
Lean and lie with folded eye.  
Thou shalt hear  
Something sigh . . . lullaby,  
Lullaby, lullaby !  
Listen to the Loreley.

Art thou poor ? no chamber'd treasure,  
Guarded for an old king's pride,  
Weight of wealth may ever measure

With the riches that I hide  
Underneath the rolling tide.  
Tost from Kriemhild's battle shield,  
To thine eyes shall be reveal'd  
    Heaps of Niebelunger gold,  
    Green of gorgeous emerolde,  
Many a glory of old story,  
Strange amazing jewels, blazing,  
    Burning bright in caverns cold,  
    By the royal River roll'd  
    Down the hills in days of old,  
    Plunge! be bold.

Let what cometh still go by.

Wherefore try, strive, or vie?

    Be at rest.

Lean and lie with lidded eye.

    Sleep is best.

When waves sigh . . . lullaby,

Lulla . . . lulla . . . lullaby,

Singeth light the Loreley.



Vain! the vexing vesper bell  
Soundeth : "Jesu, shield me well!"  
Saith he : and that sound doth swell  
    Stern o'er cliff and scaur :  
Vain! adown the drowsy river  
Of the even red and dim  
Sails he, chanting his rude hymn  
    To the even star.  
Vain! the song which I do sing  
Back to me my heart doth bring,  
Like a bird with broken wing  
    That flieth not far.

OWEN MEREDITH.

HIS TOWN.



FAR-OFF Town my memory haunts,  
Shut in by fields of corn and flax,  
Like housings gay on elephants  
Heaved on the huge hill-backs.

How pleasantly that image came !  
As down the zigzag road I press'd,  
Blithe, but unable yet to claim  
*His* roof from all the rest.

And I should see my Friend at home,  
Be in the little town at last  
Those welcome letters dated from,  
Gladdening the five years past.

I recollect the summer-light,  
The bridge with poplars at its end,  
The slow brook turning left and right,  
The greeting of my friend.

I found him ; he was mine,—his books,  
His home, his day, his favourite walk,  
The joy of swift-conceiving looks,  
The wealth of living talk.

July, no doubt, comes brightly still  
On blue-eyed flax and yellowing wheat ;  
But Sorrow shadows vale and hill  
Since one heart ceased to beat.

Surely the climate's colder there  
Since Robert died ; it must be so ;  
A dumb regret is in the air ;  
That brook repines to flow.

Wing'd thither, fancy only sees  
The church upon its rising ground,  
And underneath two sycamore trees  
A little grassy mound.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## ACQUISITION AND ILLUMINATION.

PART OF A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE PUPILS OF  
SOME EVENING CLASSES.



HAVE been reflecting upon some phrases which most of us adopt almost without knowing that we adopt them, and which, it seems to me, have done no little harm to our studies. We are apt to draw our language respecting *Knowledge* from that which of right belongs to *Property*. We talk of *transmitting* knowledge as we talk of *transmitting* lands from father to son. We talk of *acquiring* knowledge as we talk of *acquiring* money. Perhaps it scarcely occurs to you—it often does not occur to me—that these are metaphorical or artificial expressions. They have become so worked into our speech, that we suppose they

are just as applicable to learning as they are to houses or to the funds. And I am far from denying that they have a good sense. I should be very sorry to banish them altogether. There is a most important principle involved in the doctrine that a father may leave intellectual treasures to his sons as well as material treasures. There is an important truth in the saying, that knowledge, like bread, is to be acquired by the sweat of the brow. I would keep up the recollection of these facts by occasionally using these familiar expressions, because, if we destroy the connexion between knowledge and property, we shall make property and all that has to do with it more sordid and base. I would say to the rich man, "there is *something* in this language which is worth your remembering." But I would say to him also, "There is a better and nobler language than this; one which tells us what it cannot tell us. The poor man, if you will listen to him, will teach you that language." What is that language? A man goes out to his work, say at six or seven on a January morning. The same miracle occurs every twenty-four hours. The streets are dark, only

made more dismal by a few gas lamps which are gradually put out. The sun appears. There is a light upon his path. The light is upon all the houses and shops amidst which he is walking. The light may not be mixed with much warmth on these wintry days. But he knows there is warmth as well as light there for him and for all who are out in these streets; for all England, for countries utterly unlike England. Light has been associated with knowledge—has been the symbol of the way in which men come to know, in all regions and in all ages. Is it not the natural, the true symbol? If we take those that are derived from property in change for it, do not you think we shall suffer greatly? For see what the difference is! If knowledge comes to us as light comes to us, it can never be third hand or second hand knowledge. The sun is very, very old. But he is new to me every time I welcome him. He is still the bridegroom fresh from his chamber. He is not the least worn or tarnished because my ancestors of the generations of old rejoiced at the sight of him. And again, it does not the least interfere with the illumination which I receive



from him, that tens of thousands of others are illuminated by him at the same instant. I have, no doubt, acquired the illumination—if you mean I am the better for it. I have not acquired it the least if you mean that I can claim it as mine to the injury or exclusion of any other creature. And as to imparting or diffusing it, what I can do in that way is to invite all I know to leave their close houses and enjoy it with me ; or to let it in to their houses when that is possible. If I take any other course than that, I shall not diffuse light, but perhaps darkness.

You may think me perverse for insisting so strongly upon the distinction between these two forms of expression, each of which I allow, within due limits, to be reasonable. But I cannot tell you how much I think is involved in it. I believe that your tasks in each one of your Class-rooms will be fruitful or barren in proportion as you remember or forget it. I will go with you from one to other that you may see whether your experience confirms or refutes mine.

I cannot begin better than with your Drawing-Classes. Those who have studied in those classes have a great

excuse for using the words with which I appear to be finding fault. They do, I am satisfied, *acquire* a great power of using their hands and directing their pencils. They acquire a faculty of observing which they had not before they came here. No one has less right than I have to dispute that these are peculiar gifts, since I can put a singularly little claim to either. And it is equally true that these gifts are not new powers. Men, in other days, have had them. Hints have been left for the exercise of them, which may warrant us in saying that they have been *transmitted* to us. All this is true. And yet when I go into your rooms, it is not for these I envy you. It is that those leaves which you are copying have actually discovered to you their cunning workmanship, their secret beauty. It is that human faces have told you a little of the wonder that is in them. I rejoice that you can express with your pencils something of what they have said to you ; that you can help us to understand them a little. A light has burst upon you which shows you those forms and colours with which you have been familiar so long. The old things have not changed their

own nature, but they have become new to you. You like them all the better because they are the same that you have had with you since you were children. You may indeed have a desire kindled in you to see places of which you have only heard. In the midst of close streets you may dream of mountains and lakes, and wish to come into contact with them, that they may be facts not dreams in your minds. It is well to have your horizon so enlarged. But it is better still that within that horizon, so many things start into life which were almost dead. In each case you have found how truly knowledge is an unveiling of that which is—and of that which is common. If you have been at ever so much pains in seeking it, when it has come you have said, “There it is! Something that was hidden has shown itself to me. More that is hidden will show itself to me. My eye may be feeble, but it can take in marvellous things. If I am permitted to make any likeness of them, how faint it must be! Yet what a blessing that there is this way of leading others to share my perceptions, to enter into my joy!”

I speak with the greater pleasure and confidence of

this subject, notwithstanding my ignorance of it, because this has been the kind of feeling which your art teachers have especially laboured to cultivate in you. Whether they have directed you to the human figure or to trees and flowers—whatever methods they may have deemed the best—the object of them all, if I understand them right, has been that you should see things as they are. They have no notion that you or that they can improve the works of God. They are not content that you should merely carry away or represent certain vague impressions of yours about those works. Whatever object, small or great, you copy, they would have you try to get a glimpse of what that object means. The object, and not your acquirements, is what they would have you exhibit. Therefore they supply me with the best illustrations I could find of the doctrine which I am enforcing to-night.

My next shall be taken from one of our studies which I have, if possible, a still greater interest in describing as a peculiar treasure which only a few can be expected by great diligence or great luck to obtain. I speak of

that one which for a while you neglected as too noisy for your other occupations, but which the zeal and science of one of your best friends has at last naturalized among you. He recommended to you the method of instruction which has been adopted, on the ground of its universality. Its merit in his eyes was, that it was for the many, not for the few. Do you think that in saying so he degraded the art for the honour of which he must be especially jealous? He seemed to me to be showing his deep reverence for it; to be asserting claims on its behalf which those who boast of it as their own and refuse it to the people are denying. If Music thus becomes a common language, it must have all the glory which those who have loved it best and understood it most have felt to be in it. It must be deeper than our ordinary speech. However many may be the different forms which it has put on among different races suitable to the tempers and habits of those races, it cannot be limited by these; it must be the sign that all are alike men; it must be the attempt—if as yet only an imperfect attempt—to express that which is human, that which binds us together. I am

sure there must be such an expression as this is ; I am sure of it, all the more, when I feel how little it is an articulate expression for me ; when I am most compelled to say that I have only the faintest dream of its signification.

And therefore, I am sure that all musical teaching must be a discovery ; that it should make known to the humblest man relations between him and his fellows. I cannot disbelieve, though I may be utterly unable to comprehend, anything which musicians have told us of the inner harmonies of which they have been made conscious. The beautiful sympathies, the clear pure lives of such men as Felix Mendelssohn, of such women as Mrs. Goldschmidt, should awaken in us much more than an admiration of them, though that may be most cordial. We should hail them as witnesses that those who have most of what is called musical acquirement are those who most regard it as a bond to all their suffering brothers and sisters. We should assure ourselves that every divine gift to individuals is precious only as it unites them more with their kind.



The transition from this elevated form of human speech to the Languages of particular countries is a very easy one. For you can scarcely begin to study any language without finding yourself listening to some of the songs that have been sung in it. Almost every language has been cradled in song if it has not been born in song. When people have learnt to utter more than mere animal cravings—when they have felt that they had fellowship with each other, music has somehow joined itself to words ; they have come forth together. Why do I use such a vague, awkward phrase as ‘some-how?’ Because I cannot tell you the *how*, and I do not know that anyone can. The more one considers the origin of speech, the more profoundly mysterious it seems. The greatest philologists do not clear away the mystery ; the greater they are the more they make you aware of it. They lead you further and further into the heart of it ; they try to make you perceive what relation each language has to every other ; they convince you that there must be some fellowship between them all ; some centre to which they all turn. As they trace the



growth of each distinct stock or stem, you feel, as Mr. Max Müller said in his lectures at the Royal Institution, that you are studying facts which correspond to the facts of nature ; though they concern men so nearly, you cannot resolve them into contrivances or arrangements of human skill ; you can never find the place where or the time when certain men met and agreed to call things by certain names ; words grow out of certain roots as much as trees grow ; their different meanings expand themselves as the leaves of a tree expand themselves. We have not to do here with the general conclusions of men who have given their study to the Science of Language as such. You go to particular classes for the study of French, or Latin, or German, or English. It is far better to do so. Our great philologists would urge you to do so. For they have arrived at universal principles through the special facts which have been discovered to them in the examination of one or another language, and in comparing two or more together. And I think these great men would say to you, “Do not fancy that you can *acquire* a language—any

language whatever. It is too big a thing for any man to acquire." *You* certainly will have no leisure to do that. But if the language has been spoken by men such as you are—by your fellow-creatures—it may show you truths which you did not know before ; truths concerning those men, truths concerning yourselves. A light flashes out of a word sometimes which frightens one. If it is a common word of our own tongue, one wonders how one has dared to use it so frequently and so carelessly, when there were such meanings hidden in it ; such beautiful treasures—or such dangerous materials as might explode and scatter mischief all around. If it is a word of another tongue, one is struck with its likeness to some word that occurs in our every-day intercourse. Whence arises the resemblance ? How can we trace it ? If we can trace it a good way, each new link suggests a fresh wonder : a multitude of other words and other meanings we find are either of the same family originally, or have been married into it. Then comes the question—How did these words meet together ? How do they shape themselves into a sentence ? Cer-

tainly there seems no hazard in it. They must follow each other in a certain order ; they must behave themselves to each other with a certain decency and respect. It is very strange, this Grammar. I find it wherever I go. German, French, Latin, English, they have all got it. Differences, great differences, there are between them ; but yet how much in common ! How much must be in each which is also in the other. At first there seems something baffling, almost overwhelming, in such reflections.

A mere acquirer, indeed, is not struck by them at all. If you speak of them to him, he says—which is very true—that you are merely uttering commonplaces. But commonplaces are more worthy to be thought of than rarities. The secrets of our life lie hid in them. Never, therefore, slight them. These which concern the derivation of words and their connexion in sentences never grow old. There may be a number of new theories about them : but the facts are richer and wider than the theories : the theories are chiefly good because they bring facts to light which have been overlooked. Into whatever lan-

guage class you go, facts will present themselves to you which will make your ordinary speech a much more sacred speech to you. Those who are in the Latin Class will find what close links there are between the London citizen of 1863, and the Roman in the time of Julius Cæsar ; how much their speech and thoughts have affected ours. Those in the German Class will find themselves still nearer the roots of that speech and those thoughts ; while yet they will find that there must be deeper roots beneath. The French teacher will show you how many affinities and how many differences there are between the exquisite instrument for intercourse which he possesses, and the one which we use. Everywhere you will be reminded of home by what you see abroad. And if you stay at home and keep to the English Language Class, you will have a number of discoveries made to you, which will show you what myriads more are still to be made.

