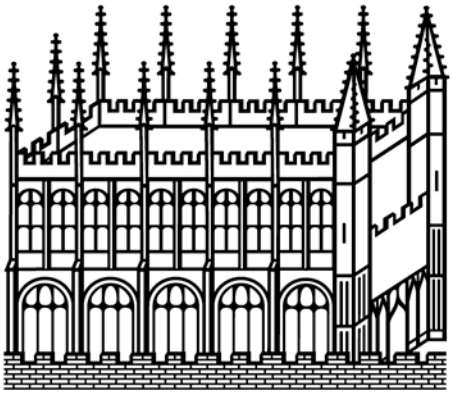

PRICE ONE SHILLING

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE & VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

J. E. CARPENTER

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & Co., BEDFORD ST., COVENT GARDEN

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LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
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CONTENTS.

PENNY READINGS.

THE DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR.

CHARLES KNIGHT.

[If we were asked to proclaim the man who has done most for the cause of popular education and the enlightenment of the middle and working classes, we should not hesitate to name Charles Knight; and it is not only from his character as a projector and producer of cheap and good literature, but as an elegant and perspicuous writer of history, a careful and conscientious editor, and an antiquary, that his high and enduring position in English literature has been established.

Mr. Knight was born at Windsor, in 1791, his father being a bookseller in the royal borough. In 1811, in partnership with his father, he established the "Windsor and Eton Express." In 1820, 1821, and 1822, he edited, in connexion with the late Mr. Locker, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital (and father of Fredk. Locker the poet), "The Plain Dealer," the first attempt to produce cheap literature of a high character.

In 1822 Mr. Knight removed to London, and started, at Pall Mall East, "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," to which Macaulay was a contributor.

In 1827 he became associated with the Useful Knowledge Society, and edited many of its publications. "The Penny Magazine," which he commenced in 1832, was continued for eleven years; and in 1838 "The Penny Cyclopædia" made its first appearance. During the course of this work Mr. Knight expended upon it forty thousand pounds in original contributions. This, in addition to his own valuable matter. Among his other works his "Shakspeare," "Pictorial History of England," "London," and the series of "Shilling Volumes,"—bear testimony to his genius and industry.

As a book for the fireside, or for a Reading Society, Mr. Knight's "Half-hours with the best Authors" will be found invaluable; while the student of history, who wishes to obtain the leading facts without the trouble of sifting them from the more bulky volumes, will find in "Half-Hours of English History" that it has been admirably done to his hand. New and elegant editions of both these works have lately been issued by our own publishers, Messrs. Fredk. Warne and Co., London.]

At the end of the year 1086, when he had been seated nineteen years upon the throne of England, William went over to the continent with a mighty army to wage war with Philip, King of France, for the possession of the city of Mantes and the country of the Vexin. But shortly after his arrival in Normandy he fell sick and kept his bed. As he had advanced in years he had grown excessively fat. King Philip said, as a good joke among his courtiers, that his cousin William was a long while lying in, but that no doubt there would be a fine churching as soon as he should be delivered. On hearing this coarse and insipid jest the Conqueror of England swore by the most terrible of his oaths—by the splendour and birth of Christ—that he would be churched in Notre Dame, the Cathedral of Paris, and present so many wax torches that all France should be set in a blaze.* It was not until the end of July, 1087, that he was in a state to mount his war-horse. He soon came with fire and sword into the Vexin country. The corn was almost ready for the sickle, the grapes for the wine-press, when he marched his cavalry through the corn-fields and made his soldiery tear up the vines by the roots and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes was soon taken, and consigned to the flames. Neither house nor cottage, nay, neither church nor monastery was spared. As the Conqueror rode up to view the ruin he had caused, his war-horse put his fore feet on some embers, or hot

* It was the custom for women at their churching to carry lighted tapers in their hands and present them at the altar.

cinders, and then swerved or plunged so violently that the heavy rider was thrown upon the high pommel of the saddle, and grievously bruised. The king dismounted in great pain, and never more put foot in stirrup. Forthwith quitting the burning town, he was carried slowly in a litter to Rouen, and again laid in his bed. It was soon evident to all, and even to himself, that his last hour was approaching. Being troubled by the noise and bustle of Rouen, and desirous of dying in a holy place, he made his people carry him to the monastery of St. Gervas, outside the city walls. He lingered for six weeks, during which he was surrounded by doctors, priests, and monks. On the nearer approach of death his heart softened, and though he preserved the kingly decorum and conversed calmly on the wonderful events of his life, he is said to have felt the vanity of all human grandeur, and a keen remorse for the crimes and cruelties he had committed. He sent money to Mantes to rebuild the churches and houses of religion he had burned, and he ordered large sums to be paid to the churches and monasteries in England, which he had plundered and impoverished. He released all his state prisoners, as well Saxon as others, some of whom had pined in dungeons for more than twenty years. Robert, his eldest son, who had had many violent quarrels with his father, was absent, but his two younger sons, William and Henry, who were successively kings of England, were assiduous round the death-bed, waiting impatiently for the declaration of his last will. A day or two before his death the Conqueror assembled some of his prelates and chief barons in his sick chamber, and raising himself in his bed, he with a solemn and ghastly countenance declared in their presence that he bequeathed the duchy of Normandy and its other dependencies to his eldest son, Robert. "As to the crown of England," said the dying monarch, "I bequeath it to no one, as I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, in inheritance from my father,

but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood with mine own good sword. The succession to that kingdom I therefore leave to the decision of God, only desiring most fervently that my son William, who hath ever been dutiful to me, may obtain it, and prosper in it." "And what do you give unto me, oh! my father?" eagerly cried Prince Henry. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury." "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" Here the dying king put on the look of a prophet, and said, "Be patient, O Henry! and have trust in the Lord: suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee, and thy time will come after theirs." Henry the Beauclerc, and the craftiest and cleverest of the unloving brotherhood, went straight and drew the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then furnished himself with a strong coffer to keep his treasure in. William Rufus left the king's bedside at the same time, and, without waiting to see his father breathe his last, hastened over to England to seize the royal treasures deposited in Winchester castle and to look after his crown.

About sunrise, on the 9th of September, the Conqueror was roused from a stupor into which he had fallen by the sound of bells. He eagerly inquired what the noise meant, and was told that they were ringing the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. He lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and saying, "I recommend my soul to my Lady Mary, the holy mother of God," instantly expired. His last faint sigh was the signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights, priests, and doctors, who had passed the night near him, put on their spurs, mounted their horses, and galloped off to their several homes to have an eye to their own interests. The king's servants and some vassals of inferior rank proceeded to rifle the apartments of the arms, silver vessels, linen, and royal dresses, and then were to horse and away like their betters. Some took

one thing, some another; nothing worth the carrying was left behind—no, not so much as the bed-clothes. From prime to tierce, or for about three hours, the corpse of the mighty Conqueror, abandoned by sons, friends, servants, and all, lay in a state of almost perfect nakedness on the bare boards of the chamber in which he had expired. The citizens of Rouen either ran about the streets asking news and advice from every one they met, or busied themselves in concealing their money and valuables. At last the clergy and the monks recovered the use of their faculties, and thought of the decent duties owing to the mortal remains of their sovereign; and, arraying themselves in their best habits, and forming in order of procession, they went with crucifix, burning tapers, and incense, to pray over the abandoned and dishonoured body for the peace of its soul. The Archbishop of Rouen ordained that the king should be interred at Caen in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built and royally endowed. But even now there was none to do it honour: his sons, his brothers, his relations, were all absent, and of all the Conqueror's officers and rich vassals, not one was found to take charge of the obsequies. At length a poor knight, named Herluin, who lived in the neighbourhood, charged himself with the trouble and expense of the funeral, "out of his natural good nature and love of God." This poor and pious knight engaged the proper attendance and a wain; he conveyed the king's body on the cart to the banks of the Seine, and from thence in a barge down the river and its estuary to the city of Caen. Gilbert, Abbot of St. Stephen's, with all his monks, came out of Caen to meet the body, and other churchmen and the inhabitants of the city joining these, a considerable procession was formed. But as they went along a fire suddenly broke out in the town; laymen and clerks ran to extinguish it, and the abbot and his monks were left alone to conduct the remains of the king to the church which he had founded. Even the last burial service did not pass

undisturbed. The neighbouring bishops and abbots assembled for this solemn ceremony. The mass and requiem had been said; the incense was filling the church with its holy perfume, the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric, and the body was about to be lowered into the grave prepared for it in the church between the altar and the choir, when a man, suddenly rising in the crowd, exclaimed, with a loud and angry voice which made the prelates and monks to start and cross themselves—"Bishop, the man whom thou hast praised was a robber! The very ground on which we are standing is mine, and is the site where my father's house stood. He took it from me by violence, to build this church on it. I reclaim it as my right; and in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him here, or cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly was Asseline Fitz Arthur, who had often asked a just compensation from the king in his lifetime. Many of the persons present confirmed the truth of his statement; and, after some parley and chaffering, the bishop paid him sixty shillings for the grave alone, engaging to procure him hereafter the full value of the rest of his land. The body, dressed in royal robes, but without a coffin, was then lowered into the narrow tomb; the rest of the ceremony was hurried over, the people dispersed, the prelates went to their homes, and the abbot and monks of St. Stephen's went to their cloisters, leaving only one brother of the house to sprinkle holy water over the flat stone that covered the grave and to pray for the soul of the departed. The traveller may yet stand and muse over that grave in the quaint old Norman church at Caen; but the equestrian statue of the Conqueror, placed against one of the external pillars of the church, has been wantonly and barbarously mutilated.

(*From "Half-Hours of English History."*)

A WINTER WREATH.

Mrs. William Hey.

Talk not of Winter as a dotard old,
Grey-hair'd and feeble, palsied every limb,
"A wither'd branch his sceptre;"—'tis a whim
He well may laugh to scorn. A warrior bold
Girded with strength is he! Asleep—awake,
He is all energy to ear and sight;
He bids the winds go forth, and forests quake,
Like flowers before gay summer's fresh'ning gale.
He doth unchain the floods, and in their might
Adown the hills they rush, and through the vale,
With deaf'ning clamour, till they reach the main.
The main! how awful in its maddened ire!
It looks as if 'twould never know again
The gentleness which summer airs inspire.
Yet, like most tyrants, Winter sometimes shows
A softness foreign to his wonted mood;
Then would you deem he borrow'd Fancy's wand,
Such wondrous shapes he fashions of the snows.
Anon he casts his hoar-frost on the wood,
And, when the sun breaks forth, each tree doth stand
A sparkling marvel, which, could Summer see,
The leafy goddess sure would envious be.
But short-lived is his grace. This very morn
The winds were laid; the skies, serene and clear,
Wore April's tint; and, though the meads were shorn
Of flowers and verdure, yet the hedges glow'd
With scarlet fruitage of the rose and thorn.
The holly, too, its blushing berries show'd
With seeming pride; and ivy never sere,
That dreads no changes, deems no season drear,
Deck'd forest tree, grey rock, and ruin'd shed—
Nay, even on the ground its drapery spread.
Of each we took; and from the yielding bough
The forkèd branch of spectral misletoe,

As was most meet, we added to our store;
Then gayful home our varied trophies bore.

To-night, how changed the scene! His iron mood
Stern Winter has resumed. How wild, how rude
Drives the fierce blast along! The sky how dark!
How fast the snow-flakes fall! And hark! oh, hark!
"The floods lift up their voice!" But, whilst without
All is mad revelry and savage rout,
Within, let smiles of cheerfulness and mirth
Shed more than sunshine on the social hearth.
Let youth and age each lend appropriate grace
To the bright circle. May no vacant place
Remind us sadly that, since last we met,
Another star in friendship's sky is set!

Dark memories hence! Oh, not to-night
Our happy meeting dim or blight.
Upon the fire more faggots fling;
And fetch the trophies cull'd this morn,
Our presence-chamber to adorn.
And just to give a hint of Spring,
And add to strength a softening grace,
We'll mingle with the hardier race
Flowers of the yellow aconite,
For simple beauty "richly dight;"
And, better still, the Christmas rose,
Which, blent with prickly holly, shows
Like captive lady mid a band
Of warriors arm'd with spear and brand.
Our task is done: branch—berry—flower—
Each in its place—a fitting bower.
It seems to shield from north wind keen
The fragile form of fairy queen.
Now let us from the vaulted roof
Suspend our garland, winter-proof:
But bashful maidens stand aloof—
The charter'd misletoe is there—
Ye know the penalty. Beware!

* * * * * *

But Time, who never stays his flight,
Whether man's lot be dark or bright,
Now to the warning dial lends
His voice; and through the hall it sends
The signal note. We own the token,
And farewell words are oft re-spoken:
"Good night! good night!" from fond lips fall.
How silent now the lonely hall!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

DR. JOHN WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR).

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a fair white wig, looked wondrous fine.
Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes, so gentle, to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes·
A nostrum famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls when foul with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt
That Popish priests did for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:
But very different was their speed, I wot.
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon—"peccavi" cried—
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;

And hold in mother-passion,
  Thy Blessed, in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
  From the dark world he knew;
No twilight in the gateway
  To mediate 'twixt the two;
Into the sudden glory,
  Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
  At once to light and GOD!
For the first face, beholding
  The Christ's in its divine;
For the first place, the golden
  And tideless hyaline;
With trees, at lasting summer,
  That rock to tuneful sound,
While angels, the new comer,
  Wrap a still smile around.
Oh, in the blessed psalm, now,
  His happy voice he tries,
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
  Than others, o'er his eyes;
Yet still, in all his singing,
  Thinks highly of thy song
Which, in his life's first springing,
  Sang to him all night long,
And wishes it beside him,
  With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him,
  To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mourning mother,
  Thy blind boy walks in light!
Ye wait for one another,
  Before God's infinite!
But *thou* art now the darkest,
  Thou mother left below—
Thou, the sole blind—thou markest,
  Content that it be so,—
Until ye two give meeting

Where Heaven's pearl-gate is,
And *he* shall lead thy feet in,
As once thou leddest *his!*
Wait on, thou mourning mother!

(*By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.*)

LITTLE CHARLIE.

(A CHILD'S LIFE AND DEATH.)

REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

BORN upon a happy day,
Youngest child of all the four!
Mother's breast, another baby
Ne'er shall suckle more;
Mother, make the most of this,
Seal it with thy fondest kiss!

Plants on moisture thrive and climb,
Gently rear the weenie thing,
Dip its supple limbs in water,
From the healthful spring;
Bathe it till its blood doth glow,
Make it clap its hands and crow!

Lo! the christ'ning day hath come,
Little sisters, little brother,
Gaze with wonder on the infant,
In the arms of mother;
Lo! they lave with drops its brow,
And its name is 'CHARLIE' now!

Peerie mannie, babe of beauty,
Yet! all pure and undefil'd,
All the mother's soul is center'd
In that bonnie child;

God doth need him; Charlie, boy,
Whence that hectic, burning glow,
That enfires thy cheek, then leaves it
Pale as driven snow?
Eyes that sparkle, then grow dim,
Weariness in ev'ry limb?

Ah, relentless, fatal fever!
Gnaw the ripe-fruits one by one,
But, oh! spare the widow's blossom,
Spare her youngest son!
Sable angel pass him o'er,
Mark the lintel of her door!

Vain entreaty! tread with softness!
Yonder curtain'd cot behold!
And upon it little Charlie,
Very white and cold!
White, as lilies of the spring,
Still, as bird with broken wing!

Charlie! mother's fondest treasure,
Brother's playmate, sisters' pet,
On thy baby-cheek, death's signal
Now at length is set;
Gone for aye the peach-bud's hue,
Quench'd the laughing eye of blue!

Little limbs, how still and quiet!
Tiny feet, your faery-tread
Never more shall wake the echoes,
Dead! my Charlie, dead!
Yet what knowledge on that brow,
Child! thou'rt more than Man just now!

Courage! crush'd and stricken Rachel,
Weeping blood-drops day and night,
Recollect, the darkest storm-clouds
Have a lining bright!

And no cloud by Him is sent
That's not fleec'd with soft intent!

What though yon small house is empty,
Yonder tenement of clay!
Christ has call'd thy little Charlie,
To Himself away;
Call'd him to a nobler lot,
He who said, 'Forbid them not!'

Wailing mother, if their angels,
Aye behold the 'Father's Face,'
In God's Heaven be sure that children,
Hold no joyless place;
And if this indeed be so,
Little Charlie's there, we know!

Little sisters, little brother,
Once again ye group around!
But 'tis now, to lay your Charlie
In the church-yard ground;
Ah, what sobs! what smother'd pain!
Tears are falling thick as rain!

Yet, O children! yet fond Rachel!
Look above—beyond the grave!
And believe that Christ is mighty
All His *lambs* to save!
Charlie now, His praises sings,
Soaring high, on Seraph-wings!!

A SCENE FROM THE HONEYMOON.

JOHN TOBIN.

[John Tobin was born at Salisbury, in 1770. He was brought up to the law, but, Shakspeare proving more attractive to him than Blackstone, he adopted the stage as a profession, and wrote several dramas, of which "The Curfew" and "The Honeymoon"

are the most noteworthy: the latter, in some of the scenes, strongly resembles "The Taming of the Shrew," but it was very successful. Tobin died 1804.]

CHARACTERS.

DUKE ARANZA. | JULIANA.

Table and two chairs.

Enter the DUKE, *leading in* JULIANA, L.

Duke. (*Brings a chair forward,* C., *and sits down.*) You are welcome home.

Jul. (*Crosses,* R.) Home! You are merry; this retired spot
Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.—

Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke. By Heaven, this is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

Jul. This! You are not in earnest, though you bear it
With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.

Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,
We should have none, wife.

Jul. Are you serious, sir?

Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

Jul. No duke?

Duke. But of my own creation, lady.

Jul. Am I betray'd—Nay, do not play the fool!
It is too keen a joke.

Duke. You'll find it true.

Jul. You are no duke, then?

Duke. None.

Jul. Have I been cozen'd? [*Aside.*
And you have no estate, sir?
No palaces, nor houses?

Duke. None but this:—
A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.

Jul. Nor money, nor effects?

Duke. None that I know of.

Jul. And the attendants who have waited on us—
Duke. They were my friends; who, having done my business,
Are gone about their own.
Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.—
That I was ever born!—[*Aside.*] What are you, sir?
Duke. (*Rises.*) I am an honest man—that may content you!
Young, nor ill-favour'd—Should not that content you?
I am your husband, and that must content you.
Jul. I will go home! [*Going*, L.
Duke. You are at home, already. [*Staying her.*
Jul. I'll not endure it!—But remember this—
Duke, or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir! [*Crosses*, L.
Duke. A duchess! You shall be a queen,—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will call you so.
Jul. And I will have attendance!
Duke. So you shall,
When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.
Jul. To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes! [*Crosses*, R.
Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again.—
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife
(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me,)
You were cut out by nature.
Jul. You will find, then,
That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.—
Why! do you think I'll work?
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Jul. What! Rub and scrub
Your noble palace clean?
Duke. Those taper fingers
Will do it daintily.
Jul. And dress your victuals
(If there be any)?——Oh! I could go mad! [*Crosses*, L.
Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly;
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

Jul. Or like a clock, talk only once an hour?
Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.
Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs! Oh, monstrous!
And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;
Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,
To sell your eggs and butter! [*Crosses*, R.
Duke. Excellent!
How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!
Jul. A blessing!
Duke. When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;—
We shall be happy!
Jul. Shall we?
Duke. Wondrous happy!
Oh, you will make an admirable wife!
Jul. I'll make a devil.
Duke. What?
Jul. A very devil.
Duke. Oh, no. We'll have no devils.
Jul. I'll not bear it!
I'll to my father's!—
Duke. Gently; you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.
Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.
Duke. Softly!
You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.
Jul. What, confine me?
Duke. 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.
Jul. Am I a truant school-boy?
Duke. Nay, not so;
But you must keep your bounds.
Jul. And if I break them,
Perhaps you'll beat me.—
Duke. Beat you!

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.
Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him, surely!—And I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhoped-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.
Duke. You will find them
In the next room. A word, before you go.—
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and my bed—
Jul. Your fortune!
Duke. Peace!—No fooling, idle woman!
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heaven I've sworn
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human power can part us. What remains, then?
To fret, and worry, and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?—
Or, like a loving and a patient pair,
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labour for support,)
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment?—
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please,
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!
Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take me for!
Duke. I took you for a wife; and, ere I've done,
I'll know you for a good one.
Jul. You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger;
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge! [*Exit*, R.U.E.

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on!
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb.—I've broke the ice, however.—
Write to her father!—She may write a folio—
But if she send it!—'Twill divert her spleen,—
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting,
Perchance she may have fits!—They are seldom mortal,
Save when the doctor's sent for.—
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honour is her safest guard,
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.
[*Goes off to lock door—returns.*
So thus begins our honeymoon.—'Tis well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April, she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine:—and, when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.—
Whilst others,—for a month's delirious joy,
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And to the close of this frail life prolong
The pure delights of a well-governed marriage. [*Exit*, R.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

O. W. Holmes.

There are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs,
You'll hear about the cannon ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat
Beneath a cloudless moon:
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune;
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice
And something like a drum;

You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place:
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes,
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw:

But if you are a portly man
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,

Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat.

A HUMAN SKULL.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

[Messrs. Moxon and Co., the poet's publishers *par excellence*, are bringing out a series of selections from the modern poets, in a neat, cheap, and very attractive form. Of the three volumes already published the names of Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning introduce themselves, while, for that of Frederick Locker, the good name of "Moxon and Co." on the title-page at least ensures it respectful attention; nor will the reader be disposed to cavil with the publishers, when he has once opened the little tome and dipped into the contents. Messrs. Moxon, like other publishers, know that the public like variety and will have novelty; they will find both in Mr. Locker's volume, and not the less so because, as a poet, he differs from Tennyson and Browning altogether, while, as his critic in "The Times" says, "he has a genuine poetic gift, but he belongs to a peculiar class." Of the poets of the class to which he belongs, we may mention the Hon. W. Spencer, Bayly, and Praed. We think him superior to the two former, but not quite up to the latter. He has this merit also, that he is not *slangy*, as Thackeray is in his "Ballads of Policeman X." Like the late Captain Charles Morris, he loves "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," and he only jokes with respectable people. Not that he is above "A Sketch from Seven Dials," nor that he withholds a friendly word from "The Housemaid," consoling her that it is "not her Sunday out"—two subjects that he has handled kindly, lovingly, as Thomas Hood would have done, and of whose genius both poems are worthy; though in Locker's comic vein there is nothing akin to Hood. Hood's comic poems are, for the most part, fun *per se;* Frederick Locker blends pathos with his jests, making a sort of poetical punch, which is all the more palatable for the admixture of the sweet and sharp of which it is compounded.

