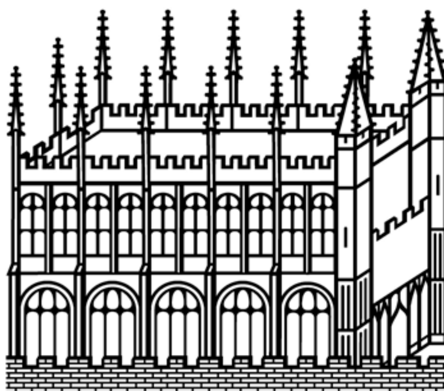

Bodleian Libraries
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE & VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER

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

FREDERICK WARNE & Co.,

PUBLISHERS.

WARNE'S COMPANION LIBRARY.

Under this general title will be issued, at intervals, a

NEW SERIES OF CHEAP VOLUMES,

Well printed on good Paper, in a clear Type, with Wrapper.

Price ONE SHILLING each (unless specified).

1. THE SUTHERLANDS. By the Author of "Rutledge."
2. RUTLEDGE. By the Author of "The Sutherlands."
3. CHRISTINE; OR, ST. PHILIP'S. By the Author of "Frank Warrington."
4. FRANK WARRINGTON. By the Author of "The Sutherlands."
5. LOUIE ATTERBURY; OR, ST. MARY'S.
6. YOUNG DUKE. By the Rt. Hon. B. DISRAELI, M.P.
7. TANCRED. " "
8. VENETIA. " "
9. CONTARINI FLEMING. " "
10. CONINGSBY. " "
11. SYBIL. " "
12. ALROY. " "
13. IXION. " "
14. HENRIETTA TEMPLE. " "
15. VIVIAN GREY. " "
16. ELLEN MONTGOMERY'S BOOKSHELF. Complete Edition. By the MISSES WARNER. Price 2*s*.
17. STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR. By H. STACKE. Price 1*s*. 6*d*.
18. MY AUNT PRUE'S RAILWAY JOURNEY. By MRS. GASCOIGNE.

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

WARNE'S USEFUL BOOKS.

In fcap. 8vo, limp cloth or fancy boards, price ONE SHILLING each, unless when specified.

3\. COMMON SHELLS OF THE SEA-SHORE. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With 300 Original Woodcuts by Sowerby.

4\. SEA-WEEDS. By Mrs. Lane Clarke. Including those of the various Tide-pools, with Ten pages of Original Plates printed in Tinted Litho.

6\. FLOWERS AND THE FLOWER GARDEN. By Miss E. Watts.

7\. VEGETABLES: How to Grow Them. By Miss E. Watts.

8\. FONBLANQUE'S HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

9\. FRIENDLY TRUTHS FOR WORKING HOMES.

10\. KINDLY HINTS ON COTTAGE LIFE.

11\. PLAIN RULES FOR THE STABLE. By Professor Gamgee, Sen., and Professor John Gamgee.

12\. FISH, AND HOW TO COOK IT. By Miss E. Watts.

13\. OUR COMMON FRUITS: a Description of all Cultivated or Consumed in Great Britain. By Mrs. Bayle Bernard. With Coloured Frontispiece. Price 2s.

14\. COMPANION LETTER WRITER. A Complete Guide to Correspondence, with Commercial Forms, &c.

15\. THE MODERN GYMNAST. By Charles Spencer. With 120 Practical Illustrations.

16\. THE MONEY MARKET: What it Is, What it Does, and How it is Managed. By Henry Noel Fern, F.R.S.

Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

WARNE'S BIJOU BOOKS.

In 48mo, gilt, and gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece, Illustrative Diagrams, &c., price SIXPENCE each, Postage 1d.

1. VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY; or, How to become a Ventriloquist. By F. HARDY.
2. FUN AND FLIRTATION FORFEITS FOR EVENING AMUSEMENTS.
3. ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES. By a COMMITTEE OF LADIES.
4. ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN. } By a COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.
5. THE BALL-ROOM GUIDE. } By a COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.
6. ETIQUETTE OF THE TOILET. } By a COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.
7. THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. Edited by L. V.
8. LONDON IN MINIATURE. With a Map.
9. ARCHERY. By J. B. HANCOCK.
10. BILLIARDS, The A B C of. By F. HARDY.
11. SWIMMING, The A B C of.
12. ELEMENTARY GYMNASTICS. By E. L. BURGESS.
13. CRICKET. By F. WOOD.
14. CROQUET. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD.
15. ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.
16. CHESS, The A B C of. By F. HARDY.
17. MODEL LETTER WRITER. By ARTHUR EVERIDGE.

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

EDITOR OF "SUNDAY READINGS," "SONGS: SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL," ETC. ETC.

Vol. IX

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1866.

2765

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Battle of Preston-Pans.........	*Sir Walter Scott*..........	1
The Vanity of Human Wishes....	*Dr. Samuel Johnson*......	13
The Temptations of St. Anthony	*T. H. S.*....................	18
January Wind........................	*Robert Buchanan*........	25
The Flower of the Forest...........	*Professor Wilson*.........	26
The Death of Richard Cœur de Lion..................	*John Edmund Reade*.....	35
Prince Arthur and Hubert..........	*Shakspeare*.................	43
The Wise Men of Gotham..........	*W. Porden*.................	47
Leonidas..............................	*Rev. Dr. George Aspinall*	51
The Slave Trade......................	*Daniel Webster*...........	54
The Peri and the Merchant's Son.	*By the Editor*..............	56
Told at the Inn.......................	*William K. Sawyer*.......	64
Wealth *versus* Enjoyment..........	*Jeremy Taylor*.............	66
The Pauper's Drive..................	*Thomas Noel*..............	68
The Falcon............	*Boccaccio*..................	70
Cunning Tom and the Leprechaun	*By the Editor*.............	75
The Cloud............................	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*.....	82
Corporal Crump's Narrative.......	*John Mills*..................	84
Tam o' Shanter......................	*Robert Burns*..............	105
The King of Denmark's Ride......	*Hon. Mrs. C. Norton*.....	112
Mynheer Von Wodenblock........ .	*Henry Glassford Bell*....	113
Napoleon's Midnight Review......	*Méry and Barthélemy*....	120
Windows in Men's Breasts.........	*Anonymous*	122
Elegy in a London Theatre.........	*Not by Gray*...............	127
Darkness..	*Lord Byron*................	129
Richard and Kate.....................	*Robert Bloomfield*.........	131
The Dean of Santiago...............	*Anonymous*.................	136
The Child and Hind.................	*Thomas Campbell*.........	143
Before and After Marriage.........	*Anonymous*	145
Priuli and Jaffier.....................	*Thomas Otway*............	149
Bill Jones: a Sailor's Story	*Matthew Gregory Lewis.*	151
London Churches....................	*Lord Houghton, D.C.L...*	156
The Girl who Trod upon Bread...	*Hans Christian Andersen*	157
Enoch Arden's Vow..................	*Fred. B. Gray*	167
The Ploughman and the Poser......	*Anonymous*................	168
"Britannia Rules the Waves"....	*Thomas Sheridan*.........	170
Cato and Decius...............	*Joseph Addison*............	172
Little Lizzie..........................	*Sheldon Chadwick*..... ...	174
The Town and Country Mice......	*Alexander Pope*...........	176
John Maynard........................	*Stephen Garman*..........	178

		PAGE
The Two Pictures...................	*J. G. Whittier*.............	184
A Night with a Stork..............	*William E. Wilcox*.........	188
The Surgeon and the House Painters............................	*Horace Smith*	192
A Last Farewell.....................	*Thomas, Earl of Strafford*	195
The Modern Cymon.................	*Bryan Waller Proctor*....	197
My Account with Her Majesty...	*Andrew Halliday*	201
The Legend of the Forget-Me-Not	*Anonymous*..................	212
The Three Black Crows............	*Dr. Byrom*.................	216
The Desolation of Greenland.......	*James Montgomery*.......	218
Alone in the World.................	*Anonymous*	221
An Old Man's Idyl	*Richard Realf*	223
Visit to the Prince of Wales.......	*Artemus Ward*	225
The Horse and the Wolf...........	*La Fontaine*	229
Under Canvas—Wounded.........	*Owen Meredith*	231
Wake not the Dead................	*John Oxenford*	234
Scene from "Every Man in his Humour".........................	*Ben Jonson*................	236
The Dignity of Labour............	*Rev. Newman Hall*.......	240

PENNY READINGS.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN the year 1745 Charles Edward, son of the Pretender James Francis, made his great attempt to recover the crown of Great Britain. James himself had fallen into obscurity ever since the attempt of 1715, and was now sinking into old age; but his son, who was born 1721, seemed to have all the popular merits that his father wanted. In person he was tall, well-formed, and active; his face was handsome, his complexion fair, his eyes blue; his hair fell in natural ringlets on his neck. His address, at once dignified and affable, was calculated to win attachment; yet his misfortunes had rendered him somewhat jealous of his dignity. He possessed courage, and a romantic sense of honour; he was decisive and resolute, yet, it is generally agreed, without much ability as a leader. In politics and religion, he retained all the bigoted notions of the Stuarts.

His first attempt was made in 1774, with the support of a large French fleet and army, under Marshal Saxe; but the expedition was wrecked by a great storm off Dungeness, and the French Government abandoned the enterprise. Deprived of their support, and even without his father's knowledge, Charles Edward pawned his jewels and borrowed from his father's friends, to purchase arms and ammunition, which he put on board a French ship of war, and embarking himself in a brig, sailed from Belleisle July 2nd, 1745. The ship was

disabled by an English cruiser, but the brig escaped, and the CHEVALIER, as he was styled, landed on the wilds of Moidart, in Inverness-shire, with only seven followers. After some hesitation his Highland friends mustered their clans in Glenfinnan, whence Charles began his march with 1600 men, on August 20th, 1745. The Government were wholly unprepared. Sir John Cope occupied Stirling with less than 3000 men. On September 17th the Chevalier entered Edinburgh, took possession of Holyrood House, and compelled the heralds to proclaim King James VIII. Meantime, Cope had brought his army back by sea and landed at Dunbar. Charles marched out from Edinburgh to meet him. The immediate results of this chivalrous movement are thus told by Sir Walter Scott, in the first of that glorious series of historical novels which for so long a period held all under the influence of his wizard spell:—"Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northwards to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. The low coast-road to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the enclosures of Seaton House, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that, by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

"When the Highlanders reached the heights commanding the plain described, they were immediately

formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level between the high ground and the sea. The space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth, Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they at once wheeled into line, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southwards.

"While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line; so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'

"But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

"Here then was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained to its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers and the general's staff of each army could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with the spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and occupied in despatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping along in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, or a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the view of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

" When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to a change of position. In order to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, 'for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christain burial.' To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near that Waverley could plainly recognise the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. 'Good God!' he thought, 'am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England!'

" Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. 'I can hit him now,' said Callum, cautiously raising his fusee over the wall under which he lay couched, scarce sixty yards distance.

" Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran, recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers uni-

versally regarded him. But ere he could say 'Hold!' an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. 'Spare your shot,' said the seer, 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow—I see his winding sheet high upon his breast.'

"Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *Taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel G——, unconcious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

"By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manœuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

"'There will be nothing done to-night,' said Fergus to his friend Waverley; 'ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go and see what the Baron is about in the rear of the line.'

"When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols, and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Sanderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picqueted

behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

" 'I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,' whispered Fergus to Waverley, 'yet I am not so strict a Catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers.' Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

"As he shut the book, 'Now, lads,' said he, 'have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences.' He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. 'Why, you know Tacitus saith, "*In rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortunâ*," which is equiponderate with our vernacular adage, "Luck can maist in the mellee." But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o' his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, good night. One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.'

" 'I could almost apply to Mr. Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,' said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their bivouac:—

> "Though it appears a little out of fashion,
> There is much care and valour in this 'Scotchman.' "

" 'He has seen much service,' answered Fergus, 'and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition. Hark! the English are setting their watch.'

"The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill—died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as

a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

"The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost mist rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

"The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Valambrosa,' lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. 'How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!'

"'You must not think of that. You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now TOO LATE.'

"With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The chieftain and he combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the chief), began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep. When they had slept for a few hours, they were awakened and summoned to attend the prince. The distant village clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. 'Courage, my brave friends!' said the

Chevalier, 'and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.'

"The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and as the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement. As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—'Who goes there?'

"'Hush,' cried Fergus, 'hush! Let none answer, as he values his life—press forward;' and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

"The patrol fired his carbine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. '*Hylix in limine latrat*,' said

the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; 'that loon will give the alarm.'

"The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard, and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

"The Highland army which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or corn fields, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

"Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

"'Down with your plaid, Waverley,' cried Fergus, throwing off his own; 'we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.'

"The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of

about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour, it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

"At this moment the sun, which was now above the horizon, dispelled the mists. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

"'Forward, sons of Ivor!' cried their chief, 'or the Camerons will draw the first blood!' They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

"The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received a fire from their fusees as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillery-men, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

"It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of

Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

"On Edward's right the battle still raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' arms, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel G——, deserted by his own soldiers, in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man became the instant object of Edward's

anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

"Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

(ABRIDGED FOR RECITATION.)

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,

Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice!
How nations sink, by darling schemes opprest,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy—
Increase his riches and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder and one hides the thief.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies opprest,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulf below.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes—nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands:

Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way!
Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
The insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;

New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease! petitions yet remain,
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

T. H. S.

St. Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
  And a book was in his hand;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
  Off from his holy book:
We will go to him all in strange disguise,
And tease him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
  That he upon us may look."

The Devil was in the best humour that day
  That ever his highness was in:
And that's why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may,—
  Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew,
  A heterogeneous rout;
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
  And twisted themselves about;

And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew,—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skins;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead;
While face and bridle-hand displayed,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook:
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise
Seemed welling from their look.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
And toads did squat demure;
From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
Or a sly old rat with his whiskered snout;
And forty feet, a full span long,
Danced in and out in an endless throng;
There ne'er has been seen such extravagant rout
From that time to this, I'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
   Fixed on the holy book;—
From it they did not sink nor rise;
Nor sights nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
   Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
   In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he:
Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
And holes in the sides his arms had got,
And his head came out through the mouth, God wot!
   A comical sight to see.

And he drummed on his belly so fair and round,
   On his belly so round and fair;
And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
'Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
   A comical sound to hear:
And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
   And drummed it with his heels;
And he looked as strange and as picturesque
As the figures we see in an arabesque,
Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
   In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
   And his eyes stood out with glee;
And he said these words, and he sung this song,
And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
Still on the pot and the table dinned
   As birth to his song gave he.

"Old Tony, my boy! shut up your book,
   And learn to be merry and gay.
You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,
Like a round-shoulder'd fool of an owl you look;
But straighten your back from its booby crook,
   And more sociable be, I pray.

"Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing;
  Take a lesson from me, old boy!
Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
And then comes Death, that stern old king,
  So we'd better make sure of joy."

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
  Upon the holy book:
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
  And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade,
  Most like to a monk's attire:
But of living bats his cowl was made,
Their wings stitched together with spider thread;
And round and about him they fluttered and played;
And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
  Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones,
  When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast:
And with gurgling shakes, and stifled groans,
He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
  As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
  Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they!
And still, when the good Saint dropped a bead,
He dropped a tooth, and he took good heed
To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
  Like a rattlesnake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
  Upon the holy book;
He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
  And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet-snout,
  That was mouth and nose in one:
It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
Where his long lean fingers capered about,
As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
  In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still
  On his long and snaky neck;
As he bent his energies all to fill
His nosey tube with wind and skill,
And he sneezed his octaves out, until
  'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
  And piped his music in:
And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's
    frame,
With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same,—
  And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
  Upon the holy book;
He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
  And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
  With horny eyes like the dead;
And its long sharp nose was all of horn,
And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
And its ears were like thin cases torn
From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare;
And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
  Upon its skinless head.

His body was of thin birdy bones,
  Bound round with a parchment skin;

And when 'twas struck, the hollow tones
That circled round like a drum's dull groans,
  Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
  And the claws were like a bird's:
But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
To loose the live flesh from the bones,
And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
  Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
  Still on the holy book;
He felt the clam on his brow arise,
And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
  And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
  Out of a charnel vault:
Some clingings of meat had been left by the worm,
Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
  But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
  And he rattled his bony tail;
His skull was decked with gill and fin,
And a spike of bone was on his chin,
And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
  And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
  And on tiptoe stood a space:
Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
And he sunk again on his heel, good lack!
And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,—
  A horrible embrace!

And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
And cocked down its India-rubber eye
  To gaze upon his face.

Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
  Deep in the holy book:
He felt the bones, and so was wise
To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
  And he did not dare to look.

Last came an imp—how unlike the rest!
  A beautiful female form :
And her voice was like music, that sleep-oppress'd
Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast;
And whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
  Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
  Of her soft eyes on to his page,
It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
And relieved him then with a mild delight,
For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
  That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
  Over the holy book ;
Ho, ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
  And he could not choose but look.

There are many devils that walk this world,—
  Devils large, and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout;
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
  Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils, and laughing devils;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels;

Devils uncouth, and devils polite;
Devils black, and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
Is the worsest devil of all.

(*From the "Bentley Ballads." By permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.*)

JANUARY WIND.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows;
It grips the latch, it shakes the house, it whistles, it screams, it crows;
It dashes on the window-pane, then rushes off with a cry,
Ye scarce can hear your own loud voice, it clatters so loud and high;
And far away upon the sea it floats with thunder-call,
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; the wind that did it all.

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blew, how it blew;
The very night our boy was born, it whistled, it screamed, it crew;
And while you moan'd upon your bed, and your heart was dark with fright,
I swear it mingled with the soul of the boy you bore that night;
It scarcely seems a winter since, and the wind is with us still,—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; the wind that blew us ill!

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows;
It changes, shifts, without a cause, it ceases, it comes and goes;

And David ever was the same, wayward, and wild, and bold—
For wilful lad will have his way, and the wind no hand can hold;
But ah! the wind, the changeful wind, was more in the blame than he;
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; that blew him out to sea!

The wind, wife, the wind; now 'tis still, now 'tis still;
And as we sit I seem to feel the silence shiver and thrill;
'Twas thus the night he went away, and we sat in silence here,
We listen'd to our beating hearts, and all was weary and drear;
We longed to hear the wind again, and to hold our David's hand—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; that blew him out from land.

The wind, wife, the wind; up again, up again!
It blew our David round the world, yet shrieked at our window-pane;
And ever since that time, old wife, in rain, and in sun, and in snow,
Whether I work or weary here, I hear it whistle and blow,
It moans around, it groans around, it wanders with scream and cry—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; may it blow him home to die.

(*From "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn." By permission of Mr. Strahan.*)

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop was beaming far above the highest birch-wood, seeming to

travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept, and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neatness; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal; and in happy but pensive mood, sat there, all alone, the woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful; such a one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the Word of God, or joining with mellow voice in His praise and worship. On this night she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage-day; and her parents, satisfied and happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbour in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand; and, cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a female figure wrapped up in a cloak, with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger, whoever she might be, seemed wearied and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the marshy mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition — too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut; for it seemed as if the wearied woman had lost her way, and had come towards the shining window to be put right upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire, and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom in youth she had tenderly loved; although, for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had

opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend; and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion. "For mercy's sake! sit down, Sarah! and tell me what evil has befallen you; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide anything to my bosom; we have herded sheep together on the lonesome braes; we have stripped the bark together in the more lonesome woods; we have played, laughed, sung, danced together; we have talked merrily and gaily, but innocently enough surely, of sweethearts together; and, Sarah, graver thoughts, too, have we shared, for, when your poor brother died away like a frosted flower, I wept as if I had been his sister; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me, my friend, why are you here? and why is your sweet face so ghastly?"

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit; but that was only a passing thought; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit, not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress, to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous nature she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend.

"Oh! Mary, I must speak; yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am, I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribands,—they are worn for his sake,—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair; that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us that that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred

between mortal creatures; and that I have here in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband? Turn me out of the hut now, if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue, in the woods where we have so often walked together; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine for ever, if there be a God who heeds the oaths of the creatures he has made."

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires. Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was now betrothed; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached; to her his behaviour had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful; that he was a fine-looking man, and could show himself among the best of the country round at church, and market, and fair-day, she saw and felt with pleasure and with pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented, and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound. She looked forward to her marriage with a joyful sedateness, knowing that she would have to toil for her family, if blest with children; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean,—of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him, when wearied at night, to her faithful, and affectionate, and grateful bosom.

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed, in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within herself, "If it

be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low-spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife."

While these thoughts were calmly passing in the soul of this magnanimous girl, all her former affection for Sarah revived; and, as she sighed for herself, she wept aloud for her friend. "Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart were breaking. It need not be thus with you. Oh! sob not so sair! You surely have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Montrath?" "I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wreathed snaw. God knows, little matter if I should die away; for, after all, I fear he will never think of me for his wife; and you, Mary, will lose a husband with whom you would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes."

There was silence between them; and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst. "Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and all the snowy days we have sat together in the same plaid, on the hillside, or in the lonesome charcoal plots and nests o' green in the woods, that if my Gabriel—did I say my Gabriel?—has forsaken you, and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again—never shall he put ring on my finger—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never, never! notwithstanding all the happy, too happy hours and days I have been with him, near or at a distance—on the corn-rig—among the meadow-hay—in the singing-school—at harvest-home—in this room—and in God's own house. So help me God, but I will keep this vow!"

Poor Sarah told, in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion,—how Gabriel, whose business as a shepherd often took him into Montrath parish, had

wooed her, and fixed everything about their marriage nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew—had accused her of want of virtue—and for many months had never once come to see her. "This morning, for the first time, I heard for a certainty, from one who knew Gabriel well, and all his concerns, that the banns had been proclaimed in the church between him and you, and that, in a day or two, you were to be married. And, though I felt drowning, I determined to make a struggle for my life—for oh! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart,—it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety; and, if I am to lose Gabriel, I will destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God sitting in judgment upon sinners."

At this burst of passion, Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy. Mary, seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty, and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner; led her into the little parlour, called the *spence*, then removed into it the table, with the oaten cakes, butter, and milk; and, telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down in the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the outer door opened, and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, "How is my sweet Mary?" with a beaming countenance; and, gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not, could not, wished not, at once to release herself from his enfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was; for, though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought, better than his life.

Her heart could not, in one small short hour, forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed to her the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

"O Gabriel! Gabriel! well indeed have I loved you; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all, of a better love than mine. Vain were it to deny my love either to you or to my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible,—but tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgment-day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded wife?" She kept her mild moist eyes fixed upon him; but he hung down his head, and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

"Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often told me that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach not to forget you, for that may I never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which, innocently, I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband? For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs, in sorrow also—deny it will I not—for my own, to look on you from this hour as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us ever to be man and wife. But you know there is one besides me, whom you loved before you loved me, and therefore it may

be, better too; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear.—I who have known her since she was a child, although, fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am, who now speak."

Mary went into the little parlour, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, yet when she had heard from poor Mary's voice speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf,—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass, tied it up with a riband which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gilt brooch that contained locks of their blended hair. Pale, but beautiful,—for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in all the country,—she advanced with a flush on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all, and forget all, so that once again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost. "What have I ever done, Gabriel, that you should fling me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin, yea, of all distant thought of that sin with which you, even you, have in your hardheartedness charged me. Look me in the face, Gabriel, and think of all I have been unto you, and if you say that before God, and in your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out into the dark night, and, long before morning, my troubles will be at an end."

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the colour of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first, he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and

he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover,—for, had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was,—saying, with a voice as composed as the eyes with which she looked upon them, "I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bridesmaid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you, better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good-night, Gabriel!" He kissed Sarah, and, giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now Midsummer; and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys, or the sheep brought from the mountain-fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time passed on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest, (for so the Woodcutter's daughter was often called,) pass her life in single blessedness. She too, became a wife and mother; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection, throughout all the parish; and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost entirely forgotten the trying incident of their youth.

THE DEATH OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

[Among our modern living poets there is no one whose name is more firmly fixed in public estimation than that of Mr. Reade. He may not be as "popular" as those who have indulged in a lighter kind of verse; for Mr. Reade has written conscientiously, and not of or for the day, and has received his reward in the recognition of all thoughtful minds. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and his first literary adventure appeared in 1830; it was a drama, entitled "Cain the Wanderer;" and it was so good—there was so much of promise in it for a first work, that it obtained for its author an introduction to Coleridge, and it had the honour of a recorded testimony from Goethe. In 1838 Mr. Reade published his "Italy," a poem of great merit; in 1839 "Catiline," a tragedy; and in 1840 "The Deluge," a dramatic poem. From that time until very recently Mr. Reade has plied a busy pen. A complete edition of his works, in two volumes, appeared in 1860, including the poems of "Man in Paradise," and "The Revelations of Life;" and another with revisions in 1865. An original contribution to our "Readings," from such a poet, is a compliment that we feel assured our readers will appreciate as highly as we do ourselves.]

I.

Ho! you to whom Cœur de Lion is a name that like a spell
Wakens chivalry from slumber as if heard the thunder's knell;
Listen to the lays that echo back the trumpet's clang, when rolled
Onward the crusading myriads by his arm alone controlled;
When the Christian hosts embattled in their triumph marched along,
From their front the Red Cross blazing, in their rear the minstrels' song;
When beside the king contending, monarchs felt their lustre dim,
Until Saladin his glory drew reflected but from him:
Till red Ascalon and Assur stamped on him their deathless fame,
And the mother hushed her infant with the sound of Richard's name!

II.

Through the clouds of vanished ages rises still that martial form,
The quick glance, the forehead changeful, or in sunlight or in storm:
On the lip the hasty passion, that a word could quell or wake,
And the lightning eye that welcomed danger for the daring's sake;
O'er his shoulder broad the swinging axe, no second stroke that gave,
And the sword with dint of onsets hacked—each notch a foeman's grave!
On his head the helmet, glittering with the jewelled crown that blazed
O'er the surges of wild battle like a flaming beacon raised.
But the crownless sun eclipsing sinks in mist; the eagle feels
In the clouds the death-shaft, falling headlong in her airy wheels;
Listen, in his glory seated, as if mocking mortal pride,
How shot forth the sting of poison when the warrior-monarch died.

III.

Chaluz' castle-walls are bristling with the men-at-arms, the keep
Shows the Norman banner floating in defiance from its steep:
The white tents of Richard, rising in the distance, hide the array
Of his slumberous bands, awaiting the assault at break of day.
Close beside the moated rampart mounted warriors slowly pace,
Armed in proof, save him the foremost champion with unvizored face;

Yet, though close that wall approaching, though within
its shade they tread,
Not a bolt hath flown, and wherefore? they are watching him who led;
He that champion stood before them whose renown
through Europe rang,
Leader of the brave, and idol the applauding minstrels
sang;
Flushed his warriors' cheeks behind him with the
thought that swelled each breast,
Till rough Marchandès, their leader, spake their utterance repressed.

IV.

"Monarch! strike me if thou wilt, thou know'st no
flatterer am I,
Cleave me with thine axe,—but hear me! so *thou* livest,
let me die;
Give our tongues and hearts their freedom, and let
truth be told to kings!
Think ye yonder men are Eastern slaves, that *their* light
darts are stings?
Not a bolt shot from yon fortress but deals death, nor
arrow sped,
Nor a sally made but cloven through a pathway of the
dead:
'Vested in thy robe of ermine, with the crown upon thy
brow,
Deemest thou yon robbers gazing will thy sovereign
claim allow?
Or disgorge the golden treasure that is thine to thee
again?
Onward, if thou wilt, and, singly, beard the lions in
their den,
But place us the foremost; guarding round thee with
our iron ring,
Vainly shall they lower their drawbridge, or their
missiles on thee fling;

Mark !—even now, beside yon turret from the men-at-arms apart,
Lurks a hidden archer pointing with his cross-bow at thy heart."

V.

Flashed the lightning eyes of Richard. "By the saints of heaven ! I swear,
Here I stand, though all the opposing fiends of hell were mounted there:
To be *seen* by yonder robbers in their den came Richard forth,
That they yield their stolen plunder ere they kindle up my wrath,
And I hang them on their ramparts !" Scarce he spoke,—the arrow flew,
Whizzing through the air, and burying in his arm the broken yew.
From the walls the roar of shouting burst forth like the mountain flood,
As his knights careering forward round the stricken warrior stood.
Flushed the angry brow of Richard, but his wrath the king controlled :—
"Marchandès—the gnat has stung me—mark me out yon archer bold,
Not a hair of his be injured—slay or spare—even as thou wilt,
But *his* life as thine be scathless—be his blood alone unspilt.
I am faint—upon my war-horse mount me—with the morning sun
Lead thou the assault, nor standing leave a stone when day is done."

VI.

Day broke on the sleepless hero, like a torch the light revealed
Evils the long hours of darkness and the curtained night concealed.

Then was seen the flushing forehead and the pulse's throbbing bound,
And the restless eyes of fever seeking still the thing unfound;
Motionless, like iron statues, stood the warriors beside
That low couch, so hushed and moveless, you had not their life descried,
Save the gleam of heaving breastplates showed they lived, that eyes askance
Stole upon that form beneath them a withdrawn and stealthful glance.
From afar the assault was sounded—what recked they a mole-hill sunk,
When their mightiest tree had fallen with its thunder-splitten trunk!
Ascalon's great hero dying, Europe's glory and her pride;
He who through a hundred battles Death had face to face defied!
Sultans for his foes and monarchs, *thus* to perish in a brawl?
By a peasant's hand laid prostrate, crushed beneath a robber's wall?—
And while listening to his breathings as they quicker came and went,
They felt that a mightier Foeman stood unseen within the tent,
That the Conqueror of heroes and of kings was there to claim
His great life, behind him leaving dust and an immortal fame!

VII.

Hist!—the monarch wakes—the far sound of the assault has met his ear:
"Ha! we slumber on the pallet while the battle's shouts we hear!
Arm me—it is vain! Thou ever faithful Marchandès draw nigh;
Kings and heroes still are mortal, and are fated once to die;

And my hour has sounded; never more shall Richard in career
Of wild onset bear the bravest down like chaff before his spear!
Never more upon his war-horse crush the ranks of battle joined,
Victory and flight before him, with a cloven path behind!
Raise me, that I sit erected as within my chair of state,
Place my battle-axe beside me, that I lean upon its weight,
Set the crown upon my forehead, so I look the monarch still:
Now the prisoner bring before me, that he hear my sovereign will."

