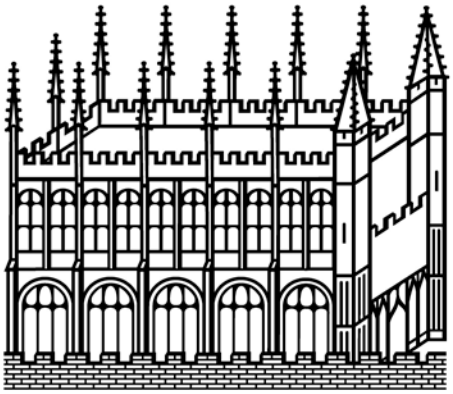

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PENNY READINGS.

A CHEERFUL TEMPER.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

IT is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has anybody to do with accounts of a man's being indisposed, but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life

but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so, it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the cheerfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well pleased. The way to do this, is to keep our bodies in exercise and our minds at ease. That insipid state wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor Cottilus, among so many real evils, a chronical distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus sees the world in a hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity

had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranius has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of everything with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranius is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life; since that moment is not of half the duration as his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies turns upon their uneasiness; and I will un-

dertake, if the how-do-ye-servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain, that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary; but, if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. Laughter in one condition is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time* has set this in an excellent light, when, with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner:—

"For what is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers

* Dr. Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter-house.

for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy."

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

H. W. Longfellow.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

CHARLES SWAIN.

[Mr. Swain was born at Manchester (in which city he still resides) in 1803. After quitting school, a good general scholar, at fifteen years of age, he was placed in the dye-works of his mother's brother, M. Tavaré, but he subsequently abandoned that business to join the firm of Messrs. Locket and Co., engravers, a branch of

whose business he purchased and still carries on. He commenced his literary career by contributing poems to the "Literary Gazette" and to the annuals then in vogue.

In 1827 he published a volume of "Metrical Essays," and in 1831 his "Mind, and other Poems." These were followed by "Dramatic Chapters," 1847; "English Melodies," 1849; "Letters of Laura," 1853: and "Giulio Romano, and other Art-Sketches," 1862. His songs are bold and vigorous, though homely in sentiment, and free from all affectation; many of them have been set to music, and have become in that shape very popular. Mr. Swain is appreciated in America, where several of his works have been reprinted.]

WHAT is noble?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Link'd to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for Man!

What is noble?—is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?—
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er Pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding Mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the Forge's heat and ashes,—
O'er the Engine's iron head,—

Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,—
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps—like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *Noble*—who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Rev. C. Kingsley.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

HUSBAND *versus* WIFE;

OR,

NOBODY TO BLAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTHING TO WEAR."

CANTO I.

"PRAY whose is the fault," inquired Doolittle Dolt,
Of Ma'am Dorothy Ditto, as she passed him the salt,
"Pray whose is the fault,
That nothing whatever comes on to this cloth,
From a canvass-back duck to a basin of broth,
But it's spoiled in the cooking? To scold I am loth,
And in fact, as you know, ma'am, I never get wroth,
(Oh, confound that salt!) I don't care a rush;
But you'll find, Mrs. Dolt, you reckon too much
On my patience, if these things are long to continue,
For its hard, after straining each nerve and each sinew

To raise money enough to make both the ends meet,
To find one end is bone, and the other not sweet,
While, though lack, dear, of spice is by no means your fault,
I'm e'en put on allowance of pepper and salt."

"Now, Doolittle, pray do shut up;
We never to dine or to sup,
Or to have a good chat in the evening sit down,
But your face, once so handsome, is spoiled by a frown,
While your back it goes up, and your foot it goes down,
And at once you proceed to get up a great row, sir,
(Don't say that you don't, for you're doing it now, sir,)
And to scold till you're hoarse,
And e'en threaten divorce,
When you know that you took me for better or worse."
(Yes, and got much the worst of it, but that is of course)
"And unless, Mr. Dolt,
You stop finding fault,
I'll——but no matter, please hand back the salt."
"With pleasure, Ma'am Dolt, and now pray permit me—"
"Not a word, sir, unless of blame you acquit me,
And give up (why, bless me, you've used all the salt)
This ridiculous business of e'er finding fault.
Now I pray you at once just to bridle your tongue,
Or at least to stop singing that dolorous song,
Which grates worse on my ear than a sonorous gong,
That whatever goes on in this house is all wrong.
Why, whene'er you discover a fault or a flaw,
According to your notions of order and law,
You hem and haw,
And croak and caw,"
(Why not say jaw?)
"When you know that to please you I do, sir, my best,
And from morning to night have no leisure nor rest.
And in fact hardly ever have time to get dressed."
Now, with all the virtuous indignation
Of a guilty man, his vindication