Mr. Locker was born in 1821. He is of a Kentish family; his father, Edward Hawke Locker, was a Civil Comissioner of Greenwich Hospital, a warm patron of literature and art, and the founder of the naval gallery of Greenwich Hospital; he also published the lives of some of the most distinguished naval

worthies, as well as a tour that he made in Spain with Earl Russell; his own sketches illustrating the volume. The grandfather of the poet was Captain W. Locker, R.N., under whom both Lord Nelson and Lord Collingwood served. The former was especially his old and attached friend. In one of the numerous letters from Lord Nelson to his grandfather, in the possession of Mr. Locker, Lord Nelson says, "You were the first person to teach me how to board a Frenchman, by your conduct when in the 'Experiment' you said, 'Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him.'" Captain Locker died as Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Mr. Frederick Locker married a sister of the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, by whom he has one daughter.

The volume of which the "Selections" form a part is entitled "London Lyrics," and was published about eight years ago.]

A HUMAN skull! I bought it passing cheap—
A slight reflection on its first employer;
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin,
Here lips were wooed, perhaps, in transport tender;
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What colour were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry—or Baron Byron's,
The wits of Nelly Gwynn or Doctor Watts—
Two quoted bards! two philanthropic sirens

But this, I trust, is clearly understood,
If man or woman—and if loved or hated,
Whoever owned this skull was not so good
Nor quite so bad as many may have stated.

Who love, can need no special type of Death;
He bares his awful face too soon, too often;

"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath,
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

O, *cara* mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers with its golden hours,
But fading tints are on the chestnut trees,
And where is all that lavish wreath of flowers?

The end is near—Life yields not what it gave,
But Death hath promises that call for praises;
As here a worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

(*By permission of Messrs. Moxon and Co.*)

THE FRENCHMAN IN A FIX;

OR, A NEW MAP OF LONDON.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I WELL remember sitting in a tavern, when a horrible noise arose in the house, and Monsieur Top-it-droit, a French dancing-master, not much higher than a venerable savoy cabbage, rushed into the coffee-room, foaming like ginger-beer in July:—

"Ma foi—mi eye!—des bêtes anglais—here is a place. Dere is no street—dere is no leetle street—dere is no rue!"

"Rue!" said the waiter, "what do you mean by rue? you asked me for Bishopsgate Without."

"Certainement, oui! oui! And you make a me de map comme je vous ordonne, as I did tell you; and it was no map for de puppy dog, much less for de gentilhomme Français!"

"Why how is this, Tom?" said the landlord.

"Why you must know this man with the peaked nose and the sanguinary eyebrows——"

"Pig nose, sare! Diable! vat you mean by pig nose?"

"He asks me if I could direct him to the beauties of the me—tro—po—lis; so I says, yes—and so I sends him down to Tower-hill."

"But dat is not all, diable!—de map—de map!"

"Ah, what is that about the map?" asked the master.

"Why, master, you see, as I know'd he was but a strange foreigner—only an *alien*, as they calls 'em in parliament—I makes him out a map of the streets. Here it is, you see—I marked 'em all down: Strand, Fleet-street; and these four little dots are for the postes at the end on it—the big one for the obelisk, and the hair-stroke for the sweeper at the side of it. Here's what we called at school a carrot."

"A caret! and what's the caret for, Tom?"

"Why for the wegetable market; and here's a dagger for the butchers' shops—the stocking warehouse is the letter K, and the Compter is L; but that you know he leaves and goes up Ludgate Hill; then here's the letter O, with the dropsy, for St. Paul's church, and here's the figures of interrogation."

"Why, what are the interrogations for at St. Paul's church?"

"Why, they are the fellows asking you for money afore you go into it, and here's signs of admiration for the whips of the omnibus drivers in the church-yard—here an X for the cross roads—a dash for Cheapside, and here's an *amm-per-sant*, like an eel lying upon its tail, for the Mansion House; then here's——"

"Well, I see the map is all right, and——"

"No, no, it is not all right, it is ver wrong—I take de papier—eh bien—I go up de Strand—de street of de Fleet—de Hill of de Ludgate—come to de St. Paul's church, and button up my pockets at de notes of interrogation. Den I cross de X, and ven I look up for Cheapside, at de corner dere, I see—'Stick-no-bill Street'—dere is no Stick-no-bill Street in de map, so I stick dere myself—dat it is vat I sall complain of, and will for ever! so vat for you no put him down?"

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope was one of those great geniuses of which literary history has but few names to record. He stands out and apart from the masses, and ranks only with the worthiest of England's worthies. He was born in Lombard-street, London, where his father carried on business as a linen-draper, in 1688. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was placed, at the age of eight, under the care of one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of Greek and Latin. At the age of twelve he removed with his parents to Binfield, in Windsor Forest; and about the same time he wrote his "Ode on Solitude"—a most remarkable production for so young a genius. Here he studied Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, and, at the age of sixteen, wrote his "Pastorals," which attracted the attention of the leading wits of the time. His "Essay on Criticism" was published in 1711, and the "Messiah" appeared on the 1st of September in the same year. This was followed by the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," which appeared originally in "The Spectator." About the same time he wrote "The Rape of the Lock." After bringing out "Abelard and Eloisa," "The Temple of Fame," and "Windsor Forest," he undertook the translation of the "Iliad," which he published by subscription, and netted (fortunate author) above 5000*l*. With a part of this he purchased his house at Twickenham, so long after fondly recognised as "Pope's Villa." On the completion of the "Iliad," he undertook the "Odyssey;" but a spice of commercial enterprise was mixed up with his literary labours, for he not only got it subscribed to liberally, but he employed other learned men (among them Broome, Fenton, and Parnell) to assist him in his work. Pope's success was followed by the usual result. Other literary men became jealous of him, and jealousy begets enmity. Pope could have afforded to treat all this with silent contempt, but he took vengeance on his detractors in "The Dunciad;" and, unfortunately, the satirical vein, once indulged in, was found very difficult to control. Like Byron after him, he was induced to satirise some who had done him little or no injury. In 1729 he published his great ethical epic, the "Essay on Man." In 1737 he printed his "Letters," by subscription, and made money by them, but the publication was against all the tenets of literary honour and gentlemanly breeding. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing a complete edition of his works. He died May 30th, 1744, aged 56.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

And when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead.
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue:
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife speaks Greek."—*Sam. Johnson.*

JOHNSON was right. I don't agree to all
The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager:
But very much approve what one may call
The minor morals of the "Ursa Major."

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
Wisdom in woman, and with learning cram her,

There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;
But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning hungry home, but asks his wife
What beef—not books—she has upon her shelf.

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
They're little valued by her loving mate;
The kind of tongue that husbands relish most
Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command,
Some home-made verse the happy matron show him,
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry—
'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as this:
But here's the moral of it; don't ye marry;
Or, marrying, take your lover as he is—

A very man, with something of the brute
(Unless he prove a sentimental noddy),
With passions strong, and appetite to boot—
A thirsty soul within a hungry body!

A very man—not one of Nature's clods—
With human feelings, whether saint or sinner;
Endowed, perhaps, with genius from the gods,
But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

ON NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

LORD BROUGHAM.

MY LORDS,—I have had my attention directed, within the last two hours, to the new mass of papers laid on

our table from the West Indies. The bulk I am averse to break, but a sample I have culled of its hateful contents. Eleven females were punished by severe flogging—and then put on the treadmill, where they were compelled to ply until exhausted nature could endure no more;—when faint and about to fall off, they were suspended by the arms in a manner that has been described to me by a most respectable eye-witness of similar scenes, but not so suspended as that the mechanism could revolve clear of their persons; for the wheels at each turn bruised and galled their legs, till their sufferings had reached the pitch when life can no longer even glimmer in the socket of the weary frame. In the course of a few days these wretched beings languished, to use the language of our law—that law which is thus so constantly and systematically violated—and "languishing died."

Ask you if crimes like these, murderous in their legal nature, as well as frightful in their aspect, passed unnoticed—if inquiry was neglected to be made respecting these deaths in a prison? No such thing! The *forms* of justice were on this head peremptory, even in the West Indies—and at those forms, the handmaids of justice were present, though their sacred mistress was far away. The coroner duly attended—the jury were regularly empanelled—eleven inquisitions were made in order—and eleven verdicts returned—Murder! Manslaughter! Misdemeanour! Misconduct! No—but "DIED BY THE VISITATION OF GOD!" Died by the Visitation of God! A lie! a perjury! a blasphemy! The Visitation of God! Yes, for it is among the most awful of those visitations by which the inscrutable purposes of his will are mysteriously accomplished, that he sometimes arms the wicked with power to oppress the guiltless; and if there be any visitation more dreadful than another; any which more tries the faith and vexes the reason of erring mortals, it is when Heaven showers down upon the earth the plague—not of scorpions, or pestilence, or famine, or

war—but of unjust judges and perjured jurors, wretches who pervert the law to wreak their personal vengeance, or compass their sordid ends, forswearing themselves on the Gospels of God, to the end that injustice may prevail, and the innocent be destroyed!

I hasten to a close; there remains little to add. It is, my lords, with a view to prevent such enormities as I have feebly pictured before you, to correct the administration of justice, to secure the comforts of the negroes, to restrain the cruelty of the tormentors, to amend the discipline of prisons, to arm the governors with local authority over the police; it is with these views that I have formed the resolutions now on your table. These improvements are, however, only to be regarded as temporary expedients, as mere palliatives of an enormous mischief, for which the only effectual remedy is the complete emancipation which I have demonstrated by the unerring and incontrovertible evidence of facts, as well as the clearest deductions of reason, to be safe and practicable, and, therefore, proved to be our imperative duty at once to proclaim.

From the instant that glad sound is wafted across the ocean, what a blessed change begins; what an enchanting prospect unfolds itself? The African placed on the same footing with other men, becomes in reality our fellow-citizen—to our feelings, as well as in his own nature our equal, our brother. No difference of origin or colour can now prevail to keep the two castes apart. Where the driver and the gaoler once bore sway, the lash resounds no more; nor does the clank of the chain any more fall upon the troubled ear; the fetter has ceased to gall the vexed limb, and the very mark disappears which for awhile it had left. I do not deny that danger exists—I admit it to be not far distant from our path. You have gone too far if you stop here and go no further; you are in imminent hazard if, having loosened the fetters, you do not strike them off—if, leaving them ineffectual to restrain, you let them remain to gall, to irritate, and to goad. Beware of that

state, yet more unnatural than slavery itself—liberty bestowed by halves—the power of resistance given—the inducement to submission withheld.

You have let the slave taste of the cup of freedom; while intoxicated with the draught beware how you dash the cup away from his lips. You have produced the progeny of liberty, see the prodigious hazard of swathing the limbs of the gigantic infant, you know not the might that may animate it. Have a care, I beseech you have a care how you rouse the strength that slumbers in the sable peasant's arm! Every tribe, every shade of the Negro race will combine, from the fiery Koramantin to the peaceful Eboe, and the ghastly shape of colonial destruction meets the astonished eye.

I turn away from the horrid vision that my eye may rest once more on the prospect of enduring empire, and peace founded upon freedom. I regard the freedom of the Negro as accomplished and sure. Why? because it is his right; because he has shown himself fit for it; because a pretext, or a shadow of a pretext, can no longer be devised for withholding that right from its possessor. My reliance is firm and unflinching upon the great change which I have witnessed—the education of the people, unfettered by party or by sect, witnessed from the beginning of its progress. I may say from the hour of its birth; I watched over its cradle, I marked its growth, I rejoiced in its strength, I witnessed its maturity, I have been spared to see it ascend the very height of supreme power, directing the councils of state, accelerating every great improvement, uniting itself with every good work, propping all useful institutions, extirpating abuses in all our institutions, passing the bounds of our European dominions, and in the new world, as well as the old, proclaiming that freedom is the birthright of man, that distinction of colour gives no title to oppression, that the chains now loosened must be struck off, and even the marks they have left effaced, proclaiming this by the same eternal law of our nature which makes nations the

masters of their own destiny, and which in Europe has caused every tyrant's throne to quake.

But they need feel no alarm at the progress of light who defend a limited monarchy and support popular institutions; who place their chief pride not in ruling over slaves, be they white or be they black, but in wearing a constitutional crown, in holding the sword of justice with the hand of mercy, in being the first citizen of a country whose air is too pure for slaves to breathe, and on whose shores, if the captive's foot but touch, his fetters of themselves fall off.

The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking; you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, faltering, or delay. I demand his rights. I demand his liberty without stint. In the name of justice and of law, in the name of reason, in the name of GOD, who has given you no right to work injustice, I demand that your brother be no longer trampled upon as your slave! I make my appeal to the Commons who represent the free people of England, and I require at their hands the performance of that condition for which they have paid so enormous a price, that condition which all their constituents are in breathless anxiety to see fulfilled! I appeal to this house. Hereditary judges of the first tribunal in the world, to you I appeal for justice. Patrons of all the arts that humanize mankind, under your protection I place humanity herself. To the merciful sovereign of a free people I call aloud for mercy to the hundreds of thousands for whom half a million of her Christian sisters have supplicated, I ask that their cry may not have risen in vain.

But first I turn my eye to the throne of all justice, and devoutly humbling myself before him who is of purer eyes than to behold such vast iniquities, I implore that the curse hovering over the head of the unjust and the oppressor be averted from us, that your hearts may be turned to mercy, and that over all the earth HIS will may at length be done.

TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley! It is the name of a great and inspired poet, and most unfortunate man. Were we not obliged to confine ourselves to mere biographical and critical notices of the writers we introduce from month to month to our readers, we should be tempted to trespass on their patience in this one instance, for Shelley lived more in one year than Wordsworth did in all his lengthened career. There are men who live and men who merely vegetate. There is as much romance and incident in Shelley's life as in any dream-life that his friend and companion, Byron, ever invented. Shelley will never be thoroughly understood by the million, his poetry, for the most part, being too shadowy and mystical; his "Prometheus Unbound" has been called "a magnificent riddle."

He was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Field Place, Sussex, where he was born August 4th, 1792. He was sent to Eton, but, violating the rules of that school, was removed to Oxford at an earlier age than is usual. Here his opinions were too free and too freely spoken to please the Dons; he was expelled his college, at an age when opinions can be scarcely formed, certainly not fixed, because he did not believe all that they did, and had the courage to say so. He was no hypocrite; he did not nurse his heresies as some have done, and then, having obtained place and power, endeavour to undermine the foundation of the temple in which he was reared. Shelley an atheist! Shelley deny the Divine Law?—

"Nothing in the world is single;
All things by *a law divine*
In one another's being mingle——"

Not the words of an atheist these; but the opinion that Shelley had no faith nor no religion has been long since successfully refuted.

Shelley was twice married. His first marriage, considered by his family to be an ill-assorted one, led to an estrangement between them and him. After the birth of a boy and a girl he separated from his wife, who died shortly after. His second wife was Miss Godwin, daughter of an author, and herself famous as the author of "Frankenstein." With his new wife he went to Italy, renewed his acquaintance with Byron, and joined Leigh Hunt in "The Liberal," as detailed in our sketch of that author. Shortly after this he met with his untimely death, by the wreck of his boat in a violent storm on his return to his house on the Gulf of

Lerici, July 8th, 1822. His body was washed ashore fifteen days afterwards.

Drowned in a storm! his spirit passing away while battling with the unfathomable ocean; his body cast like a weed upon the shore, afterwards burned, and his ashes placed in an urn. What a grand, mystic, and tragic end to that poet-life of his—that greater epic than any he composed—his own history!—Shelley, a poem! What a subject for some future Byron, if we should ever get one

What might Shelley have not written, had his life been prolonged? High as is his place, where would it have been had he been spared to even that "span-long life" that is allotted to man? He died at thirty; he survived his nonage but nine years—what a nine years!

His principal poetical works are "Prometheus Unbound," "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," and "The Cenci," a tragedy.

As we have said, his was the poetry for the student, but many of his minor poems are simple and very beautiful, and, set to music by some of our best composers, have become home-songs.

The odes to "The Skylark" and "The Cloud" are as pure, as poetical, and as elevated as any similar poetry in the language.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
  And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
  With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
  Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
  Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
  Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

HOW COMMODORE TRUNNION WENT TO GET MARRIED.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

[Tobias Smollett formed the third of that glorious trio of novelists who first awakened our ancestors from the fustian over which they were wont to dream to that new class of literature which, while it was fiction, was still founded on the realities of

truth and nature. The first of these was Samuel Richardson, "master of the worshipful Stationers' Company, and printer to the king," who (let all young authors who think they are hardly done by lay the fact to heart and cease to despair) did not commence authorship until he was turned fifty, and who yet made one of the greatest reputations of his day. The second, we need scarcely say, was Henry Fielding. Smollett published his first novel, "Roderick Random," six years after the appearance of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," and just before the publication of "Tom Jones." The two authors became the Dickens and Thackeray of that day, and it is no disparagement to the modern novelists to say that they owe something to their predecessors of a century back. It will be fortunate for their posthumous fame if men and manners a century hence undergo no greater change than that which has taken place since Fielding and Smollett wrote.

Smollett was born near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett, having died young, he was educated at the cost of his grandfather in the Grammar School of Dumbarton, and at the University of Glasgow. His education complete, Tobias was apprenticed to a medical practitioner in Glasgow, but his grandfather dying without having made any provision for him, he proceeded to London to try his luck as a professional author. All he brought with him was a few light packages of personal baggage, and a heavy tragedy, called "The Regicide." As might be expected, his juvenile contribution received a check, and the tragedy was not brought out; so he went aboard an eighty-gun ship, and served as surgeon's mate. Failing to obtain promotion in the navy, he left the service and resided some time in the West Indies, but returned to England in 1744, and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1748 his novel of "Roderick Random" appeared, and finding that he made no progress in the profession of physician, he abandoned it, took a house in Chelsea, and henceforth devoted his talents entirely to literature. "Roderick Random" was well timed; the public had tasted of Richardson, and revelled in Fielding; appetite grew on what it fed, and Smollett, too, became popular. He would have made his mark at any time, and but for certain indelicacies, which the novelists of the present time still indulge in, but wrap up more carefully, he would be more read now. Had Smollett been a man of independent means, he would have been a poet: his early inclinations lay that way, and what verse he has left us goes far to prove that he would have been a poet of no mean order.

In his early days Smollett married a young West Indian lady, by whom he had one daughter, who died at the age of fifteen. Disconsolate for her loss, he made a tour of France and Italy, and was absent from England for two years. He published an account

of his tour, which was an odd mixture of humour and imbecility, and it was to satirize this work that Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey," a fact that is lost sight of now, or, more generally, unknown, by those who, in speaking of Sterne, blame him for the very foible he held up to ridicule. There is no lasting point, no permanent punishment, in satire; time *will* blunt the edge of it, or turn it against the wielder.

"Roderick Random" was followed by "Peregrine Pickle," "Count Fathom," "Sir Lancelot Greaves," and "Humphrey Clinker;" and during the composition of these works, Smollett also wrote, as "pot-boilers," his "Continuation of Hume's History of England," and his translation of "Don Quixote," besides editing a paper, *The Briton*, in opposition to Wilkes, of *The North Briton*. Like his contemporary, Fielding, he went abroad in quest of health, and died, near Leghorn, October 21, 1771, aged fifty-one.]

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop

disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange mode of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straightforward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church-porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander, "ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had just begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of

another half hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion: some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this.—The commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed,

replied with a faltering voice,—"O! you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored." Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an

infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase, that lasted several hours,

and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom, finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropt among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat cogniac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd; while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant;* and at length one of the gentlemen, accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way? "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M. with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed

directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these horses, which I bought but two days before (for my own part I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me, and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quick-sands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such hare'um scare'um blood again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion!"

VIRGINIA.

LORD MACAULAY.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.

He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which alway seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill:
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the sacred street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.

The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the sacred street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were opened, the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home;
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
For she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile:

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith, Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand,
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith, Muræna, gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your father's graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh! for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will;
Oh! for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill.
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride;
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath
your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them:
—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car and laurel
crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is
done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good
swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not
cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the
poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers
bore:
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for
free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the
grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel
love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage
springs
From consuls, and high pontiffs, and ancient Alban
kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender
feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the
wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles be-
hold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish
gold?

Then leave the poor plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets e'en such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown!
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown.
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

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HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO HAVE MONEY.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

[Mr. Clough is another of those writers who are known to those who study the higher walks of literature, and to those who keep watch for "the bright particular stars" that rise, and only occasionally, in the poetical firmament. It is only a pleasing duty that we perform in introducing him to that larger, but not less appreciative, class among whom our "Penny Readings" so widely circulate.

Mr. Clough was a writer of *vers de société*, but he founded most of his poetry more on incident of travel than on the conventionalities of fashionable life—catching his subjects flying, rather than seeking for them in the *salon*. Very fantastical in taste, and full of caprice, there is still a classical undertone in his lightest writings, as though he never felt himself quite free from the responsibilities he owed to his *alma mater*. In a more studious age than the present Clough would already have taken a higher position than the one he holds in English literature.

Arthur Hugh Clough was born at Liverpool, Jan. 1st, 1819. He was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold; went to Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of Baliol, 1842. In 1848 he published what he called a long vacation pastoral, entitled "The Bothie of Tober-na-Voulich;" and in 1849 a second volume called "Ambarvalia." Both volumes were dear to his friends and to a limited public, but they escaped general recognition. Still Clough worked on—too true to his mission to be a bread-winner except upon those high principles that his conscience dictated to himself. "Few men," says his recent editor and friend, Mr. Palgrave, "in this age have ever more completely worked out his own ideal—plain living and high thinking."

After filling the wardenship of University Hall, London, for twelve years, Mr. Clough went, in 1852, to try his fortunes in America. He made friends there; but the offer of an appointment in the Privy Council Office decided him to return to England.

He was secretary to the report on Military Education, which carried him to France and Vienna.

Shortly after this he completed the long revision of Dryden's "Translation of Plutarch."

His career was destined to be a brief one. His wife's cousin was Florence Nightingale; he undertook to assist her in her arduous duties, and his health gave way. He then travelled to Greece and Constantinople, thought he was sufficiently recovered, but was obliged again to go South. He visited Auvergne and the Pyrenees in company with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, but was struck by the malaria of one of the Italian lakes, and died at Florence (he is buried there) Nov. 13th, 1861. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge and London, have recently published his poetical works in one volume.]

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

I.

As I sat at the Café I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor;
Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving:
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's self;
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,—
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

II. LE DINER.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,
And he who came first had to wait for the last.

The oysters ere this had been in and been out;
Whilst I have been sitting and thinking about
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs; *voilà tout;* of the fish
The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish
A la Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say;
By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, sauterne; then sherry; champagne,
Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;
Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,
And tell to our ears in the sound that they love,
How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates; absurd it may be,
But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,
Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not *Charlotte Russe!*
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

Your chablis is acid, away with the hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple médoc:
St. Peray is exquisite; but, if you please,
Some burgundy just before tasting the cheese.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and hang the expense!
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day,
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
Having dinner and supper, and plenty to spend,
And so suppose now, while the things go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and say
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

III. PARVENANT.

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets
When I look at the number of persons one meets,
Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a *sou.*
So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

I ride, and I drive, and pass ev'rything by,
The people look up, and they ask who am I;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad,
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
And already I'm gaining a sort of renown;
Find my way to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility too.
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So useful it is to have money.