A pedant whose character is admirably drawn in a drama with which your German teacher will have made some of you acquainted, exclaims, as he leaves his sor-

rowful and discontented teacher, who thinks he has been merely stuffing himself with words : “ Now know I much, yet hope I to know much more.” That is the proper natural tone of the *acquirer*. “ A light has reached me which has shown me a little of my own ignorance—a little of the wonderful nature which God has given me. Let me have more light that I may perceive how much less I know than I seem to know”—in that form the thankfulness and the desires of the true learner express themselves.

I ought not to leave the subject of Words without alluding to another subject which has been set before some of you in these class rooms. *Logic* is derived from the Greek name for word. Its etymology may easily mislead us, yet no one who is entering upon the study ought to forget it. Only a creature who uses words has anything to do with Logic. Shakespeare speaks of mere animals as “ wanting discourse of reason.” That is to say, they do not connect thoughts together ; they have not the power of communicating thoughts to each other. That, he regards as the prerogative of a man. Now

everyone who exercises this prerogative is, whether he is aware of it or not, a logician. He conforms to certain rules ; he follows a certain order in his discourse ; otherwise he would not be understood ; he would convey no sense to the man he conversed with. To find out what these rules are—to learn this order—is the work of the student of Logic. To help him in this task, to show him what perceptions one or another man has had of these rules and this order ; that is the work of the teacher. You see that here as elsewhere, we are engaged about that which is common to human beings ; we are learning, not what some may do and others not, but what must be true about us all.

The man who knows all the rules and maxims of Logic is not the least above the rest of his species ; he has only begun to understand a little of that which connects him with his species. And if he loses sight of that fact—if he fancies he has got hold of a great art or trick which gives him an advantage over other men, I don't hesitate to say that he falls below them. He becomes more foolish than other men, for his feet may become en-



tangled in his own nets ; he may spin endless webs about himself which he cannot break through. He becomes more wicked than other men, for he may use his craft to perplex them ; to make the worse appear the better reason. Ultimately I think the folly and the wickedness meet. The wise man is taken in his own craftiness ; he is found to be a self-deceiver as well as a deceiver of others. Logic has often got a bad name from both these causes. It has been suspected of being mere child's play. It has been suspected of being a scheme for imposing upon plain men. If it is looked upon as a mere acquirement, it may be either. If it is looked upon as a discovery of laws which we are all meant to obey, it may often save us from wasting our time in child's play, it may be a protection against many impostures.

This remark leads me to studies which have been more pursued here than Logic has ever been ; as, for my own part, I should wish them to be. They are included in the general name Mathematics—a very beautiful and instructive name, seeing that it is derived



from the word for learning, and that it indicates the position of those who are seeking Science to be always in the position of learners. It is that which has made geometry a keen delight to a number of earnest and faithful men. They have felt that they were learning step by step some of the laws of the earth upon which they were moving; some principles which, being ascertained as true in one case, are true in all cases. Arithmetic, in like manner, has had a great charm for them, as they have learnt that the numbers with which they were dealing in the most ordinary calculations were not mere instruments or devices for calculations; that they are contrived on profound principles; that men in all times and places find them, and do not make them. If these studies are treated as acquirements, men may become self-exalted—and stupified also—by their acquaintance with forms and with numbers. They may lose their relish for their study of the facts of nature, because they cannot reduce them under their measures or confine them by their lines. They may be incapable of examining the deeds of men; they complain that men

are so troublesome and do such a number of acts which they cannot account for ; that if they would only cease to be free and to think, something might be made of them. But the true mathematician—that is, the true learner—has had his mind opened and prepared to receive the teachings which come to him from every part of the universe. He will not demand of the botanist that flowers should not grow, or of the geologist that he should find no changes in the structure of the earth, or of the physiologist that he should not investigate all the signs of life in the human body, all its varieties of disease ; he will listen to all they tell him, and like them all the better for the mysteries which he cannot fathom ; only believing that there is an order and harmony in them all, and expecting that their order and harmony will one day be made manifest.

That is the spirit in which I trust you will frequent any of those classes which deal with natural science, or, as we sometimes call it, physical science,—the science of those things which are born and which grow. If you come to acquire any of these sciences, you will sometimes

be puffed up with a vain assurance which will hinder you from receiving any fresh instruction from them, any correction of the errors into which you have fallen ; you will sometimes be accepting every fresh notion as if that must be true, casting away everyone you have held hitherto as if that must be false ; you will sometimes fall into utter despair and think that nothing can be ascertained. If you go on desiring light—though it may come slowly, though it may come through much darkness—I am satisfied, it will come. You will be ready for the entrance of fresh light—you prize dearly that which has been granted you ; the sense of your ignorance will be always deepening, and with it the security of your knowledge.

I say this confidently about these sciences, though I am very unfit to speak of them ; for the experience of those who have profited most in them goes with me ; they will support me and not contradict me. I say it with equal confidence about studies into which I have entered in a very slight degree—those which we sometimes suppose are made entirely loose and irregular by human

passions, human taste and human will. The mathematician and the natural philosopher are often contrasted with the poet and the man of letters. The contrast, I am sure, need not exist, and ought not to exist. The English University which is most devoted to Mathematics has been the most fertile in poets ; some of the most eminent of our literary men in this day are intensely attached to physical science. Where the opposition between them exists, it arises, I think, from the cause which I have pointed out in this lecture. Some men try to acquire a great many notions about poetical and prose composition. They try to practise, perhaps, a little in that way themselves. They magnify their own craft at the expense of every other ; they scorn what they call the dryness of mathematics,—the cold treatment of Nature and its beauties by the man of Science. It is not so with those who come to the poet or to the novel writer for instruction. They find that either of them is good so far as he enables them to see more into the meaning and order of Nature, or of their own lives ; to understand better what relations

exist between them and their fellow-creatures. They do not care for either if his diction is ever fine, if he exhibits ever so many of what the wise in such matters tell them are the proper characteristics of poetical or prose fiction, provided he fails to impart this light. In plain words, they do not care for fiction. They like Mr. Tennyson, they like Mr. Kingsley, just as they like Mr. Faraday or Mr. Huxley, for telling them truth, not for telling them lies.

And so the study of what we call works of fiction becomes naturally connected with the study of History. The books of an age explain the events of an age ; the events of an age help us to understand what was special in the writers of its books. Those who bid us acquire a knowledge of English history are greatly divided about the nature of that knowledge, and the way we are to seek for it. Some of them point out the importance of mastering facts and ascertaining when and where they occurred ; some say that the facts are in themselves worthless, but that they may help us in arriving at some general notions or propositions which may be useful in

judging our fellow-creatures and in guiding our own conduct. I cannot tell you how much disputing there has been about these two methods, and how much time that might be spent in learning we may waste in considering which of them is the right one. Those who support the first course call the champions of the other very hard names. "They put"—so their revilers affirm—"certain fine speculations of their own in place of what has actually been done, and call it philosophy." They answer by calling the reporters of fact, dry, jejune creatures, who cannot discriminate between that which is precious and that which is insignificant, but count anything which comes to their net good if they only label it *a fact*. I do not like any of these railings, or wish to take part in them; though I cannot deny that both have much plausibility. And so I am driven back in this case as in all the rest, upon my old doctrine. I have no hope of acquiring a knowledge of even a small portion of the smallest history. But I feel that I want the light which history gives me, that I cannot do without it. I find that I am connected in my



own individual life with a past and a future as well as a present : I cannot make out either without the other. I find that I am connected with a nation which has had a past as well as a present, and which must have a future. I am confident that our life is meant to be a whole ; that its days, as the poet says, should be linked each to each in natural piety. They fall to pieces very easily ; it is hard, often it seems impossible, to recover the links between them. But there comes an illumination to us ever and anon over our past years, and over the persons gone out of our sight who worked in them. Places we have visited with them, help to bring them back ; to recollect the year and the month and the day is of great use, for so the events and the persons are seen, not confusedly, but clearly, standing as they actually stood. Thus it is with the ages gone by. Every one of them is telling upon us ; every man who has thought and worked in them has contributed to the good or evil which is about us. The ages are not dead ; they cannot be. If we listen, they will speak to us.

Times and places will be great helps in understanding



their voice as in understanding the voices that come to us from our own boyhood and childhood. The death of a king may make a crisis in the progress of a nation, as the death of a personal friend makes a crisis in our own lives. An old townhall or the relics that tell of a battle which has once been fought, may be like some house or room that reminds us of those from whose lips we have learnt, or of some struggle that we have had to pass through. The times and places will not in themselves be the precious things ; but that which was done in them, those who dwelt in them. We shall care more for the things than for any propositions which we make about them ; for our propositions may be very good or wise, but they are limited by the minds that form them. A truth is full and living, and contains a thousand different lessons, one of which may commend itself to one man, one to another, according to his deeds. Each of us may help the other to find the lessons which he wants ; but we must not put ourselves between him and the truth whence all the lessons proceed.

I have one more subject to speak of. In that German play to which I have referred already, the hero laments that he has studied Jurisprudence, Medicine, and all other arts, and alas! also THEOLOGY, and that he is just as wise as he was before. I doubt not that a man who seeks to acquire Jurisprudence, Medicine, or any art, will some day be obliged to utter that complaint. I am sure that the alas! of Dr. Faustus will proceed from the soul of the theological student who has laboured with that aim. His pursuit must seem utterly bewildering, an utter self-contradiction. He must feel that he has been making continual efforts to attain the unattainable, to grasp the infinite. He must regard his study either as standing aloof from all other, condemning them all, or as a chain which is to bind them all.

Just because I believe what I have been saying to you this evening respecting other studies, I hold that this one condemns none of them, but justifies them all,—is meant not to bind any, but to break its chains. When Columbus first caught sight of the land which was the reward

of years of toil and disappointment, we called him the discoverer of America. He would have said that America discovered itself to him, or that God discovered it to him. A veil was withdrawn, a world that Europe was intended to know became known ; it was his high honour to say, "There it is ; every one of those poor sailors shares the discovery with me. To each person who sees that Continent hereafter, it will discover itself as it now does to us." That, I understand, is the fundamental maxim of theology. We cannot discover the Eternal and Infinite, but He discovers Himself, and in discovering Himself helps us to see what we are, what our relations to our fellow-creatures are, what we are to seek, what we are to hate. Because I am convinced that this is so—because I should despair of myself and you, and of the universe, if I thought otherwise—therefore I can see a meaning, a worth, a sacredness, a hopefulness in every pursuit to which you devote yourselves here or elsewhere ; therefore I can trust every New Year will do more for you than the last. The assurance of a Revelation that has been made,

of a Revelation that is to be made to the whole earth—this I find the chief comfort and encouragement in thinking of your work or of my work, of your little society or of the whole society of human beings.

F. D. MAURICE.

IN MEMORY  
OF  
THE EARL OF GIFFORD.



FAREWELL ; great simple heart whose generous pulse,  
Still beating feebler each succeeding day,  
Fainted at last through anguish unto Death!

If the world knew how great had been its gain—  
If the world knew how great is now its loss—  
Easy it were to swell the vain lament  
Till the loud clamour of a popular cry  
Waked answering grief in half-attentive men.

But Thou wert for thy friends ; not for the world ;  
So as it is, Thou goest to thy grave  
In shadowy silence, as a good unknown ;  
A bark that hath swept past the headland heights  
None witting the rich argosy it bore.

To Thee were known all themes of studious toil  
Which men less learned have often made their boast ;  
The devious course of the enduring stars,  
The mystery of their ethereal paths,  
Their distances and magnitudes of light.

To Thee, historic records—full of wars,  
Long lines of Conquerors, and endless Kings,—  
Left lucid memories that gleamed across  
Thy wise grave talk, and made the past a guide  
To future counsels for thy country's fate.  
Their lessons sate upon thy thoughtful brow ;  
And many a generous and far-seeing plan  
Proved Thee fit servant of a troubled time,  
And holding—for these strong progressive days—  
The skill of Statesmanship—without the craft.

To Thee, the Earthly Science half Divine,  
The only one we fable shall pursue  
Our souls beyond their sphere of grosser joys,  
Music,—the echo sent from Earth to Heaven,—

Was a familiar thing! Mastered by Thee,  
As by the ancient Masters of that Art,  
Was all the intricate linking of sweet sounds,  
And harmonies converging to a close.

To Thee, untaught, came that which labour learns;  
And from the pictures of thine accurate eye  
The modelled bust and sculptured triumph grew,—  
Surviving yet the hand whose work is done.  
And midst thy mute companions, those fair tomes  
On whose for ever open page thy gaze  
Attentive rested,—many a pencilled line  
And marginal annotation still attests  
The wingèd hovering of the living thought  
Over the thoughts of sages dead—like Thee!

Too little known Thou wert! The child that's reared  
Amid a hundred daily household smiles  
That flicker round his feet and round his head  
Making the tender daylight of his home—  
Grows sweetly bold, and garrulous in mirth;



And like the fair young Knights of olden times,  
Ere the new shield hath motto or device  
Seeks the world's lists with gay defiant pride,  
Ready to challenge all, and all o'erthrow !