Poor Dolt he began,
And knowing, as who does not? that flattery
Is the very best weapon with which the battery
Of a woman to an-
Swer, proceeded thus: "My dearest Dorothy,
(You see I'm not wrothy,)
Though I've travelled the world o'er from Dan to Beer-
sheba,
Not a woman I know, dear, no matter how fair she be,"
(Here a fib, of course,
But the truth would embarrass one,)
"Whose goodness with yours
Will at all bear comparison,
While your sex (and, my love, I admit that your sex
it is
That soothes and sustains us in all our perplexities)
Would crown you at once, dear, at any fair tournament,
Its proud queen of beauty, its pride and its ornament.
Thus, you see, Madam Dolt,"
(Though 'twas plain that she didn't, for a certain sly
toss of her
Head, showed that she saw he was playing philosopher,)
"That in you not a fault, nor a flaw do I find,
Though you call me a monster and say I'm unkind;
For since you're a woman,
Though e'en women are human,
(Zounds! as I am a true man,
I've drunk too much wine,)
Of course you're a seraph, an angel, in fine,
Of course you're divine;
So on that point I pray you to be at your ease,
(That is, if you please,)
While I go on to say,
In my own quiet way,
That when half the time, love, our meals are all spoiled,
When the lamb is half roasted, the mutton half boiled,
When the coffee is weak, and the butter is strong,
And the silver is short, and the service is long;
When the milk is all sour, and the vinegar sweet,

And nought in the cupboard is fit to eat.
When the door-plate is dirty, the entry unswept,
And it's plain that the dogs in the parlour have slept,
When the buttons like acorns drop off from my——
shirt,
(An indelicate word, but when a man's hurt,
The first one that comes, right out he will blurt,)
When there are holes in my stocking as big as my heel,
('The old stockings be darn'd, sir!' say you: Gad, I
feel—
Though I hardly dare utter the same,)
When these things are so, love, no others to name,
It's as certain as salt is salt,
That to say that there's no one at all, dear, to blame,
Is all nonsense or, which just amounts to the same,
All gammon, Dorothy Dolt."
It was now Dorothy's turn, and she poured out such
volleys
Of satire and wit against husband's follies,
And against men in general, who are all just the same,
(So, at least, she thinks,)
And find fault when they know that there's no one to
blame:
(Oh, the terrible minx!)
Their wives least of all,
That Doolittle's gall
Was a-rising fast,
But reflecting at last,
That one might just as well
Hope, by striking, the ding to get out of a bell,
As a woman, by answering, to silence or quell,
He resolved then and there
The disputation
To end; so with air
Of desperation,
He requested the servant to hand him the capers,
(They had mutton for dinner) and the evening papers,
Which just then had come in overrunning with news,
As usual, of murders, and outbreaks, and stews,

Of shipwrecks and failures (great fun for the Jews,)
Of riotous women and mutinous crews,
Of elopements, seductions, of whatever you choose,
All dressed up our dear children and wives to amuse,
As he told Madam Dolt,
Who again passed the salt,
Just to turn his attention once more to the dinner,
And have her last word: "or as I am a sinner,"
Said he, "in our quarrels my wife's e'er the winner,
And whene'er I find fault
With no matter what (I confess it with shame),
Makes me own in the end there's nobody to blame,
Nobody to blame."

"O Nobody! Nobody! how much you've to answer for!"
Said Dolt, as his darling just then took her fan, sir, for
The purpose of cooling her wrath,
Which required, at the least, a cold bath
To dispel and
Subdue;
"If my children went ragged as some children do,
(Hear them yell and
Boohoo!)
While their mothers are working for Timbuctoo,
Or the babes in New Zealand,
Or Kalamazoo;
Or if ne'er a whole shirt I could boast for my back, or
There wasn't so much in the house as a cracker
To eat,
'Twould be just the same,
(Don't you see't?)
And no matter whatever the fault I might name,
The answer'd be ready of 'Nobody to blame.'
If the china is broken,
Nobody broke it;
If the silver is taken,
Nobody took it;
If the claret is muddy,
Nobody shook it;

If the gas burns till daylight,
Nobody lit it;
If the dog's ear is cloven,
Nobody slit it;
And whatever the mischief,
Nobody did it.
Thus it's nobody, nobody, all the day long,
For, whatever is done, there is nobody wrong."

CANTO SECOND.

Now by fate or good fortune, our Dolt was an owner
In one or two steamships, besides a fine schooner,
Two flat-boats, a church, a new magazine
(For making gunpowder), a sewing-machine,
A steam reaping ditto (they two went together),
And a bran new mosquito-net made for cold weather,
Not to mention here several neuralgiac potions,
And some twenty or thirty new Yankeefied notions,
From a fine-toothed saw-mill to a three-leg-ged bedstead,
In which his earthly all was invested.
Well, it now and then happened, and sometimes oftener,
That before one had time to order his coffin, or
Make his last will, on one of his steamers,
Which (see large bill) are all of them screamers,
Some unlucky flue or unluckier boiler
Would explode, and at once the man's mortal old coil, or
Whatever you call it, right off him was shaken,
With no ghost of a chance, sir, to save his dear bacon:
Or perhaps another on some ship went to wreck, or
Was killed on a road in which Dolt was director,
Or lost his dear life in some patent machine,
Owned by Dolt, and in which, just because he was green,
He got tangled, and never thereafter was seen.
Now in all such cases the impertinent papers
(Called the lights of the age, though they're nothing but tapers)

Come right out the next day,
Just because it will pay,
And publish at length all the frightful details,
With most piteous comments,
Setting forth all the torments
The editor feels in recording such tales,
(Though when there's a lack of 'em,
He prints a whole pack of 'em
Of his own invention)
And praying the mayor, without any detention,
An inquest to order, in humanity's name,
To find out, if it may be, who the deuce is to blame.