O dear! what a pity they ever should lose it,
Since they are the people that know how to use it;
So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners,
And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.
So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

It's all very well to be handsome and tall,
Which certainly makes you look well at a ball;

It's all very well to be clever and witty,
But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.
So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
To know how to smile, and be able to stare:
High breeding is something, but well-bred or not,
In the end the one question is, what have you got.
So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,
What is it they want, and so wish you to guess?
But if you have money, the answer is, yes.
So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho!
So needful it is to have money.

(*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

PART I.

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow pass'd,
And, all around, the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.

No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon:
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased I ween to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head had passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd;
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.

Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all unconquered sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake;
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighted up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

PART II.

It was a labouring bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;

It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play

The songs she lov'd in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguil'd her of her cares, they sooth'd her into smiles,
They won her thought from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.
But hark! the tramp of armèd men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell!
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

PART III.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling Queen once more;—
She staid her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops, and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and touch'd the hearts of all:
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she lov'd so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone—
I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold—
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bow'd!
Her neck is bared—the block is struck—the soul is pass'd away;
The bright—the beautiful is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth had seen—
Lapp'd by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

SCENES FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

THOMAS MORTON.

[Thomas Morton was a very prolific as well as a successful dramatist. His plots are generally consistent, his scenes thoroughly English, his characters are drawn from living men and women, and are not, as in most of our modern sensational dramas, imaginary idiots or monsters. He was born at Durham in 1764, and entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn with a view to following the law as a profession. His first piece proving successful, he turned professional author, and never had occasion to regret the change. The pieces of no dramatist of his day have kept the stage so long, and many of them still remain stock pieces. Of these, "The School of Reform," "A Cure for the Heart-ache," "A Rowland for an Oliver," "The Invincibles," "Speed the Plough," and "Town and Country," may be named as the greatest favourites. He died in 1838.]

LORD AVONDALE, FERMENT, ROBERT TYKE, *an* OLD MAN.

An Apartment in Avondale Castle; two chairs.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, R.; *he pauses, then proceeds to opposite door off stage, and opens it.*—TYKE *enters from it.*

Ld. A. (R.) Come hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it, then, that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

Tyke. (L.) Ah, sur, it was all along wi' you.

Ld. A. Me! was not my bounty ample? did not I give you independence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take care on—

Ld. A. Hush!

Tyke Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummeling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like

galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as ninepence. Oh, oh! says I, I'll make short work of this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me 'squire, you see—and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, 'Squire, your horse will beat everything!

Ld. A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the jockey lads told me a cursed heap o' lies; for ma horse always came in lag last. Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like—So what with that and playing cards at Lamb skinnings (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums), I was—

Ld. A. Ruined.

Tyke, Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Ld. A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger;—no, I could not tak to work.

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, galloped off wi' me a matter of a hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Ld. A. But they did?

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at 'sizes.

Ld. A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery, mistakes of this kind

will happen; but, I assure you, I've kept the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as yourself. So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us, like—and I thought all was right enough; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or onything, orders me to be hanged.

Ld. A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened! they did not hang me, man—don't believe that; no, bless you, they sent ma to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

Ld. A. Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned, for I could not get away—I dare say I tried a hundred times.

Ld. A. Why did not I know it—had you sent to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Ld. A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by Government: I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like; not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

Ld. A. Pshaw! Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted.

[*Exeunt*, L.

MR. FERMENT *peeps through* R., *looks about, then enters.*

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine: here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the—eh! somebody in that room: it would be *mal-apropos* to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced—but he's safe with the general, so never mind. (*Re-enter* TYKE, L.) Sir, your most devoted servant.

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you. (*crosses to* R.)

Mr. F. Odd figure! Oh, I see at once who he is—great county man, in the commission—get well with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

(*Takes chair and sits* R.)

Mr. F. Indeed! (*Sits* L.) You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular:—Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke (R.) No; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. (L.) In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No; I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment—What—cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so? Why, I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing?

Tyke. Not exactly; but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

Mr. F. Indeed!—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffered much confinement?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You of course were properly attended: you had good judges of your case?

Tyke. They were reckoned so; I did not much fancy them myself.

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. What was your disorder?

Tyke. A galloping consumption.

Mr. F. Has it cured you? (*Offering a pinch of snuff.*)

Tyke. I don't know; I think I feel some of my old symptoms—(*Takes the box*)—This is a very pretty box—I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honour to use that till——(*Apart*)—If he would but keep it! (TYKE *puts it in his pocket.*) He has—My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale?

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow! (*Apart.*) My name, sir, is Ferment; by and by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the wrong box—eh? (TYKE *winks and nods.*) I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? (*Alarmed.*)

Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't, and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do; you are a generous, disinterested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE *unobserved by* FERMENT, L.

Ld. A. Ah! whom have we here? (*Apart.*)

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind; I know—between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

(LORD AVONDALE *has placed himself close to* FERMENT'S *chair.*)

Tyke. Why, for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees* LORD AVONDALE *at his elbow, who eyes him with severity*—FERMENT *attempts to speak, but cannot*—LORD AVONDALE *advances*—FERMENT *escapes* R.

Ld. A. Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean? Who is he?

Tyke. (R.) He calls himself Ferment.

Ld. A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Ld. A. At present he is not worth a thought, for I have received information that alarms—distracts me. Come near—that boy (what a question for a parent!) does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Ld. A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

Ld. A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Then my secret's safe?

Tyke. I've said so.

Ld. A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who? (*Starts.*)

Ld. A. What agitates you? You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! Be quiet, be quiet.

(*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

Ld. A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father, and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart, I warrant, all the way tid' gaol to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me (*Pointing, but not daring to look up*), just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart.

(*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

Ld. A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Ld. A. Did you entrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Ld. A. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end on't. —I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms—

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said (*Collecting his fortitude*). When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth —I saw no more. (*Sinks exhausted into chair,* L.)

Ld. A. Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry? No, no; I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry. (*A vacant stare of horror.*)

Ld. A. And is this desolation my work?—O, repent! repent!

Tyke. (*Starting up.*) For what? is not father dead? an't I a thief?—cursed—hated—hunted?——Why should I be afraid of the Devil? Don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

Ld. A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy! brandy!

Ld. A. Compose yourself—follow me—(*Crosses* L.) —you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily. Exit, following* LORD AVONDALE, L.

Inside of Cottage.—Table, and a candle burning on it.— OLD MAN *seated* R., *looking on a purse.—*TYKE *sitting*, L.

O. Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of a foreman like to Lord Avondale, my friend.

O. Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes; between ourselves—I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence—you understand. That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe, just now.

O. Man. Indeed, sir! You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what—I'll take care of this for you. (*Takes the purse.*)

O. Man. Well, sir, you are very kind. You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

O. Man. Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

O. Man. Robert Tyke.

Tyke. Eh!—what!—speak!—no, don't!

O. Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. (*Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the* OLD MAN, *dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.*) O, villain!—villain!

O. Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

O. Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't—I'm glad on't—Ruin my own father!

O. Man. Ah! did I hear rightly? Father!—what! Oh! let me see—let me see! (TYKE, *with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and sorrow, turns round.*) Ah! it's my son—my long-lost, dear profligate boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. (*Groaning, strikes his breast.*) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he's alive—father's alive! ha! ha! (*Laughs hysterically.*)

O. Man. You terrify me! Robert, Robert, hear me. Take my forgiveness—take my blessing!

Tyke. What!—forgive—bless—such a rogue as——(*Bursts into a flood of tears.*)

O. Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry; it does me good, father—it does me good.

O. Man. Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive. (*Rushes into his arms.*)

O. Man. Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal, and Heaven will pardon thee!

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

O. Man. It is all-merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could, but not me! No, no!

O. Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare not, father—I dare not! Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

O. Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What!—may I, think you? May I—may I?

[*By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his hands with energetic devotion.*

Scene Closes.

THE LAST MAN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by—
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;

And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,

Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

PAPA was deep in weekly bills,
Mamma was doing Fanny's frills,
Her gentle face full
Of woe; said she, "I do declare
He can't go back in such a pair—
They're too disgraceful!"

"Confound it!" quoth papa. Perhaps
The ban was deeper, but the lapse
Of time has drowned it;
Besides, 'tis badness to suppose
A worse, when goodness only knows
He meant *Confound it.*

The butcher's book—that unctuous diary—
Had made my parent's temper fiery,
And bubble over;
So quite in spite he flung it down,
And spilt the ink, and spoilt his own
Fine table-cover

Of scarlet cloth! Papa cried, "Pish!"
Which did not mean he did not wish
He'd been more heedful.
"Good luck," said he, "this cloth will dip,
And make a famous pair. Get Snip
To do the needful."

'Twas thus that I went back to school,
In garb no boy could ridicule;
And eft becoming
A jolly child, I plunged in debt
For tarts; and promised fair to get
The prize for summing.

But, no! my schoolmates soon began
Again to mock my outward man,
And made me hate 'em!
Long sitting will broadcloth abrade;
The dye wore off—and so displayed
A red substratum!

To both my parents then I flew—
Mamma shed tears, papa cried "Pooh!
Come, stop this racket."
He'd still some cloth; so Snip was bid
To stitch me on two tails: he did,
And spoilt my jacket!

And then the boys, despite my wails,
Would slyly come and lift my tails,
And smack me soundly.
O, weak mamma! O, wrathful dad!
Although your exploits drove me mad,
Ye loved me fondly.

Good friends, our little ones (who feel
Some bitter wounds, which only heal
As wisdom mellows)
Need sympathy in deed and word;
So never let them look absurd
Beside their fellows.

My wife, who likes the things I've doſt,
Sublimes her sentiments, for oft
She'll take, and—air them!
——You little Puss, you love this pair,
And yet you never seem to care
To let *me* wear them!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

YORICK'S DEATH.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—"I hope not, Yorick," said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. "Come, come, Yorick!" quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; "my dear lad, be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them. Who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?" Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. "For my part," continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, "I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes," added Eugenius,

cheering up his voice, "that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it." "I beseech thee, Eugenius," quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—"I beseech thee to take a view of my head." "I see nothing that ails it," replied Eugenius. "Then, alas! my friend," said Yorick, "let me tell you that it is so bruised and mis-shaped with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'" Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone, and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) "were wont to set the table in a roar!"

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broke. He squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door; he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy—

Alas, Poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general

pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S CHURCH.

ROBERT BROWNING.

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews—sons mine. . . Ah, God, I know not! well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am bishop since.
And as she died, so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
In this state chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask,
"Do I live?—am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
St. Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so about this tomb of mine I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know.
Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner south
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit o'the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,

And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet, where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse—
Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church—
What then? So much was saved if ought were missed!
My sons ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white grape vineyard where the oil-press stood;
Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
And if ye find . . . Ah, God, I know not, I! . .
Bedded in store of rotten fig leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast. . . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands,
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black—
'Twas ever antique black, I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,

Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp,
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine,
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then!
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind. Alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not St. Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth limbs?
That's if ye carve my epitaph aright;
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word;
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state, and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes for a mortcloth drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
Growl with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life, too, popes, cardinals, and priests,
St. Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall, pale mother, with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's languages, Latin pure, discreet,
——Aha, *Elucescebat*, quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the pope

My villas: will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick;
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
And to the tripods ye would tie a lynx,
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature,
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
"Do I live—am I dead?" There, leave me, there!
For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
And no more lapis to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row: and going, turn your backs——
Ay, like departing altar ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

(*By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.*)

SPEECH OF HORACE WALPOLE,

IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT, AFTERWARDS LORD CHATHAM.

Sir, I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman who declaims against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who

charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance—nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamour of rage, and petulancy of invective, contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together! how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction and theatrical emotion!

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even for the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the Administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

MR. PITT'S REPLY.

Sir, The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation,—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and, though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms within which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.*

MRS. BROWN AND MRS. GREEN.

G. Linnæus Banks.

[Mr. Banks was born at Birmingham, in 1821. Early in life he became a member of the press, and successively edited the *Birmingham Mercury, Durham Chronicle,* and Dublin *Daily Express;* and subsequently contributed to the "Dublin University," "Bentley's," "La Belle Assemblée," and other periodicals. Has written four dramatic pieces—*viz.*, "The Swiss Father" (a three-act drama), "Better Late than Never" (a two-act comedy), and two burlesques, "Harry ye Eighth and ye Doleful Wives of Windsor," and "Old Maids and Mustard; or, ye

* It is now generally known that these speeches were written by Dr. Johnson from a few notes surreptitiously obtained; but speeches something like them were spoken by the illustrious men whose names they bear.—Ed.

Durham Amazons," all produced at different provincial theatres; five volumes of songs and poems—*viz.*, "Blossoms of Poesy" (Longmans and Co.), "Spring Gatherings" (Whittaker and Co.), "Staves for the Human Ladder" (Gilpin and Co.), "Peals from the Belfry" (Hope and Co.), and "Daisies in the Grass" (Robt. Hardwick)—the latter newly published, and the joint work of Mrs. Banks and himself; and "All About Shakspeare" (H. Lea), illustrated by Gilks. Many of Mr. Banks's songs have been set to music, and become popular in that way. In the intervals of literary labour, Mr. Banks has been a hard worker in the cause of the people, and his name is still familiar throughout the North of England (although now a denizen of the metropolis) as a successful organizer of public movements, an eloquent lecturer, and the founder of a number of educational societies, both in connexion with the "Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes" and beyond its jurisdiction.]

A VERY *fair* Christian is good Mrs. Brown,
And wise, too, as any in any wise town;
She worships her God without any display,
Not molesting her friend who lives over the way;
And, whatever occurs it is easy to see
That her words and her conduct do always agree.
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

A very *warm* Christian is good Mrs. Green,
In her satins, and velvets, and rich armazine;
She is always at church when the service begins,
And prays quite aloud for the *poor* and their *sins;*
Then her speech is so fair, and her manner so bland,
They'd proselytize the most heathenish land;
And this one opinion she stoutly defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Brown has a reticule, useful though small,
Which oft in the week she takes under her shawl,
Calling first on this person, and then on the other,
As if she were either a sister or mother;
And 't has oft been remarked, with good reason, no doubt,
That the reticule's lighter for having been out;

For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Green, now and then, for an hour, sits in state
With some more lady friends—rich, of course—to debate
How the poor shall be clothed, and *what* taught, and *what* rules
It were best to enforce in the Charity Schools;
All of which having over and over been turned,
And, nothing decided, the meeting's adjourned;
And this one opinion each lady defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

In the street where resides our good friend Mrs. Brown
Is a school, though not known to a tithe of the town,
Which that lady supports from her own private purse;
(And 'tis thought by her neighbours she might do much worse;)
And if scholars, or parents, are ill or distressed,
The reticule's sure to be had in request;
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Green has a sympathy deep and refined,
It is not to parish or country confined;
If a party of ladies propose a bazaar
To enlighten the natives of rude Zanzebar,
She is truly delighted to sanction their aim,
By *giving* wise counsel, and *lending* her name;
For this one opinion she stoutly defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Brown is a stranger to parties and sects,
The good of *all* classes she loves and respects;
Thinking little enough of profession or creed,
If the heart and the hand go not with it indeed;
While her prayers, and her purse, and her reticule, too,
For *all* sorts of Christians a kindness will do;

Along those banks my boyhood strayed,
And hearts were linked with mine;
Ah, many were the pranks we played,—
While youth yet seemed divine!

Then would we wander all the day
And dream the live-long night,
Our very dreams so full of play
We scarcely missed the light.

My brothers bathed in yonder pool,
For it was clear indeed,
Where now the moorhen holds her rule
And dabbles in the weed.

Then Harry clomb the topmost tree
And Willy swam the flood,
No fish in pond or brook went free,
No nest in all the wood.

What autumn nuttings up the glen!
What wild-flower hunts in May!
The very copse we rifted then
Is standing corn to-day.

Ah! now 'tis twice score years since both
Stood on that bridge, and I
Now turned from one to other, loth
To give the last good-bye.

Yet while we talked of distant days
And all that they should bear,
Strange shadows fell before my gaze
And hushed me unaware.

But when we parted, trusting God,
I bid the boys be brave:
Now one lies under battle sod
And one beneath the wave.

There stands the school—how oft I drew
My hand from off the latch,
Half-thinking of some task o'er-due,
Half of some coming match.

And then our dear old dame so wise
With glasses on the nose,
You'd think she had two pairs of eyes.
They watched us all so close.

Beneath yon yew she sleepeth well,
It was her chosen place;
And stranger lips must teach to spell
And sway the younger race.

Now some trim mistress fresh from school
Sits in th' old elbow-chair:
Though she be prompt with plan and rule,
I grieve to see her there.

Sufficient for the simple heart,
That simple code of yore,—
But they who play the modern part
Must learn the modern lore.

And there's the Sexton, rare old man,
Thy dealings with the dead,
Though stretching half a century's span
Touch not thy heart or head.

And should thy grim task-master come
To call thee in at last,
Though quick to help thy neighbours home,
Thou wilt not answer fast.

But when God takes me, fain would I
Be laid in earth by thee,
And may no village upstart try
His prentice spade for me.

The vicar too 'bides with us yet,
So long has been his reign,
His every Sunday text is set
In order on my brain.

'Twas he that marked the cross of truth
Upon my infant brow;
And his the lips that taught my youth
Its earliest offered vow.

My dying father blessed his name,
E'en with his passing breath,
Then surely I, his child, may claim
His guidance unto death.

It cannot be our time is long,
So many gone before,
And only we of all the throng
Stand waiting on the shore.

Oh golden past, I dare not ask
That aught should be withdrawn,
Though bitter seems the evening task
Of gazing back to dawn.

The present is not wholly vain,
Nor future wholly dark,
And though mine eyes are dim, I strain
Still forward to the Ark.

Our time is short, God's rest is sure,
Though waiting seem so hard,
But if so be the soul endure,
It hath its own reward.

Then let the stream run by my door
As in the former years,
'Tis dearer for these thoughts of yore,
And these awakened tears.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

JOHN GEORGE WATTS.

[Mr. Watts is the author of two small volumes of poetry, "Clare, the Good Seeker," and "Fun, Feeling, and Fancy." As an entirely self-taught man, his productions may be characterized as remarkable; and he adds another instance to those of Gerald Massey and Edward Capern, that the present race of really working-men are as capable of advancing into the ranks of the *literati* as, in a past generation, were the Bloomfields and Clares. Mr. Watts has studied Thackeray's comic vein, in his *Punch* poetry, to some purpose, as our extract, which is worthy of the great humourist himself, will prove.]

ONCE at Hygate lived a fam'ly,
But for this unknown to fame,
Most respecterbullest people,
Notwithstandin' Bunks by name.

Mr. Wilyam Bunks, Ersquier,
Kep' a footman, Tomas Brown,
Wich the 'ousemaids did admier,
All the way to London town.

Tomas Brown 'ad bushee viskers,
And a kurly 'ed o' 'air,
And a kipple o' karves hoose eakvals
Coodent be found any vare.

W'en he got behind the karridge,
And he riz upon their vews,
Five feet ten he stood afore 'em,
Five feet nine without his shoes.

Slender ousemaids' eyes would glissen
As the karridge took its flight,
And fat kooks wot scarce cood voddle,
Arter it wood take a site.

But this footman node his manners,
Seem'd a gen'l'man born and bred,
And from kooks, and 'ouse, and nus-maids
Allvays turned avay his 'ed.

Mister Bunks he 'ad a doorter,
Not pertick'lar 'ansum she,
Not pertick'lar hugly neether,
Wich most people did agree.

She wos werry short in stature,
But a plumpish kind o' lass;
'Air as black as any black'moor's,
Eyes as bright as shinen brass.

One day Tomas Brown the footman,
W'en old Bunks vos out o' site,
As he 'elped her from the karridge,
Felt his arm squedge werry tite.

Vos it, vos it haxidental?
Vos it 'cos she feared a fall?
No !—— the side vay look she guv him
Plainly told him—not at all.

How his buzzum flitter fluttered,
How his 'art went pit-a-pat,
Yes, she luv'd him, and no gammon,
Squedge and look 'ad taught him that.

W'en he carried in the dinner
She vos oppersite the door;
And another look she guv him,
Jest as she had dun afore.

That there look it made him tremble
Vith hexitement, and he kood
Skarsely 'and for them the plates round,
As they served the preshus food.

W'en the seventh corse vas horder'd,
  Then agen he cawt her eye,
And he stumbled, and he tumbled,
  Sprawlin' vith a damsun pie.

Missus Bunks, she did upbrade him:
  Mister Bunks, him warnin' guv;
But Miss Bunks, she did regard him
  On'y vith a look o' lov.

The next arternoon, while guv'ner
  Vos a nappin'—O, so svete—
Tomas Brown vos in the parlor,
  'Neelin' at Miss Bunks's feet!

The next mornin' Miss vos missen,
  Tomas Brown vos missen too,
And a letter left by she, sed,
  That toogether they 'ad flew.

That T. Brown's most genteel manner
  'Ad made her young buzzum smart;
And his figger, karves, and viskers,
  Kvite kumpletely vun her 'art.

At the noose her mother fainted,
  And her father svore a noath,
That he'd search ontil he found 'em,
  And then 'niherlate 'em both.

But vilst Missus vos in histrikes,
  Bein' to her chamber karried,
Tomas Brown to her fair doorter
  Vos by lysense bein' married.

'Ardly 'ad the moon commenced
  Wot's so werry full o' hunney,
W'en one mornin' at the brekfust,
  "Brown," ses she, "you look so funny."

"Grashus 'evins! vears your viskers?"
Brown's hand felt upon his cheek—
"Vear, O tell me, vear's your karves run?"
Brown, he not a vurd kood speak.

Fatal herror! He 'ad taken
His false viskers orf to die,
And his 'orsehare karves forgotten,
Wich in his bed-room did lie.

'Twas too much—she koodent bare it,
All vos false vitch she'd admired:
But his karves so kut her sole up,
Past all heelin'—she hexpir'd!

MORAL.

Ladies, listen to my moral:—
If your footman you hadmires,
'Kos he's got a nobby figger,
And he to your hand haspires.

W'en the day you've fixt for runnin',
Recollect Miss Bunks's fate!
Pinch his karves and pull his viskers,
Lest you find 'em false too late.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE IMAGE-BREAKERS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

1566.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

[John Lothrop Motley, the author of one of the most important historical works of modern times, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," is an American by birth, though of English extraction on both sides, his parents being able to trace their descent from

the "Pilgrim Fathers." He was born in Mas., U.S.A., April 15th, 1814. Having graduated at Harvard University, he was appointed Secretary to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. Returning to the States, he occupied himself with literary pursuits, contributing largely to the *North American Review*. In 1851 he visited Europe, and established himself at Dresden, with a view to writing the history of that great struggle by which the Netherlands threw off the Spanish yoke. This task he has accomplished in a manner that places him among the first of modern historians. It appeared in its complete form, in 2 vols., 1860, and has already been translated into the French (by Guizot), Dutch, and German languages.]