VIII.

There was silence in the presence, stillness by the tempest nursed,
Ere is heard the awakening thunder; you might hear the sighs that burst
From the knights, their rough eyes tearful, watching in that mortal hour;
How before great Death the hero yielding owns the infant's power!
You might hear the breezes sighing through the tent as morning came,
Like a welcome balm, and soothing all but fever's cheek of flame!
And the clank of prisoners' chains advancing, grated harshly near,
As De Guerdon entering slowly stood before the monarch's bier.
Though the keen blades of the Provost's axes glittering on him turned,
And the centering eyes of warriors in their sullen wrath that burned,

All unmoved that sallow visage, and cold eye that like a
snake
In its gathered coils is watching the doomed victim
from its brake;
In that steadfast glance the monarch felt the fascination
shown
Of the iron will and nature as unconquered as his own;
And a sense of awe and shuddering in each mail-clad
knight awoke,
As the low deep tones of Richard thrilling on that
silence broke.

IX.

"Seest thou thy work, Sir Archer? what the answer
thou dost plead?
Thou, who crouched beneath the rampart, stoodst
apart to do this deed?
Have I injured thee, who laidest thus in wait to seek
my life
Ere the assault of arms was rendered, or begun the
morrow's strife?
What fiend tempted thee to murder? Feel'st thou not
thy conscience' stings?
Thou who with thy hand accursèd shedd'st the sacred
blood of kings!"
"Tyrant! in the deed I glory that hath dealt the
death I see;
Thou didst slay my sire and brethren—I have 'venged
their deaths on thee;
Wreak thy tortures, for I mock them—thou shalt
rack these limbs in vain:
I shall die content and happy, for I know thou first
art slain!
That thou never from that pallet shall arise to plague
the world!"
Scarce he uttered—from each warrior's hand restraint
was thread-like hurled:
Baldwin's giant stride is forward, and his iron mace is
thrown

High in air red Mortmar's dagger wildly from its sheath hath flown,
And the double-handed faulchion gleams in Lacy's hand of death:
For a moment paused each champion, and withheld his 'bated breath,
And across his shoulder gazing on the King—his step withdrew
Back recoiling from the presence of the power that they knew!
Like a statue sate the monarch, with raised arm, and eye whose glare
Between life and death was watchful of the deed impending there;
Pointing with the regal gesture that contending kings obeyed,
That be lowered each brandished weapon, and each forward foot be stayed.

X.

"Hold!—do ye forget your homage?—that the monarch still commands?
Back, on your allegiance—justice deals not with blood-reeking hands:
Well I know your faith and fealty: Archer brave, thou know'st not fear,
Thou hast spoken out, though rashly—the award of Richard hear:
Strike his chains from off him! let him from our presence go forth free!
More—a hundred marks in gold be weighed to him with liberty;
Hence! nor parley: thou art present but to hear our last decree:
Thou and all shalt own that Richard in his death was just to thee!

XI.

"Ha! I faint—there comes a darkness—Marchandès! give word the fight

Wait till daybreak; when we conquer, be it in God's open light.
Hark! the roar of combat deepens, and the war-cries gather near,
Saladin is in the battle, and I lie bedridden here!—
Helm and shield and hauberk bring me, that I meet him in the fight:
Onward! with the Red Cross blazing—they are broken and in flight!
Peace again, for I am weary, I would sleep!"—his arm upraised
Nerveless sunk upon the pillow, and his fixing eye-balls glazed;
And the heavy crown unseated, glided from his drooping head,
And his war-axe fell unheeded— *then* they knew the king was dead!

(*Copyright—Contributed.*)

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot; and, look thou, stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and watch.

First Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince,

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I.
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not. And I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day;
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a Paper.*
How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),

And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an' if you will;
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence.
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An' if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth! [*Stamps.*

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with cords, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you.

Arth. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert; drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Attendant. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. Oh! heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair—
Any annoyance to that precious sense;
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to! hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert.
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh; spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo! by my troth! the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master, that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. Oh! now you look like Hubert! All this while
You were disguis'd.
Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu!
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. Oh! heaven. I thank you, Hubert!
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

W. Porden.

Through Gotham, famed in days of yore
For Wits and Sages, green and hoar,
There flowed a river, dull or clear,
Has never reached the Muse's ear;
But this she knows, two banks it had,
With trees and various herbage clad,

On which was built a bridge of stone,
That man and beast might pass upon.

Two clowns from home, one April day,
The genial sun induced to stray,
And on this bridge the waggish Fates
Together knocked their empty pates.
From Gotham each derived his birth,
The genuine sons of parent earth.
Their early youth they'd passed together,
Staunch friends thro' every work and weather,
Till, by his prudent sire's command,
Young Simkin sought a distant land,
There to acquire, in mart and fair,
The art of vending crockery ware;
Since when, in wintery white arrayed,
Nine times had Nature shivering laid,
And now in robes of vernal green
The tenth revolving year was seen.
What bows, what shrugs, what kind grimaces,
How long close locked in warm embraces,
They stood, of these there needs no pother,
For they displayed not one nor t'other;
Their blood so heavy, thick and cold,
In brisker measures scarcely rolled,
Their joy a phrase no finer knew,
Than "How d'ye, Sim?" "Thanks, how do you?"
Then questions followed, pro and con,
Of friends alive, or dead and gone;
Of Cousin Sue, and Jane, and Harry,
Of Uncle John and Sister Mary,
How many daughters Simkin had,
How many boys called Roger dad;
And fifty idle things, of old
By Sim and Roger done and told.

Their greetings o'er, they turned aside,
And gazed upon the passing tide;

When honest Sim, a prudent blade,
And practised in the arts of trade,
Cried, "What a noble bridge you've got."
"Aye, Sim," cried Roger, "Have we not?
The Lord that owns these wide domains,
Built this brave bridge and still maintains."
"Oh! that this princely bridge were mine,"
Cried crafty Sim,—quoth Roger, "Thine!"
"Oh! were it mine, just here I'd stand,
A turnpike-man, with ready hand,
And every chariot, coach, and berlin,
Should pay to pass a shilling sterling;
And every whiskey, cart, or chair,
Each ox and donkey, horse and mare,
The toll my will decreed should pay,
Or cross the stream some other way.
From thee," and here he smartly laid
His palm on Roger's shoulder blade,
"From thee, friend Hodge, I'll take no more
For sheep than three good groats a score;
From every other hand I'll sweep
Just twenty pence for twenty sheep."
"Thank you for nothing," Hodge exclaims,
While anger all his face inflames;
"Ne'er did my sheep one farthing pay,
Nor shall they to my dying day."
"And do you, fool! my kindness scorn?"
Quoth Simkin; "With your sheep return,
Not one untolled shall pass." "They shall,"
Quoth Hodge, "I tell you, one and all."
Then over head their cudgels rose,
And down they fell in heavy blows
That rattled on the flinty ground,
And echoed from the hills around,
As they with arms extended wide,
And bodies bent and legs astride,
Leaped to and fro, from left to right,
In boisterous, but in bloodless fight;

And fumed and swore, as them between
A flock of fifty sheep had been;
While each gaunt cur that with them came,
Still prompt to fight for food or fame,
Roused by his master's madd'ning cry,
Rushed to the fray, he knew not why.

While thus they toiled from side to side,
Across the bridge a miller came,
Renowned for shrewdness far and wide,
And Will the Witty was his name:
Large were his limbs—his horse was poor,
And heavy was the sack he bore;
But William kindly bore his part,
For William had a tender heart:
And though to ease his legs he rode,
On his own back he piled the load,
Continuing thus to reconcile
Humanity with ease, the while.
"Zounds, dang it, sirs! why, what's the matter?"
Cries Will, "What means this coil and clatter,
Why break you with your staves the stones?
Be still, or else I'll break your bones."
"These sheep," cries Hodge, "shall pass, I say."
"Not till the toll," cries Sim, "you pay."
"What sheep?" quoth Will, "no sheep I see,
The toll!—what toll? this bridge is free.
Is it for this you rage? I fear,
All is not clever, mark me! *here!*"

To ease his own and horse's back,
Down sapient William throws the sack,
Then slowly from his steed descends,
And bids the late contending friends
Remove it to the bridge-way side,
Where gravely he the mouth untied:
"Now gently raise it on the wall,
And bend it, that the meal may fall."
Down falls the meal, and soon like snow
O'erspreads the wondering waves below.

"Now shake it, Hodge," quoth Will, and then
To Simkin, "Shake the sack again.
Now tell me, after all your pains,
Within the sack what meal remains?"
"Why, none," they answer.—"So much brain,"
Quoth Will, "your jobber-nowls contain."

Now who can doubt that justly fame
Had spread through Gotham William's name,
And that the wisdom here he'd shown
Deserved at least an oaken crown?
Yet some will say, that such expense,
To prove two blockheads void of sense,
As clearly proves, that Hodge and Sim,
In wisdom well might vie with him.
A point so nice our faithful guide,
The Muse, forbids us to decide.
But she, with sly and sapient sneer,
Tells of a nation—heaven knows where,
Which, when some unimportant jar
Has plunged two friendly states in war,
To check their fury's murderous course
Calls out, at mighty cost, her force;
And after many a victory won,
And deeds of noblest daring done,
And on the ocean and the plain
Full many a gallant warrior slain,
Small good results from all her zeal,
But she, alas! has lost her meal.

LEONIDAS.

By the Rev. Dr. George Aspinall.

Thermopylæ's rude pass
  Rose rugged to the sky;
Leonidas held watch,
  The Persian army nigh.

Whole millions number'd they,
A scant three hundred he;
They fought for conquest—*these*
To keep their country free.

And like a silver lake
Beneath the moonbeams clear,
The Persian bucklers shone,
Shone corslet, casque, and spear.

Then spake Leonidas
To that small martyr-band—
His eye ablaze with fire,
Uplifted his right hand.

"Spartans, for hearth and home,
Draw we the steel to-day;
The land our fathers claim
Let not the *Persian* sway.

"List now—this pass admits
Only twelve men abreast
Within its narrowest part:
Mark them 'bove all the rest.

"That part then *doubly* guard;
Sustain your old renown,
And as each fresh relay
Appears, strike each man down.

"Xerxes advances on,
And heads his 'whelming host;
To grace his chariot wheels
Our doom—so runs his boast!

"Vain boast, that ne'er can be!
For well, full well ye know
That we must *here* receive
In *death* our overthrow!

"Yet every hour we keep
  The enemy at bay,
Will give our brothers time
  To arm them for the fray:

"To call on friendly states
  Their saving help to lend;
Be 't ours then to *protract*
  The inevitable end!

"The issue *death*—no less;
  Yes, comrades, each one here
Must die the soldier's death,
  Beneath the Persian's spear!

"But, Spartans, what of that?
  'Tis Sparta's voice doth call;
  She bids ye fight like men,
  Like men she bids ye fall.

"And now, on Spartan fare
  Dine well before you fight;
For e'en in Pluto's realm
  We all shall sup to-night.

"Take, then, your last meal here,
  And 'vigorated rise—
Honour'd in being deemed
  Your country's sacrifice!"

He paused—and every breast
  Beat high with martial swell;
They eat, and in Greek wine
  They bade to Greece farewell.

Then rose they, and each man
  His stalwart sword did take;
Each glorying to die
  For Lacedemon's sake.

Yet not in Pluto's realm
 That night supp'd any man:
For three hard days they fought,
 As but the desperate can.

But on the third, at eve,
 By filthy lucre's lust,
False Ephiàltes mov'd,
 Betray'd his sacred trust:

And by a secret path,
 That up the mountain wound,
The traitor led the foe
 Another way around!

By thousands in they poured,
 With keen-edged blade in hand,
And hew'd to pieces all
 That brave, devoted band.

And last—Leonidas,
 That leader of renown,
Fell, and gave up the ghost,
 As the red sun went down!

(*Copyright—contributed.*)

THE SLAVE TRADE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable traffic. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the

disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice dwells, and over whom neither the fear of God, nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the Government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven. If there be within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who, by stealth and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of torture. Let the spot be purified, or let cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of this voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest

upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates who ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardy industry rewards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to these shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

THE PERI AND THE MERCHANT'S SON.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

PERIES and Deeves they take their place
Amid the ancient fairy race;
The first are radiant as the sun,
And beautiful to look upon;
Their skin is whiter than the snow
Before it falls to earth below;
Their eyes are made of heaven's own blue,
And shine as heaven's own planets do;
Their necks are wonderfully fair,
Though hidden by the wealth of hair
That floats just like a golden cloud
  That's tinted by the sun's first ray,
Or, like a rippling wave, allowed
  In every passing beam to play;

Their cheeks have just the same pink tint
  That gems the rose-lips of the shell;
Their lips, half-parted, only hint
  The hidden pearls that 'neath them dwell;
And they've a raiment of their own,
  More radiant, beautiful, and bright,
Than any now to mortals known;
  Like silver wove with streaks of light,
And from their polished shoulders spring
  A gauze-like, pearly filament,
Which they can close, or like a wing
  Spread to the glorious firmament;
And they, of old, were often seen
To hover earth and heaven between,
Or by the margin of the lake
On earthly ground their paths to take,
Then hide in realms unknown to man,
The fairy homes of Jinnestân,
Where fairy castles, built in air,
Like ships go floating here and there,
Only these fairy homes abide
In space, and know not wind nor tide.

The Deeves they never seek the skies,
But are the Peries' enemies;
And, when they meet on earthly ground,
At war with them are ever found.
The Deeves are hideous to the sight,
And envious of the Peries bright,
And when their enemies they seize,
They hang them on the highest trees
In iron cages, bolted fast,
The prey to every chilling blast:
Round these their sister Peries brood,
And bring to them the choicest food,
The sweet musk-rose's rich perfume,
But ne'er can they escape their doom.

It happened once three Peries strayed
  (Three Peries doomed on earth to stay,

For they had not their queen obeyed)
 To where a mortal sleeping lay;
A form he had of noble mien,
 A youth but twenty summers old,—
So strange a sight they ne'er had seen,
 For Peries may not man behold,
Except, as 'twas these Peries' fate,
When banished from the fairy state.

The youth had left his native town
(His sire a merchant of renown,
Known for a just and thriving man
Through all the realm of Hindostan),
Some trifling fault to expiate,
And banished thus his father's gate,
His home, his kinsmen, and his friends,
Till he should truly make amends.
And he had wandered far away,
And travelled since the break of day,
'Till faint and weary he became,
 And glad of any place of rest,
Where he could sit and hide his shame.
 Far from the road the traveller prest;
And so, beside the cooling stream
He lay him down to sleep and dream.
And when the Peries found him there
His brow had not a trace of care,
For blessed sleep oblivion brings,
And peace and healing on her wings;
And ever as the eyelids close
She fans them into sweet repose,
Or hovers lightly round and round,
And he her healing influence found;
But when he woke to light and air
And saw that radiant vision there,
He deemed that he was sleeping still,
 So fair to him the Peries seemed,
Those lovely ladies of the hill,
 Fairer than all he'd ever dreamed.

The Peries knew the Deeves were near,
  And they were frightened to depart,—
Else had they not in mortal ear
  Pour'd their lament to touch his heart;
But well they knew no Deeves would come
So near the paths where mortals roam,
And him they asked by them to stay
'Till night should warn their foes away,
Or they could glide unheard, unseen,
To seek some far-off fairy green.
The youth replied, with silvery tongue,
"Oh! maidens bright and fair and young,
Let me your wandering steps attend,
Your knight, your guardian, and your friend;
I have no home, alone I stray
A cruel father to obey,
My birth-right to myself belongs,
But you shall teach me fairy songs,
And all of earth I'll freely yield
So that by you to me revealed
The spell of Earth to set me free,
That I may live and die with thee,
That I may dwell with forms so fair,
May soar with thee the upper air,
And all your dear enchantments know,
For this I would the world forego."

Then said the fairest of the three,
"No, stranger, no! that cannot be;
Though we awhile on Earth may dwell,
A mortal may not know the spell
By which the Peri may assume
Her shape, her being and her doom—
For we have troubles, we have care,
Else had no foe been lingering there."
With this she pointed far away
Where hideous Deeves in ambush lay,
To catch, in an unguarded hour,
And get the Peries in their power.

Then said the youth, whom passion fired,
" Since 'tis not as I first desired,
I'll take, though weal or woe betide,
Thee, fairest maiden, for my bride."
With that he seized her by the wings,
  When lo! they came off in his hand,
And, as he back in rapture springs,
  He sees a mortal near him stand:
The Peri, beauteous as before,
But not with the same smile she wore.
The radiant glow had left no trace,
The strain of earth was on her face.
" Oh! give me, give me back my wings,
  Or I shall pine and I shall die,
For even yet my spirit clings
  To my dear sisters of the sky;
I long to join them in the halls
Where they will meet when twilight falls,
But of my Peri wings bereft
On earth I am for ever left."
Then said the youth, " I'd have it so,
You to my father's house shall go,
And I will say how did betide
The chance that gave to me a bride—
A bride more beauteous, bright, and fair
Than mortal ever home did bear;
And I'll to thee be kind and true,
And never thou this day shalt rue.
I'll keep thy wings, and should'st thou say
In time, you wish to fly away,
Then freely will I them restore."
The trembling Peri said no more;
But loudly wailed her sisters two,
When they her fate and future knew;
In vain the stranger they implored
Her wings might be to her restored.
He answered but " Adieu—adieu,"
As from him, weeping, then they flew.

The merchant's son took home his bride,
And grace was not to him denied;
His father thought her wondrous fair
And gave them of his wealth a share.
And soon her past life she forgot,
And seemed contented with her lot;
Her husband bought her raiment, rare,
Such as a Sultan's bride might wear,
And she had slaves at her command,
And serving maidens, too, at hand;
And every day she might be seen
Within her stately palanquin.
He built her, too, a palace rare,
And amber-scented baths were there—
And every luxury that wealth
Could buy for ease, or state, or health;
And love beside at last she felt,
Love that from pity first did melt;
For could she see him true and fond
And never feel her heart respond?
She loved him. Yes! and oft would say
She never did, could, rue the day
He found her by those cooling springs,
And, she forgave him—stole her wings.

Thus time passed on, the merchant's son,
The merchant's earthly race now run,
Succeeded to his rich bazaar,
And sent out caravans afar,
And traded with the Franks, and those
 Whose banners proudly were unfurled
Where'er the red sun set or rose:
 The merchant princes of the world.
But scarce ten years had passed away
 A cloud came o'er the merchant's brow,
Some creditors had failed to pay,
 And he must be long absent now;

Affairs of import bade him go
And trust the wild wave's treacherous flow.
So to a nurse of threescore years
  Must he entrust his beauteous wife.
He told her of his hopes and fears,
  And bade her guard her as her life;
And they were parted—sad indeed
The parting—but in direst need.
The Peri-bride secluded lived,
  And long her absent lord she mourned,
And well to keep her heart up strived;
  And still to make complaint she scorned,
Though many a weary, weary day
Passed o'er, her husband still away.
The nurse, as oft will nurses old,
Full many a tale and legend told
To keep her mistress dear amused,
Though never she her trust abused,
'Till one day—'twas to soothe her care—
She told her "She was passing fair,
And that she'd often wonder'd how
She kept the wrinkles from her brow,
And held her seeming youth so long,
And still appeared so fair and strong,
More like a girl of tender years
Than one beset with doubt and fears."
The Peri-wife she blushed deep red;
Then, whispering to the nurse, she said,
"Fetch me that pair of fragile wings,
Locked up with Selim's choicest things;
I know he left with you the key—
Just for a minute, you shall see
How I those fairy things could wear,
For oft I've longed for such a pair,
And then you'll see how I shall look."
The curious nurse her way she took
And found, suspecting nothing wrong,
  The pair of wings, as she'd been told.
The wings that had been hidden long,

Forgotten since the days of old.
Then sighed the Peri-wife, as though
She wished those wings had been destroyed;
And then came back the long ago,
And with them still she played and toyed;
And then she flung her hands behind
And tried if she again could bind
The wings upon their former place.
Then came a shudder o'er her face,
For she had fixed them firmly there—
She could not from her shoulders tear
Those wings, though it was grief and pain
To feel a Peri once again,
To know she must rejoin her race
And leave behind no sign nor trace.

The nurse looked on in dread to trace
The strange, wild glow light up her face.
She shook, she trembled—then she flew,
When went her charge she never knew—
She sought at night her chamber-door,
But saw her master's bride no more.

The merchant but returned to find
A lonely home—his treasure fled;
And long, with overburdened mind,
He wished that he himself were dead.
But he had bowed to beauty's power,
Forgetting there's a higher dower
A gift of goodness—grace of mind,
And many a holier spell to bind
Two wedded hearts in wedded love,
Rare gifts, than beauty, far above;
Strong, perfect, true, domestic ties
That fix the heart, not charm the eyes,
That strengthen, ripen, ne'er grow cold,
That keep the heart from growing old,
That never from the bosom start,
Enduring till from life we part.

(*Copyright.*)

TOLD AT THE INN.

William K. Sawyer.

The locks of age are thin and frayed,
Even the eyes of age will fade,
Will pale in hue as they fail in sight,
But his were keen with an ominous light,—
That gaunt old man's, as he drew to his side
The blossom of beauty, his two months' bride.

"Darling!" he called her, "heart's desire!"
But her eyes met his with a glimmering fire,
Wherein nor passion nor fervour wrought
But the fitful gleam of a growing thought
Which yet to her heart she scarce would own,
Which yet to his heart was all unknown.

"I will love him, this gaunt old man,
I will love him all that I can,
My soul will strengthen in trial," she mused,
But his jealous passion her thought abused.—
"It is a young and frivolous thing
Would love a bird for the hue of its wing.

"Youth is well, and beauty is well,
But beauty and youth may nought excel?
What! is it nothing, the love of age,
Is the heart of a man so poor a gage?
Can nothing the love of a maid bespeak
But a milky skin and a rose in the cheek?"

Time flowed on as time will flow,
Her cheek grew whiter than falling snow:
"I have loved him, this gaunt old man,
I have loved him all that I can,
But my heart is breaking." So she spake,
And the heart of the young is not hard to break.

"She is fast changing. Day by day
The bloom of her beauty is swept away,

The light has died out of those eyes of blue:
Her hand is so thin the sun shines through.
What is this love, this power of might
That thus can the young and the old unite?

"How does it chance that line by line,
Her being is changed to the like of mine,
Or I grow younger as she matures?
How comes it that as our love endures,
We near and near, 'till when all is done
My age and her youth will seem as one?"

Sun-ripen'd roses clustering made
Round the window an odorous shade:
She beneath it wasted to naught,
He beside her, buried in thought,
"I have aged in a year," sighed she:
"She is older than I," thought he.

"I did not dream that one little year
Would bring her youth and my age so near;
I could but hope that time would show
How pure was the love my heart could know,—
Love wherein passion played no part:
Born of the reason, not of the heart.

"Then I had said to her, 'Wife of mine,
Youth to youth will ever incline:
For youth is foolish and judges by
The credulous heart and seeking eye;
But age is wiser.'" A sigh, a moan,
She had dropped to his feet a stone!

She a stone at his feet was laid,
Over her face the rose-shadows play'd,
In her eyes no fire, on her lips no red,
"God! I have killed her! She is dead!"
Dead? Yes: gone was her latest breath—
There was no end for such love but death.

(*By permission of the Author. From "Ten Miles from Town."*)

WEALTH *versus* ENJOYMENT.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[Jeremy Taylor was a learned and pious divine, born in 1613, at Cambridge. He attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, who made him his chaplain, and presented him with the rectorship of Uppingham. In 1642 he was created D.D., having already become chaplain in ordinary to Charles I. During the Commonwealth he retired into Wales, where he was kindly received by the Earl of Carbery, under whose protection he continued to exercise his ministry, and keep a school. In this retirement he wrote those fervent and thoughtful discourses which have rendered him one of the first writers in the English language. He was twice imprisoned by the Republican Government; but at the restoration he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, and Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1667.]

SUPPOSE a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets? It is a bubble and a phantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use; a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig; and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get; all the shell-fishes that produce pearls, produce them not for him; and the bowels of the earth hide their treasures in undiscovered retirements; so that it will signify as much to this great proprietor, to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the air: he is so far from possessing all its riches, that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of its minerals.

I consider that he who is the greatest possessor in the world, enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in

common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun, and set one little star in his cabinet for his own use, or secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields—all that he that wears them enjoys, is that they keep him warm, and clean, and modest: and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders: the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy its own beauties, but by reflection. It is I that am pleased with beholding his gaiety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery, is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight: so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in Cæsar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord; and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Cæsar's: the birds made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason and upon the same perception as the prince himself; save only that Cæsar paid, for all that pleasure, vast sums of money, the blood and treasure of a province, which the poor man had for nothing.

And so it is if the whole world should be given to any man. He knows not what to do with it; he can use no more but according to the capacities of a man;

he can use nothing but meat, and drink, and clothes. He to whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister must have new capacities created in him; he needs the understanding of an angel to take the accounts of his estate; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave, for else he can eat no more than one of his healthful subjects; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one of the orbs of heaven,—the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon a heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels, better than which, there is no man that sees at all, but sees every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's, or a woman's, or a hawk's eye, is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown. Understanding and knowledge are the greatest instruments of pleasure; and he that is most knowing hath a capacity to become happy, which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not; and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure rightly who rightly understand the nature, and degrees, and essences, and ends of things; yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world: so that the relish, which could not be great but in a great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time: the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;

The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed—
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

THE FALCON.

Boccaccio.

[Giovanni Boccaccio, the celebrated Italian writer, whose fanciful tales, evincing the most lively imagination, and pregnant with tenderness of expression and warmth of feeling, have supplied themes for so many writers who came after him, was born at Paris in 1313. He was the son of a Florentine merchant, and the friend of Petrarch. His principal work is "The Decameron." Died 1375.]

There lived in Florence a young man, called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents. But the lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed upon to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was however the finest in the world. When he found it impossible therefore to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favours of any one, he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time, that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country (as our custom usually is), at a villa in the neighbourhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight

in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother, who doated upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed, that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support? Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed! she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow, and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy, that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden; when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in any easy

way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, Madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host, is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the labourer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught him; and it thus happened that he had nothing in the house with which he could honourably entertain the lady, for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own labourer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the ante-chamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendour; and everything being ready, he returned to the garden to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to table with Federigo, and ate the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life, and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and know how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I, who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes: that gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire, that unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shown in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving."

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favourite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said, "Since it first pleased heaven, madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask

a favour which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing. The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honour you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said this, he showed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady had heard and seen these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman, but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honourable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honour. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with

all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

CUNNING TOM AND THE LEPRECHAUN.

(*Versified from Thomas Keightley.*)

BY THE EDITOR.

Leprechaun—an Irish Fairy, keeper of the hidden treasure—
 Thus described within the pages of the famed historian Keightley;
He who wrote about the Dwarfs, he who toiled with so much pleasure,
 Storing up each lay and legend of the Fays and Goblins sprightly;
He who brought to light the lore of the Elves of Scandinavia,
 The Nixes and the Kobolds, and the fairies without number,—
Of their trixy doings telling—of their lives and their behaviour
 Making record and embalming in the pages where they slumber
Till awakened into being by the fancy of the reader,—
 Who can picture what they were and can almost seem to see them,—
He who loved the fairy creed and for it became a pleader,
 Till of wishing ill to mortals we at last agreed to free them,
For he told us that they worked not without meaning, nor in blindness,
 But loved cleanliness and honesty, and truth alone rewarded;
That they punished only evil ways and even those in kindness;

This the moral by the record of their mystic rites
afforded.
Listen then unto the story of the Leprechaun, a Fairy,
Told in prose by honest Keightley, which in rhyme
we'll strive to vary.

A good-looking boy—of the county of Clare,
One Thomas Fitzpatrick by name,
Had often been heard to lament and declare
That to live, and die, poor, was a shame.

Yet Tom was long known to be lazy—a loon
Who still for the future would wait,
There was not another left off work so soon,
Nor one that began work so late.

But still he cried out how he little had got,
And how he should like to have more ;—
He might have been rich, but if work he would not,
How was he to add to his store ?

Now Tom of the Leprechaun often had heard,
And vowed that he thought he could match him ;
But in order to make Tom as good as his word,
It was requisite first—he should catch him.

He thought could he into his power once get,
That Hop-o'-my-Thumb of a Fairy,
He than all his neighbours might richer be yet,
And live like a nobleman—rarely.

"For," thus argued Tom, "I am stronger than he,
So he must do just as he's bidden ;
I'll make him confess, when I catch him, to me,
The spot where the treasure lies hidden.

"I know in the wars, when stern Strongbow the Bold,
His heroes led over the field,
That the people were frightened and buried their gold,
And to me he the treasure shall yield."

So play, but not work, was Tom's motto, but still
No Leprechaun came to his aid,
His fortune to make and his wishes fulfil,
Though he'd bought a new pickaxe and spade.

At last, one fine day, as he strolled by himself,
As he did, the most selfish of rogues,
He spied in a field the identical elf—
The Leprechaun—making of brogues.

For fairies, you know, have full often a trade,
And work for each other like brothers,
And this Leprechaun, fairy boots and shoes made,
For the use and the wear of the others.

His form was the form of a little old man,
And he sat on a small wooden stool,
With a little brown pitcher, from which he began
To drink something pleasant and cool.

A little cocked hat stuck atop of his head,
He'd a neat little apron of leather;
He'd a lapstone, a hammer, and bristles and thread,
And a cobbler he looked altogether.

He didn't see Tom, as he slyly crept near,
For he was not given to shirking,
But he knocked at his heel-piece, then pulled at his beer,
And so kept on drinking and working.

Said Tom to himself, "Sure my fortune is made!
And only to think of the size of him;
The only way now to secure them, 'tis said,
Is never to take once one's eyes off 'em."

So Tom shifted round till he got to his back,
And then he sat down by the side of him,
And then on the pitcher he seized in a crack,
But would not drink at all for the pride of him.

"You're welcome to taste it," the Leprechaun cried,
  Tom thought there might be something queer in it,
He'd heard folks who drank with fairies had died.
  The Leprechaun said, "Sure, it's beer in it."