Now—only to think of it!—the very same day
Mr. Dolt and his wife had the little affray
Recorded above, news came of the wreck
Of one of his ships
(That splendid three-deck-
Er, the "Apocalypse")
On the banks of Newfoundland—how came she there?
On her way—I've forgotten this moment from where—
In a furious gale,
Which caused her to leak (although five years since caulked
As tight as a whale),
While all efforts to free her were constantly baulked,
—So, at least, went the tale—
Because (although how should the owners e'er know it,
Or in case that they did know, how foolish to blow it),
Not a pump on her deck could the captain make go,
And so
The ship she went down, as the best ships will do,
With two-thirds of her passengers and most of her crew.

Now, Ma'am Dolt, when this story her husband he read it her,
With the comments of the very belligerent editor,
Made an awful ado,
Just because he insisted (and you'd do it, too)

That a certain wise person, and he could tell who,
Could and would certify in the owner's own name,
That say what the world might, there was no one to blame.
"No one to blame," cried she, "that's of course,
Because you are the owner; but whether is worse,
Mr. Doolittle Dolt,
For me, sir, to say
On some unlucky day,
When there's not enough salt
In the soup,
Or the stoop
Is not clean, or your shirt has a button off,
Or the dog has just carried a nice shoulder of mutton off,
That there's no one to blame,
Or for you to say the same;
Now a ship with her crew to the bottom has sunk,
Because furnished much worse than a Chinese junk,
(Which at least has pumps,
Though her masts are stumps,)
When, to say it, I'm bold, sir,
If fitted and rigged as she ought to have been,
It's as certain as life, that no water had been
Very long in her hold, sir,
While the furious tempest she then might have weathered,
Easy and free,
And round their dear homesteads that crew had been gathered,
Now drowned in the sea."

"O you men! you men! who are always so cruel
To us women to whom you preach up what a jewel
Consistency is,
Pray unriddle me this,
How is it you still declaim
'Gainst your wives and your daughters the weary day long,

And our sex defame,
As if woman were guilty for all that goes wrong?
(E'en your own eccentricities;
For vexed men's bliss it is
To lay upon us, just as though we were Atlases,
The fault of their blunders, their sins, and rascalities.)
How is it our shame
You still will proclaim,
While the dreary old strain you for ever prolong,
That with you naught is wrong,
But that for all the disasters and follies and crimes
That dishonour your sex in these much boasted times
Of reform and what not,
There's no one to blame,
One tittle or jot,
No one to blame."

"Didn't I tell you," said Dolt, "that my wife had the best of it
In every quarrel?
I might furnish you many another good test of it,
Nay, what's more, I'll
Engage (for it's clear that the women all fool ye),
That my case is in no way whatever peculiar,
But that in all this metropolis,
Among gentry or populace,
There's never a man with his wife tries his wits,
But he's ever the first in the end to cry quits."

True, men rarely give up,
Yet that night when at sup,
(They had their evening confection late)
Says Dolt, in a tone affectionate:
"My dear angel, I think it most clear that to-night
We both have been wrong, yes, and both have been right,
And if you who good sense have so often exhibited,
Will admit——"
But she kissed him right there and admitted it,

And the subject at once they both cheerfully quitted it,
They hoped once for all,
And then wound up a quarrel by good manners prohibited,
With the following moral:

That as nearly all men, not to stretch it, are mortal,
And nearly all women, beg pardon, the same,
And we are more or less likely, it seems, to be caught all,
In doing things justly entitled to blame,
It follows that each, at his matins and vespers, is
Bound to acknowledge not your but his trespasses,
And that e'en in the matter of Dolt *versus* Dolt,
It's their own private business, sir,
Whose is the fault.

SCENE FROM LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHARACTERS.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE } Lords, attending the King.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here: (*showing it.*)
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of this world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say, their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn;
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then: I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you by study, now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.

King. Well, set you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. (*Reads.*) Item, "That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. (*Reads.*) "On pain of losing her tongue."—Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against garrulity! (*Reads.*) Item, "If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise?"
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess rather.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith this word shall plead for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name; (*subscribes*)
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men with Sisters dear!
O! men with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

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

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *Poet Laureate.*

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?

Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

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

EPITAPH ON SIR HUGH EVANS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"THERE's pippins and cheese to come!"

Such are the hopeful words of an old divine—of one Sir Hugh Evans—a preacher distinguished in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, not so much for the ascetic asperity of his speech and bearing as for a certain household wisdom that ran like threads of gold through his most familiar sentences, enhanced and recommended by a blithe look and a chirping voice; all of which excellent gifts made him the oracle and friend of the yeomen and good wives of Windsor. These inestimable qualities—to say nothing of his miraculous hand at bowls, and his marvellous sagacity as a brewer of sack—had, as we have already inferred, endeared him to his flock: and, living, and preaching, and gossiping in a neighbourhood of love and good-fellowship, the parson grew old, his cheek mellowing to the last; when, in the year ——, he fell, like an over-ripe plum from the tree, into his grave—all the singing men and maids and little children of mournful Windsor following their teacher to his couch of earth, and chanting around it the hymn best loved by him when living.