Upon the 18th of August, 1566, the great and time-honoured ceremony of the Ommegang occurred. Accordingly, the great procession, the principal object of which was to conduct around the city a colossal image of the Virgin, issued as usual from the door of the cathedral. The image, bedizened and effulgent, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of her adorers, followed by the guilds, the military associations, the rhetoricians, the religious sodalities, all in glittering costume, bearing blazoned banners, and marching triumphantly through the streets with sound of trumpet and beat of drum. The pageant, solemn but noisy, was exactly such a show as was most fitted at that moment to irritate Protestant minds, and to lead to mischief. No violent explosion of ill-feeling, however, took place. The procession was followed by a rabble rout of scoffers, but they confined themselves to words and insulting gestures. The image was incessantly saluted, as she was borne along the streets, with sneers, imprecations, and the rudest ribaldry. "Mayken! Mayken! (little Mary) your hour is come. 'Tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you." Such were the greetings which the representative of the Holy Virgin received from men grown weary of antiquated mummery. A few missiles were thrown occasionally at the procession as it passed through the city, but no damage was inflicted. When the image was at last restored to its place, and the pageant brought to a somewhat hurried

conclusion, there seemed cause for congratulation that no tumult had occurred.

On the following morning there was a large crowd collected in front of the cathedral. The image, instead of standing in the centre of the church, where, upon all former occasions, it had been accustomed during the week succeeding the ceremony to receive congratulatory visits, was now ignominiously placed behind an iron railing within the choir. It had been deemed imprudent to leave it exposed to sacrilegious hands. The precaution excited derision. Many vagabonds of dangerous appearance, many idle apprentices and ragged urchins were hanging for a long time about the imprisoned image, peeping through the railings, and indulging in many a brutal jest. "Mayken! Mayken!" they cried, "art thou terrified so soon? Hast flown to thy nest so early? Dost think thyself beyond the reach of mischief? Beware, Mayken! thine hour is fast approaching!" Others thronged around the balustrade, shouting, "*Vivent les Gueulx!*" and hoarsely commanding the image to join in the beggars' cry. Then, leaving the spot, the mob roamed idly about the magnificent church, sneering at the idols, execrating the gorgeous ornaments, scoffing at crucifix and altar.

Presently one of the rabble, a ragged fellow of mechanical aspect, in a tattered black doublet and an old straw hat, ascended the pulpit. Opening a sacred volume which he found there, he began to deliver an extemporaneous and coarse caricature of a monkish sermon. Some of the bystanders applauded, some cried shame, some shouted, "Long live the beggars!" some threw sticks and rubbish at the mountebank, some caught him by the legs, and strove to pull him from his place. He, on the other hand, manfully maintained his ground, hurling back every missile, struggling with his assailants, and continuing the while to pour forth a malignant and obscene discourse. At last a young sailor, warm in the Catholic faith, and impulsive as mariners are prone to be, ascended the pulpit from

behind, sprang upon the mechanic, and flung him headlong down the steps. The preacher grappled with his enemy as he fell, and both came rolling to the ground. Neither was much injured, but a tumult ensued. A pistol-shot was fired, and the sailor was wounded in the arm. Daggers were drawn, cudgels brandished, the bystanders taking part generally against the sailor, while those who protected him were somewhat bruised and belaboured before they could convey him out of the church. Nothing more, however, transpired that day, and the keepers of the cathedral were enabled to expel the crowd, and to close the doors for the night.

Information of this tumult was brought to the senate, then assembled in the Hôtel de Ville. That body was thrown into a state of great perturbation. In losing the Prince of Orange, they seemed to have lost their own brains, and the first measure which they took was to despatch a messenger to implore his return. In the meantime, it was necessary that they should do something for themselves. It was evident that a storm was brewing. The pest which was sweeping so rapidly through the provinces, would soon be among them. Symptoms of the dreaded visitation were already but too manifest. What precaution should they take? Should they issue a proclamation? Such documents had been too plenty of late, and had lost their virtue. It was the time not to assert but to exercise authority. Should they summon the wardmasters, and order the instant arming and mustering of their respective companies? Should they assemble the captains of the military associations? Nothing better could have been desired than such measures in cases of invasion, or of ordinary tumult, but who should say how deeply the poison had sunk into the body politic; who should say with how much or how little alacrity the burgher militia would obey the mandates of the magistracy? It would be better to issue no proclamation, unless they could enforce its provisions; it would be better not to call out the citizen soldiery, unless they were likely to

prove obedient. Should mercenary troops at this late hour be sent for? Would not their appearance at this crisis rather inflame the rage than intimidate the insolence of the sectaries? Never were magistrates in greater perplexity. They knew not what course was likely to prove the safest, and in their anxiety to do nothing wrong, the senators did nothing at all. After a long and anxious consultation, the honest burgomaster and his associates all went home to their beds, hoping that the threatening flame of civil tumult would die out of itself, or perhaps that their dreams would supply them with that wisdom which seemed denied to their waking hours.

In the morning, as it was known that no precaution had been taken, the audacity of the Reformers was naturally increased. Within the cathedral a great crowd was at an early hour collected, whose savage looks and ragged appearance denoted that the day and night were not likely to pass away so peacefully as the last. The same taunts and imprecations were hurled at the image of the Virgin; the same howling of the beggars' cry resounded through the lofty arches. For a few hours no act of violence was committed, but the crowd increased. A few trifles, drifting, as usual, before the event, seemed to indicate the approaching convulsion. A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp. She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient hucksteress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness, Mary, were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe

with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John Van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence, produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire, and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the population would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring, perhaps, to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble

still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who, with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small

number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously—endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir—the "repository," as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers, and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health;

burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number. There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. "Long live the beggars!" resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed

was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the confederates, and other opulent Protestants, had organized this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand, it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk, who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.

A SCENE FROM BERTRAM.

REV. ROBERT CHARLES MATURIN.

[Mr. Maturin, celebrated alike as a preacher, novelist, and dramatist, was a clergyman of the Established Church, born in Dublin, and educated in Trinity College of that city. On entering into orders he obtained the curacy of St. Peter's. His first

tragedy, "Bertram," is a wild, imaginative, but very powerful production. It was performed at Drury Lane, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, with doubtful success, but it established its author's literary reputation. Maturin, unfortunately, lived beyond his means, and was never free from embarrassment; notwithstanding he pursued his literary career with avidity. His first most popular novels were "The Fatal Revenge," "The Wild Irish Boy," and "The Milesian Chief." He was also the author of "Melmoth, the Wanderer," and "Woman;" of "The Universe," a poem; "Manuel" and "Fredolpho," tragedies; and of six "Controversial Sermons," published in 1824, which prove him to have been a well-read scholar, as he is said to have been an elegant and energetic preacher. He died in 1825.]

CHARACTERS.

THE STRANGER. | THE PRIOR. | A MONK.

An Apartment in the Convent—a couch, R.C.

The STRANGER *discovered sleeping on the couch, and the* PRIOR (L.) *watching him.*

Prior. He sleeps—if it be sleep; this starting trance,
Whose feverish tossings and deep-muttered groans,
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest.
(*Hanging over him.*)
How the lip works! how the bare teeth do grind,
And beaded drops course down his writhen brow!
I will awake him from this horrid trance;
This is no natural sleep. Ho! wake thee, stranger!

Str. What wouldst thou have? my life is in thy power.

Prior. Most wretched man, whose fears alone betray thee—
What art thou?—speak!

Str. Thou sayest I am a wretch,
And thou sayest true—these weeds do witness it—
These wave-worn weeds—these bare and bruised limbs—
What wouldst thou more? I shrink not from the question.

I am a wretch, and proud of wretchedness,
'Tis the sole earthly thing that cleaves to me.
Prior. Lightly I deem of outward wretchedness,
For that hath been the lot of blessed saints:
But, in their dire extreme of outward wretchedness,
Full calm they slept in dungeons and in darkness,—
Such hath not been thy sleep.
Str. Didst watch my sleep?
But thou couldst gain no secret from my ravings.
Prior. Thy secrets! wretched man, I reck not of them;
But I adjure thee, by the church's power,
(A power to search man's secret heart of sin,)
Show me thy wound of soul.
Weep'st thou the ties of nature or of passion
Torn by the hand of Heaven?
Oh, no! full well I deemed no gentler feeling
Woke the dark lightning of thy withering eye.
What fiercer spirit is it tears thee thus?
Show me the horrid tenant of thy heart!
Or wrath, or hatred, or revenge, is there——
(*The stranger suddenly starts from the couch, raises his clasped hands, and comes forward,* R.)
Str. I would consort with mine eternal enemy,
To be revenged on him!
Prior. Art thou a man, or fiend, who speakest thus?
Str. I was a man; I know not what I am—
What others' crimes and injuries have made me—
Look on me! What am I? (*Advances,* C.)
Prior. (*Retreating to* L. *corner.*) I know not.
Str. I marvel that thou say'st it,
For lowly men full oft remember those
In changed estate, whom equals have forgotten.
A passing beggar hath remembered me,
When with strange eyes my kinsmen looked on me.
I wore no sullied weeds on that proud day
When thou, a barefoot monk, didst bow full low
For alms, my heedless hand hath flung to thee.
Thou dost not know me! (*Approaching him.*)

Prior. Mine eyes are dim with age—but many thoughts
Do stir within me at thy voice.
Str. List to me, monk; it is thy trade to talk,
As reverend men do use in saintly wise,
Of life's vicissitudes and vanities.
Hear one plain tale that doth surpass all saws—
Hear it from me—Count Bertram—ay, Count Bertram!—
The darling of his liege and of his land,
The army's idol, and the council's head—
Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was law—
Doth bow him to the Prior of St. Anselm
For water to refresh his parched lip,
And this hard-matted couch to fling his limbs on.
Prior. Good Heaven and all its saints!
Bertram. Wilt thou betray me?
Prior. Lives there the wretch beneath these walls to do it?
Sorrow enough hath bowed thy head already,
Thou man of many woes.—
Far more I fear lest thou betray thyself.
Hard by do stand the halls of Aldobrand,
(Thy mortal enemy and cause of fall,)
Where ancient custom doth invite each stranger,
Cast on this shore, to sojourn certain days,
And taste the bounty of the castle's lord.
If thou goest not, suspicion will arise;
And if thou dost (all changed as thou art)
Some desperate burst of passion will betray thee,
And end in mortal scathe—— (*A pause.*)
Why dost thou gaze on with such fixed eyes?
Ber. What sayest thou?
I dreamed I stood before Lord Aldobrand
Impenetrable to his searching eyes—
And I did feel the horrid joy men feel
Measuring the serpent's coil, whose fangs have stung them;
Scanning with giddy eye the air-hung rock,

From which they leapt and live by miracle;—
To see that horrid spectre of my thoughts
In all the stern reality of life—
To mark the living lineaments of hatred,
And say, this is the man whose sight should blast me;
Yet in calm dreadful triumph still gaze on:—
It is a horrid joy. (*Crosses to* L.)

Prior. Nay, rave not thus,
Thou wilt not meet him; many a day must pass
Till from Palermo's walls he wend him homeward,
Where now he tarries with St. Anselm's knights.
His dame doth dwell in solitary wise,
Few are the followers in his lonely halls——
Why dost thou smile in that most horrid guise?

Ber. (*Repeating.*) His dame doth dwell alone. Perchance his child——
Oh! no, no, no! it was a damned thought.

Prior. I do but indistinctly hear thy words,
But feel they have some fearful meaning in them.

Ber. Oh, that I could but mate him in his might!
Oh, that we were on the dark wave together,
(*Crosses to* R.)
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows
And view him gasp for life!—and—
Ha! ha!—I see him struggling!—
I see him!—ha! ha! ha! (*A frantic laugh.*)

Prior. Oh, horrible!
Help!—Help to hold him, for my strength doth fail.

Enter MONK, L.

Monk. The lady of St. Aldobrand sends greeting—

Prior. Oh, art thou come; this is no time for greeting—
Help—bear him off—thou see'st his fearful state.
[*Exeunt, bearing off* BERTRAM, R.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

By Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., M.R.I.A.

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—tho' on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—Oh, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent earth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow,
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out!" bang, bang the sledges go:
Hurrah!" the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But, while you sling your sledges, sing, and let the burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-
men here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the
sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love
and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was
cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like
me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights
as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere
now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea
unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his
ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sword-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to
scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Nor-
wegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished
shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's
love,

To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breakers white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave--
Or, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory whose bones he grows among.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

ECHO AND THE RICH MAN.

"And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."—*Byron.*

JAMES BRUTON.

"O, Echo! I am very sad—
Though p'rhaps, in all the county,
There's no one's more cause to be glad,
And grateful for God's bounty!
But when the poor beset my path—
Instead of words of honey,
Should I not, rather in my wrath,
Display some parsimony?"
Echo: "Display some purse o' money!'

"They Fortune bitterly condemn,
Who on them seldom chucks her eye!
But say, should I give ought to them,
Because I find their luck's awry?"
Echo: "Find their luxury!"
"You mean that I should from my store,
Assist their humbler station?
Should love them, help their lot? nay, more,
Be moved to adoration?"
Echo: "Be moved to add a ration!"

They say they're hungry—thirsty—poor—
That they for beds must litters make!
But they've of life some sweets, I'm sure—
They seldom do their bitters take!"
Echo: "They seldom do their bit o' steak!
Then if they're cold, what's that to me?
I act as common sense acts:—
Send coals? do works of charity—
And carry out intense acts?"
Echo: "Carry out in ten sacks!"

Whilst I my tea sip—on their knees
They plead,—say food's a rarity!

But what should I do—at my ease—
  But gloat o'er my prosperity ?"
    Echo: "Spare a tea!"
"A dinner, too, p'rhaps? meat and birds?
  Why, I'd my flight to Mecca wing,
Ere I'd carve fowls! you mock my words!
  You do but give an echoing?"
    Echo: "Do but give a neck or wing!"

"If men, reduced from fortune's state,
  Endure a gaol's probation,
Should I the anger smooth of fate—
  And stop the detestation?"
    Echo: "Stop the Debtors' Station!"
"What, seek their prison, and dispense
  A salve to heal each sore?
And show them, under Providence,
  The way to hope and adore?"
    Echo: "The way to open a door!"

"A wealthy and a prudent man,
  Misfortune seldom quickly fears,
Fate seems to say, 'I like your plan,—
  And you shall have your cycle of years!'"
    Echo: "You shall have your sickly fears!"
"Should I help those whose envious eyes
  Grudge me my better living?
And pardon those who me despise
  And ever be for giving?"
    Echo: "Ever be forgiving!"

TO A MOSQUITO.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, U.S.A., on the 3rd of November, 1794. He is the father of the American poets, and was the first among them to establish a widely-spread reputation. While, however, we freely admit that the melodious

flow of his verse, and the vigour and compactness of his language, prove him a perfect master of his art, his thoughts and his style bear evidence that it was from the study of the best English writers that his soul was attuned to song. What we look for in vain among most of the poets of America is individuality of thought and expression, something that has its counterpart in nature, and is not the result of a skilful adaptation of the old machinery, however ingenious and complicated it may be. It is precisely this individuality that makes Longfellow the most popular and most appreciated of the American poets in this country;—he is the least like any of our own.

Bryant was brought up for the bar, and followed his profession from 1815 to 1825. In the latter year he married and removed to New York, where he became one of the editors of the "New York Monthly Review." In 1832 he published a complete edition of his poems, and a copy of it reaching Washington Irving, who was then in London, he obtained for it re-publication in this country. Mr. Bryant visited Europe in 1834. Since 1836 his time has been chiefly occupied by his duties as editor of the "New York Evening Post."]

FAIR insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
Does murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush, and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint:
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honour of so proud a birth—
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strong,

Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence,
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odours met thy sense,
They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed,
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils, like stars thro' mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to touch an anchorite!
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain;
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What sayst thou, slanderer!—rouge makes thee sick?
And China bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch;
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance and admired,
Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet:
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's hall,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtles sprawl.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

THE SAILOR'S LASSIE; OR, THE PRESS-GANG.

JOHN FRANKLIN.

OH! wae be to the ship, the ship,
And wae be to the sea,
And wae be to the mariners
That forced my luve frae me.

A gowden yellow was his hair,
And sapphire blue his 'ee,
There was na ony lad sae fair
In a' the north countrie.

Full mony a time my luve and I
By the seaside did stray,
And watched the rolling o' the tide
As it did come and gae,

And I ha' mony a bonnie shell
He picked frae aff the strand;
I would na part wi' ane o' them
For the wealth of a' Scotland.

For there it was my ain dear luve
Did plight his troth to me,
And there the cruel mariners
Did force him o'er the sea.

Accursed be those mariners,
An ill death may they dee,
For sundering twa gentle hearts
That loved sae tenderlie!

Oh! would that a' the sighs I've sighed
Could blaw his ship to land;
Or would that a' the tears I've shed
Could float it to the strand.

For sad is now my voice sae gay,
And dim my ee sae bright,
And heavy, heavy is my heart,
That used to be sae light.

Faded and hollow is my cheek
That used sae red to be,
And matted are the ringlets sleek
That waved abune mine 'ee.

And worn and wasted is the form
He used to ca' sae fair,
All blighted by the piercing storm,
And cankered by despair.

For in the lang, lang winter nights,
When the wind is blawing loud,
And when the blazing lightning
Bursts the dark womb of the cloud,

And the wild sea bird strains her wing
The sheltering cliffs to gain,
Alone and sad I'm wandering
By the dark and stormy main;

Or lowly on the wet sea-sand,
Upon my bended knees,
I pray to Him whose dread command
The waters can appease,

That He will guide my true love's ship
Frae rocks and dangers free,
And save him frae the perils
Of the dark and treacherous sea.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND CHARLES READE.)

WILLIAM SAWYER.

To the scaffold's foot she came:
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast,—
There a pardon closely press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
She will weep, but Ruth will do;
Who should save him, sore distress'd,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died,—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away:—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight,—
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries,—
"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died,—
"From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unroll'd:

Paused the axe in upward swing,—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:
All about the scaffold throng,
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is press'd,
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love!"

(*By permission.—From "London Society."*)

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

1 John iii. 14. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

KOSSUTH'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUTNRY.

FAREWELL, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyar! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. I shall never again give the name of my country to that cherished soil where I drank from my mother's bosom the milks of justice and liberty. Pardon, oh! pardon him who is henceforth condemned to wander far from thee, because he combated for thy happiness. Pardon one who can only call free that spot of thy soil where he now kneels with a few of the faithful children of conquered Hungary! My last looks are fixed on my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future; but that future is overshadowed. Thy plains are covered with blood, the redness of which pitiless destruction will change to black, the emblem of mourning for the victories thy sons have gained over the sacrilegious enemies of thy sacred soil.

How many grateful hearts have sent their prayers to the throne of the Almighty! How many tears have gushed from their very depth to implore pity! How much blood has been shed to testify that the Magyar idolizes his country, and that he knows how to die for it! And yet, land of my love, thou art in slavery. From thy very bosom will be forged the chains to bind all that is sacred, and to aid all that is sacrilegious. Oh, Almighty Creator, if thou lovest thy people to whom thou didst give victory under our heroic ancestor, Arapad, I implore thee not to sink them in degradation. I speak to thee, my country, thus from the abyss of my despair, and whilst yet lingering on the threshold of thy soil. Pardon me that a great number of thy sons have shed their blood for thee on my account. I pleaded for thee—I hoped for thee, even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word "despair." I lifted my voice in

thy behalf when men said, "Be thou a slave." I girt the sword about my loins, and I grasped the bloody plume, even when they said, "Thou art no longer a nation on the soil of the Magyar."

Time has written thy destiny on the pages of thy story in yellow and black letters—death. The Colossus of the North has set his seal to the sentence. But the glowing iron of the East shall melt that seal.

For thee, my country, that has shed so much blood, there is no pity; for does not the tyrant eat his bread on the hills formed of the bones of thy children?

The ingrate, whom thou hadst fattened with thy abundance, rose against thee; he rose against thee, the traitor to his mother, and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast endured all; thou hast not curst thine existence, for in thy bosom, and far above all sorrow, hope has built her nest.

Magyars, turn not aside your looks from me, for at this moment mine eyes flow with tears for you, for the soil on which my tottering steps still wander is named Hungary.

My country, it is not the iron of the stranger that hath dug thy grave; it is not the thunder of fourteen nations, all arrayed against thee, that hath destroyed thee; and it is not the fifteenth nation, traversing the Carpathians, that has caused thee to drop thy arms. No! thou hast been betrayed—thou hast been sold, my country; thy death-sentence hath been written, beloved of my heart, by him whose love for thee I never dared to doubt. Yes! in the fervour of my boldest thoughts I should have almost as soon doubted of the existence of the Omnipotent, as have believed that he could ever be a traitor to his country. Thou hast been betrayed by him into whose hands I had but a little space before deposited the power of our country, which he swore to defend, even to the last drop of his heart's blood. He hath done treason to his mother; for the glitter of gold hath been for him more seductive than

that of the blood shed to save his country. Base gain had more value in his eyes than his country, and his God has abandoned him, as he had abandoned his God for his allies of hell.

My principles have not been those of Washington; nor yet my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation —free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily, but which in another season puts forth its flower still more lovely than before. Thou art dead—for hath not thy winter come on? but it will not endure so long as that of thy companion under the frozen sky of Siberia. No. Fifteen nations have dug thy tomb. But the hosts of the sixteenth will come to save thee. Be faithful, as thou hast been even to the present. Lift up thy heart in prayer for the departed; but do not raise thy own hymn until thou hearest the thunders of the liberating people echo along thy mountains, and bellow in the depth of thy valleys.

Farewell, beloved companions! Farewell, comrades, countrymen! May the thought of God, and may the angels of liberty for ever be with you! I will proclaim you to the civilized world as heroes; and the cause of an heroic people will be cherished by the freest nation of the earth—the freest of all free people!

Farewell, thou land dyed with the blood of the brave! Guard those red marks—they will one day bear testimony on thy behalf.

And thou, farewell, O youthful monarch of the Hungarians! Forget not that my nation is not destined for thee. Heaven inspires me with the confidence that the day will dawn when it shall be proved to thee even on the ruined walls of Buda.

May the Almighty bless thee, my beloved country! Believe, hope, and love!

THE ENCHANTED NET.

FRANCIS EDWARD SMEDLEY.

["Frank Smedley," one of our most popular magazine writers and comic novelists, was born about the year 1830, and was the son of the late High Bailiff of Westminster. He is the author of "Lewis Arundel, or the Railway of Life" (1852), "Harry Coverdale's Courtship" (1855), "The Colville Family" (1856), and, jointly with Mr. Edmund Yates, of "Mirth and Metre," a volume of pleasant rhymes in the style of the late Rev. Harris Barham (Ingoldsby). He was the editor of "George Cruikshank's Magazine," and of "Seven Tales of Seven Authors," 1860. He died, after a brief but active literary career, in 1863.]