"It's beer!" exclaimed Tom, "when there's never a shop,
  For miles and miles round to be buying it;
No, no, Master Fairy, I'll not touch a drop,
  So your joke upon me don't be trying it."

"It's no joke at all," said the cobbler, "I work,
  And so earn a right to the drink of it—"
Then he hammered away at his shoe like a Turk,
  "Tut, man, drink—and just say what you think of it."

"I'd drink fast enough," replied Tom, "were I sure
  It contained not some fairy ingredient."
Quoth the fairy, "It's brewed from the heather, it's pure."
  Quoth Tom, "I don't think it expedient."

"Why, then," said the fairy, "you'd better go home,
  My time here you only are hindering;
Get out of my workshop." "Your workshop?" cried Tom,
  "Why it's got ne'er a door nor a window in."

The fairy grew wrath at Tom's treating him so,
  Tom, by looking so long, felt a dizziness,
Which greatly increased when the fairy said "Go,
  You had much better mind your own business."

"There's your father's old cow has broke into the oats,
  And the pig it is knocking the corn about,
The dog's in the house, and is tearing your coats,
  And the cat all her kittens has borne about."

Then Tom, nearly losing his presence of mind,
On thinking of home and the state of it,
He just on the point was of looking behind,
When the fairy 'd have beat a retreat of it.

But he thought, "If I once take my eyes off the elf,
I shall never be able to dab at him,
He'll be off in a crack, taking care of himself—"
And so, suddenly, Tom made a grab at him.

No chance had the Leprechaun then to escape,
In cunning Tom proved far the quicker,
But he, in his hurry the fairy to take,
Kicked the pitcher, and upset the liquor.

The Leprechaun said, "What a folly is this?
To see how good liquor is wasted;
Some day you'll regret such a chance you miss,
And that fairy-beer you never tasted."

But Tom had him firm in his grasp, and he said,
As his hold on the fairy he tightened,
"I'm master here now, and am not to be led,
Nor be by a Leprechaun frightened;

"So speak—or I'll break every bone in your skin—
Where am I to dig for the treasure?
No fencing the question—I want to begin;"
Said the fairy, "I'll tell you with pleasure.

"About four fields off there's a large crock of gold,
And there it's been hidden for ages;—
And now, Master Tom, wont you slacken your hold?
Surely the labourer's worthy his wages."

"I'm not such a fool as to trust you," said Tom,
"Your cunning would mine soon beat hollow,
So show me the place—me you do not stir from;—
Which way?—I am ready to follow."

The Leprechaun saw he'd no chance—on they went,
But he led Tom through bogs and through ditches,
No doubt out of spite, but still Tom was content,
For he only could think of his riches.

At last they arrived at a field of tall wheat,
Said the Leprechaun, "You'd never guess it,
The gold that you seek lies right under your feet,
You have only to dig and possess it."

But there was not a landmark to mark out the spot,
Not even a tree nor a hovel,
And Tom recollected that with him he'd not
His pickaxe, his spade, nor his shovel.

He knew that the Leprechaun wouldn't stay there
Till he could go home and procure them,
And his thoughts that the treasure he still might not share,
Were so bitter, he scarce could endure them.

The Leprechaun laughed, and cried, "Tom, work away,
And I will stand by just to view you,
There's gold to be got that will labour repay;
When you get it—much good may it do you."

A thought then rushed right into cunning Tom's head,
Quoth he, "I am not to be beat here!"
Then he took off his garter, of ribbon, bright red,
Which he carefully tied to a wheat ear.

"It's all right," he said, "I shall now know the place,"—
And he felt once again quite light-hearted;—
"Well, good by t'ye Tom, since the spot you can trace,"
Said the Leprechaun;—then he departed.

Tom jumped over ditches, Tom ran o'er each field,
For the thoughts of his wealth made him bolder;
From his father and mother his luck he concealed,
When he got home, his pickaxe to shoulder.

He stayed not a moment—he took up his tools,
And back to the wheat field he hurried;
He thought all the world but himself must be fools,
To work while such treasure lied buried.

He got near the field—Yes! it must be the same—
For a thousand his chance he'd not barter,
But when he right up to it suddenly came,
Every wheat-ear had on a red garter!

"Lord have mercy!" cried Tom, "why I can't dig all this!
The field fifty acres has in it,
It would take me a lifetime, and then I might miss—
And how'd I know where to begin it?

"That dirty ould blackguard has cheated me still,
It's I am the biggest of martyrs!"
And now, when the poppies the growing crops fill,
They call them there—CUNNING TOM'S GARTERS.

Thus Tom he went home again just as he came,
And all his relations and brothers,
They told him he only himself had to blame
For coveting that which was others;

Because if the treasure had really been there,
Though the Leprechaun might be the donor,
Tom's duty was plainly the find to declare,
And to see if there might be an owner.

He never went looking for fairies again,
His proper employment thus shirking;
And when he, at last, some few guineas did gain,
He was proud to confess 'twas by working.

Our tale has a moral—all fairy tales have—
  And 'tis this—If you'd wealth be possessing,
The gold that is worked for, to spend or to save,
  Will prove in the end the best blessing.

(*Copyright.*)

THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
  From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
  In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
  The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest, on their mother's breast,
  As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
  And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
  And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
  And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night, 'tis my pillow white
  While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
  Lightning, my pilot, sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder
  It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
  This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii they move
  In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
  Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream
  The spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
  Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
  And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
  When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
  Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
  In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
  Its ardours of rest and of love;
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
  From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
  As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn;
And, wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer:
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

CORPORAL CRUMP'S NARRATIVE.

JOHN MILLS.

Author of "The Belle of the Village," "Old English Gentleman," and other popular novels.

"I'M not going," said Corporal Crump, "to give ye the particulars of my own life, only in so far as they may be considered part and parcel of the history of my betters, although, if I just break ground by saying that, in the words of the song,—

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower do hum;
Soldiers marching, passing gay,
The village all flew to the sound of the drum;'

and that I was one of them, it will but be beginning the story at the right end. The fife and the drum, comrade, cockade and streamers, were too tempting for a farmer's boy on the sunny side of twenty, and, half afraid of my own act and deed, I took the shilling, and became one of my country's noble defenders, and full private on full pay. At the time of my enlisting, the whole of the continent was bristling with bayonets, and the French were spreading more mischief throughout the countries they had overrun, than the devil himself in a gale of wind.

"As soon as I could be drilled into something like a soldier, and before I knew the difference between a sergeant's stripe and a corporal's, I was marched off for Spain, where I soon learned what was parade, and the gold and gammon of the profession, and the real downright hard knocks of active service.

"Rumours, which kept our officers always on the alert, marching, counter-marching, fatigue, heat, thirst, short rations, and bad food, were now the order of the day, and my feelings were particularly similar to those of a young lady of my acquaintance, who fell in love with a scarlet coat at a fair, and found the colour a deal faded when her eyes became more familiar to it in the barrack-yard.

"The particular event, however, with which I have to deal, took place in Brussels just previous to the battle of Waterloo; a battle, comrade," continued the old soldier, pointing to the white seam running like the line of a map across his countenance, "wherein I got this brand. It was cut with something heavier than a pen-knife, and there was will and power in the elbow."

Jacob Giles stooped forward, and examined the mark with apparently greater interest than he had yet felt when his eyes rested upon the blemish.

"I must now tell you that attached to our corps was a young officer of the name of Somerset. I never knew how it was, but although he wore epaulettes, and I, as yet, had not my stripes, there was a goodwill,

and, if I may so call it, kind of understanding between us, which may be formed between one in the ranks, and those above him, without either being forgetful of his duty, line, or position.

"Like the greater number of lieutenants attached to marching regiments, and poor chaplains without hope of promotion, Lieutenant Somerset was married. They all do. It's consti*too*-tional, I suppose," said the old soldier, with emphasis; "but the poorer a man is, the younger he marries, and the more children he has. Somehow, too, his wife is sure to be a delicate creetur, with calico hands, pretty face, and one of eight or ten. I've seen it so, over and over twenty times told, in *my* life, and shall again, if ever I look for anything so common.

"Having been in garrison during the winter and spring, and occupying the private post of the lieutenant's own servant, there was plenty of time and opportunity to note down trifles which otherwise might have escaped my attention. Now, it occurred to me, one morning, upon seeing the lieutenant's wife stitching away at as small a piece of dimity as was ever cut in the shape of a night-cap, that it couldn't be for herself, as her husband couldn't have got his fist into it, I concluded that the design wasn't for him. And yet what wonderful pleasure both seemed to take in that little bit of dimity! I think I see 'm now," said the corporal, casting his eyes upwards, "at this very moment, sitting close together, like a couple of love birds. Her needle and thread are plying away at the little bit of dimity, and he's got an arm round her taper waist, now and then whispering something which makes her face mantle like a rose. Hah!" sighed the old soldier, "our happiest moments are often set on hair triggers!"

Jacob's bosom heaved a responsive sigh, but he ventured nothing further to interrupt the tale.

"As it is well known," resumed the narrator, "the Duke and our principal officers were shaking their heels at a ball when Blucher's despatch arrived, notify-

ing that the French had crossed the Sambre, and were marching towards Charleroi and Fleurus. By dad, sir, but it put a halt to dancing! The tune was changed for another sort in about the quickest movement that was ever made by fiddlers. Drums beat, bugles sounded, and in a few ticks of the clock, the streets were lined with troops, pouring forth from houses, hay-lofts, cellars, stables, and every nook and corner forming the good and bad, rough-and-ready quarters of our men.

"Our corps were among the first to muster, and before the word was given to march, every man belonging to it was present, save—*one.*"

Corporal Crump rested here, and raising a forefinger, as if to call his auditors' especial attention, slowly repeated the words—"every man belonging to it was present, save—*one.*

"The distance between Brussels and Quarter Bras is over twenty miles, and before eight o'clock the cavalry, artillery, infantry, and waggon train were on the march. By two in the afternoon, the fifth division, of which we formed a part, commanded by Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at Quarter Bras, and as we came up, and were forming into line, a body of French lancers charged, and thrust many a brave fellow's soul from earth to heaven.

"The fields of rye, growing almost to our shoulders, offered considerable hindrance to infantry movements, and the flights of the enemy's cavalry often swept down upon the columns, and cut them into pieces before they could form into square. But let a square be once formed," said Corporal Crump, and the old soldier's eyes glistened as he spoke, "and they might as well have charged the solid rock.

"As soon as it was possible, we formed in square, but in doing which two companies were left out, and we had to see them butchered almost to a man, before our eyes, while each struggled like a lion to the last.

"For nearly two hours we fought with fearful odds

against us; but fresh troops coming up from their different cantonments, not only enabled us to keep our position, but, at last, to drive back the enemy from the ground they had occupied during a part of the day. Fatigue prevented the infantry from pursuing them, and the cavalry not arriving till night-fall, the action was brought to an end just as darkness fell around us.

"But what *am* I about?" said Corporal Crump, drawing a hand quickly across his brow, as if dust or cobwebs had suddenly accumulated in the vicinity. "Here we are, in the field, instead of sticking to the nursery."

"Being in the field," returned the little general shopkeeper, warming on the subject, like a steak on the gridiron, "let us keep there, warrior! I love," continued Jacob, with a convulsive snort and wild flourish of the arms, "to hearken to battles lost and won. It fires my spirit, and makes me feel that, once upon a time, I myself could have fired a gun."

"In that case," added his martial companion, "we'll fight on, and finish what I've scarce begun. Fill my glass, comrade," continued he, pushing the now empty vessel, with a jerk, across the table, "I can't croak with a dry thorax.

"After a wet and stormy night, the morning broke, finding but few of our eyes shut, I ween, and from where we were posted we could see the immense masses of the French, both cavalry and infantry, moving in every direction. Bonaparte had ordered all his columns from the rear, for an immediate attack, and the strongest occupied the two wings, and particularly the right.

"About eleven o'clock the battle began in earnest, by Jerome's division advancing upon Hougoumont. There had been some skirmishing during the morning; but I date the commencement from the attack on this post. The garrison did not number more than fifteen hundred men, against whom the enemy directed the

whole second corps in successive attacks throughout the day. The light companies of the Coldstreams and third Guards were in the house and garden, and those of the first regiment in the wood to the left.

"The French covered their approach by a tremendous cross-fire of artillery, which was well and quickly answered by our guns, and our men firing from loop-holes bored in the garden wall, did immense execution, without suffering a corresponding loss. During the fight a French officer and some men got inside the gate of the farm-yard, and Colonel Macdonald, by sheer strength, closed it upon them, and joined hand to hand in cutting them down. Nothing could exceed the courage of the enemy, save that, perhaps, by which they were repulsed. In heaps they fell, and yet there was no hesitation to repeat the sallies, although they moved over hillocks of the dying and the dead.

"Finding it impossible to dislodge us in this way, shells were fired upon the post, and one striking a tower, set it in flames, and quickly spreading to other parts of the building, it soon became untenable, although the Guards remained in their entrenchment, while the fire raged fiercely above their heads. Whatever may have been said or written, Hougoumont was never taken nor abandoned throughout the day.

"This attack cost the French little short of ten thousand men, and, although our loss was small in comparison to theirs, two-thirds of our men fell."

Corporal Crump again came to a check in his narrative, and seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the deep sip which he took from his glass, and the knowledge of possessing a silent and interested listener.

"While this diversion was going on," continued the old soldier, with a smack of his lips which sounded not unlike the explosion of a percussion cap, "a cannonade from more than two hundred pieces of artillery was being poured upon our whole line, intended to support their repeated charges of cavalry and infantry. They

never let us alone; but sometimes with the infantry, and sometimes with both together, we were constantly employed with as much work as we well could manage, and now and then, perhaps, a little more.

"To receive these, we were drawn up in nearly solid squares, each being several files deep. Enough space was given between the squares to deploy into line when occasion required; while a third square in the rear of those that were parallel, presented a front to the enemy's cavalry, as often as they pushed beyond them, being thus exposed to a triple fire. In this order, with the artillery playing upon the French columns as they advanced, and the cavalry in reserve, ready to sweep forward when opportunities occurred, our men stood like solid walls. Throughout the whole of that fight the attack and defence were the same. They continued to rush upon our front, we to receive and beat them back. Again and again did we throw ourselves flat on the ground, to let the storm of shot rattle over us; then, with scarcely time to rise, formed into square to receive cavalry. Up they came, sometimes firing their pistols close to our faces, and then wheeling round, would often go off, laughing, at a gentle trot. As soon as they were driven back, we deployed into line to await the approach of infantry; and these formed the principal, if not the whole manœuvres of the day.

"It was sorely trying to our men to await the charges of the enemy, hour after hour, each square standing on its appointed ground, and as the gaps were made in the front ranks, for others to step forward to supply their places, only to meet with the same fate. It was almost more than could be expected from any mortal troops; for it is one thing to rush for'ard cheering and shouting in a charge, and quite another to receive it in cold blood, with your comrades dropping around ye like hail. As an instance of what British soldiers can take, as well as give, I may mention that the twenty-seventh regiment had four hundred men and every officer, except one subaltern, knocked over in square, neither

moving an inch nor pulling a trigger. Many a chicken heart can be roused to do a bold act; but the true courage of a soldier shows itself in deeds such as these.

"Three great attacks—each of them a battle in itself—had now been made, when the advanced column of the Prussians, emerging from the wood of Frischermont, must have proved anything but a refreshing sight to Bonaparte. In the hope, however, of turning the fortunes of the day before these could come up, fresh bodies of infantry and cavalry were advanced, under cover of a heavy cannonade, against our centre, and upon our right, while our left was only so much engaged as to prevent it from detaching reinforcements. This effort to force the British position was the fiercest yet made. For a moment the cavalry were driven back, and the advanced artillery taken, but rallying again, they charged into the very centre of the enemy's columns, and cut several battalions to pieces.

"It was none o' your pull trigger, fire-away, now hit, now miss, kind of work; but close, hand to hand, man to man fighting, so as you might tell whether your enemy's breath was flavoured with garlic or parsley.

"For above an hour this struggle lasted, extending, as it did, along nearly the whole line; but after a slaughter of thousands the enemy found it impossible to make any impression upon us, and again fell back. Evening was now coming on, and just as the French were repulsed in this their fourth great attack, the operations of the Prussians began upon their right flank and rear.

"I need scarcely say with what joy we received this well-timed reinforcement; for although, as the Duke often declared, he never doubted for an instant the issue of the battle throughout the day, yet, depending upon this support, and its being delayed for hours beyond the time expected, he might well exclaim, as an aide-de-camp galloped up and told him that a particular

division was reduced to one-third, 'Would to God that night or Blucher were come!'

"The left wing of the Prussians advanced separately, and commenced a furious attack with six battalions upon the village of Planchenoit, in the rear of the French. Here several bloody charges were made; but the post was maintained in spite of every exertion to take it.

"It was now a critical moment for Bonaparte, and he saw that but one more chance remained on the die. A fourth column of attack was formed, almost entirely composed of his Guard, which he conducted in person. Upon reaching the middle of the slope, he ordered Ney to lead them on, and they were supported, as before, by heavy and well-served discharges of artillery.

"Our battalions of the Guards advanced in line nearly to the brow of the hill, and receiving orders to lie down and shelter themselves from the storm of shot, the Duke took his station behind them, to watch for the moment when they might spring up, and, in their turn, spring upon the enemy.

"The Imperial Guard—those fine old veterans whom all Europe acknowledged to be worthy of the title of Invincible—marched towards the ridge without a waver or a flinch, although whole files were knocked over from a galling fire from our right, the guns being served with wonderful precision. Nothing, however, stopped, or even checked, their advance. On they came, and just as their heads tipped above the summit of the hill, that order was given, which still warms many an old soldier's breast—'Up, Guards, and at 'em again!'

"Then such a volley was poured into their ranks, into their very faces—with our muzzles almost crossing—which made them stagger again. And then, moved as one man, our brave fellows rushed for'ard at the point o' the bayonet, with a hurrah which seemed to quail the enemy; and, without waiting to receive the charge, they turned and runned away. Ay, comrade,"

said Corporal Crump, bringing' the palm of his dexter hand violently upon the mahogany table, to the imminent risk of the glass and spoon, which jumped, jingled, and reeled upon its surface, "they turned and runned away!"

The little general shopkeeper repeated the words to himself in a whisper, and, after a moment's cogitation, came to the conclusion that he should have acted in a corresponding manner, under corresponding circumstances.

"In less than a brace of minutes," resumed the corporal, "three hundred had fallen; while the Duke, leading up the forty-second and ninety-fifth, took them in flank. This attack was made with what was called the Middle Guard, and the track of the flying column might be seen by the dying and the dead. Marshal Ney's horse was soon shot under him, but sword in hand, he tried to rally the panic-stricken troops, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. All he could do, however, was useless. The advanced corps, falling back in disorder upon the Old Guard, who were in reserve at the bottom of the slope, the whole became in confusion, and each began to think of escape in preference to duty, order, and discipline.

"An opportunity now offered for our cavalry to act, and for'ard they swept into the midst of the French ranks, giving them as liberal allowance of cold steel, as willing hands and trusty sabres could inflict. Some battalions of the Old Guard formed themselves into squares, and endeavoured to cover the retreat, but they were soon broken and cut to pieces by the cavalry, or hurried along with the rest. No quarter was either asked or given, and although the artillery had ceased firing, on account of the likelihood of doing as much mischief to our men as those of the enemy, yet the slaughter was no less great from the sabre and bayonet.

"Bonaparte saw that with the repulse of the Imperial Guard his last hope was gone—the right wing of his army was broken in three places, while the greatest

confusion prevailed in the rear—and that, in short, the day was lost. Fearing that Blucher would place his army in force upon the high road to Genappe, he hallooed out, 'We must save ourselves!' and setting spurs to his horse, led the way at a pace far from slow.

"The Duke, seeing the confusion in which the enemy was thrown, not only in the front by our charge, but also in the rear by the Prussians, suddenly shut up his telescope, and exclaimed, 'Now, every man must advance.'

"The order was no sooner given than executed. The whole line forming four deep, supported by the cavalry and infantry, led by the Duke, who placed himself at the head of the Foot Guards, advanced upon the confused forces of the French. The regiments on our flanks formed into squares, and accompanied the line down the slope, to protect it from cavalry, while at this moment the rays of the setting sun gleamed from behind a bank of clouds, as if to gild our triumph and our victory.

"At every point the charge was successful. The whole French army, panic-struck, hurried away in whatever direction seemed most likely to offer escape, while our men cut them down like grass before a scythe. The carnage was terrific; and as column after column, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, rolled furiously onward a sea of bodies was left in their rear.

"The Prussians in particular gave rein to their hatred, and being fresh on the field, the slaughter they committed was fearful. The pursuit continued as far as Genappe, where the Duke and Blucher met for the first time on that eventful day. Most people say and think that the place of their meeting was La Belle Alliance; but take the word of an old soldier, comrade, who was not far off, that it was Genappe, and no other. Here they decided that the Prussians should continue the pursuit alone, and considering that we had had a tolerable innings in a clear twelve hours' fight, it was not, perhaps, more than fell to their share. Right well,

however, did they perform the duty. Not a moment's repose was allowed the enemy, and during the night they were successively driven from nine bivouacs. In a few villages they tried to maintain themselves; but the sound of the trumpet and drum renewed their panic, and away they went like sheep before a pack of wolves.

"There must be an end to all things," observed the corporal, draining the last drop from his glass, by way, perhaps, of illustrating his argument, "and such was the end of the battle of Waterloo."

"Tell me," said Jacob Giles, who appeared as full of excitement as a parched pea upon a drum-head, "tell me, corporal," and he rubbed the tips of his fingers briskly as he spoke, "whether you're sure of having slayed a Frenchman with your own hands?"

"As certain as my name's Crump," rejoined the veteran, "and these," continued he, stretching out a pair of as hard, bony, uncompromising-looking hands as eyes ever beheld, "are the identical bunches of fives that did the trick."

"Let me hear all about it, corporal," returned Jacob, regarding his companion's broad palms, as they were held up for his especial notice, with a feeling akin to awe. "It makes my flesh creep; but still I derive a kind of painful pleasure in listening to horrors, accidents, and offences. I invariably," continued he, "pick 'em out as tit-bits from the newspapers."

"Well, comrade," ejaculated the old soldier, "it doesn't sound musical to chant one's own praise; but as what I'm going to tell ye takes us into Brussels, where we ought to have been (for aught I know) without fighting the battle of Waterloo over again, I'll let you into the secret of the way in which I grabbed an eagle."

"An eagle!" ejaculated the little general shopkeeper, elevating his brow and dropping his lower jaw; "an eagle, corporal!"

"Ay," returned his companion "that was the bird.

Talking, though, is dry work," and with this prefatory remark, he pointed to the exhausted goblet, as a strong hint for its prompt replenishment.

Jacob, knowing full well what the corporal's taste was, poured a large preponderating quantity of brandy to that of water into the glass.

"You guess the right measure exactly, comrade," said the corporal, smiling. "By dad, sir!" continued he, "it isn't everybody who can mix my liquor to my liking," and then with a loud, strong clearing of his voice, he again settled himself in his chair to take up the thread of his narrative.

"It was during the last charge, when we were mixed up with the enemy and driving them before us in flying and broken masses, that I caught sight of a French ensign, making off with the staff and colours of his regiment. I went at him, comrade, with a will, depend on't; but as I made my thrust at him, he turned, and, parrying it with his sword, cut at my head, leaving this pretty scar as an addition to my beauty," and as he spoke, Corporal Crump slowly traced the scar with a forefinger across his countenance.

"As one good turn deserves another," says he, "I bayoneted him now from the chin upwards, which went through his jaws, and seemed to stagger him considerably. At this moment a lancer tried to give me a taste, but missing his mark, I managed to give him a parting salute by sending a ball between his shoulders, and he dropped his lance as if at that moment it became too hot to hold. Again I closed with the ensign, who looked a terrible object as the blood gushed from his mouth and throat, and failing to turn a thrust which I made at his middle, I ran him through and dropped him without a groan. Clutching the staff from his dead, vice-like gripe, I saw to my joy that it was surmounted by an eagle—a rare prize, and to the honour of the French, be it spoken, one which was seldom allowed to fall into the hands of an enemy.

"No sooner was my trophy known to our general,

than I received orders to bear it to the rear, and many a cheer greeted my march, as I waved the blood-stained colours above my head, on my road back to Brussels.

"We have now," said Corporal Crump, "arrived by a wide circle to where our story ought to have begun.

"I had no sooner arrived in Brussels," said the corporal—"and a pretty stir the city was in, from the news of the great victory—than I went straight to the old quarters of Lieutenant Somerset; for although I had often thought both of him and his young wife since the muster on the morning of our march to Quatre Bras, I had neither seen nor heard of him. This, however, caused me little wonder, as many officers could not join their regiments before the march commenced, and were unable to find them afterwards. It has been said," continued Corporal Crump, in a confidential tone, "that a few were absent without any such excuse, and that the duke was furnished with a list of 'em; but after reading it, and jotting their names down in his memory, with the intention, doubtless, of promoting them at the first fitting opportunity, he tore the paper into remarkably small pieces, and said, 'There can be no cowards in the British army. Those who were absent from their duty require all the condolence which their friends can give them, and I'll not suppose one capable of being so, had it been possible for him to be present.'

"It was a noble way of treating the white-feathered file, but our tongues don't always express our thoughts, comrade.

"As I knocked at the door of the house, a sort of echo came from it which sounded to my ears that all was not right within. I don't know how it is, but I've heard many another old woman say, besides myself, that sorrow sends clouds before to prepare us for its coming.

"Having rapped several times, and getting no answer to the summons, I walked in to search for intelligence,

and by the dull glimmer of a lamp through the door of an apartment left ajar, I saw Lieutenant Somerset writing as fast as his pen would drive on a table before him.

"'Thank God!' exclaimed I, kicking open the door with less ceremony, perhaps, than became a private when addressing his superior officer. 'Thank God, sir, that you're safe!'

"'Safe!' he repeated, almost in a scream, as he started from his seat, and fixed his eyes, glaring like a maniac's, upon me. 'Who says I'm safe?'

"'Why, Lieutenant Somerset,' rejoined I, 'don't you know your old servant, Crump?'

"'Yes, yes,' he returned hurriedly; 'well, very well.'

"'Then speak to me, sir,' said I, 'as you used to speak. Are you ill or wounded?'

"'Wounded!' he hissed between his clenched teeth, and clasping his hands together, he wrung them till the very joints snapped. 'No, no, I am not wounded. Ha, ha, ha! I'm safe, quite safe. You say so, don't ye? Ha, ha, ha! All know I'm safe! There's not a drummer-boy in the service but will tell you so within a week,' and then he muttered an oath too strong even for me to repeat, although I've spit out my venom in that form before now, comrade, pretty round and stiff.

"Seeing that some great screw was loose, and that his state bordered on positive madness, I felt almost afraid to press him further, but he soon relieved me of the difficulty.

"'What have you there?' said he, fiercely, pointing to the staff and colours, 'and how did you get that blood on your face?'

"'This, sir,' answered I, holding them at arm's length, so as to display them the better, 'is an eagle which I took myself in a hand-to-hand fight from a French officer, and the blood's from a sabre cut which he gave me in return.'

"'Now God help me!' he cried, in a wild tone of

one goaded by despair and misery. 'And where think you I was the while?'

"'Where you've ever been, sir,' returned I, 'when duty called, at your post, if not with your corps.'

"'*Here!*' hallooed he, stamping on the floor, 'here, I tell you, here! I didn't join, Crump. What say ye to that? Ha, ha, ha!'

"His words caused a dizziness to come over me; and not being particularly fresh from the effects of my wound, hard work, and short rations, I dropped upon a chair, sick as a baby.

"'How, sir,' said I, as well as I could speak, 'did that happen?'

"With a control which he seemed suddenly to possess over himself, he drew a seat close to mine, and in a quiet manner and voice, that was only broken now and then with a kind of gasp, he replied, 'They'll try me by court-martial, I suppose, and that which I am now about telling you will be told to them. I've no defence to offer, no justification to make. The truth is an admission of my guilt.'

"He here appeared choked; but after the lapse of a few seconds, recovered his composure, and then proceeded.

"'On the night that the signal was given for us to muster, I was in bed with my wife, who, as you may know, was in the condition of an expectant mother. The roll of the drums woke me; but for a short time I could scarcely believe that the sounds were other than the effects of a dream; but the assembling of the troops, and the increasing noise and confusion, quickly convinced me of the reality of what I heard.

"'A soldier's wife knows the meaning of the sound of fife, drum, and trumpet as well as himself, and mine, starting from her sleep, exclaimed, 'That's the muster roll! What can it mean?'

"'Intelligence of the enemy's approach,' replied I, 'if I may guess the cause.'

"'But you'll not leave me now?' she rejoined, trem-

bling with fear,—'not yet! Pray do not leave me yet!'

"'Not leave you!' I returned, as I hurried on my uniform. 'And you a soldier's wife!'

"'Yes, yes,' she added, 'I know that, I know all; but'—and here bursting into tears, she twined her arms around my neck with a look so piteous, that I felt it weaken and unman me.

"'Tell me,' I rejoined, 'all you would say. The cause of our separation is irremediable, and the call peremptory; but this was long anticipated by both, and you promised, when the hour arrived, not to add to our pain by fruitless tears and supplications.'

"'Oh, do not blame me!' she exclaimed, in a fresh agony of grief. 'You little know what I now suffer. You could not chide me if you did!'

"'Perceiving the large beads of perspiration standing upon her forehead, and that she shook like one stricken with the palsy in every limb, the dreadful truth at once flashed upon my brain.

"'Forgive me if I can scarcely say what I did. I remember, or think I do, rushing wildly into the streets, and finding them blocked up with troops, artillery-waggons, and crowds of citizens. In every quarter I sought assistance; but in vain. Wives were parting from their husbands, children from their parents, friends from friends, and one and all so occupied with themselves, that none would listen to me. It might be that I was scarcely understood, for my senses seemed gone, and I returned to the chamber of my wife to find her alone and helpless in her trouble.

"'Loud, and louder yet the drums beat, and the bugles sounded to arms; but there was one sword which remained in its scabbard—and that sword was mine.

"'Do not leave me yet; pray not yet,' was the oft-repeated petition, which kept me spell-bound to the spot.