In sooth, the funeral of the poor knight was most bravely attended. Six stout morrice-men carried the corpse from a cottage, the property of the burly, roystering Host of the Garter—a pretty rustic nook, near Datchet Meads, whither the worn-out parson had, for six months before his death, retired from the stir and

bustle of Windsor—and where, on a summer evening, he might be seen seated in the porch, patiently hearing little John Fenton lisp his Berkshire Latin—the said John being the youngest grandson of old Master Page, and godchild of the grey-headed, big-bellied landlord of the Garter. Poor Sir Hugh had long been afflicted with a vexing asthma; and, though in his gayer times he would still brew sack for younger revellers, telling them rare tales of "poor dear Sir John and the Prince," he had, for seven years before his death, eschewed his former sports, and was never known to hear of a match of bowls that he did not shake his head and sigh—and then, like a stout-hearted Christian as he was, soothe his discomfited spirit with the snatch of an old song. Doctor Caius had, on his death-bed, bequeathed to Sir Hugh an inestimable treasure; nothing less than a prescription—a very charm—to take away a winter cough: for three years had it been to Sir Hugh as the best gift of King Oberon; but the fourth winter the amulet cast its virtue, and from year to year the parson grew worse and worse—when, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, on a bright May morning, in the arms of his gossip and friend, staid, sober Master Slender, with the Host of the Garter seated (for he was too fat to stand) in an arm-chair at the bedside, and Master Page and Master Ford at the foot, Sir Hugh Evans, knight and priest, passed into death as into a sweet sound sleep. His wits had wandered somewhat during the night, for he talked of "Herne the hunter," and "a boy in white;" and then he tried to chirrup a song, and Masters Page and Ford smiled sadly in each other's face, as the dying man, chuckling as he carolled, trolled forth—

> "Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
> Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out."

As the day advanced, the dying man became more calm; and at length, conscious of his state, he passed away at half-past nine in the morning, with a look of serenest happiness; and "God be with you!" were the last words that fluttered from his lips.

The personal property of the dead parson was shared among his friends and servants. Master Slender inherited his "Book of Songs and Posies;" the Host of the Garter, the sword with which Sir Hugh had dared Doctor Caius to mortal combat; and all his wardrobe, consisting of two entire suits, and four shirts, somewhat softened the grief of Francis Simple—son of Simple, former retainer of Master Slender, and for three years body servant of dead Sir Hugh. A sum of two shillings and fourpence, discovered among the effects of the deceased, was faithfully distributed to the parish poor.

There was sadness in Windsor streets as the funeral procession moved slowly towards the church. Old men and women talked of the frolics of Sir Hugh; and though they said he had been in his day something of the merriest for a parson, yet more than one gossip declared it to be her belief that "worse men had been made bishops." A long train of friends and old acquaintance followed the body. First came worthy Master Slender, chief mourner. He was a bachelor, a little past his prime of life, with a sad and sober brow, and a belly inclining to portliness. The severe censors of Windsor had called him woman-hater, for that in his songs, and sometimes in his speech, he would bear too hardly on the frailties and fickleness of the delicate sex; for which unjust severity older people might, perchance, and they would, have found some small apology. For, in truth, Master Slender was a man of softest heart; and though he studiously avoided the company of women, he was the friend of all the children of Datchet and Windsor. He always carried apples in his pocket for little John Fenton, youngest child of Anne Fenton, formerly Anne Page; and was once found sitting in Windsor Park, under the hunter's oak, with little John upon his knees —Master Slender crying like a chicken maid. Of this enough. Let it now suffice to say that Master Slender —for the Host was too heavy to walk—was chief mourner. Then followed Ford and his wife; next Mr. Page and his son William—poor Mrs. Page being dead

two years at Christmas, from a cold caught with over-dancing, and then obstinately walking through the snow from her old gossip Ford's. Next in the procession were Master Fenton and his wife, and then followed their eight children in couples; then Robin—now a prosperous vintner, once page to Sir John—with Francis Simple; and then a score of little ones, to whom the poor dead parson would give teaching in reading and writing—and, where he marked an apter wit among his free disciples, something of the Latin accidence. These were all that followed Sir Hugh Evans to his rest—for death had thinned the thick file of his old acquaintance. One was wanting who would have added weight and dignity to the ceremony—who, had he not some few years before been called to fill the widest grave that was ever dug for flesh, would have cast from his broad and valiant face a lustrous sorrow on the manes of the dead churchman—who would have wept tears, rich as wine, upon the coffin of his old friend; for to him, in the convenient greatness of his heart, all men, from the prince of the blood to the nimming knave who stole the "handle of Mrs. Bridget's fan," were, by turns, friends and good fellows; who, at the supper at the Garter (for the Host gave a most solemn feast, in celebration of the mournful event), would have moralised on death and mortal accidents, and, between his tankards, talked fine philosophy—true divinity; would have caroused to the memory of the dead in the most religious spirit of sack, and have sent round whole flagons of surest consolation. Alas! this great, this seeming invincible spirit, this mighty wit, with jests all but rich enough to laugh Death from his purpose—to put him civilly aside with a quip, bidding him to pass on and strike at leaner bosoms—he himself, though with "three fingers on the ribs," had been hit; and he, who seemed made to live for ever, an embodied principle of fleshly enjoyment—he, the great Sir John—

"He was dead and nailèd in his chest."