COULD we only give credit to half we are told,
There were sundry strange monsters existing of old;
As evinced (on the *ex pede* Herculean plan,
Which from merely a footstep presumes the whole man)
By our *Savans* disturbing those very large bones,
Which have turned (for the rhyme's sake, perhaps) into stones,
And have chosen to wait a
Long while hid in *strata*,
While old Time has been dining on empires and thrones.
Old bones and dry bones,
Leg-bones and thigh-bones,
Bone of the vertebræ, bones of the tail,—
Very like, only more so, the bones of a whale;
Bones that were very long, bones that were very short
(They have never as yet found a real fossil merry-thought;
Perchance because mastodons, burly and big,
Considered all funny-bones quite *infra dig.*)
Skulls have they found in strange places imbedded,
Which, at least, prove their owners were very long-headed;
And other queer things,—which 'tis not my intention,
Lest I weary your patience, at present to mention,—

As I think I can prove, without further apology,
What I said to be true, sans appeal to geology,
That there lived in the good old days gone by
Things unknown to our modern philosophy,
And a giant was then no more out of the way
Than a dwarf is now in the present day.
Sir Eppo of Epstein was young, brave, and fair;
Dark were the curls of his clustering hair,
Dark the moustache that o'ershadowed his lip,
And his glance was as keen as the sword at his hip;
Though the enemy's charge was like lightning's fierce shock,
His seat was as firm as the wave-beaten rock;
And woe to the foeman, whom pride or mischance
Opposed to the stroke of his conquering lance.
He carved at the board, and he danced in the hall,
And the ladies admired him, each one and all.
In a word, I should say, he appears to have been
As nice a young "ritter" as ever was seen.

He could not read nor write,
He could not spell his name,
Towards being a clerk, Sir Eppo, his (†) mark,
Was as near as he ever came.
He had felt no vexation
From multiplication;
Never puzzled was he
By the rule of three;
The practice he'd had
Did not drive him mad,
Because it all lay
Quite a different way.
The Asses' Bridge, that Bridge of Sighs,
Had (lucky dog!) ne'er met his eyes.
In a very few words he expressed his intention
Once for all to decline every Latin declension,
When persuaded to add, by the good Father Herman,
That most classical tongue to his own native German.

And no doubt he was right in
Point of fact, for a knight in
Those days was supposed to like nothing but fighting;
And one who had learned any language that is hard
Would have stood a good chance of being burned for a
wizard.
Education being then never pushed to the verge ye
Now see it, was chiefly confined to the clergy.

'Twas a southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
For aught that I know to the contrary;
If it wasn't, it ought to have been proper*ly*,
As it's certain Sir Eppo, his feather-bed scorning,
Thought that *something* proclaimed it a fine hunting
morning;
So, pronouncing his benison
O'er a cold haunch of venison,
He floored the best half, drank a gallon of beer,
And set out on the Taurus to chase the wild deer.

Sir Eppo he rode through the good greenwood,
And his bolts flew fast and free;
He knocked over a hare, and he passed the lair
(The tenant was out) of a grisly bear;
He started a wolf, and he got a snap shot
At a bounding roe, but he touched it not,
Which caused him to mutter a naughty word
In German, which luckily nobody heard,
For he said it right viciously;
And he struck his steed with his armèd heel,
As though horse-flesh were tougher than iron or steel,
Or anything else that's unable to feel.

What is the sound that meets his ear?
Is it the plaint of some wounded deer?
Is it the wild-fowl's mournful cry,
Or the scream of yon eagle soaring high?
Or is it only the southern breeze

As it sighs through the boughs of the dark pine trees?
No, Sir Eppo, be sure 'tis not any of these:
And hark, again!
It comes more plain—
'Tis a woman's voice in grief or pain.

Like an arrow from the string,
Like a stone that leaves the sling,
Like a railroad-train with a queen inside,
With directors to poke and directors to guide,
Like the rush upon deck when a vessel is sinking,
Like (I vow I'm hard up for a simile) winking!
In less time than by name you Jack Robinson can call,
Sir Eppo dashed forward o'er hedge, ditch, and hollow,
In a steeple-chase style I'd be sorry to follow,
And found a young lady chained up by the ankle—
Yes, chained up in a cool and business-like way,
As if she'd been only the little dog Tray,
While, the more to secure any knight-errant's pity,
She was really and truly excessively pretty.

Here was a terrible state of things!
Down from his saddle Sir Eppo springs,
As lightly as if he were furnished with wings,
While every plate in his armour rings.
The words that he uttered were short and few,
But pretty much to the purpose too,
As sternly he asked, with lowering brow,
"Who's been and done it, and where is he now?"

'Twere long to tell
Each word that fell
From the coral lips of that demoiselle;
However, as far as I'm able to see,
The pith of the matter appeared to be
That a horrible giant, twelve feet high,
Having gazed on her charms with a covetous eye,
Had stormed their castle, murdered papa,
Behaved very rudely to poor dear mamma,

Walked with the family jewels and plate,
And the tin and herself at a terrible rate;
Then by way of conclusion
To all this confusion,
Tied her up like a dog
To induce her (the brute !) to become Mrs. Gog;
That 'twas not the least use for Sir Eppo to try
To chop off his head, or to poke out his eye,
As he'd early in life done a bit of Achilles
(Which far better than taking an "Old Parr's life-pill" is),
Had been dipped in the Styx, or some equally old stream,
And might now face unharmed a battalion of Cold-stream.

But she thought of a scheme
Which did certainly seem
Very likely to pay—no mere vision or dream:—
It appears that the giant each day took a nap
For an hour (the wretch !) with his head in her lap:
Oh, she hated it so ! but then what could she do ?
Here she paused, and Sir Eppo remarked, "Very true;"
And that during this time one might pinch, punch, or shake him,
Or do just what one pleased, but that nothing could wake him,
While each horse and each man in the emperor's pay
Would not be sufficient to move him away,
Without magical aid, from the spot where he lay.
In an old oak-chest, in an upstairs room
Of poor papa's castle, was kept an heir-loom,
An enchanted net, made of iron links,
Which was brought from Palestine, she thinks,
By her great grandpapa, who had been a Crusader;
If she had but got that, she was sure it would aid her.
Sir Eppo, kind man,
Approves of the plan;
Says he'll do all she wishes as quick as he can;

Begs she won't fret if the time should seem long;
Snatches a kiss, which was "pleasant, but wrong;"
Mounts, and taking a fence in good fox-hunting style,
Sets off for her family-seat on the Weil.
The sun went down,
The bright stars burned,
The morning came,
And the night returned;
The net he spread
O'er the giant's bed,
While eglantine and harebell blue,
And some nice green moss on the spot he threw;
Lest perchance the monster alarm should take,
And not choose to sleep from being too *wide awake.*
Hark to that sound!
The rocks around
Tremble—it shakes the very ground;
While Irmengard cries,
As tears stream from her eyes,—
A lady-like weakness we must not despise
(And here, let me add, I have been much to blame,
As I long ago ought to have mentioned her name):
"Here he comes! now do hide yourself, dear Eppo, pray;
For *my* sake, I entreat you, keep out of his way."
Scarce had the knight
Time to get out of sight
Among some thick bushes, which covered him quite,
Ere the giant appeared. Oh! he was such a fright!
He was very square built, a good twelve feet in height,
And his waistcoat (three yards round the waist) seemed too tight;
While, to add even yet to all this singularity,
He had but one eye, and his whiskers were carroty.

What an anxious moment! Will he lie down?
Ah, how their hearts beat! he seems to frown,—
No, 'tis only an impudent fly that's been teasing
His *snub*lime proboscis, and set him a sneezing.

Attish hu! attish hu!
You brute, how I wish you
Were but as genteel as the Irish lady,
Dear Mrs. O'Grady,
Who, chancing to sneeze in a noble duke's face,
Hoped she hadn't been guilty of splashing his Grace.
Now, look out! Yes, he will! No, he won't! By the powers!
I thought he was taking alarm at the flowers;
But it luckily seems, his gigantic invention
Has at once set them down as a little attention
On Irmengard's part,—done by way of suggestion
That she means to say "Yes," when he next pops the question.
There! he's down! now he yawns, and in one minute more—
I thought so, he's safe—he's beginning to snore;
He is wrapped in that sleep he shall wake from no more.
From his girdle the knight takes a ponderous key;
It fits—and once more is fair Irmengard free.

From heel to head, and from head to heel,
They wrap their prey in that net of steel,
And they *croché* the edges together with care,
As you finish a purse for a fancy-fair,
Till the last knot is tied by the diligent pair.
At length they have ended their business laborious,
And Eppo shouts, "Bagged him, by all that is glorious!"
No billing and cooing,
You must up and be doing.
Depend on't, Sir Knight, this is no time for wooing;
You'll discover, unless you progress rather smarter,
That catching a giant's like catching a Tartar:
He still has some thirty-five minutes to sleep.
Close to this spot hangs a precipice steep,
Like Shakspeare's tall cliff which they show one at Dover;
Drag him down to the brink, and then let him roll over;

As they scarce make a capital crime of infanticide,
There can't be any harm in a little giganticide.

"Pull him, and haul him! take care of his head!
Oh, how my arms ache—he's as heavy as lead!
That'll do, love—I'm sure—I can move him alone,
Though I'm certain the brute weighs a good forty stone.
Yo! heave ho! roll him along
(It's exceedingly lucky the net's pretty strong);
Once more—that's it—there, now, I think
He's done to a turn, he rests on the brink;
At it again, and over he goes
To furnish a feast for the hooded crows;
Each vulture that makes the Taurus his home
May dine upon giants for months to come."

Lives there a man so thick of head
To whom it must in words be said,
How Eppo did the lady wed,
And built upon the giant's bed
A castle, walled and turreted!
We will hope not; or, if there be,
Defend us from his company!

(*From "Mirth and Metre," F. Warne and Co.*)

THE FALL OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

EDMUND BURKE.

(Considered the most elegant Passage in BURKE'S "Reflections on the French Revolution.")

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the

elevated sphere she had just begun to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant man, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers; I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone: that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, Northampton, in 1631. He was educated at Winchester School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He came to London in 1654, and acted as secretary to his relation, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was one of Cromwell's council. Like the celebrated Vicar of Bray, Dryden shifted his politics in conformity with the ins and outs of that stirring

period: he wrote a laudatory ode on the death of the Protector, and a panegyric on the restoration of Charles II. In 1667 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of 200*l.* a-year. None of his plays have kept the stage, and his numerous satires are to the now popular literature of his country as if they had never been written, but his translation of Virgil is undying and has immortalized him. As he was a weathercock in his politics so he was in his religion. On the accession of James II. he became a Roman Catholic, and, like all perverts, was loudest in the abuse of his old faith. It was not until the abdication of James, when he was obliged to write for bread, that his finest compositions were written. The freedom, grace, and strength of his compositions have never been supassed. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,

* * * * *

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound.
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew
the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

BACK FROM THE HOLIDAYS.

GEORGE BENNETT.

"To meet at the station, boys, 10.15 train."
All true to the time we are met once again,
And back from the holidays go;
No blinking or sighing, 'tis girlish and weak,
See the train coming up, with a puff and a shriek,
Hurrah! for old Prossodie's, ho!

Now, my boys, cut it short, not so many "Good-byes;"
They weigh down the spirits, and weaken the eyes,
And only make parting more sad:
I have come up alone, for I knew there was one
Who would weep like a cloud for her own darling son,
And he'd rather feel jolly and glad.

All in, and all right, and away now we glide,
So adieu to sweet home and old Christmas tide,
And to revels that *sometimes* would tire:
Never grieve for true friends, for from them we ne'er part,
And wherever we go they are nearest the heart,
To solace, to urge, and inspire.

Back from the holidays: who would revolt?
What! Jenkinson grumbling! You lubberly dolt,
You pout like a double-tasked dunce:
Why, you've borne a month's petting, and that's quite enough,
Of the rich things of life you have had *quantum suff.*,
So hush! or we'll cut you at once.

Back from the holidays, face it, my boys;
Too much of the sweet ever wearies and cloys,
And palls upon stomach and brain.
While good Dr. Prossodie's system and diet
Are better for study than feasting or riot,
And will tone us down nicely again.

On, onward, by hamlet, and city, and town;
Now upward we gaze, and now we look down
To see what we're hurrying past;
Now thro' an embankment half hidden from day,
Now high o'er a viaduct whirling away
As swift as the wild northern blast!

Now "God save the Queen." Ah, that's the right song
To keep the steam up as we hasten along:
There,—don't be too nice with your parts,
We have nothing to fear if we do get uproarious;
So,—"Send her victorious, happy, and glorious,"
God save the Queen of all hearts!

That's the spirit, my boys, for our Royal mamma,
Three cheers for her now with a hip, hip, hurrah,
Full, hearty, united, and bold;
Now three for the Prince, with the handsome young Dane,
We wish them much joy, tho' we hope they'll not reign
Till many more years they have told.

Back from the holidays, back, back to work,
There's not one of our form that his duties would shirk,
We're in to do something this half:
The age is competitive—nothing for sham—
So we'll never depend upon "coaching" and "cram,"
Or seek either crutches or staff.

But now our speed slackens, slower still, and more slow,
Ah! yond's the old town, with the mansion we know,
Where all may improve who've the *nous*,

There's the station; your tickets, step out, look alive!
Here's a 'bus takes us all. Do you know where to drive?
Dr. Prossodie's, Winchester House!

SIR RUPERT THE RED.

EDMUND H. YATES.

[Edmund Hodgson Yates, born about the year 1828, is the son of the late Mr. Yates, the eminent actor, and some time partner with the late Charles Mathews in the lesseeship of the Adelphi Theatre. His mother was the gifted actress so well known to the last generation of play-goers.

Mr. Yates, who holds a situation in the General Post-office, is the present editor of the "Temple Bar Magazine," and one of the literary staff of the *Star* newspaper. After the decease of Mr. Albert Smith, he occupied the Egyptian Hall, in which he gave an entertainment for a few months somewhat after the style of his predecessor; but "entertaining" was evidently not his *forte*. As a novelist he has succeeded better; but a propensity to indulge in personalities, interesting only to a literary clique, and which can be of no permanent value, detracts from the general interest of his writings.

His last two works, "Broken to Harness" and "Running the Gauntlet," have been read with avidity by the subscribers to circulating libraries, and hold their own among the novels of the day.]

SIR RUPERT THE RED was as gallant a knight
As ever did battle for wrong or for right,
As ever resented the slightest slight,
Or broke an antagonist's head.
Full tall was his stature, full stalwart his frame,
Full red was his hair, his beard was the same,
Mustachios and whiskers—whence his name,
His name of Sir Rupert the Red.

Sir Rupert he lived in a castle old,
Residence meet for a baron bold:

Thick were its walls, and dark and cold
The swift Rhine ran below them.
Full handy to Rupert the Red was the Rhine:
Rich travellers passing were asked to dine,
And when he'd sufficiently hocussed their wine,
Why—into its waters he'd throw them!

But stories will spread, howe'er you may try
To stifle Dame Rumour—and so, by-and-bye,
He found himself shunned by all far and nigh;
And when asked to dinner, each neighbour "fought shy."
The bell ne'er was rung, and no stranger implored
The porter to run up, and question his lord
If he kindly would grant a night's shelter and board?
No priest on Sir Rupert's head called down a benison,
No acquaintance sent presents of black-cock and venison.
While his former bad temper began to grow worse,
He would mutter and fidget—nay, stamp, foam, and curse;
But his feelings I'll try to describe in the verse
Most used by our Alfred—not Bunn, though, but Tennyson.

Very early in the morning would he, tumbling out of bed,
Mow his chin with wretched razor, mow and hack it till it bled;
Then he'd curse the harmless cutler, heap upon him curses deep—
Curse him in his hour of waking, doubly curse him in his sleep—
Saying "Mechi! O my Mechi! O my Mechi, mine no more,
Whither's fled that brilliant sharpness which thy razors had of yore,

Ere thou quittedst Leadenhall-street, quittedst it with many a qualm—
Ere thou soughtest rustic Tiptree, Tiptree and its model farm?
Many a morning, by the mirror, did I pass thee o'er my beard,
And my chin grew smooth beneath thee, of its hairy harvest cleared;
Many an evening have I drawn thee 'cross the throats of wretched Jews,
When they, trembling, showed their purses, stuffed for safety in their shoes.
But, like mine, thy day is over—thou art blunt and I'm disgraced!
Curses on thy maker's projects, curses on his 'magic paste.'"
Thus he grumbled all day, from morning till night—
No person could please him, no conduct was right—
Till his very retainers grew furious quite,
And determined to quit his service.
For much afflicted was Seneschal Hans;
While the groom from York told the cook from France
"He warn't going to be led such a precious dance
In a house turned topsy-turvies."

* * * * * *

Oh, "the castled crag of Drachenfels,"
With its slippery sides and flowery dells,
Is a very romantic sight for "swells"
Who leave the squares of Belgravia,
And during the autumn visit the Rhine,
With courier hirsute and footman fine,
Who are both eternally drinking wine,
Though the last "don't like the flavour."

But Drachenfels was a different sight,
On a dark, tempestuous winter's night;
Then below it the river was foaming white,
And above it the storm-fiend strode:

On such a night, from his own red room,
Sir Rupert looked out athwart the gloom
To see what might "in the future loom,"
Or be coming up the road.

He strained his weary eyeballs, but well was he repaid
To see a troop of travellers advancing up the glade.
Flanked round with equerries and guards, a wealthy host they seemed,
And Sir Rupert's heart grew lighter, and his eye more brightly beamed;
For many a day had passed away since he a prize had won,
And no hand had touched his bell save that of poursuivant or dun.

"Now haste ye," he cried, "throw open the gate,
And let the drawbridge fall;"
Then three little pages, with hair combed straight,
Who ever upon Sir Rupert wait,
Ran off to the warden tall.

The drawbridge falls, and the company cross,
In number, say fifty, *i. e.*, man and horse.
First comes a gay herald, all silver and blue,
And then men in armour, who ride two and two;
Not such Guys as are seen on the ninth of November,
But your regular middle-age troopers, remember.
By the way, this last rhyme
Appertains to a time
Much thought of in childhood, by schoolboys called "prime,"
When young Hopeful's small pockets
Are emptied for rockets,
And eyebrows are burnt, and arms torn out of sockets—
When you're begged (and the tyrants take care you do *not*)
Ne'er to cease to remember the Gunpowder-plot.

The herald stept forth, and he made a low bow—
If you've seen Mr. Payne
At Old Drury Lane,
In the opening part of a grand Christmas Pantomime,
Do tricks, to describe which my Muse fails for want o' rhyme—
Please to fancy my herald does just the same now;
And his trumpet he blows, and his throat well he clears,
And he twists his mustachios right up to his ears,
Looks, as usual with speakers, in dreadful distress,
And thus to Sir Rupert begins his address.

"Sir Rupert the Red,
To you I have sped
From a dame with whose brother you've conquered and bled,
Who, benighted by chance in this dismal locality,
Has ventured to ask for a night's hospitality.
No refusal I fear
When her name you once hear;
Therefore learn that the dame for whom shelter I crave,
Is Margaret, the sister of Blutworst the Brave!"

Thus spake the gay herald. Sir Rupert replied,
"'Tis well known that my castle is never denied
To pilgrims of all countries, nations, and hues,
From swaggering English to gold-lending Jews;
How great, then, my joy 'neath my roof to receive
The sister of one
Whom I loved as a son,
For whose tragical end I have ne'er ceased to grieve."

Thus much to the herald. Then, turning, he said,
"Off, Wilhelm, at once, let the banquet be spread;
Bring up some Moselles and some red Assmanshausers,
Fritz, lay out my doublet and new Paris trousers,

Tell Gretchen to hasten and clear out the bedroom
The lady will sleep in—let's see—*not* the red room.
To put her in there
Is more than I dare;
So where shall she go, in the purple or blue?
Oh, give her the next room to mine, number two.
Tell Eugéne to serve his best sauces and stews,
And take care that, as soon as the cloth is removed,
Old Max, of whose singing I oft have approved,
Comes up with his harp, he will serve to amuse."

The banquet is spread;
At his table's head,
Decked out in gay garments, sits Rupert the Red;
And close on his right
Is the queen of the night,
Fair Marg'ret, whose beauty's completely a sight
For a father, aye, even for "Pater-familias,"
Who of all slow papas is the veriest silly ass;
Blue are her eyes as the clear vault of heaven,
Pale her smooth brow, though some rose-bud has given
Its loveliest tint to that soft cheek and lip,
Which 'twere worth a king's ransom once only to sip;
While the net-work of curls in her bonny brown hair
Has entangled a sun-beam, and prisoned it there.
And Sir Rupert admired her, and flattered, and laughed,
And his ardour grew warmer the deeper he quaffed;
He touched her fair fingers whene'er he was able,
And in error pressed warmly the leg of the table;
Till Rudolf von Gansen, a merry young spark
(Who was given to hoaxing and "having a lark,"
Addicted to laughing,
And humour called "chaffing,"
And dining, and wine-ing, and e'en half-and-half-ing,
And gambling, and vices called "having your fling"),
Exclaimed to Hans König (in English, Jack King),
"By Jove, Hans, the gov'nor's hit under the wing!"

"Now come hither, old Max," Sir Rupert cried,
"And sing us a merry song,
Or tell us of Siegfried's blooming bride,
Or the priest who was plunged in the Rhine's cold tide
For indulging his wishes wrong."

The old man sung a sentimental strain,
A song of love, its wishes, hopes, and fears;
And while he sung his colour came again,
His eye blazed brightly as in former years,
When it was quickly kindled by disdain,
Nor dimmed, as often now, by bitter tears.
These very words, with true poetic fire,
He once for glory sung, but now for hire!

And, while he sings, they vanish from his sight
The knights, the ladies gay, the very room!
Once more a youth, with eyes and prospects bright,
He sings to her, now mould'ring in the tomb,
Ere age and poverty's overwhelming blight
From life's first blushing flowers had robbed the bloom.
Sweet season, long expected, quickly past,
In youth love's fire too fiercely burns to last!

The minstrel's song was no sooner done,
Than 'twas plain that his lay had extinguished the fun,
And yawning fearfully, one by one,
They vanished knights and ladies.
The lights were put out, not a single "glim"
Shed its ray o'er the walls of that castle grim;
And the banqueting hall was soon as dim
As 'tis said to be in Hades.

My story thus forward, I now must relate
Some previous details concerning the fate
Of that famous young hero, Sir Blutwurst the Great,
Of whom I've just made mention;

And so, to prevent the smallest mystery,
Or the thread of my story from getting a twist awry,
To his death, which took place ere the date of my history,
I must call my readers' attention.