"'There was no turning from it, and there I remained, hour after hour, to watch the sufferer, and alleviate her pains.

" 'What was I to do?' said the wretched man, clasping his brow with violence. 'I could not leave her, as I thought, to die. He must be something more or less than man who could. Perhaps *I* was less; but with her, whom I swore, before my God, to honour and protect, I remained to my honour's cost and worldly ruin.

" 'Hours passed, and the spirit, fluttering on the threshold of life, was still delayed, until the mother seemed sinking from the effort to give it birth.

" 'Aid was at length obtained; but the opinion of the attendant led me to believe that I was probably witnessing the ebbing of a life more precious to me than all the world besides.

" 'Little—and but little more, perhaps, is necessary for me to say. After enduring the greatest danger, it was passed in safety; but too late for me to retrieve the momentous opportunity which had been lost. Maddened as I am at *that* thought, and knowing full well my misery will be scoffed at, I still,' continued he, weeping as I never saw a strong man weep before, 'would act again as I then did, at the peril of my eternal soul.'

"Some griefs like some wounds," said Corporal Crump, allaying a slight feeling of dust in his throat, by a seasonable appeal to his glass, "are too deep for speedy healing, and the best plan, in such cases, is to give 'em time, and let 'em alone. Seeing that I could do no good just then, and that my poor master was quite beyond all balm of comfort that *I* could render, I thought it wiser to let him be by himself a bit, and, stealing quietly out of the room, I left, on the night of the day on which the battle of Waterloo was won, as good and brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, broken-hearted that he was not there.

"I'm spinning a long yarn, comrade," said Corporal Crump. "You'll begin to grow weary of an old soldier's gabble, I fear."

"No, no," replied Jacob, administering an unusual supply of friction to the ends of his fingers, "that's im-

possible. I can listen," continued he, "for ever, and, if required, considerably longer."

"Well!" rejoined his companion, "in that case I'll proceed with my story, and arrive by easy marches at the end."

"In consequence of little attention being paid to my wound for several hours after receiving it, inflammation set in, and I was pronounced unable to join the forces which put an extinguisher upon Bonaparte's power by their prompt occupation of Paris.

"Glad of the opportunity of remaining with my poor master, who gradually sank into a dull, lifeless kind of state, from which there was no rousing him, I did my best in watching him both night and day, and easing, as far as I was able, the load of care from his sorrowful wife and young mother of his child.

"It was a hard duty; and finding I could make but little way, I thought of the chaplain's words, and prayed, in a rough kind of manner I fear, to Him who, we're told, is as ready to hearken to the private's petition as He is to the general's.

"We don't, d'ye see, comrade, always understand what's best for us; and we often want, like whining children, that which would exactly turn out to be the worst. The end of our plans and schemes often proves this to be the case; and it is not for us to think that because we are denied the things we crave, mercy is not at the root of the denial. However, I'm not A 1 at a sermon, and so here goes for another spell at the facts.

"I prayed, you must know, as a man should who prays at all—in earnest, that the lieutenant might be comforted and restored to peace of mind and contentment of heart. I asked, too, that he might keep his rank in this world, and be found among the most worthy in that to come. His wife and child were not forgotten; and I wound up with a strong hope that all three might live long and happy lives, and that I might be permitted to make a fourth in the ring.

"I didn't forget myself, comrade," said the corporal,

tapping himself significantly on the breast. "A man's a fool, sir, who forgets himself under the most pressing circumstances; and, as I've said before, the Crumps are the original blades spoken of in history as sharp, keen-set razors.

"I can't say," continued he, "that there was as favourable an answer as could be desired; for my master grew daily worse, and at last became little short of a confirmed idiot.

"Matters went on in this way for the best part of three months, when a letter with a large official seal upon it, and directed to Lieutenant Somerset, was delivered into my hands; and thinking it the wisest plan to make myself acquainted with its contents before anybody else possessed the same, I thanked the planet under which I'd been born, that I went oftener to the Sunday-school than to play pitch-and-toss on the green.

"It was merely a formal admission from head-quarters of the receipt of the resignation of the lieutenant's commission. No word alluded to his conduct; and whether an explanation accompanied it or not at the time of his sending it in, was never known from that day to this.

"It was now clear to my mind that no further notice would be taken either of him or the offence of which he had been guilty. Indeed, his situation was such that nothing could have been done by way of punishment, as the depth of misery to which he had sunk possessed no lower.

"After considering well what steps had better be taken, Mrs. Somerset determined upon returning to England; and although it's not a rule of mine to study the interests of others in preference to my own, I made up my mind to go with her, provided I could get my discharge. The war being at an end, there was not much difficulty in obtaining this; and with a pension of tenpence a day, the rank of a full corporal, and, I believe, the character of a good soldier, I quitted his

most gracious Majesty's service"—Corporal Crump brought his right hand, with a squared elbow, stiffly to his forehead, and saluted the King—" to defend and protect, instead of my country, a poor broken-down man in body and mind, a little fat ball of a female squeaker, who looked first cousin to an angel, and a good dear lady, not"—the corporal dropped his voice to a scarcely audible whisper—" not much better qualified to struggle with the world than the aforesaid sucking baby at her bosom.

" For home, or as I should say to seek one, we sailed, and, after squatting down at one place and then at another—places which the poor lieutenant knew when he was a boy—in the hope that visiting them might work a change for the better, we at last settled in a little quiet seaside nook in the west of England.

" The cottage which we occupied was a snug little box within a few yards of the shore," resumed Corporal Crump, " and either in wandering along the sands, or watching his little child play with the pebbles on the beach, the poor lieutenant's harmless life glided on with scarcely a change from one twelvemonth's end to another. He made no inquiries, rarely spoke; but would sit for hours, with his blinkless eyes fixed on vacancy, and dwelling upon one thought, the maddening misery of his brain. And so days were added to days, and, at length, years to years.

" Changes, however, slowly as they may work, are ever going on.

" One day I noticed that the lieutenant looked paler than usual, and his limbs trembled under him as he walked. The following morning he roused us all at sunrise, and begged that the curtains from the chamber windows might be withdrawn, and that the casement might be opened.

" 'Let me,' said he, 'once more see the glorious giver of life, and feel the fresh breezes of heaven play upon my brow. It does not ache now, Clara,' continued he, speaking to his wife, 'but,' and he shook his

head mournfully, "how it has throbbed for years, long years! I know all that has passed,' and as he spoke he clasped his hands together, 'a dream too frightful, and, alas! too real. The hand of affliction has been heavy upon me and upon mine, but the hour is near when our troubled hearts shall be at rest.'

"He then asked for his little child, and taking her in his arms, he looked earnestly in her face, and prayed God to bless her.

"I think I see him now, comrade," said the corporal, hastily brushing something from his cheek, "folding her to his breast, and kissing her as I'd seldom seen him do before.

"That which he said to me is not worth repeating, only that it's as well to observe that I didn't deserve one-fourth part of what his grateful soul gave vent to.

"By his wish I now led little Clara from the room, and the few remaining moments of his life were witnessed by her alone, whose broken spirit will be healed only when they are united again in heaven."

Corporal Crump's voice faltered with the conclusion of the sentence; but its steadiness of tone recovered under the influence of a timely appeal to Jacob's mixture.

"We remained at the cottage for some time after the lieutenant's death," continued he, "and it seemed a melancholy pleasure with my mistress to go almost daily to her husband's grave, in a small, out-o'-the-way churchyard close by, and planted with garden flowers. Poor thing! I'm afraid she often watered them with her tears."

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

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,

As market-days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate:
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November to October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller,
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices
The husband fra the wife despises!

But to our tale. Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right

Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white, then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—

Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:

That night a child might, understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg,)
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round with prudent care,
Lest bogles catch him unaware:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a bodle;
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light,
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance!
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast:
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd his pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted:
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stak to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd and glorious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now, Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin', in their teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear;)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longtitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grace a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glow'r'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a waefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross:
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam with furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak' heed:
Whene'r to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys ow'r dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

HON. MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

WORD was brought to the Danish King
(Hurry !)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;
(O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl :
And his Rose of the Isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;
(Hurry !)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;
(O ! ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;
But ride as they would, the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one,
(Hurry !)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone ;
His fair little page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying !
The King looked back at that faithful child ;
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped ; and only the King rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying !

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn ;
(Silence !)
No answer came ; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O, steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

[This story has been admirably versified by the late Thomas Hudson, comic song writer and vocalist, and will be recognised by many as the original of the far-famed comic song of "The Cork Leg."]

HE who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories, which stands in the suburbs, just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him, as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present anything to do; it is with the old gentleman, her father. His profession was that of a surgical instru-

ment maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon, as the saying is, set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having intrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort—that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his *studio* (to speak classically), and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam ; so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but, in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance, and, tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, found, on recover-his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that

he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage, to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Von Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk, and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied fo. his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I don't care what it costs," Turningvort bowed yet lower, "provided it outdoes everything you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I

get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that, to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which, he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty, in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them anything in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience; and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than anybody else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that, with this magic leg carefully packed up, the acute artizan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity—the glory—the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal

machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and, at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that, early next morning, he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration—in the merchant's mode of walking there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint. All the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was anything uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work, under the full, well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits, till he came in sight of the Stadt-House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanoutern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last, the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see

him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers, for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern; but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden Canal; and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant! You have made me a leg with a vengeance! It wont stand still for a moment! I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and, unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me."

The mechanician grew very pale—he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called), did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burthen at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents, "I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless,—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at a furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but, without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was

not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse,—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem, who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(*From the French of Méry and Barthélemy.*)

[This singularly wild poem first appeared in "Le Fils de l'Homme, ou Souvenirs de Vienne,"—Par MM. Méry et Barthélemy, Paris, 1829, as the production of M. Sedlitz, a young Hungarian poet, translated by the authors. The assumed translation has since been suspected, if not ascertained, to be a *ruse* of the authors, though versions of it continue to appear as by "The Baron Sedlitz." An indifferent one, adapted to music by the late Chevalier Neukohm, was for some time very popular.]

At midnight, from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his rounds he goes.

Stirred by his faithful arms,
The drumsticks patly fall,
He beats the loud retreat,
Réveille and roll-call.

So grandly rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round!
Old soldiers in their graves,
Start to life at the sound.

Both they in farthest North,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who too warm repose,
Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand;
Their burial place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight, from his grave,
The trumpeter arose;
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud shrill blast he blows.

On aëry coursers then,
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons erst renowned,
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanchèd skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their iron hands,
Their long sharp swords they bear.

And at midnight from his tomb
The chief awoke, and rose;

And followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain, the moon
A solemn lustre threw;
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep roll the drums the while;
Recovering then—the troops
Before the chief defile.

Marshals and generals round
In circle formed appear:
The chief to the first a word
Then whispers in his ear.

The word goes down the ranks,
Resounds along the Seine;
That word they give, is France,
The answer—Saint Hélène:

'Tis there, at midnight hour,
The Grand Review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the Champs Elysées.

WINDOWS IN MEN'S BREASTS.

(*From the Flemish.*)

THE idea, though not new, of the effect of a little window in front of the human breast, was lately started in one of our public journals. The notion so pleased

me, that it was continually running in my mind; I thought of nothing but Richeraud and Hervey reading the heart of a living man. How happy should we have been, thought I, had nature, more skilful than our surgeons and anatomists, made such a window before every heart! Ridiculous idea! for if the heart could be seen like the face, it would soon become deceitful and hypocritical, and we should gain nothing after all. Be that as it may, I could think on nothing else, and the consequence was, that the other night I had a dream on the subject, which, with your permission, I will relate. I presume you have no objection, for many large volumes contain nothing else. My dream was as follows:—

I thought I had become prime minister of a great and powerful kingdom. I gave a grand entertainment. The party was numerous, and every one present had, without knowing it, the little window above mentioned in front of his breast.

I first observed two learned men, who were, to all appearance, on very good terms with each other, for they were inseparable during the whole evening. One was on the eve of publishing a new work. I complimented him on his production, and promised to speak favourably of it to the king. At that moment I observed a gentle swelling of his heart. The thing was perfectly natural, and it was only what I expected; but I was not a little astonished to observe a kind of contracting motion in the heart of the other. His breathing was suspended, and I may almost say that he appeared to be stifled by the success of his friend.

Near me stood a man on whom I had conferred the greatest obligations, who hoped that I would render him still further acts of service, and who was continually talking to me of his gratitude. Now gratitude is the memory of the heart, and, like the mental memory, may be expected to leave some traces on the organ which it affects. So at least philosophers explain the matter. Though far from suspecting the sentiments of my friend, I was

pleased with this opportunity of ascertaining that my obligations had not been bestowed on one who was unworthy of them. I looked at his heart; but what was my astonishment to find it was as smooth as polished marble,—my favours had made not the slightest impression on it.

A gentleman entered with his wife; their hearts were perfectly tranquil. A young officer appeared. The heart of one of the couple became agitated. It was not the husband's.

At this moment a foreign ambassador was announced. Excellent! thought I; I shall now have the key to all the cabinets in Europe. But how was I disappointed! It was the most impenetrable heart that can be imagined—an absolute labyrinth. I beheld nothing but folds above folds—a mass of intrigues and subterfuges. I turned, and perceived another heart, which I hoped I should be able to comprehend with less difficulty. It was light and slippery, and continually in motion. I was curious to know whether it had ever received a wound; it had received a thousand—but they were all so slight that scarcely a scar was visible. They appeared merely like the pricks of a pin. Several gay gentlemen, however, flattered themselves that they had riveted this heart, but they were deceived. Cupid was out of humour with it, and resolved to be revenged. One of his arrows yet remained untried. It was a golden one, and golden arrows seldom miss their aim. The heart of the fair lady was pierced through and through.

In one corner of the drawing-room sat a philosopher, who was far from being displeased at the notice he attracted. Philanthropy (formerly we should have called it humanity) was his whim. He thought of nothing but charitable institutions, and soup establishments for the poor. A good action in which he did not participate gave him pain. I looked through the little window: his heart was distended to the utmost, but, like a balloon, it was filled only with air.

I detest hypocrites in morality, and coxcombs in virtue; but cold and insensible hearts pleased me as little. I had now one of the latter class before me. It was as smooth and as hard as stone; and had never been moved by any generous sentiment. It was not the heart of a Jew of the Hebrew race (for they are no worse than other people, and do not deserve the insults that are directed against them), but of a Christian Jew, a money-lender and bill discounter.

It may naturally be supposed that in so brilliant a party, some distinguished literary characters were present. There was one author, with whose sentimental verses the company were delighted. He was an elegiac poet. I promised myself much gratification in observing of what elements his impassioned, delicate, and tender heart, was composed. But I could discover nothing remarkable. Indeed, it cost me some trouble to find out whether or not he really had a heart.

I turned to another, who was not a writer of poetry, but who took upon himself to judge of the productions of others. He was a critic by profession. I observed on his heart only a few livid spots, like those which are produced by envy; and some drops of gall were emitted on every motion of the organ.

But though I was unfortunate enough to meet with so many black and impure hearts, it must be acknowledged that there were among the company some of a very opposite stamp.

One person in particular deeply excited my interest, and whose heart I was for some time afraid to look at, lest it should not prove as amiable as I wished. She was a young lady about seventeen years of age, beautiful as an angel, and as modest as she was beautiful. She had not yet uttered a word. What was my joy and astonishment! Her heart was the purest and most candid of any one present. It scarcely appeared to throb, yet it was evident, that when the young lady opened her mouth, it would fly to her lips. I watched the motion of her eyes, and they at length met mine. I was young,

for we are always young in our dreams. She blushed, and at that moment an arrow, darting from I know not whence, struck her heart, and inflicted a deep wound. It was the first she had ever received. The blood which flowed from it was like that of the goddess wounded by Diomede. I wished to examine what was passing in my own heart, for I thought I felt the counter-stroke of the dart which had pierced hers. I looked in vain through the little window in my own breast—the glass was obscure and tarnished—a thick mist seemed to be before it. Thus no mortal can read his own heart.

This reflection vexed me: I became irritated: I awoke, and had the mortification to find that with my dream had vanished the sweetest illusion of my whole life!

ELEGY IN A LONDON THEATRE.

NOT BY GRAY.

THE curtain falls—the signal all is o'er,
   The eager crowd along the lobby throng,
The youngsters lean against the crowded door,
   Ogling the ladies as they pass along.

The gas-lamps fade, the foot-lights hide their heads,
   And not a soul beside myself is seen,
Save where the lacquey dirty canvas spreads,
   The painted boxes from the dust to screen,—

Save that, in yonder gallery enshrined,
   Some ragged girl complains in angry tone
Of such as, sitting in the seat behind,
   Had ta'en her shawl in preference to their own.

There where those rugged planks uneven lie,
   There on those dirty boards—that darken'd stage
Did Kean and Kemble fill the listener's eye,
   And add a lustre to the poet's page.

But they are gone—and never, never more
  Shall prompter's summons, nor the tinkling bell,
Or call-boy crying at the green-room door,
  "The stage waits, gentlemen!"—their dreams dispel.

For them no more the coaches of the great
  Shall stop up Catherine Street—for them, alas!
No more shall anxious crowds expectant wait,
  Or polish up the gilded opera-glass.

Oft did the vicious on their accents hang,
  Their power oft the stubborn heart hath bent,
And, whilst the spacious house with plaudits rang,
  They sent the harden'd homewards to repent.

There, in that empty box, perchance hath swell'd
  A heart with Romeo's burning passion rife,
Hands that "poor Yorick's" skull might well have held,
  Or clutch'd at Macbeth's visionary knife.

Full many a pearl of purest ray serene
  The rugged oyster-shell doth hold inside,
Full many a vot'ry of the tragic queen
  The dingy offices of London hide.

Some Lear, whose daughters never turn'd his head,
  Nor changed to gall the honey of his life;
Some white Othello, who with feather-bed
  Had smothered not, his unoffending wife.

The applause of listening houses to command,
  The critic's smile and malice to despise,
To win reward from lord and lady's hand,
  And the approval of the thundering skies,

Their parents hindered, and did thus o'erthrow
  The brilliant hopes that in their bosom rose,
To tear Macready's laurels from his brow,
  And put out Charley Kean's immortal nose.

Of one of these I heard a drummer say,
" Oft have I seen him from the muddy street,
Across the crimson benches make his way,
To gain his well-loved and accustomed seat,

" There, where yon orchestra uprears its rail,
On which I hang my drumsticks, many a night
I've seen him, with a dirty shirt, and pale,
Watching the motley scene with wild delight.

" There, upon yonder seat, which now appears
To have rent its robe for grief he is not here,
Oft have I seen him sit, dissolved in tears,
Veiling his grief in draughts of ginger-beer.

" One night I missed him from his favourite seat.
I wondered strangely where the boy could be.
Another night—I gazed—in vain my gaze—
Nor in the *pit*, nor in the *house* was he !

" Come here ! I saw him carried to that tomb,
With drunken mutes, and all their mock parade.
Just read—I've left my spectacles at home—
The epitaph a friend has kindly made."

THE EPITAPH.

" Here lieth one beneath the cold damp ground,
A youth to London and the stage unknown,
Upon his merits stern Macready frowned,
And ' Swan and Edgar' marked him for their own.

" Large was his bounty, unto aught wherein
The stage did mingle, and the cost was sweet.
He gave the drama all he could—his ' tin,'
And gained—'twas all he could—his favourite seat.

" No father had he who could interfere
To check his nightly wanderings about,
And from the best authority we hear,
His mother never dreamt that he was out !"

(*From " The Bentley Ballads." By permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.*)

DARKNESS.

LORD BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in their dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenchèd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,

And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

RICHARD AND KATE.

(A SUFFOLK BALLAD.)

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"COME, goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep up your orts, and get your hat;
Old joys revived once more I feel;
'Tis fair-day;—aye, and more than that:

"Have you forgot, Kate, prythee say,
How many seasons here we've tarried?
'Tis *forty* years, this very day,
Since you and I, old girl, were married!

"Look out;—the sun shines warms and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry;
I know you cut your corns last night:
Come, be as free from care as I.

"For I'm resolved once more to see
That place where we so often met;
Though few have had more cares than we,
We've none just now, to make us fret."

Kate scorned to damp the generous flame
That warmed her aged partner's breast;

Yet, ere determination came,
  She thus some trifling doubts expressed:

"Night will come on; when seated snug,
  And you've perhaps begun some tale,
Can you then leave your dear stone mug;
  Leave all the folk, and all the ale?"

"Aye, Kate, I wool;—because I know,
  Though time has been we both could run,
Such days are gone and over now;
  I only mean to see the fun!"

She straight slipped off the wall and band,
  And laid aside her lucks and twitches:
And to the hutch she reached her hand,
  And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door,
  And hedging-gloves again replaced;
And looked across the yellow moor,
  And urged his tottering spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,
  The firmament without a cloud;
The bee hummed o'er the level green,
  Where knots of trembling cowslips bowed.

And Richard thus, with heart elate,
  As past things rushed across his mind,
Over his shoulder talked to Kate,
  Who, snug tucked up, walked slow behind.

"When once a giggling mauther you,
  And I a red-faced chubby boy,
Sly tricks you played me not a few;
  For mischief was your greatest joy.

"Once, passing by this very tree,
  A gotch of milk I'd been to fill,
You shouldered me; then laughed to see
  Me and my gotch spin down the hill!"

"'Tis true!" she said; "but here behold,
  And marvel at the course of time;
Though you and I are both grown old,
  This tree is only in its prime!"

"Well, goody, don't stand preaching now,
  Folks don't preach sermons at a fair;
We've reared ten boys and girls, you know,
  And I'll be bound they'll all be there."

Now friendly nods and smiles had they
  From many a kind fair-going face;
And many a pinch Kate gave away,
  While Richard kept his usual pace.

At length arrived amidst the throng,
  Grand-children bawling hemmed them round,
And dragged them by the skirts along
  Where gingerbread bestrewed the ground.

And soon the aged couple spied
  Their lusty sons and daughters dear:—
When Richard thus exulting cried,
  "Didn't I tell you they'd be here?"

The cordial greetings of the soul
  Were visible in every face;
Affection void of all control,
  Governed with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife
  Which should contribute most to please,
And hear the long-recounted life
  Of infant tricks, and happy days.

But now, as at some nobler places,
Amongst the leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the dicky races;
More famed for laughter than for speed.

Richard looked on with wondrous glee,
And praised the lad who chanced to win;
"Kate, wa'nt I such a one as he?
As like him, ay, as pin to pin?

"Full fifty years are passed away
Since I rode this same ground about;
Why, I was lively as the day;
I won the high-lows out and out!

"I'm surely growing young again,
I feel myself so kedge and plump:
From head to foot I've not one pain;
Nay, hang me if I couldn't jump!"

Thus spoke the ale in Richard's pate,
A very little made him mellow;
But still he loved his faithful Kate,
Who whispered thus:—"My good old fellow,

"Remember what you promised me;
And see the sun is getting low;
The children want an hour, ye see,
To talk a bit before we go."

Like youthful lover most complying,
He turned and chucked her by the chin;
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin,

Their farewell smiles, beneath a tree
That drooped its branches from above,
Awaked the pure felicity
That waits upon parental love.

Kate viewed her blooming daughters round,
  And sons, who shook her withered hand;
Her features spoke what joy she found,
  But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,
  And bowled their fairings down the hill;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
  Nor could he for his life sit still.

A father's unchecked feelings gave
  A tenderness to all he said;—
"My boys, how proud am I to have
  My name thus round the country spread!

"Through all my days I've laboured hard,
  And could of pains and crosses tell;
But this is labour's great reward,
  To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

"My good old partner, when at home,
  Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;
Goody! says I, let what wool come,
  We've nothing for them but our prayers.

"May you be all as old as I,
  And see your sons to manhood grow;
And many a time, before you die,
  Be just as pleased as I am now."

Then raising yet once more his voice;—
  "An old man's weakness don't despise!
I love you well, my girls and boys,
  God bless you all;"—so said his eyes—

For as he spoke, a big round drop
  Fell bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop,
  A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, filial piety, wert there ;
  And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear
  And in the parting word—*good-night.*

With thankful hearts and strengthened love,
  The poor old pair, supremely blest,
Saw the sun sink behind the grove
  And gained once more their lowly rest.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

(*From the Spanish.*)

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Julian, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcazar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Julian was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Julian to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board." The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate. "No, no," said Don Julian, when the soup and a bumper of

Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life." The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas-eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river. "Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship." "Good Sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first

dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain." "Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you), doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours." "My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir," said Don Julian. "But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on Magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river. "Here, then," said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we

begin to read this small volume." The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Julian, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——" The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Julian; "it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his Lordship's dictation. But here is another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the Electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour." "Well," said Don Julian, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear Sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to

the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion." "My worthy friend, Don Julian," replied the Archbishop elect, "my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese; I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me." "Just as you please, my Lord," said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by a universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end."

Don Juan bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my Lord," he said; "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the Cardinal, "follow me you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door; you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the Papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest

end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy Father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet; "Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By Saint Peter!" ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—*You* my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicegerent! Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest mine eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed one word more. "I am very poor, Holy Father," said he; "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away, I say," answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—"But, Father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry. Give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—"Heaven forbid," said the Pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—"Well, then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome I had

better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the Pope. The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

THE CHILD AND HIND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
  Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
  With forest flowers entwined.

'Twas after church—on Ascension-day—
  When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
  The deer-park's pleasant ground.

Here came a twelve years' married pair—
  And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
  A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
  The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint,
  The cherubim of heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
  To parent, sister, brother,
And each, that he was safe and near,
  Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
  With love beyond all measure;
And culled them with as keen delight,
  As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured, that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley.

And there, where under beech and birch,
The rivulet meandered;
He strayed, till neither shout nor search,
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They call his darling name;
But 'twas like speaking to the dead—
An echo only came.

Hours passed, till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin;
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on—all others slept
Their cares away till morn;
But sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell up and down;
And told th' afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town.

The news reached Nassau's duke—ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers;
And—true, though wondrous—near
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer,

Who dipped her horns at all that passed
The spot where Wilhelm lay;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

To this poor wanderer of the world,
Speech, reason, were unknown—
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own!

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN DO BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing,
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
" My loving,"—" my doving,"

"Petseying,"—"wetseying,"
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples,—gloves, *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies;
Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignés*,
Now fingers squeezing or playfully teazing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces,
Never once heeding what they are reading,
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes;
Or else so zealous, and nice and jealous of all the fellows
Darting fierce glances if ever one dances with a son of France's;
Or finding great faults, or threatening assaults whenever you "valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out a-shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin money;
Like pic-nics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken, ham, and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men talking:
Think you still in your teens, wont let you eat "greens," and hate Crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your back tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;
Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that beats all to shiver, the sweet Guadalquiver;
Or seeing death-fetches if the tooth-ache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks brings from Ebers' a box,

to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new stocks;
Or whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in Serpentine springing, unless to them clinging, you'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

AFTER.

HOW DO THE GENTLEMEN DO AFTER MARRIAGE?

Oh! then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teazes 'em,
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a "fool," not a "darling;"
Though they're as rich as the *Ingies*,
They're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny,
They've *never* got money;
Only ask 'em for any
And they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds,
On themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch
Off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, to be called simple ma'am too;
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve Madam;)
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends,
And allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;

Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong;
"Every shirt wants a button!" Every day they've cold mutton;
They're always a flurrying one, or else they're a hurrying one, or else they're a worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother, or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping, 'cause out of the house-keeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they've been meated, if with pies they're not treated, they vow that they are cheated!
Then against Ascot Races, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with bile you're quite brown;
For their wife they unwilling are, after cooing and billing her, to stand a cap from a milliner—e'en a paltry twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapours to witness the capers of those bowers and scrapers, the young linen drapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavour, they're so mightily clever, that please them you'll never, till you leave them for ever—yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever*—AND EVER!!"
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

(*From the "Comic Almanack."*)

PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings but you shall:
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, tho' proud oppression will not hear me!

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.—
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your seeming virtue I received you:
Courted and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune, too,
My very self was yours: you might have used me
To your best service: Like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine,
When in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me:
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke:
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to our boat
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself;

The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her: gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed, you thanked me! but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life, she paid me with herself.
  Pri. You stole her from me, like a thief you stole her
At dead of night; that cursèd hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine!
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord, make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still;
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last, you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!
  Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;
Heaven hath already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!
  Pri. No more.
  Jaff. Yes, all; and then—adieu for ever!
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Hath slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall: like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's wither'd in the ripening.
  Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly;

Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.—
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart; home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors.
I've not now fifty ducats in the world;
Yet still I am in love and pleased with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera!—Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together—
But ne'er know comfort more.

BILL JONES: A SAILOR'S STORY.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

"Now, well-a-day!" the sailor said,
"Some danger doth impend:
Three ravens sit in yonder glade,
And harm will happen, I'm sore afraid,
Ere we reach our journey's end."

"And what have the ravens with us to do?
Does their sight then bode us evil?"
"Why, to find one raven is lucky, 'tis true;
But 'tis certain destruction to light upon two,
And meeting with three is the devil.

"I've known full three score years go by,
And only twice before
I've seen three ravens near me fly;
And twice good cause to wish had I
That I ne'er might see them more.

"The first time I was wrecked at sea;
The second time, by fire
I lost my wife and children three
That self-same night; and woe is me
That I did not then expire!

"Still do I hear their screams for aid,
 Which to give was past man's power;
I saw in earth their coffins laid,—
Well, my heart of marble must be made,
 Since it did not break that hour!"

"Poor soul! your tale of many woes
 Brings tears into my eyes:
But think you that your ills arose
Because you saw your fancied foes,
 Three ravens, near you rise?

"No doubt, since this fantastic fear
 Has thus possessed your head,
You firmly believe that ghosts appear,
And that dead men rise from their blood-stained
  bier,
 To haunt the murderer's bed."

"Believe it, master? well I may!
 Now mark what I relate;
For Gospel-true are the words I say,
When I swear, that, during three weeks and a day,
 A Ghost was my own shipmate.

"My cash run low—no beef, no flip,
 And the times were hard to live;
So I e'en resolved to make a trip
For slaves, on board of a Guinea ship,
 Which crime may God forgive!