Others, too, passed away with their great dominator, were wanting at the ceremonial. Where was he, with nose enshrining jests richer to us than rubies? True, liberal, yet most unfortunate spirit, hapless Bardolph; where, when Sir Hugh was laid upon the lap of his mother earth, oh! where wert thou? Where was that glorious feature that, had the burying been at the dead time of night, would have outshone the torches? Where was that all rich—all lovely nose? Alack! it may be in the maws of French falcons; its luckless owner throttled on the plains of Agincourt for almost the smallest theft; hung up by the fellest order of the Fifth Henry—of his old boon companion, his brother robber on the field of Gadshill. And could Harry march from the plain with laurel on his brow, and leave the comrade of his youth—his fellow footpad—with neck mortally cut "with edge of penny cord?" Should such a chaplet have been intertwined with such hemp? The death of Bardolph is a blot—a foul, foul blot on the 'scutcheon of Agincourt. But let us pass the ingratitude and tyranny of kings, to dwell wholly upon the burial of Sir Hugh.

Who shall say that all the spirits with whom the parson was wont to recreate himself—to counsel, to quarrel—who shall say that they did not all mingle in the procession, all once again pass through the streets of ancient Windsor? The broad shadow of Sir John, arm-in-arm with the spirit of Mrs. Page—Bardolph and Nym, descended from their gibbets, new from the plains of France, to make melancholy holiday in Berkshire—learned Doctor Caius, babbling Quickly, and Pistol, her broken, war-worn husband, kicked down the tavern stairs, where in his old days he served as a drawer, and was killed—and Shallow, immortal Shallow, his lean ghost fluttering with a sense of office—who shall say that all these did not crowd about the coffin of good Sir Hugh, and, as he was laid in the grave, give him a smiling welcome to his everlasting habitation? Let us not, in this day of light, be charged with superstition, if

in these pages—perpetual as adamant—we register our belief, a belief mingling in our very blood, that all these illustrious ghosts followed, and, with their dim majesty, ennobled the procession—albeit, to the eyes of the uninitiate, none but the living did service to the dead.

Sir Hugh Evans was laid by the side of his old friend and old antagonist, Doctor Caius; and, for many years, there was a story among the good wives of Windsor, that the fairies, once a-year, danced round the grave of Sir Hugh, the turf upon it growing as bright as emeralds; and, in a hawthorn bush, but a few paces from the spot, "melodious birds" did, at certain seasons, "sing madrigals."

We have now to speak of the Epitaph of the good Sir Hugh. More than four hundred years have passed away since the mortal part of that most worthy piece of Welsh divinity was consigned to dust. It may be a lesson to ambition to learn, that the exact spot where he was buried cannot, at the present time, be verified: the ablest antiquarians are at odds about it. Proud, however—and we trust not unbecomingly so—are we to be the means of publishing to the world the epitaph of Sir Hugh, copied from his tombstone, in the possession of a gentleman in Berkshire, who has resisted our most earnest supplications that he would suffer us to make known his name. This favour he has resolutely refused; but has, in the most handsome manner, presented us with the use of the tombstone, together with a most voluminous, and no less satisfactory, account of its genuineness. Happy should we have been, could we have found room for the history of the relic at full. Leaving it, however, for the archives of the Antiquarian Society, we must content ourselves with stating, that the document fully proves that the tombstone was erected from the private munificence of Master Slender; and that the pithy and most touching epitaph inscribed upon it was selected by his happy taste, as combining all the excellencies of an epitaph in the fewest words—these words having the further recommendation of

being uttered, on a memorable occasion, by the deceased himself. The words were repeated to Master Slender, by his servant Simple, despatched, on a certain day, by Sir Hugh with a letter touching the wooing of Anne Page. After long pondering, reviewing every circumstance of his ancient friendship with the dead Sir Hugh—seated, one sunny afternoon, on the bench outside the Garter, the words came jump again into the mind of Slender; and quickly raising and emptying his tankard, he marched, like a man resolved, to the stone-cutter, and—for he cared not for Latin—bade the workman cut on the stone (the inscription, considering its age, is in a wonderful state of preservation) the words that follow:—

HUGH EVANS,

PRIESTE,

Dyed atte Datchette,

MAY — ANNO DOMI 14—

AGED —

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

How simply, yet how beautifully, does this epitaph shadow forth the fruitfulness of the future! How delicate, and yet how sufficing, its note of promise!—

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

Pippins! Does not the word, upon a tombstone, conjure up thoughts of Hesperian gardens—of immortal trees, laden with golden fruit; with delicious produce, the growth of a soil where not one useless weed takes root, where no baneful snake rustles among the grass, where no blight descends, no canker withers? Where we may pluck from the consenting boughs, and eat, and eat—and never, as in earthly things, find a worm at the core, a rottenness at the heart, where outside beauty tempted us to taste? "There's pippins *to come!*" The evil and misery gathered with the apple of death will

be destroyed—forgotten—by the ambrosial fruit to be plucked for ever in immortal orchards!