But Thou wert gentle, diffident, and grave ;  
Though round thy cradle fairy gifts were shower'd  
Of wealth, and luxury, and soft delights,  
And menial tendance due to noble names.  
Not thine, hard toil for insufficient food,  
Nor tainted atmosphere 'mid whirring wheels—  
Nor strenuous tasks gone through for scant reward  
Far from the harvests of their native fields,  
Like alienated children of the poor !  
Thou wert the First-born of a titled house :  
And all the toys of splendour which shine out  
To dazzle the weak eyes of tempted men,  
To make them miss the guidance of true paths  
And with a willing weakness sleep or stray  
In the enchantment of Armida bowers,  
All, all were thine—to breed a low content.

The greater merit had thy gracious soul,—  
That held aloof from commonplace delights:  
And from the idle rest of common men  
Departing early,—resolute in good,—  
Fill'd up “the burden and the heat of day”  
With labours self-imposed, and strict account  
Of God's great trust—the fleeting treasure—*TIME*.  
Fitting thenceforth each sunrise as it came  
Not with vain languors of an indolent day,  
But with a dial of divided hours,—  
Each bringing such fair produce that thy mind  
Plucked from thy one life fruit for many lives.

And all was done with such unboastfulness—  
Such tranquil reticence of inner thought—  
That like the dial-shadows, those good hours  
Fled in soft silence—though their work remained.

Oh! earnest nature! valued to the full  
By those who knew thee, how shall they lament  
Who, being ever near thee day by day,  
Through the brief tenure of thy modest life,

Saw with a loving wonder, midst them all,  
THEE, only, doubtful of thine own great worth!

A SISTER'S tears are thine—whose pity fell  
Like dew upon the fever of thy pain ;  
The stateliest scion of a beauteous race,  
His wife,—whom England's Hero left the heir  
Of laurelled titles from triumphant Wars.

And HERS—whose younger loveliness is linked  
With that Man's son who ever foremost stood  
In arts of peace and highest statesmanship,  
And so bequeathed his children,—equal each,—  
The proudest legacy a man can leave,  
The self-earned glory of a stainless name.

And BROTHER'S grieving hallows too thy tomb,—  
And other gentle Sisters,—far away  
When tidings reached them of the bitter death,  
Reached through slow pain for others risked,—and borne  
With courage such as decks the tented field,  
And patience even like that by martyrs shown.

But ONE there is whose weeds are deeper yet ;  
Whose life was in Thy life, as thine in Hers ;  
Who filled thy vacancy of homeless days  
With answering energy of high pursuits  
And intellectual hours. The tears SHE gave,  
The pain—the weariness—the ceaseless care—  
The straining effort of the anxious day,  
The dreary watching of the wakeful night,  
All lavish treasures poured by grieving love  
Over thy death-bed,—were these all in vain ?

No—not in vain—though Death was still the end !  
Nor grudging tongues nor years of fading time  
Can take away what dear love dearly bought :  
The helpless thanks that shone in dying eyes—  
Half thanks and half farewell ! The hopeful prayers ;  
The fond relaxing hold of faithful hands  
Which only so could loose their hold on life :  
And the most precious certainty that all  
Of joy in health, or comfort in sharp pain,  
Or pleasure in companionship of thought—

Through the long-loving long-remembering years,  
Was hers—hers only—hers for evermore—  
Hers, well bestowed upon a thankful heart,  
Fond keepsakes buried with him in the grave!  
Then fare thee well! Farewell—great simple heart!  
Certain to be forgotten by the crowd  
Ere the first summer shall make green thy grave:  
Certain to be remembered while life lasts  
By those who knew and prized thee, and who yet  
When other men are praised for truest worth  
For ready learning, or for natural gifts,  
Shall turn and muse awhile with dreaming eyes  
(As though in thought they saw thy vacant place)  
And sigh, and say, “yea! and long years ago  
We had a Friend—with all these gifts, and more!”

[The death of the Earl of Gifford was caused by an act of courage and heroism in behalf of some poor labourers who were at work removing a half-felled tree. The tree unexpectedly giving way, and some of the men retreating in alarm, he sustained alone,—in order to prevent its falling on the others—a weight which produced fatal injuries, from the result of which he lingered fourteen months, and then died.]

MRS. NORTON.

BROTHER URBAN.

A LEGEND.



ENEATH the monastery walls  
Flow rivers sweet and clear,  
And over-brimming waterfalls  
Enchant the listening ear,  
And echoes lovingly prolong  
The pious hymn and holy song.

But purer than the flowing river,  
Clearer than its wave,  
Sweeter than the oft and ever-  
Sounding holy stave,  
Winged its way, through fragrant air  
Up to Heaven one little prayer.

In his narrow lonely cell  
    Brother Urban humbly knelt ;  
He would tell you it is well  
    He has there in silence dwelt,  
For his eyes are fixed above,  
And his heart is full of love.

Moments seem to him like hours,  
    They are all so full of bliss ;  
Thoughts, like ever budding flowers,  
    Come and go with loving kiss.  
Hours with all their beauty seem  
Shorter than the shortest dream !

Brother Urban ! wake, behold !  
    What is that with sudden light  
Floods thy cell with sea of gold,  
    Pouring down in rays most bright ?  
What is that enchanting sound  
Breathing melody around ?



Whose is that majestic form  
    Standing in thy little cell?  
His who ruled the raging storm?  
    His who rested by the well?  
Is it not His loving face,  
Full of tenderness and grace?

Brother Urban! He is here!  
    Thy dear Saviour is thy guest.  
No more doubt and no more fear,  
    Nought but life and joy and rest:  
In the light of those sweet eyes  
Death with all its terror dies.

“Do I see Thee, Lord most High,  
    Art Thou come in human guise?  
While I see Thee let me die;  
    Never can these mortal eyes  
Look again on meaner things  
After such imaginings!”

Urban! Urban! hear the bell!

Come and tend the starving poor.

'Tis the time, thou knowest well,

They are crowding to the door.

Leave thy prayers and leave thy psalms,

'Tis thy turn to give the alms!

Must he leave the happy sight?

Must the wondrous spell be broken?

Must he leave that form of light

E'er those loving lips have spoken?

Yes, alas! he turns away,

Longing, daring not, to stay!

Full of haste and doubt and fear,

Pale with sorrow he returns;

“O my Lord will not be here.

Vainly now my spirit burns:

I have been so long away:

O that I had dared to stay!”

“Urban!” said the Form of Light—

“Urban! grieve not, I am here—

I am with thee day and night,

Now behold me ever near ;

But believe, O thou true hearted,

Hadst *thou* stayed, *I* had departed !”

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

### MISS OPHELIA GLEDD.

**W**HO can say what is a lady? My intelligent and well bred reader of either sex will at once declare that he and she know very well who is a lady. So, I hope, do I. But the present question goes further than that. What is it, and whence does it come? Education does not give it, nor intelligence, nor birth,—not even the highest. The thing, which in its presence or absence is so well known and understood, may be wanting to the most polished manners, to the sweetest disposition, to the truest heart. There are thousands among us who know it at a glance, and can recognise its presence from the sound of a dozen words ;—but there is not one among us who can tell us what it is.

Miss Ophelia Gledd was a young lady of Boston,

Massachussetts, and I should be glad to know whether in the estimation of my countrymen and countrywomen she is to be esteemed a lady. An Englishman, even of the best class, is often at a loss to judge of the "ladyship" of a foreigner, unless he has really lived in foreign cities and foreign society ; but I do not know that he is ever so much puzzled in this matter by any nationality as he is by the American. American women speak his own language, read his own literature, and in many respects think his own thoughts ; but there has crept into American society so many little social ways at variance with our social ways,—there have been wafted thither so many social atoms which there fit into their places, but which with us would clog the wheels, that the words and habits and social carriage of an American woman of the best class too often offend the taste of an Englishman ; as do, quite as strongly, those of the Englishwoman offend the American. There are those who declare that there are no American ladies ;—but these are people who would probably declare the same of the French and the Italians if

the languages of France and Italy were as familiar to their ears, as is the language of the States. They mean that American women do not grow up to be English ladies—not bethinking themselves that such a growth was hardly to be expected. Now, I will tell my story and ask my readers to answer this question: Was Miss Ophelia Gledd a lady?

When I knew her she was at any rate great in the society of Boston, Massachusetts, in which city she had been as well known for the last four or five years as the yellow dome of the State House. She was as pure and perfect a specimen of a Yankee girl as ever it was my fortune to know. Standing about five feet eight, she seemed to be very tall because she always carried herself at her full height. She was thin, too, and rather narrower at the shoulders than the strictest rules of symmetry would have made her. Her waist was very slight,—so much so that to the eye it would seem that some bond of obligation had enforced its slender compass; but I have fair ground for stating my belief that no such bond of obligation had existed. But yet, though she

was slight and thin, and even narrow, there was a vivacity and quickness about all her movements, and an aptitude in her mode of moving, which made it impossible to deny to her the merit of a pleasing figure. No man would, I think, at first sight declare her to be pretty,—and certainly no woman would do so ; and yet I have seldom known a face in the close presence of which it was more gratifying to sit and talk and listen. Her brown hair was always brushed close off from her forehead. Her brow was high, and her face narrow and thin ; but that face was ever bright with motion, and her clear, deep, grey eyes, full of life and light, were always ready for some combat or some enterprise. Her nose and mouth were the best features in her face, and her teeth were perfect,—miracles of perfection ; but her lips were too thin for feminine beauty ; and indeed such personal charms as she had were not the charms which men love most,—sweet changing colour, soft, full, flowing lines of grace, and womanly gentleness in every movement. Ophelia Gledd had none of these. She was hard and sharp in shape, of a good brown steady



colour, hard and sharp also in her gait ; with no full flowing lines, with no softness ;—but she was bright as burnished steel.

And yet she was the belle of Boston. I do not know that any man of Boston, or stranger knowing Boston, would have ever declared that she was the prettiest girl in the city ; but this was certain almost to all,—that she received more of that admiration which is generally given to beauty than did any other lady there ; and that the upper social world of Boston had become so used to her appearance, such as it was, that no one ever seemed to question the fact of her being a beauty. She had been passed as a beauty by examiners whose certificate in that matter was held to be good, and had received high rank as a beauty in the drawing-rooms at Boston. The fact was never questioned now, unless by some passing stranger who would be told in flat terms that he was wrong. “Yes, Sir ; you’ll find you’re wrong. You’ll find you are, if you’ll bide here awhile.” I did bide there awhile, and did find I was wrong. Before I left I was prepared to allow that Miss Ophelia Gledd

was a beauty. And moreover, which was more singular, all the women allowed it. Ophelia Gledd, though the belle of Boston, was not hated by the other belles. The female feeling with regard to her was, I think, this ;— that the time had arrived in which she should choose her husband, and settle down, so as to leave room for others less attractive than herself.

When I knew her she was very fond of men's society ; but I doubt if anyone could fairly say that Miss Gledd ever flirted. In the proper sense of the word she certainly never flirted. Interesting conversations with interesting young men, at which none but themselves were present, she had by the dozen. It was as common for her to walk up and down Beacon Street,—the parade of Boston,—with young Jones or Smith, or more probably with young Mr. Optimus M. Opie, or young Mr. Hannibal H. Hoskins, as it is for our young Joneses and young Smiths and young Hoskineses to saunter out together. That is the way of the country, and no one took wider advantage of the ways of her own country than did Miss Ophelia Gledd. She told young men also when to call

upon her,—if she liked them ; and in seeking or in avoiding their society, did very much as she pleased. But these practices are right or wrong, not in accordance with a fixed rule of morality prevailing over all the earth,—such a rule, for instance, as that which orders men not to steal ; but they are right or wrong according to the usages of the country in which they are practised. In Boston it is right that Miss Ophelia Gledd should walk up Beacon Street with Hannibal Hoskins the morning after she has met him at a ball, and that she should invite him to call upon her at twelve o'clock on the following day.

She had certainly a nasal twang in speaking. Before my intercourse with her was over her voice had become pleasant in my ears, and it may be that that nasal twang which had at first been so detestable to me, had recommended itself to my sense of hearing. At different periods of my life I have learned to love an Irish brogue, and a Northern burr. Be that as it may, I must acknowledge that Miss Ophelia Gledd spoke with a certain nasal twang. But then such is the manner of speech

at Boston ; and she only did that which the Joneses and Smiths, the Opies and Hoskinses were doing around her.

Ophelia Gledd's mother was, for a living being, the nearest thing to a nonentity that I ever met. Whether within her own house in Chestnut Street she exercised herself in her domestic duties and held authority over her maidens, I cannot say, but neither in her dining parlour nor in her drawing room did she hold any authority. Indeed, throughout the house Ophelia was paramount, and it seemed as though her mother could not venture on a hint in opposition to her daughter's behests. Mrs. Gledd never went out, but her daughter frequented all balls, dinners, and assemblies which she chose to honour. To all these she went alone, and had done ever since she was eighteen years of age. She went also to lectures, to meetings of wise men for which the western Athens is much noted, to political debates, and wherever her enterprising heart and inquiring head chose to carry her. But her mother never went anywhere, and it always seemed to me that

Mrs. Gledd's intercourse with her domestics must have been nearer, closer, and almost dearer to her, than any that she could have with her daughter.