"Oh, 'twas a sad, sad thing to hear
 The negroes scream and groan,
And curse the billows which bore them near
To the tyrant white-man's land of fear,
 And far, far away from their own!

"But soon the sailor found his part
 Scarce better than the slaves';
For our captain had a tiger's heart,
And he plagued his crew with such barbarous art,
 We all wished us in our graves!

"We scarce were two days' sail from port,
  Ere many a back was flayed;
He flogged us oft in wanton sport;
His heart was of stone, not flesh—in short,
  He was fit for such a trade.

"Though each in turn was treated ill,
  'Mongst all the crew alone
Bill Jones opposed our tyrant's will;
For Bill was cross and old, and still
  Did give him back his own.

"And many a brutal harsh command
  Old Bill has grumbled at;
Till once he was ordered a sail to hand,
When Bill was so weak he scarce could stand,
  But the captain scoffed at that.

"For a lazy old brute, poor Bill he abused,
  And forced him aloft to go:
But their duty to do his limbs refused,
And at length from the ropes his hands Bill loosed,
  And he fell on the deck below.

"Towards him straight the captain flew,
  Crying 'Dog! dost serve me so?'
And with devilish spite his sword he drew,
And ran Bill Jones quite through and through,
  And the blow was a mortal blow.

"At the point of death poor Bill now lies,
  And stains the deck with gore;
And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,
'Captain! alive or dead,' he cries,
  'I ne'er will leave you more!'

"'You wont?' says the captain: 'time will show
  If you keep your word or not;
For now in the negro kettle below,
Old dog! your scoundrel limbs I'll throw,
  And I'll see what fat you've got!'

"So he caused the cook make the water hot,
And the corse, both flesh and bones,
(To see what fat Bill Jones had got)
The captain boiled in the negro pot;—
But there was not much fat in Jones.

"If well his word the captain kept,
Bill Jones kept his as well;
For just at midnight all who slept,
With one consent, from their hammocks leapt,
Roused by a dreadful yell.

"Never was heard a more terrible sound:
Fast to the deck we hied,
And there, by the moonbeam's light, we found
The murdered man, in spite of his wound,
Sitting close to the steersman's side.

"And from that hour, among the rest,
Bill served, nor left us more;
With bloody trousers, bloody vest,
And bloody shirt, and bloody breast,
Still he stood our eyes before.

"And he'd clean the deck, and fill the pail,
Or he'd work with right good will
To stop a leak, or drive a nail;
But whenever the business was handing a sail,
Then specially ready was Bill.

"And to share in all things with the crew,
Did the spectre never miss;
And when to the cook for his portion due,
Each sailor went, Bill Jones went too,
And tendered his platter for his.

"His face look'd pale, his limbs seem'd weak,
His footsteps fell so still,
That to hear their sound you'd vainly seek,
And to none of the crew did Bill e'er speak,
And none of us spoke to Bill.

"But when three weeks had crept away,
  As you just now have heard,
The captain came upon deck one day,
And quoth he 'My lads, I've something to say—
  Bill Jones is as good as his word.

"'He never leaves me day nor night,
  He haunts me—haunts me still;
By the midnight lamp I see the sprite,
And when at morn the sky grows light,
  The first sunbeam shows me Bill

"'At meals, his pale lips speak the grace,
  His cold hand gives me wine:
At every hour, in every place,
To whatever side I turn my face,
  Bill's eyes are fixed on mine.

"'Now, lads, my resolution's made,
  One means will set me free,
And Bill's pursuit for ever evade—
He comes—he comes! then away!' he said,
  And plunged into the sea.

"None moved a joint the wretch to save,
  All stood with staring eyes;
Each clasp'd his hand, a groan each gave,
When, lo! on a sudden, above the wave,
  Once more did the captain rise.

"Fixed and fearful was his eye,
  And pale as a corse his brow,
And we saw him clasp his hand on high,
And we heard him scream with a terrible cry,
  'Bill's with me, with me now!'

"Then down he sunk through the foaming flood,
  To hell, that worst of havens!
Now, heaven preserve you, master good,
From perilous rage and innocent blood,
  And from meeting with three ravens!"

LONDON CHURCHES.

LORD HOUGHTON, D.C.L.

I STOOD, one Sunday morning,
  Before a large church-door,
The congregation gather'd,
  And carriages a score—
From one outstepp'd a lady
  I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a Prayer-book,
  And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
  Clear on the book was set,—
But above the cross there glisten'd
  A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
  The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
  Her footsteps seemed to glide—
There might be good thoughts in her
  For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
  Peep'd wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
  Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
  Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded
  Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
  Each side in fair array—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
  She sigh'd and crept away.

Old heathendom's vast temples
  Held men of every fate;

The steps of far Benares
  Commingle small and great;
The dome of St. Sophia
  Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
  Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
  The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom,
  Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England,
  Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
  In tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
  Beneath the eye of law.

There, too, each vast cathedral
  Contracts its ample room—
No weary beggar resting
  Within the holy gloom—
No earnest student musing
  Beside the famous tomb!

Who shall relieve the scandal
  That desecrates our age—
An evil great as ever
  Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
  Restore their heritage?

THE GIRL WHO TROD UPON BREAD.

Hans Christian Andersen.

You have doubtless heard of the girl who trod upon bread not to soil her pretty shoes, and what evil this brought upon her. The tale is both written and printed.

She was a poor child, but proud and vain. She had a bad disposition, people said. When she was little more

than an infant it was a pleasure to her to catch flies, to pull off their wings, and maim them entirely. She used, when somewhat older, to take lady-birds and beetles, stick them all upon a pin, then put a large leaf or a piece of paper close to their feet, so that the poor things held fast to it, and turned and twisted in their endeavours to get off the pin.

"Now the lady-birds shall read," said little Inger. "See how they turn the paper!"

As she grew older she became worse instead of better; but she was very beautiful, and that was her misfortune. She would have been punished, otherwise; and in the long run she was.

"You will bring evil on your own head," said her mother. "As a little child you used often to tear my aprons; I fear that when you are older you will break my heart."

And she did so sure enough.

At length she went into the country to wait on people of distinction. They were as kind to her as if she had been one of their own family; and she was so well dressed that she looked very pretty, and became extremely arrogant.

When she had been a year in service her employers said to her,—

"You should go and visit your relations, little Inger."

She went, resolved to let them see how fine she had become. When, however, she reached the village, and saw the lads and lasses gossiping together near the pond, and her mother sitting close by on a stone, resting her head against a bundle of firewood which she had picked up in the forest, Inger turned back. She felt ashamed that she who was dressed so smartly should have for her mother such a ragged creature, one who gathered sticks for her fire. It gave her no concern that she was expected—she was so vexed.

A half year more had passed.

"You must go home some day and see your old

parents, little Inger," said the mistress of the house. "Here is a large loaf of white bread—you can carry this to them: they will be rejoiced to see you."

And Inger put on her best clothes and her nice new shoes, and she lifted her dress high, and walked so carefully, that she might not soil her garments and her feet. There was no harm at all in that. But when she came to where the path went over some damp marshy ground, and there were water and mud in the way, she threw the bread into the mud, in order to step upon it and get over with dry shoes; but just as she had placed one foot on the bread, and had lifted the other up, the bread sank in with her deeper and deeper, till she went entirely down, and nothing was to be seen but a black bubbling pool.

That is the story.

What became of the girl? She went below to the *Old Woman of the Bogs*, who brews down there. The Old Woman of the Bogs is an aunt of the fairies. *They* are very well known. Many poems have been written about them, and they have been printed; but nobody knows anything more of the Old Woman of the Bogs than that, when the meadows and the ground begin to reek in summer, it is the old woman below who is brewing. Into her brewery it was that Inger sank, and no one could hold out very long there. A cesspool is a charming apartment compared with the old Bog-woman's brewery. Every vessel is redolent of horrible smells, which would make any human being faint, and they are packed closely together and over each other; but even if there were a small space among them which one might creep through, it would be impossible, on account of all the slimy toads and snakes that are always crawling and forcing themselves through. Into this place little Inger sank. All this nauseous mess was so ice-cold that she shivered in every limb. Yes, she became stiffer and stiffer. The bread stuck fast to her, and it drew her as an amber bead draws a slender thread.

The Old Woman of the Bogs was at home. The brewery was that day visited by the devil and his dam, and she was a venomous old creature who was never idle. She never went out without having some needle-work with her. She had brought some there. She was sewing running leather to put into the shoes of human beings, so that they should never be at rest. She embroidered lies, and worked up into mischief and discord thoughtless words, that would otherwise have fallen to the ground. Yes, she knew how to sew and embroider and transfer with a vengeance, that old grandam!

She beheld Inger, put on her spectacles, and looked at her.

"That is a girl with talents," said she. "I shall ask for her as a *souvenir* of my visit here; she may do very well as a statue to ornament my great-grandchildren's antechamber;" and she took her.

It was thus little Inger went to the infernal regions. People do not generally go straight through the air to them: they can go by a roundabout path when they know the way.

It was an antechamber in an infinity. One became giddy there at looking forwards, and giddy at looking backwards, and there stood a crowd of anxious, pining beings, who were waiting and hoping for the time when the gates of grace should be opened. They would have long to wait. Hideous, large, waddling spiders wove thousands of webs over their feet; and these webs were like gins or foot-screws, and held them as fast as chains of iron, and were a cause of disquiet to every soul,—a painful annoyance. Misers stood there, and lamented that they had forgotten the keys of their money chests. It would be too tiresome to repeat all the complaints and troubles that were poured forth there. Inger thought it shocking to stand there like a statue: she was, as it were, fastened to the ground by the bread.

"This comes of wishing to have clean shoes," said she to herself. "See how they all stare at me."

Yes, they did all stare at her; their evil passions glared from their eyes, and spoke, without sound, from the corner of their mouths: they were frightful.

"It must be a pleasure to them to see me," thought little Inger. "I have a pretty face, and am well dressed;" and she dried her eyes. She had not lost her conceit. She had not then perceived how her fine clothes had been soiled in the brewhouse of the Old Woman of the Bogs. Her dress was covered with dabs of nasty matter; a snake had wound itself among her hair, and it dangled over her neck; and from every fold in her garment peeped out a toad, that puffed like an asthmatic lap-dog. It was very disagreeable. "But all the rest down here look horrid too," was the reflection with which she consoled herself.

But the worst of all was the dreadful hunger she felt. Could she not stoop down and break off a piece of the bread on which she was standing? No, her back was stiffened; her hands and her arms were stiffened; her whole body was like a statue of stone; she could only move her eyes, and these she could turn entirely round, and that was an ugly sight. And flies came and crept over her eyes backwards and forwards. She winked her eyes, but the intruders did not fly away, for they could not,—their wings had been pulled off. That was another misery added to the hunger,—the gnawing hunger that was so terrible to bear!

"If this goes on I cannot hold out much longer," she said.

But she had to hold out, and her sufferings became greater.

Then a warm tear fell upon her head. It trickled over her face and neck, all the way down to the bread. Another tear fell, then many followed. Who was weeping over little Inger? Had she not a mother up yonder on the earth? The tears of anguish which a mother sheds over her erring child always reach it; but they do not comfort the child,—they burn, they increase the suffering. And oh! this intolerable hunger;

herself was more seldom mentioned. At last one day she heard a sigh, and "Inger, Inger, how miserable you have made me! I foretold that you would!" These were her mother's last words on her deathbed.

And again she heard herself named by her former employers, and her mistress said,—

"Perhaps I may meet you once more, Inger. None know whither they are to go."

But Inger knew full well that her excellent mistress would never come to the place where *she* was.

Time passed on, and on, slowly and wretchedly. Then once more Inger heard her name mentioned, and she beheld, as it were, directly above her, two clear stars shining. These were two mild eyes that were closing upon earth. So many years had elapsed since a little girl had cried in childish sorrow over "poor Inger," that that child had become an old woman, whom our Lord was now about to call to himself. At that hour, when the thoughts and the actions of a whole life stand in review before the parting soul, she remembered how, as a little child, she had wept bitterly on hearing the history of Inger. That time, and those feelings, stood so prominently before the old woman's mind in the hour of death, that she cried with intense emotion,—

"Lord, my God! have not I often, like Inger, trod under thy foot thy blessed gifts, and placed no value on them? Have I not often been guilty of pride and vanity in my most secret heart? But Thou, in thy mercy, didst not let me sink; Thou didst hold me up. Oh, forsake me not in my last hour!"

And the aged woman's eyes closed, and her spirit's eyes opened to what had been formerly invisible; and as Inger had been present in her latest thoughts, she beheld her, and perceived how deep she had been dragged downwards. At that sight the gentle being burst into tears; and in the kingdom of heaven she stood like a child, and wept for the fate of the unfortunate Inger. Her tears and her prayers sounded like an

echo down in the hollow form that confined the imprisoned, miserable soul. That soul was overwhelmed by the unexpected love from those realms afar. One of God's angels wept for her! Why was this vouchsafed to her? The tortured spirit gathered, as it were, into one thought, all the actions of its life,—all that it had done, and it shook with the violence of its remorse,—remorse such as Inger had never felt. Grief became her predominating feeling. She thought that for her the gates of mercy would never open, and as in deep contrition and self-abasement she thought thus, a ray of brightness penetrated into the dismal abyss,—a ray more vivid and glorious than the sunbeams which thaw the snowy figures that the children make in their gardens. And this ray, more quickly than the snow flake that falls upon a child's warm mouth can be melted into a drop of water, caused Inger's petrified figure to evaporate, and a little bird arose, following the zigzag course of the ray, up towards the world that mankind inhabit. But it seemed afraid and shy of everything around it; it felt ashamed of itself, and apparently wishing to avoid all living creatures, it sought, in haste, concealment in a dark recess in a crumbling wall. Here it sat, and it crept into the farthest corner, trembling all over. It could not sing, for it had no voice. For a long time it sat quietly there before it ventured to look out and behold all the beauty around. Yes, it was beauty! The air was so fresh, yet so soft; the moon shone so clearly; the trees and flowers scented so sweetly; and it was so comfortable where she sat,—her feather garb so clean and nice! How all creation told of love and glory! The grateful thoughts that awoke in the bird's breast she would willingly have poured forth in song, but the power was denied to her. Yes, gladly would she have sung as do the cuckoo and the nightingale in spring. Our gracious Lord, who hears the mute worm's hymn of praise, understood the thanksgiving that lifted itself up in the tones of thought, as the psalm floated in

David's mind before it resolved itself into words and melody.

As weeks passed on these unexpressed feelings of gratitude increased. They would surely find a voice some day, with the first stroke of the wing, to perform some good act. Might not this happen?

Now came the holy Christmas festival. The peasants raised a pole close by the old wall, and bound an unthrashed bundle of oats on it, that the birds of the air might also enjoy the Christmas, and have plenty to eat at that time which was held in commemoration of the redemption brought to mankind.

And the sun rose brightly that Christmas morning, and shone upon the oatsheaf, and upon all the chirping birds that flew around the pole; and from the wall issued a faint twittering. The swelling thoughts had at last found vent, and the low sound was a hymn of joy, as the bird flew forth from its hiding-place.

The winter was an unusually severe one. The waters were frozen thickly over; the birds and the wild animals in the woods had great difficulty in obtaining food. The little bird, that had so recently left its dark solitude, flew about the country roads, and when it found by chance a little corn dropped in the ruts, it would eat only a single grain itself, while it called all the starving sparrows to partake of it. It would also fly to the villages and towns, and look well about; and where kind hands had strewed crumbs of bread outside the windows for the birds, it would eat only one morsel itself, and give all the rest to the others.

At the end of the winter the bird had found and given away so many crumbs of bread, that the number put together would have weighed as much as the loaf upon which little Inger had trodden in order to save her fine shoes from being soiled; and when she had found and given away the very last crumb, the gray wings of the bird became white, and expanded wonderfully.

"It is flying over the sea!" exclaimed the children,

who saw the white bird. Now it seemed to dip into the ocean, now it rose into the clear sunshine; it glittered in the air; it disappeared high, high above; and the children said that it had flown up to the sun.

ENOCH ARDEN'S VOW.

FRED. B. GRAY.

NOT to tell her, never to let her know
All the grief I've suffered, all the woe;
And how, when nearly broken-hearted,
The thought of her relief imparted,—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How, when wreck'd upon that sea-girt isle,
Doom'd there to rest that weary, weary while;
One thought alone my drooping heart did cheer,
And that one thought was of my Annie dear.—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How I, for years, no human voice did hear,
And all around me then was dark and drear;
Still in my dreams I always back did roam,
To my own dear wife, my long'd for home.—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How, when I woke and found 'twas but a dream,
And loneliness more lonely then did seem,
I almost pray'd for everlasting sleep;
Alas! my only pleasure was to weep!—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How, when at length a ship, indeed, appeared,
And human voices once again I heard,
I gave great thanks, and knelt upon the shore,
Thinking that then my troubles all were o'er.—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How when I trod upon the well-known beach,
And by the old, old track, my home did reach,
With drooping heart my downcast eyes I raised;
All, all was dark, which ever way I gazed.—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How, when I thought her dead, I made no cry:
My end, I felt, was drawing very nigh,
And in that world where no one e'er knows pain,
I thought, my own one, we shall meet again.—
Do not tell her, never let her know.

How when at length the bitter truth I knew,
And her, his, happy home, by stealth did view,
I made a vow which ne'er shall broken be,
And what that was I'll now reveal to thee,—
'Twas not to tell her, never to let her know.

(Copyright—contributed.)

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE POSER.

ANONYMOUS.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout,
Not over-stock'd with learning,
Chanced on a summer's eve to meet
The vicar, home returning.

"Ah! Master Hodge," the vicar said,
"What, still as wise as ever?
The people in the village say,
That you are wond'rous clever."

"Why, Master Parson, as to that,
I beg you'll right conceive me,
I donna brag, but still I know
A thing or two, believe me."

"I'll try your skill," the vicar said,
"For learning what digestion,
Which soon you'll prove, if right or wrong,
By solving me a question.

"Noah of old three children had,
Or grown up children rather,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"Ad zook!" cried Hodge, and scratched his
head,
"That does my wits belabour;
But homeward howsome'er I'll run,
And ax old Giles my neighbour."

To Giles he went, and put the case,
With circumspect intention.
"Thou fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear
To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle-doctor, rather,
Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are call'd,
Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Ad rot it," honest Hodge replies,
"Right well I know your lingo;
Who's Harry's father?—stop, here goes,
Why, Tom Long Smith, by jingo."

Away he ran, to meet the Priest,
With all his might and main,
Who with good humour instant put
The question once again.

"Noah, of old, three babies had,
Or grown-up children, rather,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called,
Now, who was Japhet's father?

"I have it now," Hodge grinning, cries,
"I'll answer like a proctor,
Who's Japhet's father?—now I know
Why, Tom Long Smith, the Doctor."

"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

[Thomas Sheridan, son of Dr. Sheridan (the friend of Dean Swift), and elder brother of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born at Quilca in Ireland, 1721. He was educated at Westminster, and at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1742 he went on the stage, and obtained much celebrity as a tragedian. He turned manager, and was ruined; then he started as professor of elocution. During the ministry of Lord Bute he obtained a pension of 200*l.* a year. He subsequently became manager of Drury Lane Theatre, but retired from the position to resume his instructions in oratory. As an author, his principal works are an "Orthoepical Dictionary of the English Language," and a "Life of Swift." Died 1788.]

"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."
Heard'st thou that dreadful roar?
Hark! 'tis bellowed from the caves,
Where Loch Swilly's billow raves—
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there—
'Tis the dead that raise the cry,—
The dead—who heard no prayer,
As they sunk in wild depair—
Chant in scorn that boastful air,
Where they lie.

"*Rule Britannia!*" sang the crew,
When the stout Saldanha sailed,
And her colours, as they flew,
Flung the warrior-cross to view,
Which, in battle, to subdue
Ne'er had failed.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
  That morn, that sealed her doom;
Dark and sad is her return,
And the stern-lights faintly burn
As they toss upon her stern,
                'Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon height,
  As the watchmen gazed around,
They saw the flashing light
Drive swift athwart the night,
Yet the wind was fair and right
                For the Sound.

But no mortal power shall now,
  That crew and vessel save;
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow,
And the track beneath her prow
                Was their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,
  Who, when the warrant's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On rock or mountain steep,
Or, 'mid thunder-clouds that sweep
                Through the heaven.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
  Commissioned watch to keep.
Down, down with thundering roar,
The exulting demons pour;
The Saldanha floats no more
                On the deep.

The dread behest is past—
  All is silent as the grave;
One shriek was first and last,
Scarce a death-sob drunk the blast,
As sunk her towering mast
                'Neath the wave.

"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES!"
Oh! vain and impious boast.
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,
Where HE who sinks or saves,
Strews the sand with countless graves
Round your coast.

CATO AND DECIUS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato——
Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you are driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumph:
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours;
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,

And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate:
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks boldly of your wisdom.—

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch,
Beset with ills and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,

And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

LITTLE LIZZIE.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

PRETTY little Lizzie was sent to the mill,
Before she had learned to play with the flowers,
From the bell's first chime 'till the wheels stood still,
She toiled like a caged bird away from the bowers.
Pretty little Lizzie!
Pity little Lizzie!
Oh! Death kindly kissed her meek, white face;
And lit her gentle eyes with strange fires wild;
But Lizzie's mother lay in the grave's cold place,
And oh, what a life she left for her child!

Pretty little Lizzie! the sun's golden rays
Blacker made the shadow of her dreary toil;
Oh, never could her eyes on the blue sky gaze,
Without an interbreath in the long turmoil.
Pretty little Lizzie!
Pity little Lizzie!
As the silkworm spinneth its fine, soft thread,
From her heart and her brain her life she spun,
From the hour that she crawled from her low straw bed
Till the rattle and the roar of the wheels was done.

Pretty little Lizzie no longer was gay,
Her father ever loved at the ale-bench to be,
His curses stained the air of the holy Sabbath-day,
And Lizzie had no altar by her mother's knee.
Pretty little Lizzie!
Pity little Lizzie!

Oh, fresh in her memory was childhood's prime,
  When her cheek was anointed by her mother's kiss,
And she prayed that the Lord, in his own good time,
  Would take her from the world to the Land of Bliss.

Pretty little Lizzie grew sickly and thin,
  She knew no tender prattle, and no childish glee,
And she drooped very low 'mid the darkness and the din,
  As in the town's smoke droops the flower and the tree,
          Pretty little Lizzie!
          Pity little Lizzie!
Softly faded out her bright, sunny smile;
  'Twas mercy called her home to the sky so young,
Ere passion's meteor-fires her steps did beguile,
  And virtue's virgin lily in the dust was flung!

Pretty little Lizzie went weak to the mill,
  One morn ere the lark did the sun-gates seek,
And she crept to her straw-bed at midnight, ill,
  With Death's own watch-fire lighted on her cheek!
          Pretty little Lizzie!
          Pity little Lizzie!
Her father staggered home by the moon's pale ray,
  But Lizzie did not tremble as the stairs he trod;
And he kicked the little corpse as it silent lay,
  But it stirred not, it felt not—the soul was with God!

Pretty little Lizzie in her shroud was arrayed,
  Within a narrow box did her slim form rest,
And two pale buds were delicately laid
  In her tiny white hands, meekly crossed o'er her breast,
          Pretty little Lizzie!
          Pity little Lizzie!
On her last hard pillow so sweetly she lay,
  And around her young face such a smile was shed,
And her soft lips were parted as if oped to pray,
  The good-hearted neighbours hardly thought she was
      dead!

Pretty little Lizzie will hunger no more,
  She has done with sorrow, curses, cold, and snow,

And the soft winds sigh, and the sky weeps, o'er
  Her little mossy grave, where the daisies blow.
          Pretty little Lizzie!
          Pity little Lizzie!
Oh! pleasantly she sleeps where the church bells ring,
  And the little children sit by her grave in the sun,
She can hear the grasses grow, and the summer birds
    sing,
  And the rattle and the roar of the wheels is done.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ONCE on a time (so runs the fable),
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte qu'il coûte.*
He brought him bacon, nothing lean;
Pudding, that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.–
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But showed his breeding and his wit:
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried—"I vow you're mighty neat:
"But, my dear friend, this savage scene!
For Heaven's sake come and live with men;
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I;

Then spend your life in joy and sport.
This doctrine, friend, I learned at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, Heav'n knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;
'Twas on a night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.
Behold the place! where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law;
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again:
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good!
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door!"
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
And when the mice at last had stole,
With trembling hearts, into a hole,

"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same desert is not so pleasant.
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty."

JOHN MAYNARD.

STEPHEN GARMAN.

THE world has produced many a man who has performed deeds of the greatest bravery, and who, by the intrepid daring of a certain act or series of acts, has won for himself the name of hero; but there are very few whose deeds more justly entitle them to the name, and who have paid a greater price in its purchase, than John Maynard.

A fine American paddle ship is nearing one of the many noble rivers of that country. It is within a few short hours of its destination. How many there are on board who, as they pace the deck and gaze fondly ahead, exclaim with enthusiasm, "Home, once more!" and whose hearts beat high with the joyful hope of so shortly seeing those loved ones from whom they have so long been severed. The passengers are numerous, and include persons of all ages. There is the man of business. Now he during the voyage has kept himself aloof from the rest with that calculating sort of absence so peculiar to men of his class, but the near approach of home has softened his demeanour, and his previous buttoned-up dignity has given way to an air of pleasantry as he chats familiarly with the bystanders. There is that fair blue-eyed child, whose rich glossy ringlets have frequently dazzled you, as, with her habitual light-heartedness, she has tripped past. Her spirits have throughout been so good that it seems impossible ever to imagine them better; her usual vivacity is however changed into excitement now, as springing upon the lap of her prim and would-be aristocratic

governess, she bestows a childlike and fondling embrace, and so has the spell of home's approach enthralled all, that instead of receiving the habitual "There, there, child; be a good girl, but do not romp so," from the governess, as she re-arranges her front curls, whose corkscrewy and scrupulous accuracy have been disturbed, she receives a kiss, and you might perceive a slight parting of the lips, which indicates that if you are content to take the will for the deed in order to dispense with the immense amount of exertion requisite, you might even credit her with a smile.

There is a young couple, and it requires no very shrewd observer to see they are but newly married; the one is taking to a home, from which he has been absent from boyhood, his bride, the chosen one of his heart; the other is accompanying him she loves so well to the land of his birth. There they sit, rich in the possession of each other, yet in silence; their joys are too great for words. And thronging the decks are the honest, hardy, weather-beaten old tars. With what zest they go about their work! Of course, having been absent and returned many times they are not equally susceptible with the passengers, yet they are much elated at the prospect of "sweethearts and wives" becoming once more a reality, instead of a mere password for their Saturday-night's grog.

They are a vast concourse of people all crowded upon deck, and all eyes fixed upon one spot—home. In imagination they are already there; the short distance they have now to travel seems nothing, and all the perils and dangers of a sea voyage past. They little imagine what a sore trial awaits them before that short distance is accomplished, but so it is. The halo of pleasurable anticipations that pervades the whole ship is suddenly dispelled, as that most terrible, most dreaded of all cries, "Fire!" is heard. Fire! Fire! is taken up and resounds fore and aft.

The passengers at first are unable to realize to themselves the danger, but gradually as the conviction forces

itself upon them that the vessel is on fire, each and all panic-stricken rush to the spot where it was discovered. They are somewhat reassured, however, when a little smoke oozing up from below is all that is visible.

The effect was different upon the crew; terrible as is that cry it is one of duty, and when were true sons of Neptune ever deaf to that call?

The captain hastens to the spot, and aware how much depends upon himself, is perfectly collected and cool. Turning from the half-raised hatchway down which he has been peering to the eager seamen round, he calmly orders them to rig the fire-pumps. Some of the crew have anticipated the command, and already the hose has been unrolled and is laid along the decks. Half-a-dozen men have clambered upon the bulwarks and are drawing water in buckets, so that not a moment shall be lost, for they understand the awful danger, and are aware how much under the blessing of God depends upon their exertions. With the expedition of a well-disciplined ship's crew the command is obeyed, the pumps are adjusted and manned. To get at the fire, which has been burning unnoticed probably for hours, the hatches must be raised. This is no sooner done and a free ingress of air allowed, than the smouldering mass is fanned into a flame, and already, though but a few minutes have elapsed since the first alarm was given, a forked tongue of fire darts upwards, entwining itself high around the mainmast, and scorching many a stalwart arm extended to do battle with it.

Every man on board has volunteered; and nobly, determinedly sustained is the struggle that ensues.

All not otherwise employed have formed themselves into rows, and are busily engaged passing buckets in quick succession from over the ship's side. There is no need of exhortation to the most strenuous exertions, no need of reminder of the horrible fate imminent to so many precious lives. The fast increasing roar from below, the wreaths of flame and dense masses of smoke floating aft as the vessel, head to wind, stems onward

at a good fourteen knots, clearly show how urgent the necessity to check the rapid progress of the fire, and at the same time to push forward to their goal.

Spirits are brought up, and plentifully, yet judiciously, distributed.

Choked by the smoky heat, gang after gang is overcome at the pumps, and the captain compelled again and again to "change hands;" still they are kept going. None dream of surrendering while anything can be done; the men heroically working—working until the perspiration starts from every pore, until each muscle is strained to its utmost, until the veins stand out like blood-twined cords upon each sooty brow, and one after another sinks back exhausted, but to have his place immediately filled by a messmate.

The mainmast is so burnt as to nod with every lurch of the vessel, and the flames ever on the increase are bursting through the deck round the hatches, and seem to laugh madly at any puny efforts to oppose them. Undaunted, the pumps yet ply until the hose, burnt piecemeal to within a few feet of where they stand, will no longer carry a stream to the fire, but emits an almost useless vomit upon deck only to return again as quickly to the sea.

The fire has now reached the engine-room, and the men are driven from it. The pressure in the boilers, increasing almost to bursting point, causes a terrific escape of steam from the safety valves in spite of their having been weighted down. The engines respond, spinning the paddles round with wonderful velocity. The ship is tearing on at twenty knots per hour. Another lurch and the mast totters; it recovers itself, but only a moment afterwards, with a thundering crash, to part, carrying with it the mizen. A despairing yell, and pumpers and pumps are alike involved in a burning chaos, to be succeeded, when the masts have cleared, by a yearning abyss of flame covering all amidships.