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME!"

What a picture of plenty in its most beneficent aspect—what a prospect of pastoral abundance!

Think of it, ye oppressed of the earth! Ye, who are bowed and pinched by want—ye, who are scourged by the hands of persecution—ye, crushed with misery—ye, doomed to the bitterness of broken faith; take this consolation to your wearied souls—apply this balsam to your bruised hearts.—Though all earth be to you as barren as the sands—

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME!"

(*By permission of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.*)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
  Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
  "And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
  Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—

Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

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

THE BUNDLE OF RAGS.

J. E. Carpenter.

There's not on earth's surface so loathsome a thing,
For mortal to gaze on or poet to sing,
As that shapeless and colourless mass of decay,
The beggar would scorn to pick up on his way,—

That, met by the wealthy, is order'd aside,
In fear of the plague it might possibly hide,
That rots in the kennel, or dries on the flags,
That all hold in horror,—a bundle of rags!

Let us pause for a space on those rags as they lie;
To tell what they *have been* how vainly we try!
Yet, perchance, they have cover'd, if truth could be told,
Some beauty, the brightest of nature's bright mould;
She would shudder to see in the mud and the rain
That type of her vanity over again,—
Yet, in spite of fine dressing, the loudest who brags
Must come, after all, to—a bundle of rags!

Or, perchance, since she wore it, for sure it has seen
Some years since the days of its "brightest of green,"
It has pass'd from the mansion to find in the cot
A wearer content with a homelier lot;
Next patch'd—and then ragged—now mended—then torn,—
Till at length cast aside as not fit to be worn,—
It, still treasured by one of grim poverty's hags,
Is a worn, torn, but moveable bundle of rags!

And now, step by step, had one patience to tell,
In a bundle of rags what a history may dwell;
Of hearts that beat high in the gilded saloon,
Of the wretch who crept home by the light of the moon:
Of wealth so *exclusive* it never *could* know
The wretchedness felt in the circles below.
'Tis useful to dwell on the theme though it lags,
So give ear to the song of the bundle of rags.

SONG OF THE BUNDLE OF RAGS.

"I have waved in the sunshine with many a bloom,
That gave its rich produce long since to the loom,

In Lincolnshire fenny, where every moist field
Rich bales of ripe flax to the merchant will yield.
In a gaudier shape, where pale misery swarm'd,
By the glare of the factory light, I was form'd;
I was sold for bright gold, and then hurried away
To the mart where assemble the wealthy and gay.

"Oh! fair as the lily was she who first plied
Her needle and form'd me a robe for a bride;
But false was that bride's heart, though fair was her frame,
I knew how it throbb'd, but I cover'd the shame;
I then added beauty to beauty, so fair
Was the being first destined my fabric to wear;
But fashion soon alter'd—I fell with the jade—
For the mistress unsuited, I pass'd to the maid.

"Then Heaven knows how many forms I have tried,
I was alter'd, and mended, remodell'd, and dyed;
And a trustier heart never beat 'neath a gown
Than 'neath me when I changed my gay colour to brown;
But brown changed to black, and—no worse could befall—
I became, without dyeing, no colour at all;
So spurn'd and despis'd, now my beauty is past,
The robe of the bride 's in the kennel at last."

Thus the bundle of rags, in the mud where it lay,
To me, as I mused, seem'd to sing or to say.
And, I suddenly thought that what destinies high
In the thing most degraded might possibly lie!
When a wither'd old crone, with her wallet and rake,
Came by, and thus prizing what others forsake,—
'Twas a treasure to her, as in one of her bags
She carefully placed the old bundle of rags.

And *next* what a change when the linen appears,
Remodell'd to run through its cycle of years,

As PAPER, when doomed once again to disclose
The triumph of pleasures, the record of woes;
How mighty its aid in the progress of mind!
To the future the past, by its powers we bind;
And perchance on some rubbish I've passed on the flags
I now write this song of the bundle of rags.

(*From the New Monthly Magazine.*)

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

LORD MACAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andrè's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican Pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

(*By permission of Messrs. Longman, Green, and Co.*)

THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK.

(A POPULAR FALLACY.)

CHARLES LAMB.

AT what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before that we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we

confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption, in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually, in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, or are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we ap-

proach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick-bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as the night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in playhouses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

GINEVRA.

Samuel Rogers.

[Born in 1763, the son of a banker, and destined to be a banker, Samuel Rogers first saw the light at Stoke Newington: that pleasant, quiet, quaker-suburb of London that still preserves so much of its russet dress and rural character. Samuel Rogers—poet and banker! Yes! a banker may be a poet, though no one ever yet heard of poet becoming banker.