Mr. Gledd had been a merchant all his life. When Ophelia Gledd first came before the Boston world he had been a rich merchant, and as she was an only child she had opened her campaign with all the advantages which attach to an heiress. But now, in these days, Mr. Gledd was known to be a merchant without riches. He still kept the same house, and lived apparently as he had always lived; but the world knew that he had been a broken merchant and was now again struggling. That Miss Gledd felt the disadvantage of this no one can, I suppose, doubt. But she never showed that she felt it. She spoke openly of her father's poverty as of a thing that was known,—and of her own. Where she had been *exigéante* before, she was *exigéante* now. Those she disliked when rich, she disliked now that she was poor. Where she had been patronising before, she patronised now. Where she had loved, she still loved. In former days she had a

carriage, and now she had none. Where she had worn silk, she now wore cotton. In her gloves, her laces, her little belongings there was all the difference which money makes or the want of money ;—but in her manner there was none. Nor was there any difference in the manner of others to her. The loss of wealth seemed to entail on Miss Gledd no other discomfort than the actual want of those things which hard money buys. To go in a coach might have been a luxury to her, and that she had lost ;—but she had lost none of her ascendancy, none of her position, none of her sovereignty.

I remember well where, when and how I first met Miss Gledd. At that time her father's fortune was probably already gone ; but, if so, she did not then know that it was gone. It was in winter,—towards the end of winter, when the passion for sleighing becomes ecstatic. I expect all my readers to know that sleighing is the grand winter amusement of Boston. And indeed it is not bad fun. There is the fashionable course for sleighing,—the Brighton road, and along that you drive,



seated among furs, with a young lady beside you if you can get one to trust you ; your horse or horses carry little bells which add to the charm ; the motion is rapid and pleasant ; and—which is the great thing—you see and are seen by everybody. Of course it is expedient that the frost should be sound and perfect, so that the sleigh should run over a dry smooth surface. But as the season draws to an end, and when sleighing intimacies have become close and warm, the horses are made to travel through slush and wet, and the scene becomes one of peril and discomfort,—though one also of excitement and not unfrequently of love.

Sleighing was fairly over at the time of which I now speak, so that the Brighton road was deserted in its slush and sloppiness. Nevertheless there was a possibility of sleighing, and as I was a stranger newly arrived a young friend of mine took me—or rather allowed me to take him—out, so that the glory of the charioteer might be mine. “I guess we’re not alone,” said he, after we’d passed the bridge out of the town. “There’s young Hoskins with Pheely Gledd just ahead of us.” That



was the first I had ever heard of Ophelia, and then as I jingled along after her, instigated by a foolish Briton's ambition to pass the Yankee whip, I did hear a good deal about her ; and in addition to what has been already told I then heard that this Mr. Hannibal Hoskins, to pass whom on the road was now my only earthly desire, was Miss Gledd's professed admirer ;—in point of fact, that it was known to all Boston that he had offered his hand to her more than once already. "She has accepted him now, at any rate," said I, looking at their close contiguity on the sleigh before me. But my friend explained to me that such was by no means probable ;—that Miss Gledd had twenty hangers-on of the same description, with any one of whom she might be seen sleighing, walking, or dancing, but that no argument as to any further purport on her part was to be deduced from any such practice. "Our girls," said my friend, "don't go about tied to their mothers' aprons, as yours do in the old country. Our free institutions—&c. &c. &c." I confessed my blunder, and acknowledged that a wide and perhaps salutary latitude

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was allowed to the feminine creation on his side of the Atlantic.

But, do what I would, I could not pass Hannibal Hoskins. Whether he guessed that I was an ambitious Englishman, or whether he had a general dislike to be passed on the road, I don't know ; but he raised his whip to his horses and went away from me suddenly and very quickly through the slush. The snow was half gone, and hard ridges of it remained across the road, so that his sleigh was bumped about most uncomfortably. I soon saw that his horses were running away, and that Hannibal Hoskins was in a fix. He was standing up, pulling at them with all his strength and weight, and the carriage was yawing about and across the road in a manner that made me fear it would go to pieces. Miss Ophelia Gledd, however, kept her seat, and there was no shrieking.

In about five minutes they were well planted into a ditch, and we were alongside of them. "You've fixed that pretty straight, Hoskins," said my friend. "Darn them for horses!" said Hoskins, as he wiped the perspiration

from his brow and looked down upon the fiercest of his quadrupeds sprawling up to his withers in the snow. Then he turned to Miss Gledd, who was endeavouring to unroll herself from her furs. "Oh, Miss Gledd, I *am* so sorry. What *am* I to say?" "You'd better say that the horses ran away, I think," said Miss Gledd. Then she stepped carefully out on to a buffalo robe, and moved across from that, quite dry-footed, on to our sleigh.

As my friend and Hoskins were very intimate, and could as I thought get on very well by themselves with the débris in the ditch, I offered to drive Miss Gledd back to town. She looked at me with eyes which gave me, as I thought, no peculiar thanks, and then remarked that she had come out with Mr. Hoskins, and that she would go back with him. "Oh, don't mind me," said Hoskins, who was at that time up to his middle in snow, "Ah, but I do mind you," said Ophelia. "Don't you think we could go back and send some people to help these gentlemen?" It was the coolest proposition that I had ever heard, but in two minutes Miss Gledd was

putting it into execution. Hannibal Hoskins was driving her back in the sleigh which I had hired, and I was left with my friend to extricate those other two brutes from the ditch. "That's so like Pheely Gledd," said my friend. "She always has her own way." Then it was that I questioned Miss Gledd's beauty, and was told that before long I should find myself to be wrong. I had almost acknowledged myself to be wrong before that night was over.

I was at a tea-party that same evening at which Miss Gledd was present ; it was called a tea-party, though I saw no tea. I did, however, see a large hot supper, and a very large assortment of long-necked bottles. I was standing rather listlessly near the door, being short of acquaintance, when a young Yankee dandy with a very stiff neck informed me that Miss Gledd wanted to speak to me. Having given me the intimation, he took himself off, with an air of disgust, among the long-necked bottles. "Mr. Green," she said,—I had just been introduced to her as she was being whisked away by Hoskins in my sleigh,—“Mr. Green, I believe I owe you an apology.

When I took your sleigh from you, I didn't know you were a Britisher ; I didn't indeed." I was a little nettled, and endeavoured to explain to her that an Englishman would be just as ready to give up his carriage to a lady as any American. "Oh dear, yes ; of course," she said. "I didn't mean that ; and now I've put my foot into it worse than ever. I thought you were at home here, and knew our ways, and if so you wouldn't mind being left with a broken sleigh." I told her that I didn't mind it. That what I had minded was the being robbed of the privilege of driving her home, which I had thought to be justly mine. "Yes," said she. "And I was to leave my friend in the ditch ! That's what I never do. You didn't suffer any disgrace by remaining there till the men came."

"I didn't remain there till any men came. I got it out and drove it home."

"What a wonderful man ! But then you're English. However, you can understand that if I had left my driver he would have been disgraced. If ever I go out anywhere with you, Mr. Green, I'll come home with you."

At any rate, it shan't be my fault if I don't." After that I couldn't be angry with her, and so we became great friends.

Shortly afterwards the crash came, but Miss Gledd seemed to disregard the crash altogether, and held her own in Boston. As far as I could see there were just as many men desirous of marrying her as ever, and among the number Hannibal H. Hoskins was certainly no defaulter. My acquaintance with Boston had become intimate; but, after a while, I went away for twelve months, and when I returned Miss Gledd was still Miss Gledd. "And what of Hoskins?" I said to my friend,—the same friend who had been with me on the sleighing expedition. "He's just on the old tack. I believe he proposes once a year regularly. But they say now that she's going to marry an Englishman."

It was not long before I had an opportunity of renewing my friendship with Miss Gledd, for our acquaintance had latterly amounted to a friendship, and of seeing the Englishman with her. As it happened, he also was a friend of my own, an old friend, and

the last man in the world whom I should have picked out as a husband for Ophelia. He was a literary man of some mark, fifteen years her senior, very sedate in his habits, nor much given to love-making, and possessed of a small fortune sufficient for his own wants, but not sufficient to enable him to marry with what he would consider comfort. Such was Mr. Pryor, and I was given to understand that Mr. Pryor was a suppliant at the feet of Ophelia. He was a suppliant, too, with so much hope that Hannibal Hoskins and the other suitors were up in arms against him.

I saw them together at some evening assembly, and on the next morning I chanced to be in Miss Gledd's drawing-room. On my entrance there were others there, but the first moment that we were alone, she turned round sharp upon me with a question. "You know your countryman, Mr. Pryor;—what sort of a man is he?"

"But you know him also," I answered. "If the rumours in Boston are true, he is already a favourite in Chestnut Street."



“Well, then ; for once in a way the rumours in Boston are true, for he is a favourite. But that is no reason you shouldn't tell me what sort of a man he is. You've known him these ten years.”

“Pretty nearly twenty,” I said. I had known him ten or twelve.

“Ah,” said she, “you want to make him out to be older than he is. I know his age to a day.”

“And does he know yours?”

“He may if he wishes it. Everybody in Boston knows it,—including yourself. Now tell me what sort of man is Mr. Pryor?”

“He is a man highly esteemed in his own country.”

“So much I knew before ; and he is highly esteemed here also. But I hardly understand what high estimation means in your country.”

“It is much the same thing in all countries, as I take it,” said I.

“There you are absolutely wrong. Here, in the States, if a man be highly esteemed it amounts almost to everything. Such estimation will carry him every-

where, and will carry his wife everywhere too, so as to give her a chance of making standing ground for herself."

"But Mr. Pryor has not got a wife."

"Don't be stupid ; of course he hasn't got a wife, and of course you know what I mean."

But I did not know what she meant. I knew that she was meditating whether or no it would be good for her to become Mrs. Pryor, and that she was endeavouring to get from me some information which might assist her in coming to a decision on that matter ; but I did not understand the exact gist and point of her inquiry.

"You have so many prejudices of which we know nothing!" she continued. "Now don't put your back up and fight for that blessed old country of yours, as though I were attacking it."

"It is a blessed old country," said I, patriotically.

"Quite so ;—very blessed and very old,—and very nice too, I'm sure. But you must admit that you have prejudices. You are very much the better, perhaps, for

having them. I often wish that we had a few." Then she stopped her tongue, and asked no further questions about Mr. Pryor ; but it seemed to me that she wanted me to go on with the conversation.

"I hate discussing the relative merits of the two countries," said I, "and I especially hate to discuss them with you. You always begin as though you meant to be fair, and end by an amount of unfairness—that—that—"

"Which would be insolent if I were not a woman, and which is pert as I am one. That is what you mean."

"Something like it."

"And yet I love your country so dearly, that I would sooner live there than in any other land in the world,—if I only thought that I could be accepted. You English people," she continued, "are certainly wanting in intelligence, or you would read, in the anxiety of all we say about England, how much we all think of you. What will England say of us ?—what will England think of us ?—what will England do in this or that matter as it concerns us ?—that is our first thought as to every

matter that is of importance to us. We abuse you, and admire you. You abuse us, and despise us. That is the difference. So you won't tell me anything about Mr. Pryor? Well, I shan't ask you again!—I never again ask a favour that has been refused." Then she turned away to some old gentleman that was talking to her mother, and the conversation was at an end.

I must confess that as I walked away from Chestnut Street into Beacon Street, and across the Common, my anxiety was more keen with regard to Mr. Pryor than as concerned Miss Gledd. He was an Englishman and an old friend, and being also a man not much younger than myself, he was one regarding whom I might, perhaps, form some correct judgment as to what would or would not suit him. Would he do well in taking Ophelia Gledd home to England with him as his wife? Would she be accepted there, as she herself phrased it,—accepted in such fashion as to make him contented? She was intelligent,—so intelligent that few women whom she would meet in her proposed new country could beat her there ;—she was pleasant, good humoured,

and true, as I believed ;—but would she be accepted in London? There was a freedom and easiness about her,—a readiness to say anything that came into her mind—an absence of all reticence, which would go very hard with her in London. But I had never heard her say anything that she should not have said. Perhaps, after all, we have got our prejudices in England.

When next I met Pryor I spoke to him about Miss Gledd. “The long and the short of it is,” I said, “that people say that you are going to marry her.”

“What sort of people?”

“They were backing you against Hannibal Hoskins the other night at the club, and it seemed clear that you were the favourite.”

“The vulgarity of these people surpasses anything that I ever dreamed of,” said Pryor. “That is, of some of them. It’s all very well for you to talk, but would such a bet as that be proposed in the open room of any club in London?”

“The clubs in London are too big; but I daresay

it might, down in the country. It would be just the thing for Little Pedlington."

"But Boston is not Little Pedlington. Boston assumes to be the Athens of the States. I shall go home by the first boat next month." He had said nothing to me about Miss Gledd ; but it was clear that if he went home by the first boat next month he would go home without a wife ; and as I certainly thought that the suggested marriage was undesirable, I said nothing then to persuade him to remain at Boston.