The captain, still calm, in spite of the numerous tears

and entreaties, questions and ejaculations with which on all sides he is beset, sees that if he can but keep the helm hard up for three-quarters of an hour the vessel, instead of driving straight onwards, as she is is now doing, will, by taking a diagonal course, run ashore. But how is he to accomplish this? The fire, as the ship speeds rapidly on, is driven over the stern so near the wheel that it seems impossible for any one to remain there. How then is this to be accomplished? How is it, in the midst of this difficulty, when its achievement seems almost hopeless, that the Almighty power and loving kindness of a Divine being are manifest in providing for every emergency?

As at Lucknow, when so many hundreds were in imminent danger of being subjected to the most horrible deaths and cruelty, when hope was almost o'er, a Henry Havelock was raised to accomplish such superhuman feats, and so nobly meet the requirements of the moment; so here, when there was but a shallow hope between the life or death of so many, a John Maynard was not searched for in vain. He had watched the progress of events; he saw what was wanting, and manfully resolved that, forlorn as was the hope, and almost certain as was death to the perpetrator of the scheme, it should not remain untried. "Get for'ard, get for'ard every one of you!" he cried; and as all instinctively obeyed, John Maynard stations himself at the helm.

The captain, passengers, and crew all crowd to the front part of the ship as far from the flames as they can get. Three-quarters of an hour must elapse before they can reach the shore, and oh! what an age does that short time seem to look forward to, and what little expectation have they of surviving it! They look back—the whole midships is one mass of flame, as that mighty element, in an apparently inexhaustible manner, rushes up from below, dealing destruction around, and so fast approaching their very feet. All huddle as closely together as they could get in their endeavours to escape the fearful heat. They cannot see the stern

of the vessel, and anxious lest their only hope should be driven from his post the captain applies the speaking trumpet to his mouth. "John Maynard, ahoy!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Are you at the helm, John?" "Ay, ay, sir!"

Round revolve the paddles, but quick as is their motion, slow indeed does it seem to those anxious hearts. Yet slowly as the time seems to go, still it does progress, and, lengthy as each minute appears, still minute after minute elapses.

Now a fearful suspicion is whispered among the crowd; they are afraid that the boiler of the engine will burst. As this circulates among them the terror it produces is fearful, and many can, with difficulty, be prevented from putting an end to their fears of the one element by casting themselves into a not less merciless one.

Minute after minute as it elapses brings with it in nearer and nearer proximity to their very persons that fearful monster the raging flame. It is impossible to get more forward; and there as they stand, those who have the misfortune to be nearest, for the most part the weakest and more delicate, are now almost in contact with it. Still round revolve the paddles. It is a race of life; each turn brings them nearer the shore, but still allows time for the approach of the fire; and now as the greater part of the time has elapsed, and the crisis arrives, their hopes and frantic prayers for deliverance are all absorbed in the death-like struggle of each to force himself further forward away from the fearful agony to which from actual contact with the fire they are now suffering. A few minutes more, and should they continue in their present course the vessel will be on shore; but should they not do so—should John Maynard be compelled to release his hold of the helm the current will carry them out again, and all must either be burnt to death or drowned. The captain sees this, and fully sensible of the momentous importance of the next few minutes, again applies the speaking trumpet.

"John Maynard, ahoy!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Are you at the helm, John?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help I'll try, sir!" Still round revolved the paddles. Five minutes and they will be on shore. But what hope is there of this? John Maynard is still at the helm. He is literally surrounded by the flame; still his heroic determination wavers not. The flames encircle his very body, still he grasps the helm. One arm hangs uselessly by his side; all the hair is burnt from his head. His clothes fall in pieces from his blackened and charred body. The soles of his shoes curl upwards. An unfathomable darkness comes before his very eyes—still he holds on, for there, as with one hand he grasps the wheel, with that one limb he holds tottering on the verge of the precipice of eternity the souls of four hundred human beings.

A terrific shock is felt throughout the vessel as, with her keel grating on the beach, she runs high and dry upon the shore. They are aground! they are aground! God be praised! every man, woman, and child on board that ship were saved as the shrivelled remains of John Maynard fell over the stern, and were launched into eternity.

[It is due to Mr. J. B. Gough, the celebrated temperance orator, to say that the facts of this true narrative are such as I remember from hearing him describe the event in one of his orations five or six years ago.—S. G.]

(*Copyright—contributed.*)

THE TWO PICTURES.

J. G. Whittier.

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
  Through gaps of leafy green
  Across the lake were seen.

When in the shadow of the ash,
That dreams its dream in Attilash,
   In the warm, sunny weather,
   Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood,
The gleam and shade of lake and wood,
   The beach the keen light smote,
   The white sail of a boat.

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music, dying,
   Hardhack and virgin's bower,
   And white-spiked clethra flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash,
And breezy wash of Attilash,
   The wood-bird's plaintive cry,
   The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,
   Whose uncouth frolic spilled
   Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
   Tossed back her queenly head,
   And lightly laughing, said,—

"No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold,
That is not lined with yellow gold;
   I tread no cottage floor;
   I own no lover poor.

"My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings—
   Not foul with kitchen smirch,
   With tallow-dip for torch."

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
With look for home-hearths meet,
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered—"We will not rivals be;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me;
Mine be the cottage small,
And thine the rich man's hall.

"I know, indeed, that wealth is good;
But lowly roof and simple food,
With love that hath no doubt,
Are more than gold without."

Behind the wild grape's tangled screen,
Beholding them, himself unseen,
A young man straying near,
The maidens chanced to hear.

He saw the pride of beauty born,
He heard the red lips' words of scorn;
And, like a silver bell,
That sweet voice answering well.

"Why trust," he said, "my foolish eyes?
My ear has pierced the fair disguise;
Who seeks my gold, not me,
My bride shall never be."

The supreme hours unnoted come;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom;
And so the maids laughed on,
Nor dreamed what fate had done.

Nor knew the step was Destiny's,
That rustled in the birchen trees,
As, with his life forecast
Anew, the listener passed.

Ere long by lake and rivulet side,
The summer roses paled and died,
   And autumn's fingers shed
   The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold hazel afternoon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
   The partridge in the brake,
   The bluet on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attilash;
   And earth and air made room
   For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet-oak and golden rod,
   With blushes and with smiles
   Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light, the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant,
   Attempered and low-toned,
   The tender mystery owned:

And through the dream the lovers dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed
   The sunshine seemed to bless,
   The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly scoffed was there,
With jewels in her midnight hair;
   Her dark, disdainful eyes,
   And proud lips worldly-wise.

But she who could for love dispense
With all its gilded accidents,
   And trust her heart alone,
   Found love and gold her own.

A NIGHT WITH A STORK.

William E. Wilcox.

Four individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of a row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful, little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and took tea at the same time, day after day.

We had been going on in this clockwork fashion for a year and a half, when one morning the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. "What can uncle Martin have to write about!" was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity.

"Martin House, Herts, Oct. 17, 1857.

"Dear Nephew,—

"You may perhaps have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to-morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be

obliged by your taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning.—With my respects to your good lady,

"I remain your affectionate uncle,

"RALPH MARTIN."

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: "They're only birds; it might have been worse."

I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to "Stork." With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of "his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe," because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that "his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious," and "his food—frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels." Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

I went to my office, and passed anything but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o'clock I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as "the one with the crowd upon the quay." On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea-voyage, or the leaving his home, or, being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the continual, and rather joyous and exulting swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy-looking object in my life.

I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain's face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage, but the stork was merely tethered

by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way—which, as he got astride, after the manner of equestrians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty. I hurried him into the cab, and ordering the man to drive as quickly as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head about, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as well as I could, and shut the door.

How can I describe the spending of that evening? how can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements?—walking slowly into rooms, and standing on one leg until his curiosity was satisfied; the expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to the banisters, and had found out that, owing to our limited accommodation, he was to remain in the hall all night; the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite. How can you, who have not had a stork staying with you, have any idea of the change which came over his temper after his supper—how he pecked at everybody who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how at last we outmanœuvred him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

Added to all this, we had to endure language from

that parrot which would have disgraced a pot-house; indeed, so scurrilous did he become, that we had to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, from fatigue, or the darkness of his bedroom, he soon swore himself to sleep.

We were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness which, we hoped, sleep, that "balm of hurt minds," would bring with it; but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A.M., I was awakened by my wife, and told to listen; I did so, and heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door. "What can that be?" thought I. "He has broken his string, and is coming up stairs," said my wife; and then, remembering that the nursery-door was generally left open, she urged my immediately stopping his further progress. "But, my dear," said I, "what am I to do in my present defenceless state of clothing, if he should take to pecking?" My wife's expression at the idea of my considering myself before the baby, determined me at once, come what might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and sure enough there he was on the landing, resting himself, after his unusual exertion, by tucking one leg up. He looked so subdued, that I was about to take him by the string and lead him down stairs, when he drew back his head, and in less time than it takes to relates, I was back in my room, bleeding profusely from a very severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and determined to let the infamous bird go where he liked. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork wandering about the house, prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt but that he was passing some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our spare crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

In the morning I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then sent for a large sack, and with the help of the table-cloth, and the boy who cleans

our shoes, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and sent him and the parrot off to my uncle by the first train.

We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will or not, we will never again have anything to do with any foreign animals, however much he may ask and desire it.

(*By permission of Messrs. Chambers.*)

THE SURGEON AND THE HOUSE PAINTERS.

HORACE SMITH.

PAINTERS are like the dry-rot; if we let 'em
Fix on our panels and our planks,
There's no ejectment that can get 'em
Out, till they've fairly played their pranks.
There *is* a time, however, when the ghastly
Spectres cease to haunt our vision;
And as my hearers, doubtless, would like vastly
To calculate it with precision,
I'll tell them, for their ease and comfort,
What happened t'other day at Romford.

In that great thoroughfare for calves,
Destined to pacify the yearning
Of Norton Folgate gormandizing,
There dwelt a surgeon, who went halves
With the apothecary, in the earnings
From broken limbs and accidents arising.
But, somehow, the good Romford drones
Were so confounded careful against harms,
They neither broke their legs nor arms,
Nor even slipped their collar bones.
In short, he couldn't find one benefactor
Among these cruel calf and pig herds,
To treat him with a single fracture:—
Was ever such a set of niggards?

The fact is, that they never took the road,
Except on vehicles which Heaven bestowed—
  But if with other legs you take a journey,
  What wonder if they sometimes overturn ye?
One morn a patent safety coach
  Departed from the Swan with two Necks—
A sign that seems intended to reproach
  Those travellers of either sex,
Who deem one neck sufficient for the risks
Of ditches, drunkards, wheels, and four-legged frisks.
  Just as they entered Romford with a dash,
Meaning to pass the opposition,
The front wheel came in violent collision
  With a low post—was shivered—smash!
  And down the coach came with a horrid crash.

"Zooks!" cried the coachman, as he swore and cursed,
"That rascal Jack will get to Chelmsford first.
  We might have had worse luck on't; for I sees
  None of the horses hasn't broke their knees."
As to his fare, or any human limb,
Had ten been broken, 'twas all one to him.
  Luckily for the passengers, the master
  Of the Plough Inn, who witnessed the disaster,
Ran with his men, and maids, and spouse,
  The imprisoned sufferers unpounded,
  Conveyed the frighten'd, sick, and wounded
    Into his house;
  Then hied himself into the town, to urge on
  The speed of the aforesaid surgeon.

He came—inquired the wounds and spasms
  Of all the mistresses and masters;
Applied lint—poultice—balsams—plasters,
    And cataplasms,
  Bandaging some, and letting others blood,
  And then ran home to tell how matters stood.
Like Garrick 'twixt Thalia and Melpomene,
  His wife put on her tragi-comic features:

She had a heart—but also an uncommon eye
To the main chance—and so she cried, "Poor creatures!
Dear me—how shocking to be wounded thus!—
A famous God-send, certainly, for us!
Don't tell me any more, my dear Cathartic,
The horrid story really makes my heart ache.
One broken rib—an ankle sprained—that's worse;
I mean that's better, for it lasts the longer;
Those careless coachmen are the traveller's curse,
How lucky that they hadn't got to Ongar!
Two bad contusions—several ugly wounds,
Why this should be a job of fifty pounds!
So now there's no excuse for being stingy;
'Tis full twelve years—no matter when it was—
At all events, the parlour's horrid dingy,
And now it *shall* be painted—that is poz!"

The painters come—two summer days they give
To scrape acquaintance with each panel;
Then mix the deadly stuff by which they live,
(The smell's enough to make the stoutest man ill),
And now, in all their deleterious glory,
They fall upon the wainscot *con amore.*
The parlour's done—you wouldn't know the room,
It looks four times as large, and eight times lighter;
But most unluckily, as that grew whiter,
The hall looked less, and put on tenfold gloom.

"There's no use doing things by halves, my dear,
We must just titivate the hall, that's clear."
"Well, be it so, you've my consent, my love,
But when that's done, the painters go, by Jove!"

They heard him, and began. All hurry-scurry,
They set to work *instanter*,
But presently they slackened from their hurry
Into a species of snail's canter.

The surgeon, who had had his fill
Of stench, and trembled for his bill,
Saw day by day, with aggravated loathing,
  That they were only dabbling, paddling,
  Twiddling, and fiddle-faddling,
And helping one another to do nothing;
So called the foreman in, and begged to know,
As a great favour, when they meant to go.
"Why," quoth the honest man, scratching his nob,
"Not afore master gets another job."

The surgeon stormed and swore, but took the hint,
Laid in a double stock of lint,
  And to his patients at the "Plough" dispenses,
Week after week, new pills and plasters;
Looks very grave on their disasters,
  And will not answer for the consequences,
If they presume to use their arms or feet,
Before their cure is quite complete.
"No, no," he mutters, "they shall be
Served as the painters treated me;
  And, if my slowness they reproach,
I'll tell them they shall leave the place
The moment there's another race
  Run by the patent safety coach."

A LAST FAREWELL.

THOMAS, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

[Written by himself a little before his death, and printed on a broadsheet. London, 1641.]

FAREWELL, vain world! farewell, my fleeting joys,
Whose drop of music's but an echo's noise;
And all the lustre of your painted light,
But as dull dreams and phantoms of the night.
Empty your pleasures, too, nor can they last
Longer than air-blown bubbles, or a blast.

Farewell, you fading honours, which do blind
By your false mists the sharpest-sighted mind;
And having raised him to his height of cares,
Tumble him headlong down the slippery stairs.
How shall I praise or prize your glorious ills,
Which are but poison put in golden pills?

Farewell my blustering titles; ne'er come back,
You've swelled my sails until my mastings crack,
And made my vessel reel against the rocks
Of gaping ruin, whose destructive knocks
Hath helpless left me, sinking, here to lie;
The cause? I raised my maintop sails too high.

Farewell, ambition, since we needs must part,
Thou great enchantress of man's greater heart:
Thy gilded titles that do seem so fair,
Are but like meteors hanging in the air:
In whose false splendour, falling thence, is found
No worth, but water-like shed on the ground.

Farewell the glory, from which all the rest
Derive the sweets for which men style them best,
That from one root in several branches spring;
I mean—the favour of my gracious king;
This, too, hath led my wandering soul astray,
Like *ignis fatuus* from its righter way.

Farewell, my friends—I need not bid you go;
When fortune flies, you freely will do so;
Worship the rising, not the setting sun.
The house is falling. Vermin quickly run.
Bees from the withered flowers do make haste;
The reason? because they have lost their taste.

Farewell, the treasures of my tempting store,
Which of all idols I did least adore;
Haste to some idiot's coffer, and he'll be
Thy slave, as I have master been to thee.
Heaven knows of all the suitors I have had,
I prized the least, as counting none so bad.

Lastly, my foes farewell; for such I have
Who do in multitudes wait for my grave;
'Mongst which I can't believe but some there be
That hate my vices only, and not me;
Let them pass o'er my fame without a blot,
And let the vulgar snatch, they know not what.

Let them besmear me by the chattering notes,
Poor, silly hearts, which echo through their throats;
I'll pass it o'er and pray, with patience, too;
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
Yet O! I could have wooed my treacherous fate;
T'have let me died without the public hate.

THE MODERN CYMON.

"THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER, AND THE POET."

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

[Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, born about the year 1790, and educated at Harrow School, is better known for the least ambitious of his writings, those sterling English songs which he published under the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," than for the more matured efforts of his genius—such is the vitality of a song (who does not remember "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea?") when it has once fairly taken hold of the public mind. When Barry Cornwall commenced writing his English Songs, he could say with some degree of truth that "England was singularly barren of song writers." This opinion he has lived to outgrow; for the growth of sterling English song has been no less rapid than, let us hope, it is permanent. To the few names that could be pointed at in Barry Cornwall's early days the names may now be added of Charles Mackay, Eliza Cook, Felicia Hemans, Charles Swain, and his own highly gifted and much-lamented daughter, Adelaide Proctor. Mr. Proctor is the author of a tragedy, "Mirandola," which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in 1821. He has also published "A Sicilian Story," "Marcian Colonna," "The Flood of Thessaly," poems; and a series of "Dramatic Scenes," modelled on the old English drama. Mr. Proctor is a member of the bar, and was for many years a Com-

missioner of Lunacy, which office he resigned in 1860. During the present year (1866) he has published a "Memoir of Charles Lamb."]

You bid me tell you, why I rise
At midnight from my lonely bed;
And search amongst the coming clouds
And talk as though I saw the dead:
You speak of madness—of the moon—
I've heard such idle jeers before:
Give me your patience, for my tale,
And you shall deem me mad no more.

I was not born of noble race:
I know a peasant was my sire;
But, from my mother's breast, I sucked
The milk that filled my blood with fire.
I ran, as wild as doth the wolf,
About the fields, for many years;
But, in my twentieth summer, Thought
Sprang upwards, in a rain of tears.

A sudden chance (if chance it were)
Flung me across a marriage train;
And there I saw a wretched girl
Forced onwards, while she wept in vain.
I never saw so fair a thing:
My eyes were hot within my head:
I heard her scream—I saw her forced
(By a brother) towards a brute—and wed.

I sought the hills—I sought the woods;
My heart was bursting in my breast:
At last, tears rushed in rivers forth,
And, for a time, I felt at rest.
Those tears! they washed from off my eyes
The cloudy film that on them lay;
And I awoke, and saw the light,
And knew I did behold the Day.

Till then, I had but been a beast,
  Had let mere savage will prevail;
Was ignorant—sullen—fierce; till Love—
  (You have some fable, like my tale,)
Till Love flew forth and touched my heart;
  Then, all at once, my Spirit strong
Swelled upwards, like a torrent damm'd,
  And forced its furious way along.

I read—I learned—I thought—I loved!
  (For Love was all the motive then);—
And one, who was a friend, gave help,
  And I went forth and mixed with men:
I talked with him they called her lord;
  I talked with *Her*—who was a bride
Through fraud and force and rapine;—God!
  She spoke:—I think I could have died!

I heard her words; I saw her eyes,
  Where patient mingled with the sad:
I felt her breath upon my cheek;
  Its perfume did not drive me mad.
I listened dumbly to her wrongs—
  Imprisoned, struck, despised, deceived;
And, in my heart, I heard a voice
  Cry out "Revenge!"—and I believed!

Still, Time wore on; and efforts vain
  Were made to bend the Dæmon's will;
To wean him from the wrong to right;
  But, he was base and cruel still.
Such deeds he did! Romance hath bared
  The truth of many a hellish crime;
But never yet did Fiction dream
  Of half that I could tell in rhyme.

Suffice it; all things have an end.
  There is an end, where mortal pain
Must stop, and can endure no more:
  This limit did we now attain;

For Hope—sweet Patience—Virtue fled!
 I did what she could never dare:
I cut the canker from her side;
 And bore her off—to healthier air!

Far—far away! She never knew
 That I had blood upon my breast:
And yet (although she loved me much),
 I know not why, she could not rest.
I strove to cheer her love,—to stir
 Her pride—but, ah, she had no pride!
We loved each other;—yet she pined:
 We loved each other;—yet she died!

She died, as fading roses die,
 Although the warm and healing air
Comes breathing forth, and wraps them round:
 She died, despite my love and care.
I placed her, gently, in the lead;
 I soothed her hair, as it should be;
And drew a promise—what she vowed
 Is secret, 'tween my soul and me!

She died; and yet I have her still,—
 Carved, softly, in Carrara stone;
And in my chamber she abides,
 Sitting in silence,—all alone;
Alone, save when the midnight moon
 Her calm and spotless bosom seeks;
Then, she unclasps her marble hands,
 And moves her marble lips—and speaks!

And this is why I restless seem;
 And *this* is why I always rise
At midnight still throughout the year,
 And look for comfort in the skies;
For then the angel of my heart
 Awakens from her sleep of stone;
And we exchange sweet hopes and thoughts,
 In words unto the earth unknown.

Now,—tell me, am I mad ?—Who's *He*
That stares, and gibbers at me there ?
I know him : there's his crookèd claw ;
His glittering eye ; his snaky hair ;
Begone !—he's gone ! Excuse me, Sir ;
These fellows often pinch my brain ;
(I know full well who spurs them on ;)
But—as you see—they teaze in vain.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

MY ACCOUNT WITH HER MAJESTY.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

[Mr. Andrew Halliday was born at Grange, in the county of Banff, Scotland, in the year 1830. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and made his first appearance as a journalist in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Leader*. He afterwards turned his attention to essay writing, and furnished many contributions to the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *London Society*, &c. He has been for some years past one of the principal contributors to *All the Year Round*, from which he has collected and published three volumes of essays, entitled "Every-day Papers," "Sunnyside Papers," and "Town and Country," of which the *Examiner* says :—"They supply to our current literature some of the best reading which seeks chiefly to amuse." Mr. Halliday has also written a number of burlesques and farces for the stage.]

I NEVER laid by a penny till the Post-office Savings Banks came up. Not that I mightn't have done so, for I earned good wages ; and after paying all the expenses at home, I had always plenty of loose cash to spend. I was never without money in my pocket ; but always at the year's end I had spent all I had received. I knew very well that I might have saved a good bit without cutting down the weekly allowance to the missus for the house, or stinting myself of any reasonable enjoyment ; but I had never begun the thing, and when I thought about doing it, I was at a loss how to go about it. What I used to do, when I had a little lump of money over and above the expenses, was to put it away in a drawer, and lock it up ; and I used to say to

myself, "I wont touch that money, but I'll put more to it from time to time, and when it amounts to a hundred, I'll do something with it—put it in the bank, or invest it in a building society, or something of that sort." But, somehow, the money didn't grow as I expected. You see I always had the key of that drawer in my pocket; and at any time, if I ran a little short through being rather free with my mates or going upon the spree, I had nothing to do but to go to the drawer and help myself. I hesitated over it sometimes, but never for long; the drawer was so handy, and I used to say to myself, "If I take a sovereign it wont reduce the money much, and I can put it back again next week." But it generally happened when next week came that it wasn't convenient to put the money back. And so I went on going to the drawer for sovereigns and half-sovereigns, until the bit of money dwindled down so low that it wasn't worth keeping. It's the same with drink. If you make up your mind that you wont taste a drop for a week, and stick to it, you are all right; but only be persuaded to make a beginning—to take one glass, just one, and you take another and another, and then it's all wrong. It's the the same, too, I dare say, with swindling and robbing your master: once make a beginning, and on you go, like rolling down One-Tree-Hill on Whit Monday, the further you go, the faster you go.

Susan used to say to me, "George, how's the money getting on?" And she used to say it in a sly sarcastic sort of way, meaning that I was spending it, and that it was going very fast. I knew it was, but I didn't like to acknowledge it, and always said: "Oh! it's all right in the drawer, there, what's of it." "Well, George," she would say, "you put away ten pounds about a month ago; and as Christmas is coming on, it will enable us to buy all we require, and give a little party to our friends." "Yes," I would say, "but you know, my dear, that I have paid So-and-so, and So-and-so;" and then I'd name certain bills, and the subscription to

my lodge—for I am an Odd Fellow—and add it up and subtract it from the ten, and Susan, not being good at figures, would be quite puzzled and give the sum up in despair.

But she found me out more than once. One day, when I came home to dinner, she says to me, "George," she says, "you left the key of the drawer on the mantle-shelf this morning." She didn't look at me, but went on carving the boiled rabbit. My wife is odd that way, and not like generality of women. Nagging is not one of her faults. She doesn't say much, but she thinks the more. So, when she told me about the key in that quiet way, I knew she had been to the drawer and counted the money. That's where I don't hold with Bluebeard. He might have tried his wife with anything but a secret; it is downright unreasonable to expect a woman not to be curious. I merely said "Oh!" in an indifferent kind of way; but I am sure my looks convicted me. However, Susan did not make any remark about the money being nearly all gone; but, by-and-by, when she was helping me to a suety dumpling, she says in her usual demure way, "Don't you think, George, it would be a good thing to put a little money away in a savings bank?" "Well," I says, "it wouldn't be a bad thing, Susan." "No," she says, "I'm sure it wouldn't, and if I was you I would make a beginning." "Well," I says, "I would, if I knew how to go about it." "There's no difficulty about that," Susan says; "you've only to go to Welbeck-street, and put a little in, and they'll give you a book, and there you are." "Very well, Susan," I says, "I'll take your advice, and go to Welbeck-street to-morrow."

I was as good as my word; and next day, at the dinner-hour, I walked up to Welbeck-street to put in three pounds ten, which was all that was left of the fifteen. But, lo and behold! when I got to the bank it was shut; and for the moment I thought it had broke, or the manager bolted with the funds, or something, but on looking about I noticed a brass plate on the wall

with information about the bank-hours, and from that I learned that the bank was only open three days a week, from ten to two in the morning, and from six to eight in the evening. I had come on the wrong day. I was a good bit vexed to have all my trouble for my pains, but Susan, when I told her, took it quite quiet, and says, "Never mind, George, you can go again on Saturday when the Bank is open." Well, I fully resolved to go, and on Saturday morning I took the money with me, intending to walk over to the bank after my work. However, just as I was leaving the shop at six o'clock, who should I meet but an old mate of mine, that I hadn't seen for years. Nothing would do for Dave but I must go and have a glass with him. Well, you know, you can't refuse to drink with a mate, especially when he's been away in Birmingham for ever so long, and got a holiday on purpose to come up and see his friends. So in we goes to the Yorkshire Grey, and has a glass of rum-and-water each, and you know how the time slips away when old friends meet as have been long parted. Dave had so much to tell me about Birmingham gun-barrels, and I had so much to tell Dave about Clerken-well watch-springs, and one thing followed another, including glasses of rum-and-water, that it was a quarter to eight in no time. It was no use; I couldn't get to Welbeck-street in a quarter of an hour unless I took a cab, and it didn't seem natural like to take a cab to go to a savings bank with three pounds ten: so I stopped with Dave, and had another glass.

When I went home and told Susan, she didn't say an angry word, but just remarked that I was very unlucky. You don't know how aggravating Susan is in that way. I'd rather have tongue-pie a good deal, than that sit-and-say-nothing, but think-the-more way of hers. It's more aggravating than saying the thing right out, for you can't tell what an awful character a quiet woman *thinks* you are. For my part, I'd rather have teacups. However, I was resolved to show Susan that I was in earnest, and on the following Tuesday I got to the bank

in good time. I didn't find it such an easy matter though, to put my money away, even now when I was there with it in my hand. There was such a lot of people in the bank that there was no getting near the counter for full a quarter of an hour; and when at last I did get to it, the clerks didn't seem inclined to take any notice of me. Two or three times I said to one of them that I wanted to put in three pound ten, but he paid no attention, and always turned to somebody else. An old woman with half-a-crown cut me out first, and then I was elbowed aside by a charity boy with a shilling all in coppers. They were regular customers, and used to the banking business, I suppose, and I wasn't. However, I got it in at last and received my book, and I do assure you I felt a load taken off my mind. When I showed the book to Susan, she said, "That's right, George, and I hope you'll get on with it." I fully intended to do so then; but it's easy to intend and not so easy to carry your intendings out. It's like sitting over a fire on a winter's night, and saying, "I'll get up early to-morrow morning and do overtime;" but when the morning comes, and you peep out between the clothes and see the frost upon the windows, it's very easy to find an excuse for lying a little longer.

The evening song and the morning song don't often agree. So it was with my saving. I had always a pretty lively recollection of the trouble it was to walk all the way to Welbeck-street after my day's work, and then to have to push my way through a crowd of old women, and wait my turn at the counter. It's not worth doing for a few shillings, I used to say to myself; I'll wait until there's more of it, then put it in in a lump. So I put the shillings away in the drawer until such time as they should grow to be pounds; but owing to the key being always handy they didn't; and what with club-nights and sprees now and then, it never came to be enough to be worth taking down to Welbeck-street. When Christmas time came, all I had in the bank was the three pounds ten I first put in. However, that was

something, and as I was rather short just then, it would come in handy to get the Christmas extras. Three days before Christmas I went down to the bank to draw the money out, promising Susan to come straight home with it. You may judge how mad I was, when the clerk told me that I couldn't draw the money out without giving a week's notice. Here was a pretty go; Susan at home waiting for the money to get in the tea and sugar, the plums and currants, and what not, and the cash not to be got until after Christmas. "This sort of saving wont suit me," says I to myself; "there's too much ceremony about it." I had to borrow the money from one of my mates to get the Christmas dinner, and at the end of the week I drew my money out of Welbeck-street, and paid him back; and that was the end of my account at that savings bank.