Blutwurst and Rupert were two pretty men
As ever were sketched by pencil or pen;
Together they hunt, shoot, fish, frolic, and gamble,
In short, to dispense with a longer preamble,
They so loved each other,
That Corsican Brother,
Or Damon, or Pythias, or Siamese twin,
Ne'er cared for his friend, or his kith, or his kin,
As did Blutwurst for Rupert: they ne'er knew division,
But were like Box and Cox in a German edition.
Mr. Coleridge says, "Truth, that exists in the young,
Too often is killed by a whispering tongue;"
And this proved the case between Blutwurst and Rupert.
The former, perhaps, in his language was too pert;
For having committed some irregularities,
Which *he* called "peccadilloes," but others "barbarities,"
Sir Rupert declined to subscribe to some charities
Which Blutwurst advised as a species of "hedge."
Then the latter blazed out;—the "thin end of the wedge"
Being thus once inserted the matter grew serious.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother—

"Just repeat those words again!"
"You're a scoundrel!" "You're another!"
With curses and oaths, to repeat which would weary us,
Till from furious words they proceeded to blows.
Who first drew his rapier nobody knows;
But Hans, the old seneschal, sitting down stairs,
Heard a shriek then a plunge in the river, he swears;

And going up found Rupert, all haggard and wan,
Who stated that Blutwurst had started for Bonn,
And requested that thither his bag be sent on.
This story gained ground,
Till the body was found
A great distance off—in fact, down at Dusseldorf,
Whence the horrified finder all hurriedly bustled off
To tell Blutwurst's parents the terrible news.
A coroner's inquest was held on the body,
Where, after much talking and more Hollands toddy,
Much anger, much squabbling, and dreadful abuse,
They found that, "returning home, muddled with wine,
The deceased had been murdered and flung in the Rhine,
By some persons unknown, with malicious design!"
To Rupert no blame e'er attached in the matter;
Poor Blutwurst was called mad, "as mad as a hatter,"
For drinking so much as to fall from his perch.
And now, if you please, we'll return to the castle,
Where I think we shall find that, fatigued by the wassail,
With two small exceptions, each master and vassal
May safely be reckoned as "fast as a church."
Fair Margaret sits at her toilette-glass,
And rests her head on her snow-white hand;
Through her throbbing brain what visions pass,
As over her shoulders there falls a mass
Of curls, ne'er touched by the crimping brand;
She thinks of Sir Rupert's attentions that night,
And of them, too, she thinks less with pleasure than fright;
For his great leering eyes,
Seem before her to rise,
And she looks o'er her shoulder, and shivers and sighs,
For the room is so large, and the pictures so grim,
And the wind howls so loud, and her light burns so dim,
And she sees in the mirror, not herself, but *him*.
Yes! he kneels at her side;
Says he wont be denied;
And calls her "his dear little duck of a bride!'

His utt'rance is thick, his cravat is untied,
And his face is as red as a new Murray's Guide;
His gait is unsteady, his manner so rude,
It's plain to perceive that Sir Rupert is "screw'd."
But he touches his heart, and he turns up his eyes,
And by language and gesture most earnestly tries
To convince her that ne'er from his knees will he rise,
Till to wed on the morrow she freely complies.

If you've seen Mrs. Kean
In that excellent scene
Which she with Mr. Wigan so forcibly plays,
In Boucicault's comedy, "Love in a Maze,"
When her scorn for her tempter, her love for her spouse,
In language theatrical, "bring down the house,"
You can fancy how Margaret, deeply enraged,
And backed up by the feeling that she was engaged
To Otto Von Rosen, the dearest of men,
Rejected Sir Rupert at once, there and then.
In vain he implored,
Declared himself "floored,"
Wept by turns and entreated, then ranted and roared;
She still was disdainful,
And said, "it was painful
To witness the friend of her brother so lowered."
Till, maddened with fury, he seized her, and said—
"Be mine, or thou'rt numbered this night with the dead.
No maiden has yet refused Rupert the Red!"

That instant there rang through the castle a shriek,
Compared with which e'en Madame Celeste's are weak;
The chamber-doors fell with a terrible crash,
And with, under his left arm, a yet gory gash,
Come forth from his grave,
Stood Blutwurst the brave,
Who'd arrived just in time his poor sister to save.
Sir Rupert gazed at him a second or more,
Made one strong exclamation, then sunk on the floor.

From every side a swarming tide of vassals pour amain,
And, struggling with each other, the fatal room they gain,
And quickly entering, they find fair Margaret in a swoon,
They cut the lace that holds her ——, base must be the man who'd own
That such a garment now exists; with water from Cologne
They sprinkle her, and she revives, and sweetly smiles once more,
And points to what appears a heap of ashes on the floor!
Alas! 'twas so; the gallant knight, the former "man of mark,"
Is fitted now for naught but dust for Stapleton or Darke;
All shrivelled into nothingness a horrid mass he lay,
His projects vanished into smoke, himself a yard of clay!

And never from that hour has anything been seen,
Except the ruin pointed out to Robinson or Green,
That e'er pertained to him of all the Rhenish clans the head,
To him, the hero of my song, Sir Rupert called the Red.

(*From "Mirth and Metre."—F. Warne and Co.*)

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN PARSON ADAMS AND TRULLIBER.

HENRY FIELDING.

[Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, Somerset, on the 22nd April, 1707. He was of high birth—his father, a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh, being a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He received the rudiments of his education at home, under a private tutor, the

Rev. Mr. Oliver, who is said to be the original of this Parson Trulliber, in "Joseph Andrews." After studying the law for two years at London, he passed the customary time of probation at the Temple, and was called to the bar. The brilliancy of his wit, the vivacity of his humour, and his high relish for social enjoyment, soon obtained for him a position in society to which his means were by no means adequate. His father allowed him 200*l.* a year, and it was to augment this stipend that he commenced writing for the stage when about twenty years of age. His first dramatic attempt, "Love in several Masques," was considered a success; but his second, "The Temple Beau," at once stamped his fame, and was admitted to display "a good deal of spirit and real humour." Nearly all his plays and farces appeared between 1727 and 1736. That, like most modern dramatists, he adapted, though not freely, from the French, is proved by his comedy of "The Miser," which was taken from Molière, and long retained possession of the stage. In burlesque, or mock tragedy as it was then called, Fielding was very successful; his "Tom Thumb" is, even now, occasionally represented. It is, however, by his novels that Fielding's great reputation is sustained. When, in 1742, "Joseph Andrews" appeared, all the world acknowledged a new and original thinker, an apt delineator of character, and a humorist of the first order. With the "History of Tom Jones," published 1749, his mind seems to have attained its highest vigour. In this he has successfully copied the manner and emulated the humour of Cervantes. It is a moot point which —"Joseph Andrews" or "Tom Jones"—is the superior work, but the delineations of character are admirable in both. "Amelia" will not bear comparison with either, although the author received 1000*l.* for the copyright, and Dr. Johnson, who greatly admired it, read it through without stopping.

Fielding was rewarded with the office of acting magistrate in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and he was very active in his endeavours to restrain the vices of his day. The emoluments of this office (about 300*l.* a year) were received from fees, which Fielding himself characterized as "the dirtiest money upon earth."

Worn in mind, and shattered in frame by the liberties he had taken with his constitution, he was ultimately obliged to try the more genial climate of Lisbon; but in two months after his arrival he sunk, breathing his last, in the year 1754, in the 48th year of his age.

"A Journey from this World to the Next," "The History of Jonathan Wild," "An Essay on Conversation," "An Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men," two folio volumes on "Crown Law," swell the list of his writings; while the periodicals called "The Champion" and "The True Patriot" were chiefly supported by the efforts of his pen.]

PARSON ADAMS came to the house of Parson Trulliber, whom he found stript into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipt off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, "she believed here was a man come for some of his hogs." This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, "He was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon;" and added, "they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece." Adams answered, "he believed he did not know him." "Yes, yes," cried

Trulliber, "I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you; yes, yes," cries he, "I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the stye." Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hogs-stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cry'd out, "Do but handle them; step in, friend, art welcome to handle them whether dost buy or no." At which words opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and entering the stye said to Adams with some contempt, *why, dost not know how to handle a hog?* and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, "*Nihil habeo cum porcis:* I am a clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs." Trulliber answered, "he was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife;" adding, "she was a fool, and always committed blunders." He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the stye and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face; but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened

the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, "I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman." "Ay, ay," cries Trulliber, grinning; "I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one." Adams answered, "It was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile." Mrs. Trulliber returning with the drink, told her husband, "she fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit." Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and asked her if "parsons used to travel without horses?" adding, "He supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on." "Yes, sir, yes," says Adams, "I have a horse, but I have left him behind me." "I am glad to hear you have one," says Trulliber; "for I assure you, I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the dignity of the cloth." Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, "I don't know, friend, how you came to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may." Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber eat heartily, but scarce put anything in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had been so well edified by her husband's sermons that she

had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear of *that*, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish: she had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord but) master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, I caal'd vurst, swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, "No, sir, no, I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had caal'd vurst; but I'd have you know I am a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I caale vurst."

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure: we stop at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure. "Though I am but a curate," says Trulliber, "I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both." "Sir," cries Adams, "I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stript of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an oppor-

tunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords."

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord —— or Sir —— or Esq. —— with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had over-charged on the supposition of waiting. In short,—suppose what you will, you never can, nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them to heaven. At last, he burst forth in the following accents:—"Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another; I thank G— if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the Scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian." At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, "Brother," says he, "heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you, and, believe me, I will shortly pay

you a second visit; but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately." Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?" At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, "O dear sir, for heaven's sake don't rob my master—we are but poor people." "Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business," said Trulliber; "dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber." "Very true indeed," answered Adams. "I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here," cries Trulliber; "I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there (pointing to his wife); but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stript over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner." "I forgive your suspicions," says Adams; "but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress." "Dost preach to me?" replied Trulliber; "dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?" "I facks, a good story," cries Mrs. Trulliber, "to preach to my master." "Silence, woman," cries Trulliber, "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee; I know what charity is better than to give to vagabonds." "Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity," cries the wife. "Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's reate! hold thy nonsense," answered Trulliber: and then, turning to Adams, he told him, he would give him nothing. "I am sorry," answered Adams, "that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it without good works." "Fellow," cries Trulliber, "dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors; I will no longer remain under the same roof with a

wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the Scriptures." "Name not the Scriptures," says Adams. "How, not name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the Scriptures?" cries Trulliber. "No, but you do," answered Adams, "if I may reason from your practice: for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should steadfastly believe without obeying. Now there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever therefore is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian." "I would not advise thee," (says Trulliber) "to say that I am no Christian; I won't take it of you: for I believe I am as good a man as thyself;" (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county.) His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie

In her pavilion (cloth of gold and tissue)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature; on either side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
  Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra, too,
And make a gap in nature.

MY OLD HAT.

ANONYMOUS.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In compliment extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared

With both their eyes (they stared with one before).
The wonder now was two-fold; and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might———but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer, autumn brown,
And frosty winter came,—and went and came,
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park and city, yea, at parties—balls—
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, ties, gloves, trousers, could insconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said;
A time may come when I——away, away——
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will, I will!
The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn,
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men and children, scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those who knew me best, some turned aside,

And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs,
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat,
For lo! at length the circling months went round:
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger, men, and dogs
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growl-
less—
And at last, not least of rescued blessings, love!
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new chapeau of the Melton build;
And then the laugh was mine, for then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas *a bet*,—
A friend had laid me fifty pounds to ten,
Three years I would not wear it—*and I did!*

THE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in the wood,
As you shall plainly see,
He thought he could do more work in one day
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If you will allow,
You shall stay at home to-day,
And I'll go follow the plough.

"And you must milk the tiny cow,
Lest she should go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.

"And you must watch the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
Not forgetting the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took her stick in her hand,
And went to follow the plough;
The old man put the pail on his head,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny she winc'd, and Tiny she flinch'd,
And Tiny she toss'd her nose,
And Tiny gave him a kick on the shin,
Till the blood ran down to his toes.

And a "ho, Tiny!" and a "lo, Tiny!"
And a "pretty little cow stand still;"
And "if ever I milk you again," he said,
"It shall be against my will."

And then he went to feed the pigs
That were within the sty;
He knocked his nose against the shed,
And made the blood to fly.

And then he watched the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
But he quite forgot the spool of yarn,
That his wife spun every day.

And when the old woman came home at night,
He said he could plainly see,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

And then he said how well she plough'd,
And made the furrows even—
Said his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

THE ALMA.

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea:
Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known—
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown.
In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.
Yea, nor all unscathed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—
"He has pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
Thou on England's banners blazon'd with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,
By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.
Oh! thou river; dear for ever to the gallant, to the free—
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE SPECTRE PIG.

O. W. Holmes.

It was the stalwart butcher man
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong.

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And like a mighty pendulum
All solemnly he swung.

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou sanguinary one.

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou were mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes.

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child—

"Oh! father, father, list to me;
The pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick."

It was the naughty butcher then
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry.

"Oh! Nathan, Nathan, what's a pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail."

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair.

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear-drops big:
"Ah! woe is me! Alas! alas!
The pig! the pig! the pig!"

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered pigs
Were busy with his dreams;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the dead hath heard;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,—
One struggle and one bound,—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The pig was on the ground.

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, uprose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat, along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead.

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
What makes thy cheeks so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail?"

Untwisted every winding coil;
The shuddering wretch took hold,
Till like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold,

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!"
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open, swung the door,
And fleeter than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim;
They called full loud, they knocked full long
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was swinging there,—
It was the butcher man.

A SCENE FROM THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

The Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

[Dr. Milman is the youngest son of the late Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III. He was born Feb. 10, 1791, and educated at Dr. Burney's, Greenwich, at Eton, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1817 he took orders, and was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. Previously to this he had written his tragedy of "Fazio," in which the celebrated Miss O'Neill sustained the *rôle* of the heroine at Covent-garden Theatre. His subsequent works are "Anne Boleyn," "The Martyr of Antioch," and "Belshazzar" (an heroic poem in twelve books), "Samor" (1818), and "The Fall of Jerusalem," a poem (1820). Dr. Milman has also contributed largely to the "Quarterly Review;" and has written in prose a "History of Latin Christianity," a "History of the Jews," a "Life of Horace," and other works. As a poet he takes rank with Bowles and Keble, and has made a reputation "that the world will not willingly let die." Having been some years the Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, he was presented with the deanery of St. Paul's in 1849.]

MARGARITA'S REVELATION TO HER FATHER (CALLIAS, PRIEST OF APOLLO) OF HER CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

Callias. How? What? mine ears
Ring with a wild confusion of strange sounds
That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont to mock
Thine aged father, but I think that now
Thou dost, my child.
Margarita. By Jesus Christ—by Him
In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,
Father! I mock not.
Call. Lightnings blast—not thee,
But those that, by their subtle incantations,
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!
Look there!
Marg. Father, I'll follow thee where'er thou wilt:
Thou dost not mean this cruel violence
With which thou dragg'st me on.

Call. Dost not behold him,
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Antioch!
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe
That emanates from his immortal presence
O'er all the breathless temple? Dar'st thou see
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arch'd brow? Lo, how the indignation
Swells in each strong dilated limb! his stature
Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking pavement,
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God! I dare not look again—
Dar'st thou?

Marg. I see a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life express'd. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model
As mortal as themselves.

Call. Ha! look again, then,
There in the East. Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists.
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable.
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore
Or mock, ungracious?

Marg. On yon burning orb
I gaze, and say,—Thou mightiest work of Him
That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned bridegroom,
To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,

And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their grov'lling prayers,
From the Almighty Sire of all, to thee.
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,
Of Him, that, with the light of righteousness,
Dawn'd on our latter days; the visitant day-spring
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refreshed! that ever more renew'st
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease
With time coeval, even till Time itself
Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

Call. And yet she stands unblasted! In thy mercy
Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,
Hyperion! and suspend the fiery shaft
That quivers on thy string. Ah, not on her,
This innocent, wreak thy fury! I will search,
And thou wilt lend me light, although they shroud
In deepest Orcus. I will pluck them forth,
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath—
Those that beguiled to this unholy madness
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth, shine forth,
Apollo, and we'll have our full revenge! [*Exit.*

Marg. 'Tis over now—and oh! I bless thee, Lord,
For making me thus desolate below;
For severing one by one the ties that bind me
To this cold world—for whither can earth's outcasts
Fly but to heaven?
Yet is no way but this,
None but to steep my father's lingering days
In bitterness? Thou knowest, gracious Lord
Of mercy, how he loves me, how he loved me
From the first moment that my eyes were open'd
Upon the light of day and him. At least,

If thou must smite him, smite him in thy mercy.
He loves me as the life-blood of his heart;
His love surpasses every love but thine.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN KEATS.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees

That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now, while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now, while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy-pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
Oh! may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed

So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequester'd deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By any wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawnèd light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run

To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sun rise, and its glories old.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

TOM BROWN'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE DOCTOR'S TOMB.

THOMAS HUGHES, M.A., M.P.

IN the summer of 1842, our hero stopped once again at the well-known station; and, leaving his bag and fishing-rod with a porter, walked slowly and sadly up towards the town. It was now July. He had rushed away from Oxford the moment that term was over, for a fishing ramble in Scotland with two college friends, and had been for three weeks living on oatcake, mutton-hams, and whisky, in the wildest parts of Skye. They had descended one sultry evening on the little inn at Kyle Rhea ferry, and while Tom and another of the party put their tackle together and began exploring the stream for a sea-trout for supper, the third strolled into the house to arrange for their entertainment. Presently he came out in a loose blouse and slippers, a short pipe in his mouth, and an old newspaper in his hand, and threw himself on the heathery scrub which met the shingle, within easy hail of the fishermen. There he lay, the picture of free-and-easy, loafing,

hand-to-mouth young England, "improving his mind," as he shouted to them, by the perusal of the fortnight-old weekly paper, soiled with the marks of toddy-glasses and tobacco-ashes, the legacy of the last traveller, which he had hunted out from the kitchen of the little hostelry, and being a youth of a communicative turn of mind, began imparting the contents to the fishermen as he went on.

"What a bother they are making about these wretched corn-laws; here's three or four columns full of nothing but sliding-scales and fixed duties.—Hang this tobacco, it's always going out!—Ah, here's something better—a splendid match between Kent and England, Brown! Kent winning by three wickets. Felix fifty-six runs without a chance, and not out!"

Tom, intent on a fish which had risen at him twice, answered only with a grunt.

"Anything about the Goodwood?" called out the third man.

"Rory-o-More drawn. Butterfly colt amiss," shouted the student.

"Just my luck," grumbled the inquirer, jerking his flies off the water, and throwing again with a heavy sullen splash, and frightening Tom's fish.

"I say, can't you throw lighter over there? We ain't fishing for grampuses," shouted Tom across the stream.

"Hullo, Brown! here's something for you," called out the reading man next moment. "Why, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead."

Tom's hand stopped half-way in his cast, and his line and flies went all tangling round and round his rod; you might have knocked him over with a feather. Neither of his companions took any notice of him luckily; and with a violent effort he set to work mechanically to disentangle his line. He felt completely carried off his moral and intellectual legs, as if he had lost his standing-point in the invisible world. Besides which, the deep loving loyalty which he felt for his old

leader made the shock intensely painful. It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel Death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed, and beaten down, and spiritless. Well, well! I believe it was good for him and for many others in like case; who had to learn by that loss that the soul of man cannot stand or lean upon any human prop, however strong, and wise, and good; but that He upon whom alone it can stand and lean will knock away all such props in His own wise and merciful way, until there is no ground or stay left but Himself, the Rock of Ages, upon whom alone a sure foundation for every soul of man is laid.

As he wearily laboured at his line, the thought struck him, "It may all be false, a mere newspaper lie," and he strode up to the recumbent smoker.

"Let me look at the paper," said he.

"Nothing else in it," answered the other, handing it up to him, listlessly. "Hullo, Brown! what's the matter, old fellow—ain't you well?"

"Where is it?" said Tom, turning over the leaves, his hands trembling, and his eyes swimming, so that he could not read.

"What? What are you looking for?" said his friend, jumping up and looking over his shoulder.

"That—about Arnold," said Tom.

"Oh, here," said the other, putting his finger on the paragraph. Tom read it over and over again; there could be no mistake of identity, though the account was short enough.

"Thank you," said he at last, dropping the paper, "I shall go for a walk; don't you and Herbert wait supper for me." And away he strode, up over the moor at the back of the house, to be alone, and master his grief if possible.

His friend looked after him, sympathizing and wondering, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, walked over to Herbert. After a short parley they walked together up to the house.

"I'm afraid that confounded newspaper has spoiled Brown's fun for this trip."

"How odd that he should be so fond of his old master!" said Herbert. Yet they also were both public-school men.

The two, however, notwithstanding Tom's prohibition, waited supper for him, and had everything ready when he came back some half-an-hour afterwards. But he could not join in their cheerful talk, and the party was soon silent, notwithstanding the efforts of all three. One thing only had Tom resolved, and that was, that he couldn't stay in Scotland any longer; he felt an irresistible longing to get to Rugby, and then home, and soon broke it to the others, who had too much tact to oppose.

So by daylight the next morning he was marching through Ross-shire, and in the evening hit the Caledonian canal, took the next steamer, and travelled as fast as boat and railway could carry him to the Rugby station.

As he walked up to the town, he felt shy and afraid of being seen, and took the back streets; why, he didn't know, but he followed his instinct. At the school-gates he made a dead pause; there was not a soul in the quadrangle—all was lonely, and silent, and sad. So with another effort he strode through the quadrangle, and into the schoolhouse offices.

He found the little matron in her room in deep mourning; shook her hand, tried to talk, and moved nervously about: she was evidently thinking of the same subject as he, but he couldn't begin talking.

"Where shall I find Thomas?" said he at last, getting desperate.

"In the servants' hall, I think, sir. But won't you take anything?" said the matron, looking rather disappointed.

"No, thank you," said he, and strode off again to find the old verger, who was sitting in his little den as of old, puzzling over hieroglyphics.

He looked up through his spectacles, as Tom seized his hand and wrung it.

"Ah! you've heard all about it, sir, I see," said he.

Tom nodded, and then sat down on the shoe-board, while the old man told his tale, and wiped his spectacles, and fairly flowed over with quaint, homely, honest sorrow.

By the time he had done, Tom felt much better.

"Where is he buried, Thomas?" said he at last.

"Under the altar in the chapel, sir," answered Thomas. "You'd like to have the key, I dare say?"

"Thank you, Thomas—yes, I should, very much." And the old man fumbled among his bunch, and then got up, as though he would go with him; but after a few steps stopped short, and said, "Perhaps you'd like to go by yourself, sir?"

Tom nodded, and the bunch of keys were handed to him, with an injunction to be sure and lock the door after him, and bring them back before eight o'clock.