It was again sleighing time, and some few days after my meeting with Pryor I was out upon the Brighton road in the thick of the crowd. Presently I saw the hat and back of Hannibal Hoskins, and by his side was Ophelia Gledd. Now, it must be understood that Hannibal Hoskins, though he was in many respects most unlike an English gentleman, was neither a fool nor a bad fellow. A fool he certainly was not. He had read much. He could speak glibly,—as is the case with all Americans. He was scientific, classical, and poetical,—probably not to any great depth. And he

knew how to earn a large income with the full approbation of his fellow-citizens. I had always hated him since the day on which he had driven Miss Gledd home, but I had generally attributed my hatred to the manner in which he wore his hat on one side. I confess I had often felt amazed that Miss Gledd should have so far encouraged him. I think I may at any rate declare that he would not have been accepted in London,—not accepted for much! And yet Hannibal Hoskins was not a bad fellow. His true devotion to Ophelia Gledd proved that.

“Miss Gledd,” said I, speaking to her from my sleigh, “do you remember your calamity? There is the very ditch, not a hundred yards ahead of you.”

“And here is the very knight that took me home in your sleigh,” said she, laughing. Hoskins sat bolt upright and took off his hat. Why he took off his hat I don’t know, unless that thereby he got an opportunity of putting it on again a little more on one side.

“Mr. Hoskins would not have the goodness to upset you again, I suppose?” said I.



“No, Sir,” said Hoskins; and he raised the reins and squared up his elbows, meaning to look like a knowing charioteer. “I guess we’ll go back;—eh, Miss Gledd?”

“I guess we will,” said she. “But, Mr. Green, don’t you remember that I once told you, if you’d take me out, I’d be sure to come home with you? You’ve never tried me, and I take it bad of you.” So encouraged I made an engagement with her, and in two or three days’ time from that I had her beside me in my sleigh on the same road.

By this time I had quite become a convert to the general opinion, and was ready to confess in any presence that Miss Gledd was a beauty. As I started with her out of the city warmly enveloped in Buffalo furs, I could not but think how nice it would be to drive on, and on, so that nobody should ever catch us. There was a sense of companionship about her in which no woman that I have ever known excelled her. She had a way of adapting herself to the friend of the moment which was beyond anything winning. Her voice was decidedly

very pleasant;—and as to that nasal twang I am not sure that I was ever right about it. I wasn't in love with her myself, and didn't want to fall in love with her. But I felt that I should have liked to cross the Rocky Mountains with her, over to the Pacific, and to have come home round by California, Peru, and the Pampas. And for such a journey I should not at all have desired to hamper the party with the society either of Hannibal Hoskins or of Mr. Pryor!

“I hope you feel that you're having your revenge.” said she.

“But I don't mean to upset you.”

“I almost wish you would,—so as to make it even. And my poor friend Mr. Hoskins would feel himself so satisfied. He says you Englishmen are conceited about your driving.”

“No doubt he thinks we are conceited about everything.”

“So you are, and so you should be. Poor Hannibal! He is wild with despair, because,—”

“Because what?”

“Oh never mind. He is an excellent fellow, but I know you hate him.”

“Indeed I don’t.”

“Yes, you do ; and so does Mr. Pryor. But he is so good ! You can’t either understand or appreciate the kind of goodness which our young men have. Because he pulls his hat about, and can’t wear his gloves without looking stiff, you won’t remember that out of his hard earnings he gives his mother and sisters everything that they want.”

“I didn’t know anything of his mother and sisters.”

“No, of course you didn’t. But you knew a great deal about his hat and gloves. You are too hard and polished and well mannered in England to know anything about anybody’s mother or sisters,—or indeed to know anything about anybody’s anything. It is nothing to you whether a man be moral or affectionate, or industrious, or good tempered. As long as he can wear his hat properly, and speak as though nothing on the earth, or over the earth, or under the earth, could ever move him,—that is sufficient.”

“And yet I thought you were so fond of England?”

“So I am. I too like,—nay love that ease of manner which you all possess and which I cannot reach.”

There was a silence between us, for perhaps half a mile; and yet I was driving slow, as I did not wish to bring our journey to an end. I had fully made up my mind that it would be in every way better for my friend Pryor that he should give up all thoughts of this Western Aspasia, and yet I was anxious to talk to her about him as though such a marriage were still on the cards. It had seemed lately that she had thrown herself much into an intimacy with myself, and that she was anxious to speak openly to me if I would only allow it. But she had already declared, on a former occasion, that she would ask no further questions about Mr. Pryor. At last I plucked up courage, and put to her a direct proposition about the future tenor of her life.

“After all that you have said about Mr. Hoskins, I suppose I may expect to hear that you have at last accepted him?”

I could not have asked such a question of any English girl that I ever knew—not even of my own sister in those plain terms. And yet she took it not only without anger, but even without surprise. And she answered it as though I had asked her the most ordinary question in the world. “I wish I had,” she said. “That is, I think I wish I had. It is certainly what I ought to do.”

“Then why do you not do it?”

“Ah ; why do I not? Why do we not all do just what we ought to do. But why am I to be cross-questioned by you? You would not answer me a question when I asked you the other day.”

“You tell me that you wish you had accepted Mr. Hoskins. Why do you not do so?” said I, continuing my cross-examination.

“Because I have a vain ambition ; a foolish ambition, a silly mothlike ambition, by which, if I indulge it, I shall only burn my wings. Because I am such an utter ass that I would fain make myself an English-woman.”

“I don't see that you need burn your wings.”

“Yes! Should I go there I shall find myself to be nobody, whereas here I am in good repute. Here I could make my husband a man of mark by dint of my own power. There I doubt whether even his esteem would so shield and cover me, as to make me enduring. Do you think that I do not know the difference ; that I am not aware of what makes social excellence there? And yet, though I know it all, and covet it, I despise it. Social distinction with us is given on sounder terms than it is with you, and is more frequently the deserved reward of merit. Tell me ; if I go to London will they ask who was my grandfather?”

“Indeed no ; they will not ask even of your father, unless you speak of him.”

“No ; their manners are too good. But they will speak of their fathers, and how shall I talk with them? Not but what my grandfather was a good man ; and you are not to suppose that I am ashamed of him because he stood in a store and sold leather with his

own hand. Or rather I am ashamed of it. I should tell his old friends and my new acquaintances that it was so, because I am not a coward ; and yet as I told them I should be ashamed. His brother is what you call a baronet."

"Just so."

"And what would the baronet's wife say to me with all my sharp Boston notions? Can't you see her looking at me over the length of her drawing room? And can't you fancy how pert I should be, and what snappish words I should say to the she baronet? Upon the whole, don't you think I should do better with Mr. Hoskins?"

Again I sat silent for some time. She had now asked me a question to which I was bound to give her a true answer—an answer that should be true as to herself without reference to Pryor. She was sitting back in the sleigh, tamed as it were by her own thoughts, and she had looked at me as though she really wanted council. "If I am to answer you in truth," I said.



“You are to answer me in truth.”

“Then,” said I, “I can only bid you take him of the two whom you love;—that is, if it be the case that you love either.”

“Love!” she said.

“And if it be the case,” I continued, “that you love neither,—then leave them both as they are.”

“I am not then to think of the man’s happiness.”

“Certainly not by marrying him without affection.”

“Ah ;—but I may reject him,—with affection.”

“And for which of them do you feel affection?”

I asked ;—and as I asked, we were already within the streets of Boston. She again remained silent, almost till I placed her at her own door ;—then she looked at me with eyes full, not only of meaning, but of love also ;—with that in her eyes for which I had not hitherto given her credit. “You know the two men,” she said, “and do you ask me that?” When these words were spoken she jumped from the sleigh and hurried up the steps to her father’s door. In very truth the hat and gloves of Hannibal Hoskins had influenced her as they

had influenced me,—and they had done so, although she knew how devoted he was as a son and a brother.

For a full month after that I had no further conversation either with Miss Gledd or with Mr. Pryor on the subject. At this time I was living in habits of daily intimacy with Pryor, but as he did not speak to me about Ophelia, I did not often mention her name to him. I was aware that he was often with her,—or at any rate often in her company. But I did not believe that he had any daily habit of going to the house, as he would have done had he been her accepted suitor. And indeed I believed him to be a man who would be very persevering in offering his love, but who, if persistently refused, would not probably tender it again. He still talked of returning to England, though he had fixed no day. I myself proposed doing so early in May, and used such influence as I had in endeavouring to keep him at Boston till that time. Miss Gledd also I constantly saw. Indeed, one could not live in the society of Boston without seeing her almost daily, and I was aware that Mr. Hoskins was frequently with her.

But as regarded her, this betokened nothing, as I have before endeavoured to explain. She never deserted a friend, and had no idea of being reserved in her manners with a man because it was reported that such man was her lover. She would be very gracious to Hannibal in Mr. Pryor's presence ; and yet it was evident, at any rate to me, that in doing so she had no thought of piquing her English admirer.

I was one day seated in my room at the hotel when a servant brought me up a card. "Misther Hoskins ;— he's a waiting below and wants to see yer honour very partickler," said the raw Irishman. Mr. Hoskins had never done me the honour of calling on me before, nor had I ever become intimate with him, even at the club ; but, nevertheless, as he had come to me, of course I was willing to see him, and so he was shown up into my room. When he entered, his hat was, I suppose, in his hand ; but it looked as though it had been on one side of his head the moment before, and as though it would be on one side again the moment he left me.

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Green,” said he. “Perhaps I ought not to intrude upon you here.”

“No intrusion at all. Won’t you take a chair and put your hat down?” He did take a chair, but he wouldn’t put his hat down. I confess that I had been actuated by a foolish desire to see it placed for a few minutes in a properly perpendicular position.

“I’ve just come,—I’ll tell you why I’ve come. There are some things, Mr. Green, in which a man doesn’t like to be interfered with.” I could not but agree with this, but, in doing so, I expressed a hope that Mr. Hoskins had not been interfered with to any very disagreeable extent.

“Well!”—I scorn to say that the Boston dandy said “wa’all,” but if this story were written by any Englishman less conscientious than myself, that latter form of letters is the one which he would adopt in his endeavour to convey the sound as uttered by Mr. Hoskins. “Well; I don’t quite know about that. Now, Mr. Green, I’m not a quarrelsome man. I don’t go about with six-shooters in my pocket, and I don’t want to

fight, no how, if I can help it." In answer to this I was obliged to tell him that I sincerely hoped that he would not have to fight; but that if fighting became necessary to him, I trusted that his fighting propensities would not be directed against any friend of mine. "We don't do much in that way on our side of the water," said I.

"I am well aware of that," said he. "I don't want any one to teach me what are usages of genteel life in England. I was there the whole fall, two years ago."

"As regards myself," said I, "I don't think much good was ever done by duelling."

"That depends, Sir, on how things eventuate. But, Mr. Green, satisfaction of that description is not what I desiderate on the present occasion. I wish to know whether Mr. Pryor is or is not engaged to marry Miss Ophelia Gledd."

"If he is, Mr. Hoskins, I don't know it."

"But, Sir, you are his friend."

This I admitted; but again assured Mr. Hoskins that I knew nothing of any such engagement. He

pleaded also that I was her friend as well as his. This too I admitted, but again declared that from neither side had I been made aware of the fact of any such engagement.

“Then, Mr. Green,” said he, “may I ask you for your own private opinion?” Upon the whole I was inclined to think that he might not, and so I told him in what most courteous words I could find for the occasion. His back at first grew very long and stiff, and his hat became more and still more sloped as he held it. I began to fear that, though he might not have a six-shooter in his pocket, he had nevertheless some kind of pistol in his thoughts. At last he started up on his feet and confronted me, as I thought, with a look of great anger. But his words, when they came, were no longer angry. “Mr. Green,” said he, “if you knew all that I’ve done to get that girl!” My heart was instantly softened to him. “For aught that I know,” said I, “you may have her this moment for asking.” “No,” said he; “no.” His voice was very melancholy, and as he spoke

he looked into his sloping hat. "No. I've just come from Chestnut Street, and I think she's rather more turned against me than ever."

He was a tall man, good looking after a fashion, with thick black shining hair, and a huge bold moustache. I myself do not like his style of appearance, but he certainly had a manly bearing. And in the society of Boston generally he was regarded as a stout fellow, well able to hold his own,—as a man by no means soft, or green, or feminine. And yet now, in the presence of me, a stranger to him, he was almost crying about his lady love. In England no man tells another that he has been rejected; but then, in England, so few men tell to others anything of their real feeling. As Ophelia had said to me, we are hard and polished, and nobody knows anything about anybody's anything. What could I say to him? I did say something. I went so far as to assure him that I had heard Miss Gledd speak of him in the highest language; and at last, perhaps, I hinted,—though I don't think



I did quite hint it,—that if Pryor were out of the way, Hoskins might find the lady more kind.