We have often wondered if we were a banker-poet, supposing we were a poet at all, if we should fill our own works with plates after the old masters, selling for one guinea what cost us two, or if we should seek out our poorer brethren, and furnish them with plates—of beef and mutton, eked out with loaves of bread, and, it might be, with some bottles of wine to be poured out between us in libations to the Muses? Most likely not, most likely we should not be an exception to human nature. Still, thinking of a poet-banker, one cannot help having these sort of day dreams. If we cannot have costly mansions, we can, at any rate, have our castles in the air—and there is one little bit of mother earth that we can all share and share alike. The daisied turf or the marble sarcophagus makes no difference to the dead worm beneath.

Rogers, surrounded by all the elegances of life, if a poet at all, could not help being an elegant one—but he was a poet, and elegant is the term to apply to his poetry. He was so fastidious about expression that it is said he changed, altered, and corrected his "Pleasures of Memory," till he exhausted his own patience, and then consulted his friends as to which were the best versions. They must have been very artificial pleasures to require so much polish, and not very strong memories that they could not be stamped at once; to whatever glow he had heated the metal in that poetic fire of his, there can be no doubt it cooled considerably in the process of hammering out. The "Pleasures of Memory" is an elegant poem notwithstanding—very pleasing, but not very startling, and suitable to be read among pictures and sculpture, like those of which the Bard of Memory was the fortunate possessor. Though a more fragmentary work, his "Italy" is more generally preferred; it is full of fine touches and good landscape-painting.

Mr. Rogers was a generous patron of art and artists, and many a struggling literary genius has been beholden to his bounty. The exercise of his talent was, with him, merely indulging in a luxury. It is good to know that one who had the means of enjoying life as he had, and did enjoy it, lived to a green old age—he died in 1853, having lived to the great age of ninety-two!]

If thou shouldst ever come, by choice or chance,
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
Its sparkling fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As tho' she said "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,

An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture: and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety;
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith

Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone.
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"GINEVRA."
There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

HOW THE TIDE TURNED.

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

[Mr. Hughes was born at Donnington Priory, near Newbury, Berks, Oct. 20, 1823. He was educated at Rugby, when that most famous among our public schools was under the sway of the good, wise, and great Dr. Arnold. To the recollection of his school-boy days we owe one of the most charming books that has ever been placed in the hands of youth, and from which even "children of larger growth" may learn lessons of deep import—viz., "Tom Brown's School Days"—or rather Thomas Hughes', under a thin veil of fiction. Mr. Hughes entered at Oriel College,

Oxford, in 1841; studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1848. His "School Days" was published in 1856, and his "Scouring of the White Horse" in 1858. He is also the author of several Tracts and critical Essays. The new Parliament, 1865-6, which is to see so many literary men among our representatives, will see also Mr. Hughes among the number, he having been returned for Lambeth.]

THE turning-point in our hero's school career had now come, and the manner of it was as follows. On the evening of the first day of the next half-year, Tom, East, and another School-house boy, who had just been dropped at the Spread Eagle by the old Regulator, rushed into the matron's room in high spirits, such as all real boys are in when they first get back, however fond they may be of home.

"Well, Mrs. Wixie," shouted one, seizing on the methodical active little dark-eyed woman, who was busy stowing away the linen of the boys who had already arrived into their several pigeon-holes, "here we are again, you see, as jolly as ever. Let us help you put the things away."

"And, Mary," cried another (she was called indifferently by either name), "who's come back? Has the Doctor made old Jones leave? How many new boys are there?"

"Am I and East to have Gray's study? You know you promised to get it for us if you could," shouted Tom.

"And am I to sleep in Number 4?" roared East.

"How's old Sam, and Bogle, and Sally?"

"Bless the boys!" cries Mary, at last getting in a word, "why, you'll shake me to death. There, now do go away up to the housekeeper's room and get your suppers; you know I haven't time to talk—you'll find plenty more in the house. Now, Master East, do let those things alone—you're mixing up three new boys' things." And she rushed at East, who escaped round the open trunks, holding up a prize.

"Hullo, look here, Tommy," shouted he; "here's fun!" and he brandished above his head some pretty

little night-caps, beautifully made and marked, the work of loving fingers in some distant country home. The kind mothers and sisters, who sewed that delicate stitching with aching hearts, little thought of the trouble they might be bringing on the young head for which they were meant. The little matron was wiser, and snatched the caps from East before he could look at the name on them.

"Now, Master East, I shall be very angry if you don't go," said she; "there's some capital cold beef and pickles up-stairs, and I wont have you old boys in my room first night."

"Hurrah for the pickles! Come along, Tommy; come along, Smith. We shall find out who the young count is, I'll be bound: I hope he'll sleep in my room. Mary's always vicious first week."

As the boys turned to leave the room, the matron touched Tom's arm, and said, "Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you."

"Very well, Mary. I'll come in a minute, East; don't finish the pickles——"

"Oh, Master Brown," went on the little matron, when the rest had gone, "you're to have Gray's study, Mrs. Arnold says; and she wants you to take in this young gentleman. He's a new boy, and thirteen years old, though he don't look it. He's very delicate, and has never been from home before; and I told Mrs. Arnold I thought you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him at first. He's put into your form, and I've given him the bed next to yours in Number 4; so East can't sleep there this half."