Next year, Susan belonged to a pudding-club at the grocer's, and I belonged to a goose-club at the "Yorkshire Grey." We began to pay in sixpence a week very shortly after Midsummer; and, a few days before Christmas, Susan brought home a parcel of groceries, and I got a goose, and a bottle of gin, and a bottle of rum. We didn't miss the money paid every week in sixpences, and when the things came home they seemed like a gift. I said to Susan that I thought this was better than putting money in the savings' bank, where there was so much ceremony, and Susan thought so too. But when Susan's brother, John, who is a cashier at a large linendraper's, came to dinner on Christmas day, and we told him how we had been saving, he burst out a-laughing. "What are you laughing at?" I says. "What am I laughing at?" he says, almost choking himself with a mouthful of goose—"why at you." "What for?" I says. "For being so jolly green," he says. "Jolly green!" I says; "is it jolly green to lay by money for a rainy day?—leastways, for Christmas day, when a family requires extras?" "Fiddlesticks!" John says. "Let me ask you a question, George." "Twenty," I says; "go ahead, John." "Well," he

says, "when did you begin to pay into the goose-club at the 'Yorkshire Grey?'" "At Midsummer," I says. "And you paid in sixpence every week for twenty-six weeks?" "Yes," I says, "I did." "Which made thirteen shillings, George?" "Exactly," I says. "Well," he says, "is the goose and the liquor worth it?" "Judge for yourself, John," I says. "Could I have bought such a goose as that you are now partaking of for less than eight-and-six in the shops?" "No," he says, "I don't think you could." "Very well," I says, "where's your fiddlesticks, and how do you make me out jolly green?" "Why, this way, George," he says: "in the first place, you've been losing the interest upon your money for six months." "That's not much," I says. "No," he says, "perhaps not; but that is not all. I'll be bound to say, George, if you'll only be candid enough to confess it, that every time you went to the 'Yorkshire Grey' to pay in sixpence to the goose-club, you had a glass of something?" "I don't deny it," I says; "you can't well go to a public-house without having a glass." "Sometimes two," he says. "Well," I says, "sometimes two; perhaps three, when I happened to meet a friend." "Then, let us say, George, that every time you went to pay in sixpence to the club, you spent, on an average, another sixpence on drink." "It might be about that," I says. "Very well then, George, upon your own showing, your goose, and bottle of gin, and bottle of rum, have cost you six-and-twenty shillings, to say nothing of your loss of time, and the injury to your constitution through drinking more than was good for you." "I never thought of it in that way, John," I says. "No, of course not, George," he says; "for if you had thought of it in that way, you wouldn't have been such a fool as to do it." "But you'll admit," I says, "that Susan has had her money's worth at the grocer's, and not paid more than she ought?" "I'm not going to dispute that," he says; "but you must remember that the grocer has had the use of her money, and supposing he

had failed about the beginning of December, what would have become of Susan, and all the other Christmas-club geese. I'm surprised at a sensible man like you, George, doing such things, when there's a Post-office Savings Bank close to your door." "But," I says, "there's so much ceremony about savings' banks; they're only open certain days a week, and the hours are inconvenient for a working man, and——" "You don't know anything about them, George," he says, taking me up short; "for the Post-office Savings' Banks that have just come up are open every day from ten to four, and you may put money in, and draw it out, whenever you like." "Well, John," I says, "I'll see about it."

I did see about it, and found that one of the Post-office Banks had been opened at Bardsley's, the tea-grocer's, in the next street. Bardsley's is our post-office and money-order office as well; and walking up the shop through an avenue of sugar-loaves, I found a clerk reading the newspaper.

"I want to put some money in the new bank," I says.

The clerk never said a word, but placed a printed paper before me to sign. I read it over and signed it, thereby declaring that I was not directly or indirectly entitled to any deposit in that, or any other savings bank, and that I submitted myself to the rules of the Post-office Savings Bank. The clerk then handed me a small paper book, about the size of a penny memorandum-book, only it had a white cover with the royal arms at the top, and was printed all over with rules and regulations.

"Sign your name on that line, across the inside of the cover," the clerk says. I signed it. "That's your signature," he says, "for drawing out, and you should be particular always to use the same one."

I then handed the clerk five shillings as my first deposit. He took the money, wrote in the book, "No. 857, 1862, Jan. 1, — — 5," put the post-office letter

stamp for the day against the entry, and the thing was done. I don't think I was more than five minutes in the shop altogether. The very next evening, when Susan and I were sitting at supper, the postman came to the door. Susan answered him, and came back with a letter in her hand. "George," she says, "it's a letter, 'On Her Majesty's Service;' whatever can it be about? I shouldn't wonder if it was the water-rates, for you know the man has called three times, and——"

"There, let's open it," I says, "that's the best way to find out what it's about. It's all right, Susan," I says, "it's a letter from the Postmaster-General." "And whatever does *he* want?" Susan says. "Oh, nothing," I says; "he only writes to say that five shillings have been placed to my credit in the books of his department." "Well, it's very condescending of him," Susan says, "for so little." "Well," I says, "it's a guarantee that it's all right, and there's his signature, 'Geo. Chetwynd.'" "Cheatwind!" Susan says; "are you sure it's all safe, George?" "Safe as the bank," I says, "and safer; for the Queen, the two Houses of Parliament, and all the taxes, are security."

I quite took a fancy to the Post Office Savings Bank when I found how simple the machinery was. It was almost as handy as the drawer, to have a bank round the corner, where you could buy your tea and sugar, and put your money away all at once, and without ceremony. I was as pleased with it as a child with a pretty toy, and I liked the importance of receiving letters every now and then "On Her Majesty's Service." Susan used to put the letters on the chimney-piece for people to see. It was soon the talk of the neighbourhood that I was holding a correspondence with the government, and it was reported that I was going to be appointed watchmaker to the Queen and the royal family. I passed the post-office twice every day on coming home to dinner and going back again to work, and to walk in with my book and put away a few shillings, was just like dropping in to the public-house to

have a glass of ale. And always the next day, whether it was pounds or shillings, I had a letter "On Her Majesty's Service;" and Susan would meet me at the door, and say, "George, here's another letter from the Queen," and then we'd sit down after supper and count it up, and see how much I had at my banker's. I found putting money away in the Post-office Savings Bank so easy and so pleasant like, that I rather overdid the thing, and put more money away than I could spare. So one day I ran short, and had to draw out. It was almost as easy and expeditious as drawing a cheque upon one of the big banks. At the post-office they gave me a slip of paper with a form of withdrawal upon it, and addressed in print to the Postmaster-General on the back. I had nothing to do but fill in the number of my book, the amount I wanted to draw out, sign my name, double the bit of paper up, and shove it in the post. It only took me about a minute, for the paper was ready gummed for sealing, and no stamp was required, it being marked on the back, "On Her Majesty's Service." It was two o'clock on Tuesday when I posted the letter. At four o'clock next day I had an answer in the shape of a printed form, very similar to the notice paper. I had nothing to do but sign it and present it at the post-office, and the money was handed to me, the clerk marking off the withdrawal in my book.

It's my belief that saving is a habit, like smoking, or taking snuff, or like extravagance. If you begin it and go on with it for a little time, you come to have a sort of passion for it. Whenever I had any spare cash, I was off to Bardsley's with it, and often when I thought of withdrawing some I didn't do it, saying to myself, "Oh, I can give notice to-morrow, or the next day, or any time I like;" and so perhaps I waited and tided over the temporary difficulty, and didn't withdraw at all.

About the beginning of December, in 'Sixty-three, when I went to put in three pounds, the clerk wouldn't

take it. "What's up?" I says; "going to stop?" "No," he says; "but if you look at the rules and regulations in your book, you'll find that you ain't allowed to put in more than thirty pounds a year." That, I believe, is to protect the regular bankers, and it may be quite right, but I don't exactly see it. I know this, that before the new year, when I might begin to put in again, I had blewed that three pound which the clerk wouldn't take. If it did any good to the regular bankers, it certainly didn't do any good to me. However, at the end of 'Sixty-three, I had fifty pounds at the Post-office Savings Bank, and I might have had sixty, only I took a holiday in August, and went down with Susan for a week to Margate, where we were rather free. And here I found out another advantage of this wonderful Post-office Bank. Susan and I went boating, and raffling, and driving in chaises, and ran short, and were likely to be in a fix, until I looked over the rules and regulations in my bank-book, when I learned that I might withdraw my money at any Post-office Savings Bank in the kingdom, by giving notice to that effect. So I sent up the usual notice of withdrawal to London—I keep a dozen of them stitched together in a cover, and call it my cheque-book—stating that I wanted to withdraw the money at the post-office at Margate; and, almost by return, back came the withdrawal paper, and I had nothing to do but go to the post-office and get it cashed. And the forms don't cost you a farthing—there's no postage to pay; and when the time comes for you to send up your book to the chief office in London for the interest at two and a half per cent. to be calculated and added to your account—which is the anniversary of the day on which the first deposit was made—the Postmaster-General sends you a big envelope for the purpose.

Altogether, it's the best regulated thing I ever came across, and if it doesn't make people save, nothing will. But it does, I'm sure. Look at Bardsley's shop now, to what it was. Why, that little box with the pigeon-

hole, where they used to do the post-office order business, has swollen into a great banking department, and there's Bardsley himself, with a clerk to help him, at it all day long, with piles of bank-notes and bowls full of sovereigns beside them—just like Twining's or the Bank of England itself. Bardsley's proud of it, too; I know he is. He's never behind the counter now, serving tea and sugar: he leaves that to his young men; he's a banker, bless you.

I don't believe I should ever have saved anything if these Post-office Savings Banks hadn't come up; and I'm sure if it was generally known how handy and convenient they are, thousands like myself would take advantage of them, and soon learn to be careful and provident. If there's a philanthropist that's hard up for an object, I don't know what he could do better than go about distributing tracts setting forth the rules and regulations and advantages of the Post Office Savings Banks.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME NOT.

ANONYMOUS.

FAREWELL! my true and loyal knight! on yonder battle field
Many a pearl and gem of price will gleam on helm and shield:
But bear thou on thy silver crest this pure and simple wreath,
A token of thy ladye's love — unchanging to the death.

They seem, I know, these fragrant flowers, those fairy stars of blue,
As maidens' eyes had smiled on them, and given them that bright hue;
As only fitting but to bind a lady's hair or lute,
And not with war, or warrior's crest in armed field to suit.

But there's a charm in every leaf, a deep and mystic spell;
Then take the wreath, my loyal knight, our Lady shield thee well;
And, though still prouder favours deck the gallant knights of France,
Oh, be the first in every field, LA FLEUR DE SOUVENANCE!

How bland, how still this summer eve, sure never gentler hour
For lay of love, or sigh of lute, to breathe in lady's bower;
Then listen with a lover's faith, as spell-bound to the spot,
To the legend of my token flower, the charmed FORGET-ME-NOT.

Young Albert led his Ida forth, when the departing sun
Still linger'd in the golden west, and shone like treasures won
From some far land of old romance; some genie's diamond throne,
A wreck of bright enchanted gems, in triumph overthrown.

Love, look towards those radiant clouds, so like to fairy bowers:
How proudly o'er a sea of gold are raised their ruby towers;
And now, as if by magic spell, a bright pavilion seems,
With its folds of sapphire light, where the panting sun-ray gleams.

To that bright heaven with smiles she looked; one gleam of her blue eyes,
And Albert's heart forgot the clouds, and all their radiant dyes,

All, all, but that young smiling one, whose beauty well
might seem
A fairy form of loveliness imagined in a dream.

She took a chaplet from her brow, which, gleaming soft
and fair,
Like orient veil of amber light streamed down her
silken hair,
Shedding fragrance and emitting brightness from its
glittering rings,
As if halo'd by Love's breath, and the glancing of his
wings.

"These maiden roses, love, appear like pearls kissed
by the sun
With last rich gleam of crimson ere his western throne
be won;
But should there not be some bright flower to deck our
bridal wreath,
Whose hue might speak of constancy, unchanging to
the death?"

"My Ida! from a thousand wreaths, thy own sweet
fancy chose,
For pure unfading loveliness, this garland of the
Rose:
And what can speak of truer faith, my own beloved
one,
Than the flower whose fragrance lasts even when its
life is gone?"

"Look to yon lone enchanted isle, which 'mid the
silvery foam
Of the blue water seems to float, the wild swan's elfin
home;
A very cloud of azure flowers in rich profusion bloom;
Winds of the lake! your passing sighs breathe of their
rich perfume.

"In nameless beauty all unmasked, in solitude they smile,
As if they bloomed but for the stars, or birds of that lone isle:
For never yet hath mortal foot touched that enchanted shore,
Long hallowed by the wildly imagined tales of yore.

"Full well I love those distant flowers, whose pure and tender blue
Seems fitting emblem of a faith, unchanging as their hue;
And wouldst thou venture for my love as thou wouldst for renown,
To win for me those azure flowers, to deck my bridal crown?"

One parting kiss of his fair bride, and swiftly far away,
Like the wild swan whose home he sought, young Albert met the spray
Of rising waves, which foamed in wrath, as if some spirit's hand
Awoke the genii of the lake to guard their mystic land.

The flowers were won, but devious his course lay back again;
To stem the waters in their tow'ring rage he strove in vain:
Fondly he glanced to the yet distant shore, where in despair
His Ida stood with outstretched arms, 'mid shrieks and tears and pray'r.

Darker and fiercer gathered on the tempest in its wrath,
The eddying waves with vengeful ire beset the fatal path:

With the wild energy of death he well-nigh reached
the spot,
The azure flowers fell at her feet—"IDA, FORGET-ME-NOT!"
The words yet borne upon his lips, the prize seem'd
almost won,
When 'mid the rush of angry waves he sank—for ever
gone!

Within a proud cathedral aisle was raised a costly
tomb,
Whose pure white marble like ethereal light amid the
gloom
Shone—and no other trace it bore of lineage or of
lot
But IDA's name, with star-like flowers ensculp'd FORGET-ME-NOT!

There Ida slept, the desolate, the last of all her name,
Parted from him who perished for her love 'mid dawn
of fame;
But when shall their fond legend die? or when shall be
forgot
The flower that won its name in death, Love's theme—
FORGET-ME-NOT?

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

JOHN BYROM.

[John Byrom was a contributor to the *Spectator*, and the author of several poems, of which the best are those on "Enthusiasm," and the "Immortality of the Soul." He was, however, rather a prolific versifier than a poet. He was the son of a linen-draper at Kersall, near Manchester, where he was born in 1691. He was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A., 1741. Though usually called Dr. Byrom, he practised as a physician without taking any degree in medicine. Having married a cousin in opposition to the will of her parents, his family abandoned them, and he was for some time in straitened circum-

stances; but during his stay at Cambridge he had invented a system of short-hand, which he began to teach at Manchester. In 1723 he was admitted into the Royal Society as a Fellow. About this time his elder brother died without issue, and Byrom was at once placed in ease and affluence. He died September 28th, 1762, in the seventy-second year of his age.]

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand.
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this
About the crows!" "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. "No! I'm surprised at that,—
Where I come from it is the common chat;
But you shall hear an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman who lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a vomit, threw up three black crows!"
"Impossible!" "Nay, but 'tis really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell?" relating the affair.
"Yes, sir, I did; and, if 'tis worth your care,
'Twas Mr.—such an one—who told it me;
But by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three!*"
Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event,
Quick to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir," and so forth. "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact:
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one;*
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?" "Why, in"—such a place.
Away he went, and having found him out,
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me, how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and *one ;*
And here, I find, all comes at last to *none !*
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might; now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was—as *black*, sir, as a crow."

THE DESOLATION OF GREENLAND.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4th, 1771. At twelve years of age he found himself writing verses, and at twenty he became a newspaper editor, beginning his professional career at a time when it was dangerous for a man to print his thoughts if his sentiments were opposed to the powers that were. Montgomery found himself at three and-twenty a prisoner in York Castle, for printing in his journal a song, not his own, celebrating the fall of the Bastile. The punishment had no effect on him in the sense that was intended; he wrote while in gaol a series of poems, which he called "Prison Amusements." They were published in 1797. In 1806 he produced "The Ocean," a long poem, which had but a moderate success; but it was followed by "The West Indies," which, though brought out in a most expensive form, reached in a short time a sale of ten thousand copies. Montgomery's verses are too calm, gentle, and tender for the youth of the present day; they are soothing rather than invigorating, but they will keep, like good wine; and the older we grow the better we shall like them: but they are not fiery enough for those who indulge in literary dram-drinking. Who has not felt the exquisite pathos of his lines, "Friend after friend departs," and "A Mother's Love?" Mr. Montgomery's chief poems, besides those we have named, are "The Wanderer in Switzerland" (1806), "The World before the Flood" (1812), "Greenland" (1819), "The Pelican Island" (1828). An entire collection of his verses appeared in 1850. His later contributions to literature were numerous and very beautiful "Original Hymns." He was a religious man; but his religion was of no gloomy nor sectarian character. In 1846 the late Sir Robert

Peel bestowed on him a well-deserved pension of £150 a year. He lived in retirement at the Mount, near Sheffield, where he died, 1854.]

ONCE more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fallen or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But, with the rapine in their jaws, fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage,—
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers;—*there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family: nor long forlorn;
There comes a visitant,—a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
'Twas hope;—for hope is every mother's child:
Then seemed they in that world of solitude
The Eve and Adam of a race renewed.
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past:
Behold the end:—One morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a reindeer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turned in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter,—but his dagger's plunging steel
With riven bosom made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew:

Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcase of their antler'd prey.
Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burthen but her infant on her breast.
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls
Where fell the reindeer's o'er the latticed walls:
'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door:
The day returns,—but he returns no more.
In frenzy, forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not: some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one all day forgot;
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear between the living and the dead;
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
—'Tis done:—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

The vaunted, "well-beloved" Louis XV. died in 1774, and the new ministry appointed on the advent of his successor, having more kindly views, were determined to abate the iniquitous oppressions of the preceding reign. Thus, one of the leading acts of their clemency was an inspection and revision of the registers of those confined as state prisoners in the Bastile, but really in many cases immured there solely under the malign influence of individuals. Many were liberated, and among them one who had been pent within the chill and damp walls of a narrow cell during forty-seven years. Closed from all communication with mankind, beholding no face but that of the gaolers, who, in succession, had daily to provide him with food during nearly half a century, he had endured all these horrors with untiring constancy, although wholly unapprized of the existence or fate of his family or relations.

At length an unusual noise broke upon the stillness of the confines of his cell, the door opened, and a voice he had not heard before bade him come forth! He scarcely knew the import of the words, and, not daring to trust his senses, fancied it a dream. The mandate repeated, he advanced with hesitation, and with trembling steps reached the stairs of his prison; bewildered and confounded he passed on; the hall, the court, and every space that met his eye seemed immense and vast beyond bounds. Stupefied with the novelty of all he saw, his sight became incapacitated to sustain the strong glare of the broad daylight, and he stood still with fixed eyes, unable to move or speak, questioning the reality of his own feelings. Admonitory accents fell on his ear to proceed, and with some further efforts, in which he was partially assisted, he passed beyond the main entrance.

With some consideration, a carriage there awaited him to conduct him to where he said he had formerly lived,

but the motion affrighted and hurt him. He begged to be released, and supported on his way, was led to the street in which was his former habitation; but the house was no longer there! on its site stood proudly a public edifice. None of the objects which were there in his youth had remained; the buildings, of which he had retained a partial recollection, had all changed their appearance. Even the passers by were to him a new race, and though he looked anxiously in their faces, he knew them not, nor did they know him. His remembrance of all things seemed passed, and he stood motionless and bewildered. Surrounded by living beings, he recognized no one, nor they him; tears involuntarily relieved the acuteness of his feelings, and in the earnestness of his sorrow, he entreated to be conducted back to his lost home—the cold and dreary cell.

His antiquated appearance, his prison garb, mention of the Bastile, and his imploring to experience it again as an asylum, soon caused a great crowd to congregate. The oldest present thought of others still older, who might be able to afford him some solution of his inquiries respecting his family. At last an old man appeared, whose infirmities had rendered him unable to work for fifteen years, but who had been a servant in his family. He failed to recognize his former master, and in reply to the inquiries as to his wife, said she had died of grief and want thirty years gone by: his agonized questions as to his children elicited simply some were dead, others had gone abroad, but no one knew where. No one of the friends he had borne in recollection were then living, and the old man's answers were uttered with all the stolidity and indifference of one who was speaking of events ordinarily long since passed and almost forgotten.

Wretched and unhappy, he felt the excess of his misery more amidst the crowd of strangers, no one of whom was in a condition to sympathize with him, though in a state of freedom, than before, when in his

frightful solitude. He sought the minister by whose compassion he had been set at liberty, and throwing himself at his feet, begged of him to be sent back to the prison from whence he had freed him. "Who," said he, "can survive all his friends, all his relations, an entire generation? Who can hear of the loss of every one who was dear or known to him, without wishing for himself the solace of the grave? All these deaths which come one by one and by degrees upon other men, have fallen upon me in one instant. Separated from society, I lived by myself; here, I can neither live by myself nor with strangers, to whom my despair can only appear as a dream. It is not to die that is terrible, it is to die the last."

The minister, moved with commiseration, directed everything that humanity could suggest to alleviate his sorrows. His old servant was placed in attendance on him, and with him he retired into a seclusion in the heart of Paris, hardly less solitary than the cell that had been his abiding-place for nearly half a century. His only consolation was to converse with him about his wife and children, with one constant result. A short period terminated his existence, and the thought that to the last appeared uppermost in his mind was the impossibility of his ever encountering any one who could say to him, "We have seen each other before"—in fact, that he was alone in the world.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

RICHARD REALF.

BY the waters of Life we sat together,
  Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
  When skies were purple and breath was praise—
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
  And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran

Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks;
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches love doth inherit!
  Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
  Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
  My darling's beautiful hair is grey;
But our elixir and precious gold
  Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
  Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
  Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
  And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
  And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
  Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
  And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
  The wind blows cold, 'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
  I and my darling, and we wait.

ARTEMUS WARD'S VISIT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I'VE bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonery pint of view, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint Gorge and the Dragoon. Preevis to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on

British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed the Govnor Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showed it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'm up to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hav I kin give their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmund Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you pleese. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. *I* kall it Sir Edmun Hed. *You* may call it what you darn pleese!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowd myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers & Injins that wos hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red faced man in Millingterry close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who are you?"

He sed he was Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Majesty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passing by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:—

"What? Impossible! It cannot be! Sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

"But, sir, its onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin'

like it hain't happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu ?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm Amerycan sittersen. My name is Ward. I'm husband & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state they look like me. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good gracious!" yelled the Kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't mean nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally fomed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you have no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to get a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to a British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters should happen to insert a barronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hisself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sėz I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respecks to the futur King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty is well," he sed.

We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel pleesed, fur I know they meen it, but if these one-horse offishuls coold know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, and knowd how I larft at 'em in private, thayd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as they now do. But you know Mr. Ward I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the doctors will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer I rose up and sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you get to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just and be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers been aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizness, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleeved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly,

& givin him a perpetoоal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward" I solilerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef you could see your husband now, just as he prowdly emerjis from the presunts of the futur King of Ingland, you'd be sorry you called him a Beest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite and wantid to go to bed without taking orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up; me sed, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on your hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure friends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a suddent thawt struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen, take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keering a rush what meetin house you sleep in on Sundays. Go home and mind yure bizniss & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

FONTAINE.

[What John Gay did for English Literature, John de la Fontaine did for that of our lively allies, with a difference which is all in favour of the latter writer; inasmuch as where Gay contented himself with neatly turning a jest or deftly pointing a moral, the Frenchman displayed a depth of sarcasm and an *esprit* which was foreign to the nature of the English fabulist. As

a poet, as far as two writers who wrote and thought in different languages can be compared, the palm must be awarded to Gay. (See his "Poet and the Rose," vol. 6 P. R.) It is only in his fables that Fontaine may be said to have excelled him. From accounts that have been handed down to us, they were very similar in disposition. Both are represented as combining the wit of manhood with the simplicity of childhood; in Fontaine's case his simplicity is said to have bounded on stupidity. Fontaine was born in 1621, and died in 1695, at which time Gay was but seven years of age; and it is a fair inference to suppose that the author of the English Fables was a student of the French ones; both were dramatists, and both were "pets" with the wits with whom they associated; Gay being intimate with "all the talent" of his time—Fontaine with Molière, Boileau, Racine, and all the brilliant stars then clustered in the French capital. Besides two comedies Fontaine wrote "Les Amours de Pysche," "Tales Anacréontiques," &c. He was patronised by the French nobility, and for thirty-five years lived in Paris, successively with the Duchesses of Buillon and Orleans, Madame de Sablière, and Madame d'Hervart.]

When Nature, released from the cold icy trammels
 Which winter had formed, all her lustre renews,
When the gold of the cowslip each meadow enamels,
 And the amethyst blends with soft emerald hues;
At this sprightly season of love and of joy,
 A horse from his stable was sent by his master,
In freedom these holiday hours to employ,
 And graze at his ease in a rich verdant pasture.
A wolf who was prowling in search of adventures,
 The glossy, plump animal joyfully spies:
With caution the paddock's enclosure he enters
 In hopes of possessing so tempting a prize.

"Ah! wert thou, stout beast," cries the thief, "but a mutton,
 In a moment that carcase I'd seize as my own:
As it is, some disguise I must artfully put on,
 Before I can tear thy fat flesh from the bone."
So, gravely saluting, he questioned the steed—
 "Are you here, my fair sir, for your health or for pleasure?
From the symptoms I fear you're a great invalid,
 For in health men allow their poor nags but small leisure.

As a pupil of Galen accept my assistance;
By feeling your pulse I shall find what your state is;
I have travelled thus far, from a very great distance,
To give the afflicted my best advice gratis.
Very choice are the wise in selecting their food,
For plants that are noxious the functions disturb all,
As Solomon knew well the bad from the good,
I can point out each root in old Culpepper's herbal."

The horse Isgrim's character knew by repute,
And plainly perceived what the traitor designed:
So he says "Learned Doctor, my pains are acute,
An abscess is formed in my off-foot-behind."
"A delicate part," quoth the Leech, "and indeed
In the choice of a surgeon 'tis well to be wary;
Allow me to touch it, and then I'll proceed
Like a perfect adept in the art veter'nary.
But first, of your pain let's examine the cause"—
The horse launched his heels, and no kick could be kinder,
He crushed to a mummy the hypocrite's jaws,
And dashed from their sockets each holder and grinder.

"All this I deserve," said the wolf, full of sadness:
"In the trade of a butcher I'd been quite at home, ah!
To change my profession was absolute madness—
Who dares kill a patient without a diploma!"

UNDER CANVAS—WOUNDED.

OWEN MEREDITH.

[We are betraying no confidence in repeating, since the fact has been proclaimed in several journals, that "Owen Meredith" is the Hon. Henry Bulwer Lytton, the son of the eminent novelist, Lord Lytton. Worthy of his high literary parentage, Mr. Bulwer writes genuine poetry. His lines are full of music and tenderness; and his subjects, though generally drawn from nature, are placed in dramatic situations by a skilful hand. His published poems are "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," and "Lucile," from which latter we extract the following exquisite fragment for a Reading.]

"Oh is it a phantom? a dream of the night?
A vision which fever hath fashion'd to sight?
The wind, wailing ever, with motion uncertain
Sways sighingly there the drench'd tent's tatter'd curtain,
To and fro, up and down.
But it is not the wind
That is lifting it now: and it is not the mind
That hath moulded that vision.
A pale woman enters,
As wan as the lamp's waning light, which concentres
Its dull glare upon her. With eyes dim and dimmer,
There, all in a slumbrous and shadowy glimmer,
The sufferer sees that still form floating on,
And feels faintly aware that he is not alone.
She is flitting before him. She pauses. She stands
By his bedside, all silent. She lays her white hands
On the brow of the boy. A light finger is pressing
Softly, softly, the sore wounds: the hot blood-stain'd
dressing
Slips from them. A comforting quietude steals
Thro' the rack'd weary frame: and, throughout it, he
feels
The slow sense of a merciful, mild neighbourhood.
Something smoothes the toss'd pillow. Beneath a grey
hood
Of rough serge, two intense tender eyes are bent o'er
him,
And thrill thro' and thro' him. The sweet form before
him,
It is surely Death's angel Life's last vigil keeping!
A soft voice says—'Sleep!'
And he sleeps: he is sleeping.

"He waked before dawn. Still the vision is there:
Still that pale woman moves not. A minist'ring care
Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheering
The aspect of all things around him.
Revering
Some power unknown and benignant, he bless'd
In silence the sense of salvation. And rest

Having loosen'd the mind's tangled meshes, he faintly
Sigh'd—'Say what thou art, blessed dream of a saintly
'And minist'ring spirit!'

A whisper serene
Slid softer than silence—'The Sœur Seraphine,
'A poor Sister of Charity. Shun to inquire
'Aught further, young soldier. The son of thy sire,
'For the sake of that sire, I reclaim from the grave.
'Thou didst not shun death: shun not life. 'Tis more brave
'To live than to die. Sleep!'

He sleeps: he is sleeping.

"He waken'd again, when the dawn was just steeping
The skies with chill splendour. And there, never flitting,
Never flitting, that vision of mercy was sitting.
As the dawn to the darkness, so life seem'd returning
Slowly, feebly within him. The night-lamp, yet burning,
Made ghastly the glimmering daybreak.

He said,
'If thou be of the living, and not of the dead,
'Sweet minister, pour out yet further the healing
'Of that balmy voice; if it may be, revealing
'Thy mission of mercy! whence art thou?'

'O son
'Of Matilda and Alfred, it matters not! One
'Who is not of the living nor yet of the dead:
'To thee, and to others, alive yet'—she said—
'So long as there liveth the poor gift in me
'Of this ministration: to them, and to thee,
'Dead in all things beside. A French Nun, whose vocation
'Is now by this bedside. A nun hath no nation.
'Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,
'There her land! there her kindred!'

She bent down to smoothe
The hot pillow, and added—'Yet more than another
'Is thy life dear to me. For thy father, thy mother,
'I knew them—I know them.'

'Oh can it be? you!
'My dearest, dear father! my mother! you knew
'You know them?'
She bow'd, half averting, her head
In silence.
He brokenly, timidly said,
'Do they know I am thus?'
'Hush!'—she smiled, as she drew
From her bosom two letters: and—can it be true?
That beloved and familiar writing!
He burst
Into tears—'My poor mother,—my father! the worst
'Will have reached them!'
'No, no!' she exclaim'd with a smile,
'They know you are living; they know that meanwhile
'I am watching beside you. Young soldier, weep not!'
But still on the nun's nursing bosom, the hot
Fever'd brow of the boy weeping wildly is press'd.
There, at last, the young heart sobs itself into rest:
And he hears, as it were between smiling and weeping,
The calm voice say—'Sleep!'
And he sleeps, he is sleeping.

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

WAKE NOT THE DEAD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF J. M. FERMENICH.)

JOHN OXENFORD.

Two youngsters were roaming the valley along,
And laugh'd as they caroll'd a joyous song.