He soon became quite confidential, as though I were his bosom friend. He perceived, I think, that I was not anxious that Pryor should carry off the prize, and he wished me to teach Pryor that the prize was not such a prize as would suit him. “She’s the very girl for Boston,” he said in his energy; “but I put it to you, Mr. Green; she hasn’t the gait of going that would suit London.” Whether her gait of going would or would not suit our metropolis I did not undertake to say in the presence of Mr. Hoskins, but I did at last say that I would speak to Pryor, so that the field might be left open for others, if he had no intention of running for the cup himself.

I could not but be taken, and indeed charmed, by the honest strength of affection which Hannibal Hoskins felt for the object of his adoration. He had come into my room determined to display himself as a man of will, of courage, and of fashion. But

he had broken down in all that under his extreme desire to obtain assistance in getting the one thing which he wanted. When he parted with me he shook hands with me almost boisterously, while he offered me most exuberant thanks. And yet I had not suggested that I could do anything for him. I did think that Ophelia Gledd would accept his offer as soon as Pryor was gone; but I had not told him that I thought so.

About two days afterwards I had a very long and a very serious conversation with Pryor, and at that time I do not think that he had made up his mind as to what he intended to do. He was the very opposite to Hoskins in all his ways and all his moods. There was not only no swagger with him, but a propriety and quiescence of demeanour the very opposite to swagger. In conversation his most violent opposition was conveyed by a smile. He displayed no other energy than what might be shown in the slight curl of his upper lip. If he reproved you he did it by silence. There could be no greater contrast than

that between him and Hoskins, and there could be no doubt which man would recommend himself most to our English world by his gait and demeanour. But I think there may be a doubt as to which was the best man, and a doubt also as to which would make the best husband. That my friend was not then engaged to Miss Gledd I did learn; but I learned nothing further,—except this, that he would take his departure with me the first week in May, unless anything special should occur to keep him in Boston.

It was some time early in April that I got a note from Miss Gledd, asking me to call on her. “Come at once,” she said, “as I want your advice above all things,” and she signed herself, “In all truth, yours, O. G.” I had had many notes from her, but none written in this strain; and therefore, feeling that there was some circumstance to justify such instant motion, I got up and went to her then, at ten o’clock in the morning.

She jumped up to meet me, giving me both her

hands. "Oh! Mr. Green," she said, "I am so glad you have come to me. It is all over."

"What is over?" said I.

"My chance of escape from the she baronet. I gave in last night. Pray tell me that I was right. And yet I want you to tell me the truth. And yet, above all things, you must not tell me that I have been wrong."

"Then you have accepted Mr. Pryor."

"I could not help it," she said. "The temptation was too much for me. I love the very cut of his coat, the turn of his lip, the tone of his voice. The very sound which he makes as he closes the door behind him is too much for me. I believe that I ought to have let him go, but I could not do it."

"And what will Mr. Hoskins do?"

"I wrote to him immediately, and told him everything; of course I had John's leave for doing so." This calling of my sedate friend by the name of John was, to my feeling, a most wonderful breaking down of all proprieties! "I told him the exact truth. This

morning I got an answer from him, saying that he should visit Russia. I am so sorry, because of his mothers and sisters."

"And when is it to be?"

"Oh! at once; immediately. So John says. When we resolve on doing these things here, on taking the plunge we never stand shilly-shallying on the brink, as your girls do in England. And that is one reason why I have sent for you. You must promise to go over with us. Do you know, I am half afraid of him,—much more afraid of him than I am of you."

They were to be married very early in May, and of course I promised to put off my return for a week or two to suit them. "And then for the she baronet," she said, "and for all the terrible grandeur of London!" When I endeavoured to explain to her that she would encounter no great grandeur, she very quickly corrected me. "It is not grandeur of that sort, but the grandeur of coldness that I mean;—I fear that I shall not do for them. But, Mr. Green, I must tell you one thing, I have not cut off from myself all means of retreat."

“Why; what do you mean? You have resolved to marry him.”

“Yes, I have promised to do so; but I did not promise till he had said that if I could not be made to suit his people in Old England, he would return here with me, and teach himself to suit my people in New England. The task will be very much easier.”

They were married in Boston, not without some considerable splendour of ceremony,—as far as the splendour of Boston went. She was so universal a favourite that every one wished to be at her wedding, and she had no idea of giving herself airs and denying her friends a favour. She was married with much *éclât*, and, as far as I could judge, seemed to enjoy the marriage herself.

Now comes the question: Will she, or will she not, be received in London as a lady,—as such a lady as my friend Pryor might have been expected to take for his wife?

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

ICH DIEN.



ONE swayed a mighty sceptre,  
And wore a lofty crown,  
With a heavy load they weighed him,  
Head and hand—they weighed him down ;  
To be true King in his kingdom,  
He must serve the meanest clown.

One was leader of a nation—  
Not in name—the man was great,  
Thinking for its many millions,  
Lifting many a burden's weight  
From the peasant at the ploughshare,  
From the beggar at the gate.



One was master of ten thousand,  
Who served him day by day :  
Served him ! he served the thousands !  
Travailing sorer far than they ;  
While their work he gathered for them  
From the world's ends where it lay.

Some think to serve till kingship,  
Till mastership, be won ;  
Higher honour only meaneth  
Greater service to be done,  
Perfect self-renunciation,  
The reward and work are one.

For He before whose sceptre  
The nations rise and fall,  
Who gives no least commandment  
But come to pass it shall :  
Said, He who was the greatest  
Should be servant unto all.

ISA CRAIG.

MARCH VIOLETS.



IN all green places where ye blow,  
Tenderest thoughts of God that grow,  
March violets! March violets!

Hidden hearts that, lying low,  
Sweeten all about you so,  
March violets! March violets!

The love of youth is in your breath,  
Love of youth more strong than death,  
March violets! March violets!  
Gathered in the greening glade,  
And on lips of promise laid,  
March violets! March violets!

Other sweetness too ye take,  
Often kept for saddest sake—  
Kept for soft'ning old regrets :  
To hearts throbbing ye are prest,  
Ye are laid on hearts at rest,

March violets ! March violets !

To the bride her foot who sets  
On England with the violets,

March violets ! March violets !

For her youth and for her love—  
All her royalties above :

A WELCOME with the violets.

WELCOME ! and as, year by year,  
We hail thy time of coming here,  
To England, with the violets ;  
May they bring thee no regrets

Save for joy the heart forgets  
In a deeper, tenderer bliss :

Waken no regret but this,

March violets ! March violets !

ISA CRAIG.

1863.



THE town despises modern lays :  
The foolish town is frantic  
For story-books which tell of days  
That time has made romantic ;  
Those days whose chiefest lore lies chill  
And dead in crypt and barrow,  
When soldiers were—as Love is still—  
Content with bow and arrow.

But why should we the fancy chide?  
The world will always hunger  
To know how people lived and died  
When all the world was younger.  
We like to read of knightly parts  
In maidenhood's distresses :  
Of trysts with sunshine in light hearts,  
And moonbeams on dark tresses ;

And how, when errant-*knyghte* or *erl*  
Proved well the love he gave her,  
She'd send him scarf or silken curl,  
As earnest of her favour ;  
And how (the Fair at times were rude!)  
Her knight, ere homeward riding,  
Would take—and, aye, with gratitude—  
His lady's silver chiding.

We love the “rare old days and rich”  
That poesy has painted ;  
We mourn the “good old times” with which  
We never were acquainted.  
Last night a lady tried to prove  
(And not a lady youthful) :  
“Ah, once it was no crime to love,  
Nor folly to be truthful !”

Absurd! Dames then in castles dwelt,  
Nor dared to show their noses :  
Then passion that could not be spelt,  
Was hinted at in posies.

Such shifts make modern Cupid laugh ;  
For sweethearts, in love's tremor,  
Now tell their vows by telegraph—  
And go off in the steamer !

The earth is still our Mother Earth—  
Young shepherds fling their capers  
In flowery groves that ring with mirth—  
While old ones read the papers.  
Romance, as tender as she was,  
Our Isle has never quitted :  
And when a lad now wins a lass,  
The two need not be pitied.

Oh, yes ! young love is lovely yet—  
With faith and honour plighted :  
I love to see a pair so met—  
Youth—beauty—all united.  
Such dear ones may they ever wear  
The roses Fortune gave them :  
Ah, know we such a Blessed Pair  
I think we do ! GOD SAVE THEM !

Our lot is cast on pleasant days,  
In not unpleasant places—  
Young ladies now have pretty ways  
As well as pretty faces ;  
So never sigh for what has been,  
And let us cease complaining  
That we have loved when Our Dear QUEEN  
VICTORIA was reigning !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE END.



EMILY FAITHFULL,  
PRINTER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY,  
VICTORIA PRESS, 83A, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

# CHELMSFORD CHRONICLE,

## AUGUST 26, 1864.

### RURAL FETE AT STISTED.

We were fortunate enough to be present at the *fête* of the Braintree and Bocking Literary Institution on the 18th inst., in the grounds of O. S. Onley, Esq., at Stisted Hall, and certainly a more charming spot for such a holiday could scarcely have been found anywhere, while the "bill of fare" provided by the active *fête* committee, with Mr. Saunders as their honorary secretary, was everything that could be desired, being in itself a literary curiosity, abounding as it did in happy poetical quotations, puns, and pleasantries, a good deal of play upon words, and a few words upon play. In Braintree and Bocking business was suspended at one o'clock, and very shortly afterwards a host of happy holiday-makers on foot and in every description of vehicle "might have been seen," as Mr. G. P. R. James would say, wending their way along the roads leading from Braintree, Coggeshall, Halsted, and other parts, to the scene of the afternoon's festivity. Heartily do we wish that, after the fashion of the same picturesque novelist, we could enliven our tedious and oft-told description of the ordinary characteristics of a rural *fête* with some thrilling picture of beauty in distress and a Bockingite to the rescue; of some "pork-pied" and crinolined heroine snatched from beneath the prancing hoofs of a passing steed by her devoted "lovier," while materfamilias, dropping the teacups and sandwiches into the gutter, sinks backwards with uplifted hands of horror upon the Sunday waistcoat of her portly and perspiring spouse; but truth compels us to confess that though crinolines and porkpies, lads and lasses, were as plentiful as blackberries, the incidents of the road, albeit sufficiently lively and amusing, were of the ordinary character on such occasions, the most novel feature we observed being a decidedly prosaic and cumbersome farm wagon, with "steeds" the reverse of "prancing," conveying passengers to the grounds at the exciting pace of three miles an hour. Arriving at our destination we stroll through the picturesque gardens and shrubberies, which are in beautiful condition, to the open park, guided by the distant strains of music, for there are no less than three excellent bands on the grounds—the West Essex Militia band under Mr. Byford, sen., the band of the Braintree and Bocking Rifles under Mr. Fuller, and the Dunmow union drum and fife band under Mr. W. Lodge, which latter delighted the company at intervals during the afternoon and evening by accompanying their instruments with their voices, eliciting much applause as well as more substantial marks of approval. Happily the weather, though not so oppressively hot as of late, was beautifully fine, and the ground was soon thronged by a great concourse of holiday-makers, strolling quietly among the gay parterres and shady walks of the gardens, or engaging in some one or other of the many amusements which the forethought of the committee had provided for all ages and tastes. The very multiplicity of attractions was indeed somewhat of a drawback, as one

was really puzzled, like a gentleman-coquette between two equally pretty girls, to decide which should have the preference, and might well think

How happy should I be with either  
Were t'other dear charmer away.

Here, we might watch an exciting match of cricket between members and non-members, which by-the-by, after some good play, was won by the former, as will be seen from our cricketing column; there, we were tempted to mingle with the merry crowd intently admiring that most charming of all charming games, croquet; here again, we might join Aunt Sally's nephews and nieces—for even ladies, advantage being taken of their well-known antipathy to “that horrid tobacco,” were pressed into the sport—in their feeble and occasionally slightly dangerous attempts to “put her pipe out;” or, passing over to yonder end, amuse ourselves with the ludicrous though somewhat undignified sport of jumping in sacks, followed by occasional flat and hurdle races, capitally contested, and productive of much harmless and hearty merriment. Archery and the “Merry-go-round,” “Twixt earth and sky on steeds that tread the air,” vied with kiss-in-the-ring and Mr. Brooks' camera obscura; dear old Punch and Judy—for the committee had by no means forgotten their juvenile friends—trod upon the heels of the Marionettes; and music and love-making were pitted against cigars and bitter beer, the whole being agreeably diversified with a little pocket-picking—one of the light-fingered fraternity who had made attempts on two ladies' pockets being unceremoniously hustled off the ground by the police. Altogether it is a pleasant and joyous scene, and one is especially pleased to observe the large proportion of working men with their families on the ground, as also to see present the boys and girls from the Braintree union, who are enabled through the liberality of the Rev. C. Forster, of Stisted, to enjoy what must be to them a day of rare and unalloyed happiness. Unfortunately the worthy squire, with his family, is from home, or it would gladden his kindly heart to see the orderly demeanor and hearty enjoyment of those whom he had helped, for a time at least, to make happy:—

On that bounteous day  
Rare talk they had, and sweet society,  
Under the tender trees where rippled grass  
Caress'd them with its smiles.

Here our reverie, lazily indulged in under one of the “tender trees” aforesaid, is broken in upon in an unexpected though not unpleasant way. A young lady member of the institution, of prepossessing exterior, presents to us *en passant* with a smile and a bow a dainty little card, on which we find the following official notification:—

MAGIC POST-OFFICE.