He walked quickly through the quadrangle and out into the close. The longing which had been upon him and driven him thus far, like the gad-fly in the Greek legends, giving him no rest in mind or body, seemed all of a sudden not to be satisfied, but to shrivel up, and pall. "Why should I go on? It's no use," he thought, and threw himself at full length on the turf, and looked vaguely and listlessly at all the well-known objects. There were a few of the town boys playing cricket, their wicket pitched on the best piece in the middle of the big-side ground, a sin about equal to sacrilege in the eyes of a captain of the eleven. He was very nearly getting up to go and send them off. "Pshaw! they won't remember me. They've more right there than I," he muttered. And the thought that his sceptre had departed, and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough. He was lying on the very spot where the fights came off; where he himself had fought six

years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and East's whisper in his ear; and looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, half-expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm-trees towards him.

No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the schoolhouse windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honoured was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would worship the rising star, he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while, beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colours on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. "If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes; have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he

loved and reverenced him, and would by God's help follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away for ever without knowing it all, was too much to bear."——"But am I sure that he does not know it all?"—the thought made him start—"May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?"

He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how when a little boy he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came —and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak paneling.

And then came the thought of all his old schoolfellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling, they who had honoured and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share

of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him—where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

(*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.*)

IN A GONDOLA.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

AFLOAT, we move; delicious, ah!
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath it swift to pass:
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
How light it moves, how softly! ah,
Were all things like the gondola!

How light it moves, how softly! ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvex'd with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus, thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)—

With no more motion than should bear
Freshness to the languid air:
With no more effort than expressed
The ease and naturalness of rest,

Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take, on peaceful billows laid!
How light we move, how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
We lift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark,
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar.
How light we move, how softly! ah,
Were life but as the gondola!

How light we go, how softly skim,
And all in moonlight seem to swim;
The South side rises o'er our bark,
A wall impenetrably dark;
The North is seen profusely bright;
The water, is it shade or light?
Say, gentle moon, which conquers now,
The flood those massy hulls, or thou?
How light we go, how softly! ah,
Were life but as a gondola!

How light we go, how softly skim,
And all in moonlight seem to swim!
Reclining, that white dome I mark
Against bright clouds projected dark,
And catch, by brilliant lamps displayed,
The Doge's columns, and arcade:
Over smooth waters mildly come
The distant laughter and the hum.
On to the landing, onward—nay,
Sweet dream, a little longer stay.
On to the landing—here—and ah,
Life is not as the gondola.

(*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.*)

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

HORACE SMITH.

At Neufchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to eat mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece;
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fixed rate was eighteen-pence.
  This damsel had to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
    In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton, when you came to feed him,
That Wantly's Dragon, who "ate barns and churches,"
As if they were geese and turkeys,
(Vide the ballad) scarcely could exceed him.
  One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
      Of cream like nectar,
And would not go to church (good careful soul!)
Till she had left it safe with a protector:
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.
Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
    Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried, "Oh happy, happy fly,
How I do envy you your lot!"
  Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
    His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer;

But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.
  Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
    Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not for her life
One sentence mutter,
Until she muster'd breath enough to utter
    "Holy St. Mary!"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
    Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulp'd her cream, nor left an atom?
To which he gave—not separate replies,
But, with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question,
    "The flies!"
"The flies, you rogue! the flies, you guttling dog!
Behold, your whiskers still are covered thickly;
Thief!—villain!—liar!—gormandizer!—hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly!"
So out she bounc'd, and brought, with loud alarms,
    Two stout gens-d'armes,
Who bore him to the judge—a little prig,
    With angry bottle nose,
    Like a red cabbage rose,
While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig!
Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turn'd to the delinquent,
And 'gan to question him, and catechise,
As to which way the drink went?
Still the same dogged answers rise,
"The flies, my Lord—the flies, the flies!"
"Pshaw!" quoth the judge, half peevish and half
    pompous,
"Why, you're non compos!
You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."—

"What! is it lawful, then," the dolt inquired,
"To kill the flies in this here town?"
"The man's an ass!—a pretty question this!
Lawful? you booby! to be sure it is.
You've my authority, where'er you meet them,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat them."
"Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder blue-bottle (I know his face)
Isn't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream;—let me come near it."
This said, he started from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the judge's nose,
The luckless blue-bottle he crush'd,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely smash'd
The bottle-nose belonging to the judge.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. Longfellow.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor—
Had sailed the Spanish Main—
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither—come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

Oh! father! I hear the church-bells ring—
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh! father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"Oh! father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh! say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the black sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE CONFEDERATE SPY.

J. T. Trowbridge.

[There can be little doubt that one of the results of the termination of the late civil war in America will be the cropping up of a vast amount of desultory literature appertaining thereto. Happy it will be for the peace and goodwill of the re-United States if the same conciliatory spirit pervades it that characterizes the counsels of the wise President who now rules the destinies of the great Republic. This course would not only be generous but just, for one side must for many a long day remain silent on the subject. Only when the time arrives when the stirring events of the last four years can be calmly discussed as history, may thoughtful minds venture to give free expression to their causes and effects, and to descant on that inner life of the nation whose throes found vent in a widely-spread, though unsuccessful, revolution. Of its detail, contemporary history, the press, may furnish abundant material; but time-distance will be necessary to enable the future student of American history to reflect calmly on its results, which may or may not, but which, we trust, will be, conducive to the happiness of a nation with which English thought, feeling, and interests must ever be indissolubly mingled.

One of the earliest instalments of the literature we have indicated has reached us in the shape of a novel entitled "The Three Scouts," by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. It is spiritedly and dashingly

written, but, as might be expected, is thoroughly Union and anti-slavery in its tendencies. We extract a scene, in which it is shown how a Federal youth is taken prisoner, and how he obtains his release. The incident being complete in itself, well told, and very startling, will form a ten minutes' reading highly calculated to interest and rivet the attention of an audience.]

THE sun set upon the city; upon the white tents of the patriot camps encircling it, stretching for miles over the sombre hills like a chain of snow drifts, and upon the lonely sentinels of the distant outposts. Night came on. The soldiers in their canvas city slept; while far-away mothers, sisters, wives, in their comfortable homes, dreamed of the loved ones here.

Did Fred's mother sleep that night? Did she dream of her darling boy resting upon the hard ground with those of the guard who rested, or watching with those who watched? Did she see him start from deep sleep late in the night, and, leaping up with his comrades, answer to his low-spoken name?

They are going to relieve the sentinels. The fires are out, and in silence and darkness they proceed along the shadowy side of the ridge. They mount towards its crest, in the direction of some dwarfish trees faintly defined against the dim sky. Suddenly a voice behind challenges.

"Halt!" The party halts.

"Who goes there?"

"Relief," is the low response.

"Advance, sergeant, with the countersign."

The sergeant advances, and whispers the magic word in the ear of the challenger. The latter in turn whispers it in the ear of the soldier who relieves him. The new sentinels take their places; the old ones fall into the rear of the relieving party, as it marches on. Then all is silence again on the dark crest of the ridge.

Fred is stationed near some low cedar-trees that screen the pickets there from the enemy's observation. He is not alone: he has old Joel for a companion.

There is no moon, and but few stars are visible. What a strange, silent, lonely night! Nobody knows how near the enemy is. He may be far away in those woods yonder; or he may be dangerously close—within a few rods.

Fred moves continually about, examining the ground.

"Didn't ye hear nothing?" whispers old Joel. "A crackling noise down there in the holler!"

They listen: not a sound! Fred crouches low, in order to discern against the sky any object that may be moving near. He puts his ear to the ground. Footsteps! There is somebody approaching. Two or three forms are visible.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Patrol."

"Stand! Advance one with the countersign."

The countersign is right. The patrol asks a few questions, and moves on. Again silence.

"There'll be an attack along the line here, somewheres about daylight," prognosticates old Joel. "There always is after one o' them spies has been around."

"Do you mean that Union man Cy brought in? He was no spy!" says Fred.

"Bet my rations on that. He's in the rebel camp, long 'fore this. I believe Southern Union men are a humbug, gen'ly; and the whole pass system is wus'n the deuce. I wouldn't grant one o'them chaps a pass to go where they please, any more'n I'd——. Was that noise anything?"

"Only the wind: it is rising a little."

"By time! there's something! see it!"

"Challenge it!" says Fred.

Joel challenges. No response. He is about to fire, when Fred, who can scarce restrain his laughter, stops him.

"It's nothing but a bough waving in the wind!"

"So I thought when I challenged it," says the old man; "but it's always well to be sure."

Slowly the moments drag. The stars grow dim.

The dawn is not far off. What thoughts come to the boy soldier as he watches there?—his mother, who loves him, and whose life would be left so desolate if any accident should happen to him—the deadly terrible war; (and when, when will it ever end?) the strange sense of loneliness and mystery that fills him as he listens, and looks up at the far, dim stars; and, beating under all, a wild pulse of ambition, as he thinks of the glory which may be won.

Hark! what is that? Surely a sound of hoofs, distant, moving slowly as with cautious approach.

"Jake!" whispers Fred; "a troop of horse!"

"It's only our videttes," says Jake, languidly. "You and old Joel are always seeing bugbears."

A small stream flows through a ravine in front of the picket line. Beyond that the ground is broken and partially wooded. Ridge and hollow are beginning to appear faintly defined in the early December twilight. Fred strains his eyes, gazing to catch the first indication of a movement in that direction. Suddenly, crack! crack! The enemy has been discovered by pickets farther down, and been fired upon.

The reports are a signal of alarm to the outposts. They also serve as a signal to the enemy that his approach is perceived. Instantly the muffled sound of hoofs breaks into a clatter, a clash—a galloping headlong rush over the hillsides, down the slopes—crash, crash through the thickets! plash, plash, into the water! and crack, crack, flash, flash, all along the line of pickets!

"Told ye so!" cried old Joel. "I said there'd be an attack."

"Nothing but a little cavalry dash!" says Jake, alert. "Don't ye run!" (Jake is decidedly averse to running.) "I don't believe there's going to be much of a shower!"

"They have dashed into our boys below!" cries Fred. "Fall back, or we shall be cut off."

"Don't ye run, I tell ye!" reiterates Jake. "The boys down there will look out for themselves. It's only

a little squad of guerillas: stand our ground, and we'll capture the whole caboodle of 'em!"

The firing is rapid, but irregular. Pistol-shots mingle with rifle-shots. Then the clash of sabres, shrieks, shouts, yells. The pickets fall back upon their guard—Jake and his companions with the rest, but more slowly than some—too slowly; for suddenly the rebel cavalry are upon them. Having dashed into the line, and captured a few prisoners, they wheel, and make a swoop to take in what prisoners they can. Here they come, a swift, tumultuous troop, yelling, with sabres in air.

"Rally by fours!" shouts Jake.

There is an attempt to rally, but it is useless. What can a few scattered bayonets do against such an impetuous charge of cavalry?

"Quarter!" cries old Joel, throwing down his musket, and throwing up his hands.

"Blast the luck!" growls Jake, following the discreet example.

Fred does the same; but he has fired first, emptying one saddle.

They have yielded just in time. The rebels surround them, more like demons than men, spurring, brandishing their sabres, and driving them furiously down the slope into the water, and into the thickets across the stream.

A body of Federal cavalry, with an infantry support, soon comes charging after them. The pursuit is kept up, with occasional skirmishing in the rear of the raiders, until a strong force of rebels, advancing to their protection, charges in turn, and drives the pursuers back.

"My mother!—what will she think?" is Fred's bitter reflection, when all hope of rescue is over. "There isn't much glory in this, is there, boys?"

"It's rascally," says Jake, "to make men travel this way!"

"It's better'n being mowed down on the spot with

them pesky sabres," says old Joel. "Hanged if I didn't think 'twas all over with us, one spell. It's all owing to that spy. But, boys, there's one thing—we may live to see him ketched and hung, yet!"

These words are uttered at intervals, with panting breath; for the poor fellows are well-nigh exhausted with their forced march. The pursuit over, the rebels slacken their pace; and two or three of the prisoners, who have been wounded, are taken upon horses.

"I'll take this boy behind me," says one. "Mount, youngster!"

Fred is seized by the collar: Jake gives him a boost, and he is mounted behind the horseman. "They think I'm wounded," he says to himself; "but never mind the mistake!"

"Here! hello! I'm disabled!" says Jake, hugely discontented with his forced march. "Give us a lift, can't ye?"

"I'll give you a slash over the head, if ye don't keep quiet!" answers one of the guard, pricking him on with his sword-point.

Fred had not ridden far behind the horseman, when he perceived that he was becoming separated from his companions. They were hurried on, closely guarded; while the man who had him in charge gradually fell into the rear.

"That was rather a neat operation, Daniels," said an officer, reining up beside them. He was a brigandish-looking man, with long black hair, and a face almost hidden by a thick beard, out of which advanced a stout red nose. He appeared garnished all over with pistols: there were pistols stuck in his belt, and pistols in his holsters, besides a formidable pair which he wore in the legs of his boots.

"Very neat indeed, captain," replied the man, in a voice that sounded strangely familiar to Fred's ear.

"Is that boy badly hurt?" asked the captain.

"Not so but that he can ride by holding on to me. Are you faint?"—to Fred.

"No, not very," said Fred, puzzled and astonished.

He tried to remember where he had heard that voice. His guard was clad in the ordinary dress of a citizen, and he wore no sword.

"I must tighten this girth a little, if my horse is to carry double," he said loud enough for the captain's ear, and halted.

He seemed about to dismount. He of the pistols also drew rein, asking if he could be of any assistance.

"No," said Daniels. "I reckon I'll let it go for the present." And he spurred on again, after endeavouring to tighten the girth without dismounting.

During the brief halt the distance between them and the main body had materially increased. Moreover, something else had happened of deep interest to Fred. The horseman, tugging at the strap to which the saddle was buckled, had turned his profile towards his prisoner. Glimpses of the silver east, brightening through the trees, shone upon it, lighting for an instant the russet beard, the calm, resolute face, the deep, quiet eyes, shadowed by the felt-hat. It was the same profile Fred had daguerreotyped upon his memory the evening before, when the suspected stranger turned from him, and walked over the hill into the fiery eye of the sunset.

"Joel was right: the man is a spy! 'Twas he that guided the rebels! He had examined our position, and knew just where to make the attack. But I may pay him yet!" The blood rushed violently to Fred's brain, and these were the thoughts that rushed with it.

"Come, Daniels, we shall be left quite behind!' called the officer.

"I am with you," replied Daniels, spurring forward.

A desperate resolve flashed its light into the boy's soul. To be revenged upon this man, and at the same time to escape! Carefully he withdrew his right hand from the horseman's waist, carefully felt with it in his own pocket, and drew forth a knife. It was a stout knife, with a long, pointed blade. He opened it with

his teeth, behind the shoulder of the spy. Then, with the handle in his grasp and the blade in his sleeve, he softly returned his hand, now closed, to the horseman's waist, and awaited his chance.

"Perhaps the officer will ride on. Oh, to be one minute alone with this villain! I'll strike him with all my might in his neck, tumble him off, snatch the reins, and away!"

Such were the boy's thoughts, not formed definitely in those words, but passing through his mind in electric flashes.

He saw the possibility of escape clearly enough, provided the officer would take himself out of the way. True, the rebel pickets were passed long ago; it was now broad day; they were in the enemy's country, travelling the open road; and, although it was a good horse they mounted (as he was pleased to observe), he could not hope to gallop back to camp without encountering danger. He seemed to think of everything in an instant of time. He even thought of the glory of such an exploit, and of the delight of writing to his mother about it, when all was over. His plan was firmly outlined in his mind,—to plunge into the woods, and there, abandoning his horse, if necessary, to hide in the thickets from his pursuers, elude the rebel scouts, and make his way back at last, somehow, to the Union lines.

Once more the spy's horse fell behind. The man with the pistols galloped on after his companions. "Let him pass that ridge!" thought Fred, thoroughly nerved for his purpose, "and then!" He examined the horseman's neck, and thought where he should strike.

"My boy, let me give you a word of advice," said the spy, in a voice so calm and friendly that Fred felt compelled to wait and listen to him. Besides, the officer was not yet out of sight: nothing would be lost by a little delay.

"Well, sir," said Fred, in a tone he vainly en-

good Devonshire family, and supported himself by the profession of the law, not relying wholly on dramatic literature for a living. His first plays were produced in partnership with Webster, Decker, and Rowley—the first, entirely his own, "The Lover's Melancholy," in 1628, and the others, "Brother and Sister," "The Broken Heart," "Love's Sacrifice," "Perkin Warbeck," "Fancies, Chaste and Noble," and "The Lady's Trial," at intervals down to 1639, about which time he is supposed to have died suddenly. Charles Lamb ranked Ford with the first order of poets. Of the reading we have given below Miss Mitford wrote, "Is there in English poetry anything finer?"]

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul; as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear cloristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, nor notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he played so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes; then sigh'd and cry'd
"Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

JOHN GAY.

[John Gay, one of the most genial, gentle, and worthiest of our poets and dramatists, of whom Pope wrote:—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child,"

was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1688. He came of a good, but greatly reduced, family; and both parents dying when he

was but six years of age, he was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London. Disliking the drudgery of a retail shop, he obtained the cancelling of his indentures, and devoted himself to literature. In 1708 he published a poem, in blank verse, called "Wine;" and in 1711 "Rural Sports," a descriptive poem, which he dedicated to Pope, through life his admirer and friend. In Gay's time it was the fashion for the nobility to patronize men of letters, and he became domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. About this time he brought out a comedy, "The Wife of Bath," which failed. In 1714 he published his "Shepherd's Week," a pastoral, and obtained the post of secretary to Lord Clarendon on his appointment of Envoy-extraordinary to Hanover; but Gay was totally unfitted for public employment, and held the situation for two months only. On his return, he produced several dramatic pieces, with but slight success; but in 1727 his "Beggars' Opera" came out, ran for sixty-two successive nights, and not only became the rage at the time, but has remained ever since one of the most popular pieces ever produced on the British stage. Gay cleared 693*l.* 13s. 6d. for his share in the theatre, besides the profits of publication, and soon amassed 3000*l.* by his writings. This he determined to keep "entire and sacred," being at the same time received into the house of his early patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. Here he amused himself by adding to his "Fables." Had Gay written but his "Black-eyed Susan," that one song would have fixed his name in English literature. He died, suddenly, of fever, Dec. 4, 1732, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame;
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried:
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister "awkward creature;"
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day,
A poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends,

A rose he pluck'd, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the muse inspired:
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace!
  How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
  With never-fading love!
There, phœnix like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
  More fragrant roses there.
I see thy withering head reclined
  With envy and despair:
One common fate we both must prove,
You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons," replied
An angry rose, who grew beside.
"Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

TO THE POPPY.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

'Tis not because thy brilliant dye
Attracts and cheers my wandering eye
Above all flowers I hold so dear,
For others greater beauty wear,
  But for thy latent power
  I love thee, scarlet flower,
That shed'st the balmy dew of sleep
On eyes that only wake to weep.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;
For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding brain;
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold—of persecuting foes,
And I asked of heaven if ills like these must mar thy youth's repose!

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded by my tears,
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears;
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are 'round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no more!
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy birth,
They, too, have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child; but though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy cheek began to fade,
And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh! the child in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in pain!
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee day by day,
Pale like the second bow of heaven, as gently waste away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud!

It came at length: o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering fast,
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last:
In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we raised thy drooping head:
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,
And murmured low of heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee;

She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so
blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild
as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace
now;
Then placed around thy beauteous corse flowers, not
more fair and sweet—
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy
feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance
as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy
brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness
nurst:
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee, the
first!

The first! How many a memory bright that one sweet
word can bring,
Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's de-
lightful spring—
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of
bliss
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as
this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my
heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their sooth-
ing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I
turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,
And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my fairest and my first!

TIME'S CHANGES.

By D. M. Moir.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She opened to Life's cloudless air,
And Nature joyed to view its moulding.
Her smile it haunts my memory yet,—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing,—
Her rosebud mouth,—her eyes of jet,—
Around on all their light bestowing.
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendour?
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptured gazer trace
But Beauty's glow and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice,—an altered charm,
But still of magic richest, rarest;
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest.
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother,
Which ever to her smiling smiled,—
They seemed to live but in each other:
But matron cares, or lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,

And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some visioned woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice,—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had arrayed her,
Yet beautiful she seemed to be
As even my reveries portrayed her;
The glow, the glance had passed away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter,
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy,
In feeling which the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly,—
A pensiveness which is not grief,—
A stillness, as of sunset streaming,—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time,—and unmoved she lay
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay
From whence the spark had fled for ever!
I gazed, my breast was like to burst,
And as I thought of years departed,—
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender-hearted:
And when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripened hope and sunny beauty;
I felt the chill,—I turned aside,
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seemed a troubled tide
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

H. G. Bell.

They're stepping off, the friends I knew,
They're going one by one:
They're taking wives to tame their lives—
Their jovial days are done;
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave domestic men;
They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sobered down—
The merry boys and true;
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew;
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace—
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state;
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

How strange! they go to bed at ten,
And rise at half-past nine;
And seldom do they now exceed
A pint or so of wine:
They play at whist for sixpences,
They very rarely dance,
They never read a word of rhyme,
Nor open a romance.

They talk, indeed, of politics,
Of taxes, and of crops,
And very quietly, with their wives,
They go about to shops;
They get quite skilled in groceries,
And learned in butcher-meat,
And know exactly what they pay
For everything they eat.

And then they all have children, too,
To squall through thick and thin,
And seem quite proud to multiply
Small images of sin;
And yet you may depend upon't,
Ere half their days are told,
Their sons are taller than themselves,
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I've lost,
When no warm feeling of the heart
Was chilled by early frost.
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor.

TO A DROP OF DEW.

THE VERY REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

[Dr. Alford, justly celebrated as a Biblical critic and poet, was born near London in 1810. He was educated at Ilminster Grammar School, and Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published 1831; the second, "The School of the Heart, and other Poems," in 1835. From 1853 to 1857, Dr. Alford was officiating minister of Quebec-street Chapel, to which large congregations were attracted by his pulpit eloquence. In 1857 he was presented by the late Lord Palmerston to the Deanery of Canterbury. His grand work, his Greek Testament, in five volumes, was completed in 1861, the first having appeared in 1841. His poetry is elegant and glowing, and breathes a pure Christian spirit. An edition of his poems "for the million" has been published by Messrs. Rivington.]

Sun-begotten, ocean-born,
Sparkling in the summer morn
Underneath me as I pass
O'er the hill-top on the grass,
All among thy fellow-drops
On the speary herbage-tops,
Round, and bright, and warm, and still,
Over all the northern hill;—
Who may be so blest as thee,
Of the sons of men that be?
Evermore thou dost behold
All the sunset bathed in gold;
Then thou listeneth all night long
To the leaves' faint undersong
From two tall dark elms that rise
Up against the silent skies:
Evermore thou drink'st the stream
Of the chaste moon's purest beam;
Evermore thou dost espy
Every star that twinkles by;
Till thou hearest the cock crow
From the barton far below;
Till thou seest the dawn streak
From the eastern night-clouds break;
Till the mighty king of light
Lifts his unsoiled visage bright,
And his speckled flocks has driven
To batten in the fields of heaven;
Then thus lightest up thy breast
With the lamp thou lovest best;
Many rays of one thou makest,
Giving three for one thou takest;
Love and constancy's best blue,
Sunny warmth of golden hue,
Glowing red, to speak thereby
Thine affection's ardency:—
Thus rejoicing in his sight,
Made a creature of his light,
Thou art all content to be
Lost in his immensity;

And the best that can be said,
When they ask why thou art fled,
Is, that thou art gone to share
With him the empire of the air.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

MR. SIMPKINSON'S MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

'TWAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar boy?"
He frowned, that little vulgar boy,—he deemed I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your ma' will scold—oh! fie!
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"
The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like anything!