The churchyard was near; and a tuneful lay,
The chafers were singing in honour of May;

While dismal enough was the cricket's tone,
As tombs in the full moon's lustre shone.

The first wav'd boldly a flagon bright,
That sparkled wide with the Rhine wine's light;

And cried, "Ye dead, you're a sluggardly crew,
Awake from your beds, bedabbled in dew;

If ever in life you a goblet would drain,
Come, dead men, join me, and drink again."

Then loud through the night was the other's call,
" Dear mischievous maidens, I summon you all.

'Tis ill in the grave, to lie pallid and cold,
Come frolick with me, as in times of old."

The churchyard groans, with a ponderous sound,
The graves are quaking and bursting around.

There's creaking and cracking, and rumbling and
rustling,
There's breaking and scraping, and clattering and
bustling;

The skeletons tall from their prison rise,
And strange is the sound of the night-wind's sighs:

Each man looks brave with a fleshless chin,
The maidens dance with the wickedest grin.

The youngsters shudder—high bristles their hair,
The dead are chasing the living pair;

They clatter behind—they grip—they snatch,
The living may run, but the dead can catch.

The men tug hard at the flagon bright,
That sparkles wide with the Rhine wine's light.

They bellow: " We dead, we obey your call,
And out from the grave we have tumbled all;

In life, like you, we a goblet could drain,
And now we join you to drink again."

The skeleton women speak dismally,—
" Dear mischievous maidens once were we;

'Tis ill in the grave to lie pallid and cold,
We'll frolick with you, as in times of old."

Without a fiddle now dance the dead,
The clatter of bones makes music instead;

While sounds from the distance the owlet's cry,
Loud croak the toads in the ferns that lie.

Until the cock has begun to crow,
Then off to their graves the dead folks go.

The youngsters lie in the white moonshine,
No more shall they dance, or tipple their wine.

Though many still rove the valley along,
And laugh as they carol a joyous song;

But when they find that the churchyard is near,
They cross themselves thrice with pious fear;

And take good care to double their pace,
And leave the dead in their resting-place.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

SCENE FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

BEN JONSON.

CHARACTERS:

Captain Bobadil: *A Braggadocio.*
Master Matthew: *A Simpleton.*

SCENE—*The mean and obscure lodging of* BOBADIL.
BOBADIL *discovered. Enter to him* MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me!—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Mr. Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I, sir?—no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!

Mat. Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well-penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" A third! "Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence

The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude."

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[BOBADIL *is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heav'n, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action. Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. O, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill!—a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me); come

in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit; I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred: perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. [EXEUNT.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants

of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprize of world-wide fame. All labour that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labour that is honest, is honourable too.

What a concurrent testimony is given by the entire universe to the dignity of toil. Things inanimate and things irrational combine with men and angels to proclaim the law of Him who made them all. The restless atmosphere, the rolling rivers, and the heaving ocean, Nature's vast laboratory never at rest; countless agencies in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; the unwearied sun coming forth from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; the changeful moon, whose never slumbering influence the never-resting tides obey; the planets, never pausing in the mighty sweep of their majestic march; the sparkling stars, never ceasing to show forth the handiwork of Him who bade them shine; the busy swarms of insect life; the ant providing her meat in the summer, and gathering her food in the harvest; the birds exuberant in their flight, pouring forth the melody of their song; the beasts of the forest rejoicing in the gladness of activity; primeval man amid the bowers of Eden; paradise untainted by sin, yet honoured by toil; fallen man, with labour still permitted him, an alleviation of his woe, and an earnest of his recovery; redeemed man, divinely instructed, assisted, encouraged, honoured in his toil; the innumerable company of angels, never resting in their service, never wearied in their worship; the glorious Creator of the universe, who never slumbereth or sleepeth: all, all, bear testimony to the dignity of labour!

The dignity of labour! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labour knocks with its hundred hands at

the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world! Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labour drives the plough and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince, and the grey gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle—from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron, but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the

ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning,—for the Telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountains' slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; representatives of far off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men! walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon; disgrace it not! There is nothing really mean and low but sin! Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labour allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honour of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than Cherubim and Seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs!

Yes, in the search after true dignity, you may poin me to the sceptered prince, ruling over mighty empires to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility; or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of them or of learning, of the historian or of the philosopher, the poet or the artist; and while prompt to render such men all the honour which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the shop, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, the necessities and luxuries of life are distributed, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought. I would descend farther—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of earth; to the man of the trowel, the hammer, or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a brave heart and loving eye to heaven—if in what he does he recognises his God, and expects his wages from on high—if, while thus labouring on earth, he anticipates the rest of heaven, and can say, as did a poor man once, who, when pitied on account of his humble lot, said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a King, I am a child of God, and when I die, angels will carry me from this Union Workhouse direct to the Court of Heaven." Oh! when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask—"Is there not dignity in labour?"

> Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow—
> Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming billow—
> Lie not down wearied, 'neath woe's weeping willow,—
> But work with a stout heart and resolute will!
> Work for some good, be it ever so slowly—
> Work for some hope—be it ever so lowly—
> Work! for all labour is noble and holy!

"PENNY READINGS'" RECORD.

DECEMBER, 1866.

(*From our own Correspondents and the Local Press.*)

BRIGHTON PENNY READINGS.—The first of a series of these amusing and instructive readings, connected with Brighton, took place on a recent evening, in the Town Hall, which was crowded to excess. The programme was of rather a superior character, and some very amusing readings were delivered by the Rev. J. B. Figgis, Messrs. J. K. Nye and Davey. The vocalists were Miss Roussell, Messrs. Barfoot, Peters, and Horscroft, who, in each of his or her rendering, was warmly applauded. In the course of the evening the Rev. J. B. Figgis said that other readings would shortly follow. The Brighton Working Men's Club was in a first-rate condition, and he was very proud to be one of their members.

TREDEGAR PENNY READINGS.—The first series of the season was held in the large room of the Temperance Hall. There was a very good attendance. The chair was taken by the Rev. L. T. Rowland. Having delivered an appropriate opening address, he entreated the meeting to show, by their good behaviour and attention to the different readers, &c., that they appreciated the efforts of the committee in commencing the readings for the third winter in Tredegar. The treasurer, he said, had handed him the following: Receipts, £51 6s. 3d. Expenditure, from January, 1865, to April, 1866: Rent of hall, £28 2s.; hire of piano, £2 10s.; printing, posting, and various incidental expenses, £19 10s. 1d.; cash in hand, £1 4s. 2d., which made up £51 6s. 3d. He then read some judicious remarks from "Carpenter's Penny Readings," entitled, "Why do people go to Penny Readings?" which were well received. The programme was then gone through.

CHELTENHAM.—Notwithstanding the doubts that were expressed, and the fears entertained as to the success of the Penny Readings during the present season, the attendance was as numerous, if not more so, than at the inaugural gathering. The duties of chairman were sustained by Captain J. Rees Philipps. He was supported by a phalanx of readers and old and tried friends of the movement. "Three Examples on the Use of Riches," by Pope, was read by Mr. Philp in a natural and pleasing manner. Mr. H. G. Davies brought down the house in his reading, "Mr. Brown brings home a dog," from the humourous pen of Arthur Sketchley. Mr. Watt followed, reading selections from Tennyson, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "Lady Vere de Vere.'

Mr. Owen Davies, who appeared for the first time, read Aytoun's "Battle of Killiecrankie," in a truly heroic style. Mr. Dixon gave Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior," in a very novel and original manner; so much so as to produce no little amusement. For instance, when

"Loud that clarion voice replied,"

"Excelsior" was trumpeted forth after the fashion of a "clarion voice;" and when the

"Voice replied far up the height,"

"Excelsior" was sung in a tone of voice faint and apparently at a distance. It is said to be the style adopted by Mrs. Yelverton. The reading of Praed's "Marston Moor" was listened to attentively and warmly applauded. Mr. Samuel Garrison read a letter of Burke to a noble lord, which afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting his powers of declamation; and the programme was brought to a close by Major Boissier reading "Finnigan and the Spirits." Mr. Packwood moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and Herr Jüng seconded the motion. Captain Philipps, in responding, said that there were but few things in Cheltenham upon which it seemed the inhabitants could be unanimous; it was therefore pleasing to find that an institution so popular as the penny readings was neutral ground upon which they could all meet, irrespective of the greater or lesser differences in party opinion or creed. The occasion had been very pleasant to himself; one thing he could not help noticing, namely, that the character of the readings as well as the readers themselves had greatly improved, and that there appeared no diminution of interest amongst the audience.

[We regret we have not space for the eloquent inaugural address by Dr. Barry, Principal of the Cheltenham College, kindly forwarded to us. Would it not be possible to publish it in the form of a pamphlet? It *ought* to be in the hands of *every* director of "Penny Readings" throughout the kingdom.—Ed. P. R.]

WALSAL.—Recently, the first of what was originally intended as a series of Penny Readings took place in the Guildhall Assembly Room. The performances were above the average of this kind of entertainment, on account, no doubt, of the engagement of several professionals, and gave great satisfaction to the audience. We understand that, although the attendance was very large, the receipts were scarcely sufficient to meet the expenses, and, in consequence, it is doubtful whether the series will be carried out as originally intended.

[The engaging of professionals is a mistake, and unfair to the amateur readers. An occasional night by professionals exclusively, or, better still, by one good reader, would be a lesson in elocution, and do good; but one of the objects of "Penny

Readings" being mutual improvement, the two elements should never be blended.—Ed. P. R.]

Burton-on-Trent.—Penny Readings are again destined to be an important element in the entertainments provided for winter evenings. So think the Young Men's Association, who inaugurated the season one evening lately, when the Town Hall was filled in every part. It may not be uninteresting to state that the audience was almost personally identical with last year's attendance. Here and there we observed a new face, while we missed a few familiar friends; but for the most part there were the same features, in almost the same places as heretofore. Indeed the whole affair reminded one of a reunion of friends under the most pleasant auspices. Mr. Evershed officiated as chairman. Mr. W. J. Peace was heard to advantage in Tennyson's touching poem of "The Lord of Burleigh," while a selection from "Pickwick"—"The Leg of Mutton Soiree"—caused no little amusement. In "Morning Visits," Mr. Russell received a warm encore. Mr. Angus was quite at home in two pieces he selected to read—"Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," and a scene from "Handy Andy." Of the two ladies who sustained the musical part of the entertainment it is almost needless to write, for they met with encores on every hand. Let us, however, state that Miss Atterbury more than maintained her previous reputation in the two solos of the "Fairy Queen" and "La Cloches Monastère," while there was a manifested improvement in the songs of "Come with me to the Haunted Stream," and Mr. J. E. Carpenter's ballad, "Somebody's waiting for me," which were sung well in tune and in a manner perfectly free and natural.

Berkeley.—The Penny Readings at Berkeley were honoured by the presence of some of the distinguished guests of Berkeley Castle, who had kindly offered to assist in the evening's entertainment. Long before the doors were open a crowd more than sufficient to fill the Town-hall had assembled, and those who were fortunate enough to obtain admission evidently appreciated the entertainment which had been provided. The Rev. T. C. Norman, M.A., presided. The programme was as follows:—Pianoforte, Miss McIntosh; Song, "The Old Admiral," Sergeant-Major Greenfield; Reading, "Selection from Frank Fairleigh," Mr. Sharland; J. E. Carpenter's popular duet, "What are the wild waves saying?" The Lady William Lennox and the Hon. Mr. Armytage; Reading, "On Dogs," Lord William Lennox; Song, The Lady William Lennox; Reading, "Mrs. Brown at a party," Mr. Bridgman; Duet, "The Swallows," The Lady William Lennox and the Hon. Mr. Armytage; Pianoforte, "The Last Rose of Summer," with variations, The Lady William Lennox; National Anthem, by the audience, accompanied by the Lady William Lennox.

Thornbury.—The winter series of lectures and readings at the

British School Lecture Rooms was inaugurated by a tea meeting of the committee and friends, and a variety of readings and vocal and instrumental music, to a full house. The Rev. J. S. Binder presided, and opened the proceedings with some both witty and wise remarks, laying down some excellent rules for the guidance of the future readings, &c., which if followed will prevent "Penny Readings" running mad, and yet afford many pleasing entertainments for the coming winter evenings.

NOTTING-HILL.—The season was commenced on a recent Monday evening; and to judge from the very large attendance, which was highly respectable, we should say that it augurs well for the great popularity in which these entertainments are held by the inhabitants. Mr. H. V. Lewis, R.A.M., played two pianoforte solos, which were very brilliantly executed, and elicited a hearty reception. Mr. Kingham recited "Horatius," in his usual brilliant oratorical manner. Mr. J. Evors Smith read the "Pied Piper of Hamlin." Mr. J. D. Howells recited, in the very best style, "Othello: a Legend of Venice," a remarkably comic version of that terrible tragedy. Mr. Bingham read "The Bagman's Story," from Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," which he related in a very clear style. Mr. G. Boyce, jun., read the amusing sketch of "The Old Clock," or, "Here she goes and there she goes," by which the auditory were much diverted. We must not omit to notice Mr. Chesterton's reading of the "Spanish Champion," which was very well rendered. The chairman of the evening was Ed. Harvey, Esq. The great success of the first evening's entertainment will, we hope, be followed by many more such, both for the sake of the Working Men's Association, and for the benefit of the inhabitants of Notting-hill.

PONTARDAWE.—The first of a series of Penny Readings took place at the Oddfellows' Hall, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., the Rev. J. Jones, Cilybebyll, in the chair. The programme was commenced by Mr. Morgan and party singing the Welsh Chorus, "Nos Calan," which was followed by a pianoforte duet by Miss Richards and Mr. A. Gilbertson. Mr. D. Rees then gave a Welsh reading, which created great amusement. Mr. A. Gilbertson then accompanied himself in singing the "Song of Peace" (Wallace), which was rendered with much taste. Mr. J. Jones read a selection from "Blackwood," which was greatly appreciated. This was followed by Mr. Morgan and party singing "Now is the month of Maying." Mr. Z. Evans then entertained the audience by a Welsh reading, and was followed by the Misses and Mr. A. Gilbertson singing the trio, "The Sea Flowers" (Bennett), which was admirably sung and vociferously encored. Mr. H. Woodman read a selection of "Yankee Drolleries," which was well received, and was followed by Mr. G. Griffiths singing with pathos the Welsh song "Geenith Gwyn." Miss Richards then played a pianoforte solo, which was brilliantly executed. This

was followed by Mr. Morgan and party singing "Gorhoffed Gwyr Harlech," which was heartily encored. The programme was brought to a close by the whole assembly singing "God save the Queen." The Hall was quite filled by an audience who evidently enjoyed themselves.

Prescot Penny Readings.—The fourth of the present series was held on a recent Saturday evening, Mr. W. Brown in the chair. There was a remarkably good attendance, and the programme for the evening proved a very good one. The Messrs. Welsbys contributed in no small degree to the harmony of the meeting by their musical selections, all being very well received. The readers and vocalists were as follows:—Duet, "The minute gun at sea," Messrs. Welsbys; Reading, "Taking the Census," Mr. Adamson; Song, "The Whistling Thief," Mr. Mills; Mr. J. E. Carpenter's popular song, "The Oak and the Ivy," Mr. Lawrenson; Recitation, "Tell's Speech," Mr. W. Brown (the chairman); Song, "The Fisher Boy," Mr. J. Welsby; Song, "Old Finnigan," Mr. Crawley; Recitation, "Frying Butter," Mr. Crawley; Reading (Lancashire dialect), Mr. Berry; Song, "All round the Room," Mr. Bixter; Reading, "A Dry Subject," Mr. A. Edwards; Recitation, "Eliza;" Reading, "Neddy Fitton's visit to the Earl of Derby."

Swansea.—The Readings have commenced here with great success. On the opening night the chair was taken by the Rev. John R. D. Colston. He said that it afforded him great pleasure to meet them on that interesting occasion, and to preside at their opening meeting. He was fond of gatherings for social and rational amusement, and he was always ready to contribute his humble share to promote the enjoyment of those by whom he was surrounded. It often fell to his lot to address his neighbours and friends on the weighty and sublime truths of their holy religion; but as a minister of Christ, and as a clergyman of the Church of England, he was also glad to have an opportunity of laying aside, in a measure, the more sacred functions of his responsible position, and of joining in the pleasantry of an evening's entertainment. He (the chairman) did not believe in a mopish religion. He knew that many had just enough religion to make themselves and other people miserable; but the fault was not in religion, it was in themselves. Referring more immediately to the "Penny Readings," the rev. chairman continued,—They prevent people from going to sleep in public, an advantage which many can appreciate that are in the habit of addressing sleepy hearers, who are made the more drowsy by the composing nature of the discourses to which they listen. For the time, they tend to prevent many of our youths from sauntering about our streets at night, where they may fall into much evil. They also cause a temporary lull in the gossiping tendencies of home-life, and diminish the prattle of the scandal-loving part of the community.

KING'S CROSS.—The fourth season of the members and friends of the Society of the New Church, Argyle Square, commenced on November 1st, and will continue, from week to week, until Easter, 1867. A Christmas Reading, a Sacred Reading, and a Juvenile Reading will be given during the season. It will be our aim to preserve the high tone of excellence which characterized the Readings during the last and former seasons. The choicest specimens of our literature will be employed to bring about that success which we hope to attain.

WOODFORD.—The "Readings" at the Ray Lodge Mission Station were re-commenced for the third season on October 30th. The attendance was, as usual, very numerous, and the programme, being judiciously interspersed with music, proved very attractive. The interest excited, among the working classes especially, will enable the managers to carry out these entertainments weekly during the ensuing winter.

SANDGATE.—The first Reading of the season took place at the Volunteer Artillery Rooms, under the presidency of the Rev. J. D'Arcy W. Preston, M.A. There was a crowded audience, including many of the *élite* of Sandgate. The entertainment began with an overture, "Agnese," the instrumentalists being Messrs. Grantham, Greenstreet, Bourne, Igglesden, and Mac Donald. This was followed by a glee sung by Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Hill, Miss C. Carter, Miss Street, and Mr. G. Smith. After which J. W. Howard, Esq., read "Rory O'More's present to the Priest." A vocal duet was next sweetly sung by the Misses Jell. E. B. Callow, Esq. followed with a reading. Mr. Sturges read in his usual effective manner a selection from Boz.

SHREWSBURY.—The first of the Penny Readings has been given in the Music Hall, under the presidency of Thomas Southam, Esq., mayor. The following was the programme:—God save the Queen. Reading, Mr. W. Eddowes, "The Englishman's Adventure" (Washington Irving). Trio, "The winds whistle cold" (Sir H. R. Bishop). Reading, Dr. Whytehead, "Ivy Island" (Barnum). Solo, Flute, Mr. J. Lloyd. Reading, Mr. J. P. Douglas, "The Cranes of Ibycus" (Schiller). Duet, "The Swallows" (Kücken). Reading, Mr. T. A. Bentley, "Falstaff hides behind the Arras—falls asleep and has his pocket picked" (Henry IV. 1st part, Shakspeare). Quartet, "Lo, the early beam of morning!" (Sir H. R. Bishop). Musical director, Mr. J. Lloyd. The attendance was very large.

SHEERNESS PENNY READING.—The opening night of the season was a conclusive proof that there is no falling off in the "Penny Reading" popularity. The hall was crammed to overflowing, and between two and three hundred persons were turned away. The Rev. G. Bryant, the president, opened the proceedings with a few remarks of an appropriate kind. The readings were, as a rule, too long. Shorter readings, even if more of them, would be an improvement. Why was poetry only represented by two out of six readings? It

had better have been the reverse. Short poetic gems in every mood are easily found, and although somewhat more difficult of reading, they always please, even if only tolerably well given.

ARMAGH.—The Penny Readings have been resumed in the Market House. Heretofore this effort for mutual amusement and edification has been appreciated; but we hope to find it still more successful in the ensuing season. The hon. secretaries are Dr. Craig and Mr. John Hardy.

MANCHESTER.—A series of Penny Readings have been commenced in connexion with the Miles Platting Unitarian School. Two meetings have been already held; and the room, which will hold about 250 persons, has been pretty well filled on both occasions. The first was presided over by the Rev. A. Rushton, of Blackley, and the second by Mr. Frederick Harper. The length of the programmes prevented any encores being granted, but, nevertheless, nothing would satisfy the audience but an encore being allowed Miss Partington at the first meeting, when she sung "The Arab's farewell to his steed." It was allowed, and she gave "Killarney." It is the intention of the committee not to have so long a programme in future, so as to be able to allow encores. The various readings, songs, recitations, and glees have all been admirably given, and have been loudly applauded.

ST. HELEN'S.—The third of the second series of Penny Readings was given on Friday, the 2nd ult. As usual the room was well filled, the audience numbering about 500. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. A. Mocatta, M.A., who was accompanied by Mr. Serjeant Wheeler, LL.D., the Rev. B. S. Clarke, D.D., of Southport, and the Rev. F. J. Andrews, Curate of St. Thomas's. The programme was of a most attractive character.

[We suggest to the managers of these readings to give the names of the authors of the pieces read, and correctly. "Little Jim" is *not* by a collier, but by Mr. Edward Farmer, of Derby; "The Göttingen Barber" is by the Editor of P.R. Vulgar comic songs, like "Susan's Sunday Out," and "The Mousetrap Man" should not find a place in a Penny Readings' programme.—ED. P.R.]

DONINGTON, near Wolverhampton.—We began our Penny Readings here for the first time last winter, and finding them so well appreciated, resumed them this winter. We began by having them fortnightly, and now have them weekly, and the interest in them seems to increase. Some of the labouring men read, and they appear to take great interest in it. The following was the programme for Tuesday, Nov. 20th:—Glee, "Ye Shepherds Tell Me:" Reading, "Nose and Eyes" (Cowper), Edward Shelley; Song, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" (J. E. Carpenter), Mrs. Bidwell; Reading, "Buy Your Own Cherries" (Kirton), Rev. W. Truss; Song, "Come Sing With Me," Miss Brumley; Reading, "The Cause of Temperance," Mr. Wetherby; Song, "Merry is the Greenwood," Mrs. Bidwell; Reading, "The Kettle on the Hob" (J. E. Carpenter), Mr. Wetherby; Song, "Thy

Voice is Near," Miss Brumley; A Reading from "Pickwick," Rev. W. Truss; "National Anthem." Donington is a small parish, containing 470 people, but last winter, after paying all expenses, we were able to add 30s. to the School Funds.

ARDWICK (Manchester).—The first of a series of monthly Penny Readings has been held in the Wesleyan School Room, which was crowded. Thomas Rayner, Esq., M.D., occupied the chair. The following programme was gone through:—"Prologue" (Gaspey), Mr. T. E. Hallsworth; "A Parental Ode to My Son" (T. Hood), Mr. F. Smith; Glee, "By Celia's Arbour;" Reading, "Soup for a Sick Man," Mr. Hithersay; Recitation, "The Spanish Champion" (Mrs. Hemans), Mr. E. Hallows; Glee, "Fair Flora;" Reading, "Horatius" (Macaulay), Mr. R. D. Frazer; Reading, "Mr. Caudle Becomes a Mason" (D. Jerrold), Mr. T. E. Hallsworth; Reading, "Tim Turpin" (T. Hood), Mr. J. R. Frame; Glee, "Dame Durdin," which was encored.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications respecting the publishing department must be addressed to Messrs. F. Warne and Co., Bedford-street, W.C. Those intended for the Editor may be forwarded to 53, Norland-square, Notting-hill, W.

Communications received after the 15th of the month cannot be noticed until the following volume. Secretaries and others will oblige by forwarding local newspapers containing notices of their "Readings," as soon after publication as possible.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor of "Penny Readings in Prose and Verse," having been requested "not to forget his young friends at Christmas," has great pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Fred. Warne & Co. are preparing for immediate publication a volume specially devoted to their amusement, to be entitled

FAIRY RHYMES

FOR

YOUNG READERS.

BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

It will be elegantly printed in small 4to, price 5s., beautifully illustrated, with Portrait of the Author, new initial letters, &c., and adapted for Christmas and New Year's Gifts, and for Birthday Presents.

Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIAL PUBLICATION FOR THE MILLION.

In foolscap 8vo, cloth limp, 256 pp., price One Shilling,

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY VOLUMES; OR IN FORTNIGHTLY PARTS, EACH SIXPENCE,

PENNY READINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

For the use of Members of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Recreation Societies, Mutual Improvement Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Societies, Working Men's Clubs, and all kindred Societies, and for the General Reader.

Compiled and Edited by J. E. CARPENTER,

TWELVE YEARS PUBLIC READER, LECTURER, AND ENTERTAINER AT THE PRINCIPAL LITERARY INSTITUTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Yankee Fun and Frolic Books.

Price ONE SHILLING, fancy wrapper,

THE NASBY PAPERS.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

"PASTER UV THE CHURCH UV THE NOO DISPENSASHUN."

"After more advenchers than wood fill a book, I am here in Kanada, safe under the protectin tail uv the British Lion, where no draftin orfiser kin molest nor make me afraid. Halleloogy!"—THE NASBY PAPERS.

TENTH THOUSAND.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING;

Or, THE DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA.

A Companion to "ARTEMUS WARD."

BEETON'S

BOOK OF JESTS AND JOKES.

Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

Beeton's Shilling Handbooks.

BILLIARDS: its Theory and Practice; with the Scientific Principle of the Side Stroke. By Capt. CRAWLEY. Illustrated with Thirty-Four Diagrams. 7th Edition.

MODERN METHOD of TRAINING for RUNNING, WALKING, ROWING, and BOXING: including Hints on Exercise, Diet, Clothing, and Advice to Trainers. By CHARLES WESTHALL, the Pedestrian Champion of England. 3rd Edition.

CROQUET. By Captain MAYNE REID. With all the Rules, and many Illustrations.

WHIST, LOO, and CRIBBAGE. By Captain CRAWLEY. 7th Edition.

CHESS and DRAUGHTS. By Captain CRAWLEY. Illustrated with Forty-Seven Problems. 8th Edition.

BACKGAMMON. By Captain CRAWLEY. Illustrated. 5th Edition.

DOMINOES: the Game, English and Foreign. By AN ADEPT.

Beeton's Sixpenny Handbooks.

In demy 18mo, 108 pp., cloth limp, with Illustrations,

CRICKET. By EDWARD WOOD; with a Chapter by the Author of "The Cricket Field."

FOOTBALL. By EDWARD WOOD.

*** *Others in Preparation.*

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

NEW SONG BOOKS.

In foolscap 16mo, price 2s. 6d., cloth extra,

THE NEW

NAVAL & MILITARY SONG BOOK.

Edited by J. E. CARPENTER.

With a complete Index, Frontispiece, &c. Containing upwards of 600 of the best Songs in the Language.

Also, price ONE SHILLING *each, boards,*

THE NEW NAVAL SONG BOOK.
THE NEW MILITARY SONG BOOK.

With upwards of 300 of the best Songs in the Language.

Also, price SIXPENCE *each, sewed,*

THE NAVAL SONG BOOK.
THE SAILOR'S SONG BOOK.
THE SOLDIER'S SONG BOOK.
THE UNITED SERVICE SONG BOOK.

With upwards of 150 of the best Songs of the Language.

All these volumes are admirably suited for use in the Navy, Army, or Private Life.

Especial care has been taken in the Editing to have them free from everything that would mar their usefulness in the family circle, and it is believed that they represent a far greater number of choice English Songs than can be found together in any similar production.

RESUMPTION OF THE "PENNY READINGS."

Now Ready, Price One Shilling,

PENNY READINGS

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

Twelve Years Public Lecturer at the principal Literary Institution[s] in Great Britain.

GENERAL CONTENTS.

Absence—Scene from "Love's Labours Lost" (*Shakspeare*); Magna Cha
(*Henry Hallam*); Quince (*W. M. Praed*); The Practical Joker (*Theo*
Hook); Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father (*Mrs. Hemans*); The D
(*Lamartine*); The Kitten (*Joanna Baillie*); The Black Hole of Knockfie
—Have Faith in one another—The Neck and the Priest's Sons—The Washi
Day (*J. E. Carpenter*); Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa (*J. G. Lo*
hart); The Hedge Schoolmaster (*William Carleton*); The Deeds of Welli
ton (*W. C. Bennett*); The Sunshine (*Mary Howitt*); Jaffar—Mahmoud (*Le*
Hunt); The Dead Lighthouse-keeper (*J. E. Ware*); Come Whoam to
Childer an' me (*Edwin Waugh*); The Ropewalk (*H. W. Longfellow*); Po
(*Dr. Channing*); French and English (*Robert B. Brough*); Lord Nelson (*Ja*
Bruton); Partridge at the Play (*Henry Fielding*); The Long Strike (*M*
Gaskell); Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings (*John Locke*); Jea
Morrison (*William Motherwell*); The Chace (*Coventry Patmore*); The Pr
Miss Mac Bride (*John Godfrey Saxe*); Gemini and Virgo (*C. S. Calverle*
A Counterfeit Presentment (*John Hollingshead*); The Secretary (*Miss M*
Braddon); The Soldier's Pardon (*James Smith*); The Gridiron (*Sam*
Lover); Fire Fancies (*John Bolton Rogerson*); Joan of Arc's Farew
(*Schiller*); Dark John of the Glen (*Whyte Melville*); Colin and Lucy (*Tho*
Tickell); Fanny Squeers's Courtship (*Charles Dickens*); Peroration on W
(*Robert Hall*); Ode to a Female Mummy (*Frederick Greenwood*); The Fri
of Humanity and the Knife-grinder (*The Right Hon. George Canning*); T
Careless Couple (*Matthew Prior*); Early Morning in Regent's Park (*Nich*
Mitchell); Messiah (*Alexander Pope*); Mrs. Griddles on Lord Mayor's D
(*E. L. Blanchard*); John Bloom in Lon'on (*William Barnes*); The Operati
of Nature (*Sir Humphrey Davy*); Fairy Land (*Mrs. B. H. Farquhar*); T
Battle of the Brunets (*Frances E. Parker*); The Discontented Pendulum (*J*
Taylor); God Help the Poor (*Samuel Bamford*); The Maid of Saragoss
Wit at a Pinch—Satan Fishing—Speculation—The Eagle and Child—M
sieur Tonson—Mrs. Lofty and I (*Anonymous*).

London: FREDK. WARNE & CO., Bedford St., Covent Garden