Dear Sir,—A letter, addressed to you and awaiting you at the above office, can be obtained on application and payment of postage (3d).

(Signed) FLORENCE FLEECHEM.

Inwardly acknowledging

Our lines are cast in pleasant days,  
In not unpleasant places;  
Young ladies now have pretty ways,  
As well as pretty faces,

we make our way, as in duty bound, to the post-office, where postmasters Brown and Pryke are busily at work, pay our threepence, and receive our letter, which we find contains a pressing offer of marriage from a charming though, alas! unknown lady, possessed of boundless riches in “silvier” and gold, who pathetically assures she “loves us for

our beauty," which we don't believe, for we never had any, and languishingly asks which metre is fittest for the "poetry of the affections"—"long metre, short metre, gas meter, or meet her by moonlight alone?" Considering that love-letters are not usually among the liveliest of literary compositions we fancy our fair correspondent's burlesque is not at all bad—for a lady, though our stern love of truth compels us to confess that we should probably admire her more had she learned to spell "satirical" without quite so many "e's." However, we pocket the joke and the letter, and stroll off among the crowd, just in time to witness another romantic surprise. Who shall say that the days of poetry and chivalry are gone by for ever? Here now is a local poet, with eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," declaiming his own verses to an admiring audience with an unctuous fervor that recalls the times when the romantic troubadour

Caressing and caress'd,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
Sang sweet to lords and ladies gay  
His unpremeditated lay;

and as even "kiss-in-the-ring" is for the time abandoned, we may finish the quotation by recording that

Noble youths, the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the dear;

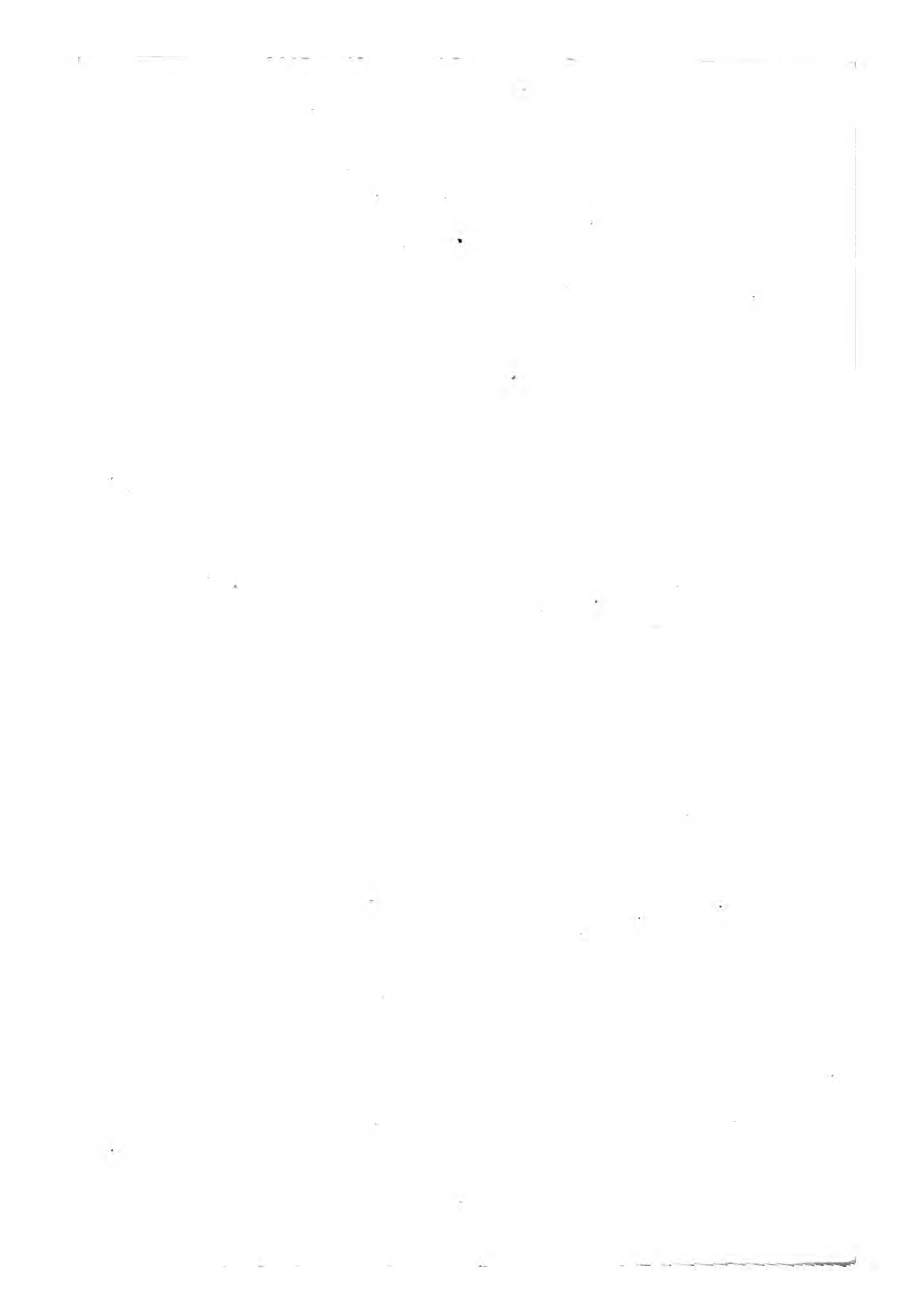
though, in truth, our friend was of substantial and untroubadour-like presence, and had a keen eye for the main chance, retailing his poetic wares, neatly printed on tinted paper, at "the small charge of one ha'penny each." As a unique specimen of Essex poetry in the 19th century, and as giving a far more graphic picture than we can pretend to do of the attractions of the day, we here subjoin the poem, "with the maker's name affixed":—

To Stisted Hall at once repair  
And see the grand amusements there;  
The Braintree folks I have to state  
Hold there with joy their rural fête.

It is satisfactory to learn that no accident occurred during the day, and that not the slightest damage was done in the gardens and grounds. The number of persons present is estimated at upwards of 4,000, and nearly £90 was taken for admission, which, with the other receipts amounting to upwards of £30, will leave a fair balance in hand in favor of the institution.

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# The Saturday Review.

March 21, 1863.

\* *Nuptial Ode on the Marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.* By W. Edmondstone Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1863.

*Leaves from our Cypress and our Oak.* London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

*A Welcome: Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose.* London: Emily Faithfull. 1863.

## BRIDECAKE POETRY.\*

LOYALTY finds natural expression in poetry; and wedded happiness, past, present, or to come, is fitly celebrated in verse. Who can call us a prosaic nation, a nation of shopkeepers, when nuptial odes may be counted by the score? when, alongside of learned professors and celebrated beauties emulously striving to win the laurel from the Laureate, we have Mr. Martin Tupper, not content with printing moral sentences from boys' copy-books in unequal lines, achieving the more difficult task of making Arabic numerals do duty for metrical numbers in this fashion:—

10,000,000 welcomes!  
100,000,000 welcomes!  
1,000,000,000 welcomes more!

That so much can be written—finely, gracefully, and appropriately written—on the same subject, will surprise no one who remembers Petrarch's sonnets or Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Moreover, in the present instance, anticipation is varied by retrospection; the sorrows of memory alternate with the pleasures of hope; and in the very act of recalling *L'Allegro*, the softened fancy is carried back to *Il Penseroso*.

In awe and silence veil that sacred urn,  
Quit the dim vault, and pass into the day.  
Not our's with impious plaint to censure doom,  
Or murmur, when we rather need to pray.  
God call'd His servant home—His will be done.  
What more can mortals say?  
Enough of tears are shed.  
Unmeasured wailing desecrates the dead,  
And vain repining but profanes the tomb.

Having thrown off his melancholy by this strong effort, Professor Aytoun proceeds, in animated strains, to summon England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland to rejoice; and, to do them justice, they have been rejoicing to the best of their ability. He also suggests a parallel, of which we do not exactly see the closeness or the applicability, between the late progress through the streets of London and that in which the Black Prince attended on his royal prisoner:—

Then myriad voices rose in glad turmoil;  
The Prince! the Prince! they cried, and ever more  
Swell'd up the shout, like ocean's gathering roar,  
And burst in deluge of delirious joy;  
The while, with modest grace, the hero-boy  
Bareheaded rode beside the captive king!



On the last occasion they cried, "the Princess!" "the Princess!" and the youthful conqueror (with modest grace, certainly) sate opposite his fair captive, bound with no fetters but the metaphorical ones called rosey, in a comfortable carriage, with his hat on.

The author of *Leaves from our Cypress and our Oak*, has given so constant a preference to the cypress, that he might have taken for his motto:—

Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Or if he prefers a French one, eminently suggestive of the vanity or nothingness of all things:—

Je vais ou va toute chose,  
Ou va la feuille de rose,  
Et la feuille de laurier.

At the same time we cannot blame him for indulging the tone of thought which is best suited to him, for his gladness is inferior to his sadness, and we decidedly prefer his cypress to his oak. Although a dreamy vagueness hovers over the pages devoted to mourning, they contain some impressive passages; and we agree with Goethe that "it is not always necessary for truth or feeling to embody itself; enough, if it floats spiritually about; if, like the deep, friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air." In the concluding "Song of the Bells, Chorus," the author tries hard to be merry; but his merriment sounds forced, his language loses its delicacy, and words profaned by ordinary use disagreeably lower the tone:

Joy to all our new relations,  
Peace and love amongst the nations.

This is hardly in a higher strain than what we heard sung on the 10th from a ballad on sale by a balladmonger:—

Joy to you and your young wife,  
May you hug her all your life.

Whoever happens to want an Easter offering for his own or anybody else's bride, sister, or daughter, cannot do better than purchase a copy of "*A Welcome*" in its handsome green and gold binding. The plan is the same as that of a well-known and popular volume from the same press; yet, reluctant as we are to discourage female enterprise, we cannot say that this species of publication does more to promote a sound taste in literature than the Keepsakes and Books of Beauty that have gradually died out. A long list of titled or celebrated contributors, prefixed by way of advertisement to a compilation, may well recall the analogy suggested by Sheridan, when he remarked that the number of indorsers throws a doubt upon the bill. They commonly think any scrap of prose or verse good enough, and evade responsibility by talking of it as a thing thrown off on the spur of the moment or selected from amongst some half-forgotten manuscripts. As a general rule, it is only the younger or less known writer who takes pains. Miss Emily Faithfull may therefore consider herself fortunate in having induced several men and women of genius to co-operate with her earnestly and cordially on this occasion. If Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Maurice, Mr. A. Trollope, M. Louis Blanc, Neville Temple, Owen Meredith, Lady Strangford, Mrs. Norton, Miss Martineau, Miss Isa Craig, Mrs. S. C. Hall, &c. &c., have not done their very best, they have done extremely well; and a highly satisfactory amount of fancy, feeling, observation, thought, humour and sentiment, set off by appropriate language,



is the result. The Dedication was entrusted to Mr. Edwin Arnold, who has thought fit to address the Princess in hexameters; the rather hackneyed point of the compliment being the contrasted invasions of the Danes. It is also based on a mistake. "An ever recurring poetical licence (says the *Allgemeine Zeitung*) is the notion that the Princess is directly descended from the old Seakings and Canute. That pure German blood really flows in her veins, seems to be an unknown fact to the English." It is certainly unknown to Mr. Arnold:—

Fierce, brown-bearded, enclad in the spoils of wolf and of wild cat,  
Keener in hunt than wolves, than wild-cats wilder in onset,  
Came, in the days gone by, the Dane to the shores of the Angles;  
Came on an errand of blood—to beleaguer, to burn and to ravage.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Fair, golden-haired, and glad with the joy of her youth and her beauty,  
Daughter herself of a Prince,—of a Prince the loved and the chosen,  
Comes in these happier days the Dane to the shores of the Angles,  
Comes on an errand of love, to the music of soft hymenæals.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Princess! weak is one voice in the throng and clamour of voices,  
Poor one flower in the rain of the roses that shower at thy footsteps,  
Faint one prayer in the anthem of litanies uttered to bless thee;  
Yet to thy young fair face we make this manifold greeting,  
On thy path to the altar we lay *this many-leaved blossom*,  
Blossom of humble hopes, of timorous labours the tokens.

These lines come trippingly off; yet, with all due respect to Southey, Longfellow, Clough, and the Master of Trinity, we think the metre a mistake. It is ill suited to the genius of our tongue. Female readers are apt to suppose it an imitation of "Proverbial Philosophy"; and we have long outlived those palmy days of longs and shorts, when Sydney Smith explained to an inquisitive damsel that, for a man to commit a false quantity, was the same as for a woman to be guilty of a *faux pas*.

It is possible that some of these productions may be the tokens of "timorous labours," but the term will hardly apply to the bold challenge of comparison implied in the heading of Lord Carlisle's verses, *In Memoriam*, good as they are; nor to Mrs. Cowden Clarke's praiseworthy avowal in her sonnet "On a Ring of Leigh Hunt's Hair"—

And well I can remember when the rare  
Young poet-head, in eager thought thrown back,  
Bore just such clusters.