I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no ma'!

"My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar boy;)
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home you little vulgar boy—I lodge at Number 2."
I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar boy,—

And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys,"
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a bob")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, "You little vulgar boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;
I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—
That horrid little vulgar boy whom I brought here to-night,
He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And sarve you right!!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar boy who'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me, what could he mean?
With a "carpet-swab" and "muckintogs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen
him "sheer"—
It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told,
their use—
It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things
so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to
say
He'd seen that little vulgar boy, that morning, swim
away
In Captain Large's *Royal George* about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "some*wheres*"
about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the
mill—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him
Veeping Bill!"
He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely
"*stow'd* the *swag*,"—
That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it
back?"
I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come
about,"
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that
you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to
town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd
"done me brown."
His lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out.
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar
boys about."

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ!
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, that when a boy I've heard my grandma tell,
BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHER'S HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the potboy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

(*By permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.*)

RIGHT DEVELOPMENT OF MAN'S FACULTIES.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[As an Art-critic Mr. Ruskin occupies, perhaps, the highest place among his contemporaries. To point out and insist upon the merits of a great master is, but too often, to awaken the

animosity of the mediocrities, and Mr. Ruskin has not been without his opponents. He is, however, an original thinker and a most graceful writer, and, apart from what he has written upon art, there are scattered throughout his numerous works very many sage remarks upon men and manners, life and character, &c., which are well deserving the thoughtful consideration of the masses outside the ranks of the professional artist. We are glad to find these brief essays have been published, by Messrs. Smith and Elder, in a very available form; viz., a neat 8vo volume entitled "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin," and which contains the very pith and marrow of his works.

Mr. Ruskin was born in London in 1819; he was educated at Oxford, and studied the pictorial art under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. A pamphlet in defence of Turner and the modern English school of landscape painting was his first literary effort; it attracted great attention, and eventually swelled into his now standard work, the "Modern Painters." After a lengthened tour in Italy, Mr. Ruskin published (1849) his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which was followed in 1851 by the "Stones of Venice." He has also contributed many papers to the "Quarterly," and other high-class periodicals.]

THE modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires, in all things, the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that as, judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to man, because more perfect in their functions and kind, and yet are always held inferior to him, so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are, in their nature, liable to more faults and shortcomings. For the finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly, one year with another; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable

to the bitterer blight. And, therefore, while in all things that we see, or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honourable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success. But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults. Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labour, there are some powers for better things: some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they *are* tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honour them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our labourers; to look for the *thoughtful* part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself but in company with much error. Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the

first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

And observe, you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last—a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.

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INDEX TO AUTHORS.

INDEX

TO

THE SIX VOLUMES.

"PENNY READINGS'" RECORD.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

(*From our own Correspondents and the Local Press.*)

CARLTON.—The first of a series of "Penny Readings" at Carlton-in-Lindrick took place in the Girls' Schoolroom, Robert Ramsden, Esq., in the chair. The Rev. C. G. Smith then read "Annals of an Industrial School." Mr. and Mrs. Newbold gave very artistically a vocal duet, "Home to our Mountains," and were much cheered. Mr. Darby amused the company by reading, "Trouble your Head with your own Affairs." Mrs. Wm. Spurr and Mrs. Booth sang, "The Gipsy Countess." The entertainment concluded with the "National Anthem."

EPWORTH.—These may be termed at Epworth popular "Penny Readings," each successive meeting creating a greater interest than the preceding one. The fifth of the series was given in the Court-house. The room was too small to accommodate all visitors, and numbers had to retire for want of room.

EAST STOCKWITH.—The first of a series of these popular entertainments was held in the National Schoolroom, and with the help of the ladies of East and West Stockwith in the singing, the evening passed off very pleasantly.

BARTON-ON-HUMBER.—The first of this series took place in the Wesleyan School-room, Barton. Mr. Priestly read, "What might have been," from "Meliora"; Mr. Woolsey, "The Falcon of Sir Federigo," Longfellow; Mr. Watson, "Lost in the Forest," Kirby; Mr. Thos. Parrott, "Look at the Clock," Barham; Mr. W. Jackson, "A Chinese Dinner," Laplace. Between each reading the choral class sung a selection of music.

MISTERTON.—At the second of a series of Readings, Mr. Mayhew took the chair, after which he read with very good effect, "The Great Mulronica Storey," and the "Gambler's Wife." Mr. William Hollowfield read part of the "Life of George Stephenson"; Mr. O. Pitts gave the "Göttingen Barber," J. E. Carpenter; Mr. Clarke, "A real Ghost Storey," and "The Whiskers;" Mr. Wm. Tune, "The Pig in the Poke;" Mr. J. Lee, "Forbidding the Banns," one of Mursell's lectures. All passed off well.

FERRY.—The fifth of these popular amusements took place in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, 210 being present. The musical performances were, "Lightly Tread," "Land of Light," "We are coming, Sister Mary," "God save the Queen." The subjects read were "Ghost scenes from Hamlet," "Bardell *versus* Pickwick," "The Captain's Whiskers," Extracts from "Charles O'Malley," "The Poetical Cobbler," and "William and Annie." The readers were the Rev. W. Gooderidge, of Ferry, Alfred Parkin, Esq., and

Mr. G. Newborn, of Epworth, and Messrs. Lockwood, Anderson, and Clark, of Ferry.

CAISTOR.—The sixth of the series was well attended. Readers, Rev. H. Maclean, Messrs. Thomas Geo. Baldick, and R. Watson. Vocalists: Miss Hartley, Mr. Hall, Messrs. Claywork and Cupit.

WORKSOP.—The fourth of the series of these very popular entertainments took place at the Corn Exchange. The large room was comfortably filled with a very attentive audience. The chair was taken by J. Garside, Esq., Carlton House, Worksop. Mrs. Williams and Miss Sissons then followed very nicely with two duets on the pianoforte. Mr. Mallender then sang "The Bell-ringer," by Wallace, in a manner which elicited much applause. The Rev. J. D. Gibson gave a splendid reading from Macaulay's "Lay of the Battle of the Lake Regillus," which was listened to with deep attention. "Rory O'More's present to the Priest," by Lover, was well read by Mr. Hoyle, and created a good deal of amusement. A comic song, "Shivery Shakery" (Beuler), was admirably given by Mr. Hall. The characteristic rendering of this amusing song kept the audience in high glee, and on its conclusion brought down the rapturous plaudits of the house.

GAINSBOROUGH.—There was a rather smaller attendance than usual at this entertainment, the number present being 437. The Readings were very good, Mr. Kirk and Mr. Robbs, who appeared for the first time, proving very welcome additions to the Reading corps. Mr. Cheney's poetical selections were good, and were very well received. The singing passed off remarkably well, the songs being excellent and the performers (Messrs. Marshall, Benson, Shipley, &c.) doing full justice to the compositions.

NARBERTH.—The third (for this season) of these popular Readings took place at the Market-lane Schoolroom, which was as usual filled with a large and respectable audience. Mr. W. H. Williams took the chair.

CHELTENHAM.—Special interest was attached to the last Readings from the fact that they were intended as a sort of farewell to the Rev. G. Butler, the Vice-Principal of the College, and the readers were either colleagues of that gentleman, or old collegians, and one of the most aristocratic audiences ever assembled in the Town Hall was present. Further interest was attached to the Readings from the fact that on the platform were the Poet Laureate and his brother. A portion of Byron's "Mazeppa" was read by the Rev. J. Leighton; "The Angel's Story," by the Rev. Lionel E. Brown, an old collegian; "Gellert's Grave" (Spenser), Rev. W. Boyce; "A Plain Direction" (Tom Hood), Mons. Van Laun; "The Raven" (Poe), F. Bullock, Esq., an old collegian; "The Philosophy of Babydom," Captain St. Clair Ford, an old collegian; "Mark Antony's Oration" (Shakespeare), W. Newman, Esq.; "From Dover to Munich" (original), Rev. J. Graves; "The Rape of the Lock" (Pope), J. Walker, Esq.; and

"The Encounter between Nicholas Nickleby and Sir Mulberry Hawk" (Dickens), J. Philip, Esq.

CLUN.—The third Readings took place in the Castle Hotel Assembly-room, which, before eight o'clock, was so full that scores of people could not obtain admission; and judging from the manner in which the performances were applauded, they may be considered a great success. The Rev. H. Cresswell kindly presided.

LLANFAIR CAEREINION.—The first of the "Penny Readings" and Musical Selections took place before a crowded and respectable audience, in the National School-room, the Rev. E. Pugh, vicar, occupying the chair. The following was the programme:—Duet, Mr. J. Morris and Miss E. Evans; reading, "The Five Batchelors," by Dr. Thomas; Welsh reading, Mr. Watkins; song, "The Englishman," by Mr. David Jones; reading, "The Plague of London," by Mr. Baxter; song, "Marion Lee," by Mr. Davies; Welsh reading, by Mr. Davies; glee, "Come, Fairies, trip it o'er the Grass," by Messrs. Jones, Davies, and Thomas; reading, "The Discontented Pendulum," by Rev. E. Pugh; "National Anthem," by the church choir.

COLEHAM.—At these Readings, Mr. J. T. Bell occupied the chair. Programme:—Reading, "Selections from David Copperfield," Rev. W. Roxby; song, "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," Mr. T. M. Hughes; reading, "Damon and Pythias," Mr. W. Eddowes; song, "The Angel's Whisper," Miss Amphlett; reading, "The Cage at Cranford," Mr. Fleet; chorus, "The Ash Grove," Miss Parker and Messrs. Millward, Farmer, and Robinson; reading, "Early Rising" (Poole), Mr. Henshaw; chorus, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," Miss Parker, Messrs. Millward, Farmer, and Robinson; finale, "God Save the Queen."

LLANDINAM.—Amongst the numerous Readings that we have to notice in every number of our journal, we must not omit a gathering at the rooms at Llandinam, under the presidentship of the Rev. D. Jones, vicar. They have afforded an opportunity for local talent to unbury itself, and be consecrated for the public benefit.

CHELMONDISTON Readings were given in the Church School-room. The Rev. G. Beaumont, the respected rector, presided. The attendance was very large. The readers were the chairman, Rev. C. Meadows, Rev. — D'Lisle, and Messrs. H. Bell, C. King, Locke, and C. Bell.

WEM.—At the fourth of the Wem "Penny Readings," the Rev. Wm. Boulton took the chair. The rev. chairman, in a speech of some length, defended the Wem "Penny Readings" against some objectors, and said the committee were determined to carry them out in the best possible manner. The room was crowded.

KERRY.—The second of the proposed series of Readings was

held at the Reading-rooms, when the attendance was too large for the room, in fact every available place was crowded to excess, and late-comers were quite unable to obtain admission.

SHREWSBURY.—The eleventh of the annual series of "Penny Readings" and musical selections, took place in the Music-hall. There was a crowded attendance, many being unable to obtain seats. R. Jasper More, Esq., M.P., presided.

DARSHAM.—Under the auspices of A. Purvis, Esq., of Darsham House, and the Rev. T. Mayhew, a "Penny Reading," with music introduced, was given in the village schoolroom in this parish. The programme was as follows:—"God Bless the Prince of Wales," by the company; the overture of "Masaniello," by Miss Price; the "Song of Songs," and several others, by the Messrs. Smyth, of Aldeburgh; "A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Mr. F. White; readings by A. Purvis, Esq., the Rev. T. Mayhew, Mr. C. P. Jonas, and Mr. T. Mayhew, jun.

LEISTON.—The third Reading entertainment was given in the Reading-room, and proved quite successful. The readers were Messrs. H. Townrow, H. Parker, T. P. Gooch, Freelove, Woolnough, Aldous, and Kindred. Several recitations were excellently given.

DISS.—The second of these popular entertainments took place at the old schoolroom. The room was crowded, and the following was the programme:—"Prince Charles Edward, at Versailles," S. F. Brown, Esq.; "The Diver," H. E. Garrod, Esq.; "A Norfolk Midnight Tale," Mr. E. Abbott; "Look at the Clock," Dr. Stewart; "Good Nature, &c.," Mr. T. P. Gostling.

COLERAINE. — The fourth Reading, under the auspices of the Coleraine Penny Readings Committee, attracted by far the largest and most respectable audience which has yet assembled. Edward J. Cotton, Esq., Manager of the Northern Counties Railway, being the reader, and his selections being from authors of such eminence as Tennyson, Lord Macaulay, Dickens, Mrs. Alexander, Thackeray, Butler, &c., &c.; every part of the spacious hall was crowded to inconvenience, there being upwards of 700 people present.

WICKHAM MARKET.—Another of these entertainments came off on Tuesday evening, at the Volunteer Hall, and was very successful. The programme was as follows:—"Essay on Mental Culture," C. Welton, Esq.; "The May Queen," Mr. Julius Harvey; "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind," the Glee Club; "The Man in the Fustian Jacket," N. Whitmore, Esq.; "Oh! who will o'er the Downs?" the Glee Club; a ballad, W. G. Muriel, Esq.; "The Loss of the Golden Bee," N. Whitmore, Esq.; "All among the Barley," the Glee Club. The readings and glees were well appreciated.

BECCLES.—"Penny Readings" were resumed in the assembly-room. The attendance was large, nearly 300 persons being present.

WOOLWICH.—"Popular Readings," interspersed with music, are

held in St. Thomas's School, Sand-street. From a bundle of programmes which have been forwarded to us we find "The Battle of the League" (Macaulay) was read by Mr. F. Ross; "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (Burns), by Mr. H. Millar; A Scene from the "Earl of Warwick" (Franklin), by Messrs. Denny, Walters, and Eveleigh; "The Abberley Children" (Hook), Mr. W. Eveleigh; "The Musical Butcher" (Anon.), Mr. Pitt; "Wolsey and Cromwell" (Shakespeare), Messrs. Thomas and Hellard; "The Glove and the Lions" (Leigh Hunt), Mr. Denny; "Beth Gelert" (Spencer), Mr. E. Pokes; and numerous others.

KINGTON (Hereford).—The Readings were established here in October, 1864, and have since been continued with success, the room, with the exception of two nights (when a heavy fall of snow occurred), being crowded to excess. Our correspondent desires to announce the regret of the Society on "the departure of Mr. Henry Rudge, jun., who filled the office of secretary, and was one of the first in establishing and supporting the meetings."

MANCHESTER.—A series of "Penny Readings," under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Church Association, are being given fortnightly during the winter, in St. Andrew's Schools, Ancoats.

STRATFORD (near Manchester).—The "Penny Readings" here are given on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and are a great boon to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who flock to them in large numbers. Among the favourite Readings of the last month were "Husband *v.* Wife" (Butler), Mr. J. Crompton; "Taking the Census" (Ward), Mr. C. E. Read; "Look at the Clock" (Barham), Mr. Bridge; "The natural Bridge" (Barrett), Mr. Tarbuck; and a "Funeral Sermon," Mr. Bridge; all from your popular and useful volumes.

LIVERPOOL (Scotland-road).—Success continues to attend the Readings here; on two occasions addresses have been delivered to the audience by Clark Aspinall, Esq., town councillor, and the Rev. Nevison Loraine. Among the pieces read favourable mention may be made of "Scott of Harden" (Lloyd), by Mr. W. Adamson; "The Misadventure at Margate" (Barham), Mr. J. M. Hancock; "Little Jim" (Edward Farmer), Mr. James Jones; "A Musical Prize-Fight" (John Hollingshed), Mr. W. Adamson; and "Tell's Speech," (Knowles), by Mr. J. P. Williams. The Readings here closed for the season at the end of the month.

WOODFORD (Snake's-lane).—"Penny Readings" have been most successfully carried on in this neighbourhood for two years. We find the numbers increasing on each occasion, and a large proportion of the working classes coming from a great distance. They assemble at 7.15 every Tuesday evening, and disperse, being greatly gratified at what they have seen and heard, at 9 o'clock.

BIRKENSHAW (York).—"Penny Readings" have commenced here, and have become very popular. At the one held on New Year's Day the Rev. J. W. Earnshaw, incumbent, and the Rev. J.

Harrison, curate, gave readings; also O. B. Lister, Esq., and Mr. Wright, a song each. Mr. R. B. Perritt gave the speech of "Serjeant Buzfuz" (Dickens); Mr. B. Wood, "The Slaves" (Carpenter); Mr. W. Wood, "John Gilpin" (Cowper); and others. The choir assisted, and the proceedings were never more interesting.

Wednesbury.—Working Men's Club and Institute.—The entertainments at this popular place of amusement have been carried on very successfully for three years, not only in a pecuniary point of view, but also with a marked improvement in the conduct of many of those who used to spend a great deal of their time loitering about street-corners. Many such may now be seen sitting attentively and orderly at the weekly entertainments. On the resumption of these entertainments after the Christmas holidays, no diminution in the interest was seen; Mr. Samuel Loxton took the chair. An efficient string band, numbering some of the favourite amateurs of the districts, conducted by Mr. John Knowles, performed some of Handel's ambitious music, including the pastoral symphony from the Messiah, with gratifying success.

[We have had the gratification of lecturing on many occasions in this spirited town and district, and can testify to the hearty and honourable spirit of co-operation that animates the population.—Ed. *P. R.*]

Watford (Herts).—The "Penny Readings" here were resumed at the Corn Exchange on Monday, 15th of January, under the presidency of the vicar, the Rev. R. L. James. The programme was as follows:—Recitation, "An Opening Address" (Planché), Mr. Edwards; reading, "Trouble your Head with your own Affairs" (Eliza Cook), Mr. Aberdeen; recitation, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" (Percy's Reliques), Mr. George; reading, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (Browning), Mr. Edwards; reading, "Room for the Leper, Room!" (Willis), Mr. Hunn; reading, "The Quaker and the Robber," Mr. Bingham; reading, "Early Rising" (Poole), Mr. George. The musical part of the entertainment consisted of—trio, "We'll make the Keel row," by Messrs. Groom, Russell, and Reeve; song, "I would I were a Bird," Mr. Reeve; song, "Ring out, Wild Bells," Mrs. Cartwright; song, "The Monks of Old," Mr. Williams; instrumental duet (flute and piano), "An Irish Air," Messrs. Willis and Peel; song, "The Fairy's Well," Mr. Russell; song, "Excelsior," Mrs. Cartwright; and "God Save the Queen."

Leiston.—The fourth entertainment of the season was given in the Works' Hall, and proved a decided success. The entertainment was of a varied description, the most amusing part being Dickens's breach of promise action of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," which was given in character.

Peel (Isle of Man).—A special Reading, devoted to sacred and Scriptural subjects, with selections of music from the "Messiah," was given in the National Schoolroom, on Thursday evening, January 11th, the Rev. J. L. Stowell, vicar of German,

in the chair. If we may look upon this special Reading as an experiment in the introduction of sacred subjects in "Penny Readings," it must be acknowledged to have been a most triumphant success, every one seeming pleased with the entertainment, many openly declaring it the best Reading ever given in Peel.

The Readings, on January 18th, included Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" (Mr. Graves); "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (Mr. Cain); and Sam Lover's "King O'Toole and St. Kelvin." The admissions are 1d. and 6d.

"PENNY READINGS" LIFE-BOAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The object of this note is to invite respectfully the conductors or committees of the "Penny Readings" movement throughout the country, to contribute the proceeds of one entertainment towards providing a life-boat for some part of our coast which may be in need of one.

The present stormy weather, and recent calamities at sea, remind one of the dangers, and sufferings, and sorrows connected with seafaring life. Attendants at our Readings would, doubtless, be pleased to be helpful even in a small degree in mitigating such calamities as are constantly occurring around our coasts; and the act would confer a lasting honour on the "Penny Readings" movement.

Our village is, indeed, a poor one—the inhabitants being colliers chiefly; but their dangerous calling enables them to sympathise with others who are exposed also to danger.

I am bold to say that if my suggestion finds favour in the eyes of yourself and those engaged in our movement, Newhall will send up four hundred and eighty *pennies* to the treasurer who may be appointed to that post—yourself, I venture to propose.

Our Readings here are held weekly; our largest room always crowded with pleased listeners. *But several publicans complain that their business on reading nights is almost nil.*

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
M. CROSSE,
Incumbent of Newhall,
Burton-on-Trent.

January 19, 1866.

[We shall be happy, on the resumption of our "Penny Readings," to assist in the movement suggested by the Rev. Mr. Crosse, and in the meantime commend it to the thoughtful consideration of our friends and correspondents.—ED. *P.R.*]

*** *Secretaries of Reading Societies will oblige by forwarding reports of their proceedings up to the close of the present season, and by intimating the date at which they will re-commence.*

TO OUR READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To acknowledge a success is at all times a pleasing duty; to admit that that success has been beyond one's most sanguine expectation must be doubly so. This is, however, the position in which the Editor and Publishers of "Penny Readings, in Prose and Verse," find themselves. They believed that they were supplying a real want when they started their publication; the avidity with which it has been purchased has proved the correctness of their judgment. All this success could not have been achieved without the hearty co-operation of others: this they beg most warmly to acknowledge. Authors, whose names rank among the very highest in English literature, have cheerfully given permission for extracts from their works to appear, while the most important firms in the publishing trade (with but few exceptions) have likewise laid them under deep and lasting obligations. The Editor has also to thank many esteemed Correspondents for friendly suggestions made from time to time, of which he has not failed to avail himself.

The Six Volumes now published will comprise the First Series of "Penny Readings," containing upwards of four hundred selections in prose and verse. During the summer months, when the Reading Societies are closed, and their members are enjoying the sports and pastimes of the village green, the Editor will remain at his post, preparing for a new campaign, ransacking the treasures of ancient, and selecting appropriate pieces from the best modern, authors, in order that the Second Series may be in every way equal to the First. The Publishers beg to repeat that, notwithstanding their great success, the "PENNY READINGS" will only be issued during the WINTER MONTHS, that being the period when these meetings are in vogue.

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Twelve Years Public Lecturer at the principal Literary Institutions in Great Britain.

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Biographical and critical sketches will accompany the readings from authors not previously quoted, and the monthly "Record of Penny Readings," paged separately from the work itself, will be continued as before. The volumes will be printed in a clear and distinct type, so that they can be easily read from, and will be bound in limp cloth, that they may rest firmly on the reading-desk. The low price at which they will be published will, it is hoped, render them equally available to the reader and his audience, while for home reading they will also form a source of endless amusement and instruction for everybody.

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