Still less does it apply to the spirit-stirring "*Knight's Leap*" of Kingsley, one of the gems of the collection, which was evidently struck off at a heat:—

"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;  
And the water is spent and gone?  
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine—  
I never shall drink but this one.

"And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,  
And lead him me round to the doer:  
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,  
As horse never took before.

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,  
I have drunk my share of wine;  
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight  
Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score;  
And if I must die on tree—  
Why the old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore,  
Is the properest timber for me.

“ So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,  
 How the Altenahr hawk can die :  
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest  
 He must take to his wings and fly.”

And over the cliff on which the castle is built, “ three hundred feet of fall,” go horse and rider into the glen. A similar fate, unsought, befalls the hero of some meritorious stanzas by Mr. Roden Noel ; one of which is marred by a word : —

A flash and a roar—his good steed *shied*—  
 The sky frowned black and the big drops fell,  
 It struggled, it reared, toppled over the side,  
 The steep rock face of that far-away hill.

Steeds never shy in lofty rhyme : we doubt whether they topple. “ Clear your mind of cant,” was Johnson’s advice to Boswell. “ Clear your vocabulary of slang,” is ours to every young writer of promise.

Neville Temple’s *Ladye of the Lonely Tower* will go home to the heart of every fair day-dreamer, reviving familiar visions of long-anticipated bliss ; whilst *The Loreley* of his friend, Owen Meredith, is distinguished by characteristic delicacy of sentiment and language. She is a charming creation or impersonation -- something between Undine and the White Lady of Avenal : —

I lie light, I lie still,  
 On a bed of pearl ;  
 Under the ripples that over me curl,  
 Each one arching his silver bow,  
 And shooting over his brother’s head  
 Shaft after shaft at the stony shore :  
 Shaft after shaft, till a million be sped,  
 And then follows a million more.

She raises a question which would have formed a capital subject for argument before a Provençal Court of Love presided over by Queen Eleanor : —

Heart, my heart ! I prithee decree  
 Which of human kisses three,  
 If thine it were, should sweetest be :  
 Kiss of lover and of maiden  
 All with tender trouble laden ?  
 Love’s first life !  
 Kiss of husband and of wife  
 Sealing fast two hearts with strength,  
 Love’s life’s length !  
 Kiss of mother and of child,  
 Perfect, pure, and undefiled ?

Young lady readers will take note that there is no absolute necessity for choosing, because, with average luck, they may come in for all three in succession.

Mrs. Norton’s verses, “ In Memory of the Earl of Gifford,” her brother-in-law, exhibit all her best qualities as a writer. They are glowing and discriminating, impassioned and thoughtful at once. They embody a fine conception of a fine character, successfully carried out in a metre which requires sustained elevation. Nothing can be more felicitously managed than the associated topics : *e. g.* the introduction of the sisters : —

A Sister’s tears are thine—whose pity fell  
 Like dew upon the fever of thy pain ;  
 The stateliest scion of a beauteous race,  
 His wife,—whom England’s Hero left the heir  
 Of laurelled titles from triumphant Wars.  
 And Hers—whose younger loveliness is linked  
 With that Man’s son who ever foremost stood  
 In arts of peace and highest statesmanship,  
 And so bequeathed his children,—equal each,—  
 The proudest legacy a man can leave,  
 The self-earned glory of a stainless name.

Lord Gifford was a man of talent, cultivation, and accomplishment—brave, earnest, generous, and true. He filled a distinguished place among amateur artists. His death, in his forty-first year, was caused by a gallant self-sacrificing impulse; and this heartfelt tribute to his memory will invite unalloyed sympathy. But, in our eagerness to be just to the one, we need not be unjust to the many; and we must pause to mark an error in Mrs. Norton's reasoning, lest it spread. If we rightly understand the following passages, she is out of humour with the world for not finding out what was studiously withdrawn from it, and for perversely forgetting what it never knew:

If the world knew how great had been its gain—  
 If the world knew how great is now its loss—  
 Easy were it to swell the vain lament  
 Till the loud clamour of a popular cry  
 Waked answering grief in half-attentive men.  
 But thou wert for thy friends; not for the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then fare thee well! Farewell—great simple heart!  
 Certain to be forgotten by the crowd  
 Ere the first summer shall make green thy grave:  
 Certain to be remembered while life lasts  
 By those who knew and prized thee.

What more can be asked for any man, noble or plebeian, than that the sense of his virtues shall be coequal with the sphere of their

exertion? In these lines, and in an eloquent passage on the alleged disadvantages of rank and wealth, the moral of Gray's *Elegy* is unconsciously reversed; so that, if "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," this is not because

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

The genial current was frozen by ten thousand a-year. Nor should we search in "neglected spots" for

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

For aught we know to the contrary, the Cromwell "guiltless of his country's blood" may be the eldest son of a Duke who has sat ten or twelve years for a family borough; instead of "village" Hampdens, we must read "villa;" and we should keep a sharp look-out for "mute inglorious" Miltons in Grosvenor Square. In sober seriousness, we are tired of hearing what people might have done, if they had been something or somebody which they were not—how the rich might have become famous if they had been born poor, and the poor famous if they had been born rich. In one way or another, genius, like murder, will out. Like water, it will find its level; the lists in which glory is the prize are open to all comers; and to faint or fall in the grand struggle of life is no uncommon lot—

Quisque suos patimur manes, exinde per altum  
 Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus.

Prose mixed up with poetry has been not unaptly compared to the lean of streaky bacon. Turning to the lean, we are alternately tempted by "The Heart's Waves," of the Viscountess Strangford; the "Miss Ophelia Gledd," of Mr. Trollope; "The Norwegian Legend," signed "Frederica Rowan;" "Larry's Appeal for Justice,"

by Mrs. S. C. Hall; "The Eleventh of March," signed "Amelia B. Edwards;" "Gibbon and Hume in Paris," by M. Louis Blanc; and "Acquisition and Illumination," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice — a title which Miss Faithfull is bound to regard as what the French call a *nom parlant*. We are irresistibly attracted by Larry, who is mad for law:—

All my life I've been after law—I've committed five breaches of promise of marriage, in the hope that a law-*skute* might grow out of one of them— but no! every one of the girls said they were glad to get rid of me.

I 'saulted the biggest man in Tipperary! He laughed at me, and wouldn't even give me a clip of his shillala!—he said I wasn't worth it. I tried to get up a rebellion—I made a speech that ought to have me in Kilmanim. Hurroo! wouldn't *that* have been glory! *there* would have been the heart's blood of the law! *nobody* noted it. But I have it now. . . .

So as my poor horse was grazin' in the bottom of a dry ditch (thinkin' no harrum—for there never was a thought of harrum in the craythur,) and my neighbour Cadwallader Jones's goats, being yoked together (which is often a heart thrubble to more than goats), war a brouzin' on the top of the ditch, one of them fell down and dragged the other afther her, and, as the devil would have it, they fell over my poor horse, and as the yoak cought on his back he ran out of the ditch, with the goats hanging on both sides of him, kickin', an' strugglin', an' roarin', until they bothered the poor craythur out of his sineses—so that at last he got into the grate pond, an' floundered about until they war both—all three—drowned!

He has a right of common for a horse; and his neighbour, a choleric Welshman, has a right of common for two goats. Larry asserts that the goats drowned the horse; the Welshman, that the horse drowned the goats; and a case arises like the famous one touching the white, black, or pyed horses in Martimus Scriblerus.

We wish we had room for Miss Isa Craig's "March Violets," and Mr. Hamilton Aide's "Italian Boy and his Monkey," and Mr. Cayley's "People of the West," and Mrs. Mitchell's "Brother Urban," and Sydney Dobell's "Love," and Mr. Frederick Locker's lively and idiomatic "1863," with a verse of which we will wind up our welcome of "*A Welcome*"—

Oh, yes! young love is lovely yet—  
With faith and honour plighted:  
I love to see a pair so met—  
Youth—beauty—all united.  
Such dear ones may they ever wear  
The roses Fortune gave them:  
Ah, know we such a Blessed Pair?  
I think we do! GOD SAVE THEM.

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Love " is exquisite: here are a couple of charming verses:—

Young Love lies sleeping  
In Maytime of the year,  
Among the lilies  
Lapped in the tender light:  
White lambs come grazing  
White doves come building there,  
And round about him  
The May bushes are white.

Soft moss the pillow  
For oh! a softer cheek;  
Broad leaves cast shadow  
Upon the heavy eyes:  
There winds and waters  
Grow lulled, and scarcely speak;  
There twilight lingers  
The longest in the skies.

Miss Rossetti unites a most delicate and airy fancy with a delicious music of rhythm. In "The Ladye of the Lonely Tower," Mr. "Neville Temple" (whom we presume to be Julian Fane) has caught much of the Tennysonian spirit in reference to King Arthur's time. Neither Mr. Charles Kingsley nor Mr. Owen Meredith has done himself justice. Mr. Frederick Locker finishes the volume with some gay verses in his happiest style, in which he tells us that

Our lot is cast on pleasant days,  
In not unpleasant places—  
Young ladies now have pretty ways  
As well as pretty faces.

Altogether, with even the dead-weight of Mr. Trollope's portentous and prosaic puerility, the book is a charming one; and Miss Faithfull has produced it in such exquisite style that it cannot fail to be a coveted reminiscence of the Prince's bridal.

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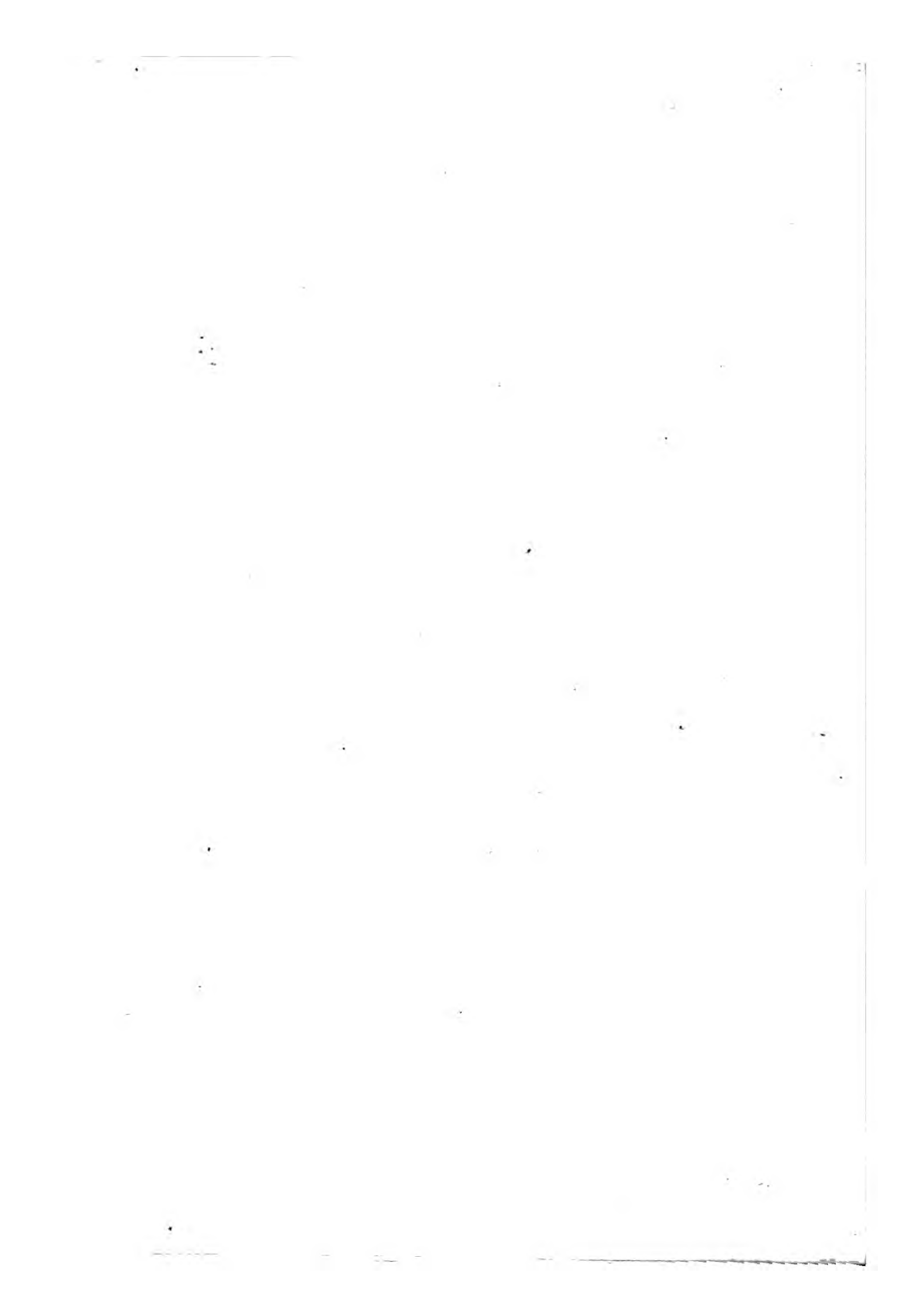
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