Tom was rather put about by this speech. He had got the double study which he coveted, but here were conditions attached which greatly moderated his joy. He looked across the room, and in the far corner of the sofa was aware of a slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair, who seemed ready to shrink through the floor. He saw at a glance that the little stranger was just the boy whose first half-year at a

public school would be misery to himself if he were left alone, or constant anxiety to anyone who meant to see him through his troubles. Tom was too honest to take in the youngster and then let him shift for himself; and if he took him as his chum instead of East, where were all his pet plans of having a bottled-beer cellar under his window, and making night-lines and slings, and plotting expeditions to Brownsover Mills and Caldecott's Spinney? East and he had made up their minds to get this study, and then every night, from locking-up till ten, they would be together to talk about fishing, drink bottled-beer, read Marryat's novels, and sort birds' eggs; and this new boy would most likely never go out of the close, and would be afraid of wet feet, and always getting laughed at, and called Molly, or Jenny, or some derogatory feminine nickname.

The matron watched him for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she, almost in a whisper, "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers; and his mamma, such a kind, sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so——"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young 'un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt as if he could have blown him away. "I've had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green baize curtains over the door (the diplomatic matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership

comforts); and Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as if he were a sixth or fifth form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace amongst the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher social and moral platform at once. Nevertheless, he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly supper in the housekeeper's room with East and the rest, and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterwards, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half-year, and to gather news of who had left, and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new præpostors slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the Doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good humour with himself and all the world.

It is needless, and would be impertinent, to tell how the two young boys were received in that drawing-room. The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the North the respect and love of all those who ever felt and shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Aye, many is the brave heart now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that Schoolhouse drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learnt there.

Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke, who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded

to his brother's position and influence, and another sixth-form boy there, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal-heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking; the other did not notice them. The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease, and to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well, Tom holding forth about a prodigious pony he had been riding out hunting, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in, and immediately after the Doctor himself.

How frank, and kind, and manly was his greeting to the party by the fire! It did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark, that Brooke was nearly as tall, and quite as broad as the Doctor. And his cup was full, when in another moment his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seemingly oblivious of all the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study. Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air, and cricket. And you must take him some good long walks, to Bilton Grange and Caldecott's Spinney, and show him what a little pretty country we have about here."

Tom wondered if the Doctor knew that his visits to Bilton Grange were for the purpose of taking rooks' nests (a proceeding strongly discountenanced by the owner thereof), and those to Caldecott's Spinney were prompted chiefly by the conveniences for setting night-lines. What didn't the Doctor know? And what a

noble use he always made of it! He almost resolved to abjure rook-pies and night-lines for ever. The tea went merrily off; the Doctor now talking of holiday doings, and then of the prospects of the half-year, what chance there was for the Balliol scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little School world, and had a work to do there.

Soon after tea the Doctor went off to his study, and the young boys a few minutes afterwards took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the further end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened, and then a great shout of greeting, as Tom was recognised marching down the passage.

"Hullo, Brown, where do you come from?"

"Oh, I've been to tea with the Doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye!" cried East. "Oh! so that's why Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper. You lost something—that beef and pickles was no end good!"

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur, and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

Tom saw Arthur shrink back, and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him answer, just standing by his side to support in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom struck in—"You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to

sing, whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No; but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along, Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the comment at the fire; and it must be confessed so thought Tom himself, as he lighted his candle, and surveyed the new green baize curtains, and the carpet, and sofa with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy. But look here now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about—about home to you?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know, or they'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! is that yours? And what stunning binding! why, your school-books look like novels."

And Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside, till the prayer-bell rung.

I have already described the School-house prayers; they were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the further table—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same

position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him up-stairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed. It was a huge high airy room, with two large windows looking on to the School close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fire-place, occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves). Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes therefore of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washhand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washhand-stand, and began his ablutions,

thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not anther word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the School-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could

he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him first, all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say —the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to

them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great School with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learnt in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found too how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact, that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the præposter; at any rate, every boy knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on; in one instance or so, where the præposter heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the School-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out for ever.

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

THE PASSING.

A MASQUE OF AUTUMN TIME.

FREDERICK ENOCH.

PIPE!—red-lipp'd Autumn—pipe!—
Summer, she is dead, sweet maid;
Bear her through the listening glade,
  Strew the way with berries ripe—
Nectarine and peach, rose-stained:
  They at least may serve to show,
By the mirrored blush retained,
  How her cheek was wont to glow.
I will come and weep beside her,
  As chief mourner o'er her fate,
With a veil of gold leaves hide her,
  As she lies in state!—
I have wooed her in the meadow,
  When she was a sweet young thing,
Ere she in the rain-cloud's shadow
  Parted from the Spring:
Later, I have sported, blither,
  With her in her sunnier hours;
She it was who led me whither
  Spring those fays, the flowers!—
Bring, then, round her hallowed bier
  Incense, from the dead leaves dry,
While the silent woods stand near
  In solemn pageantry:
And the phantom mists shall weave
  Cerements of the silver fold,
Ere the red-streaked sky at eve
  To the stars turns cold—
Hark!—the breezes are beginning!
  Strew the leaves—and lightly tread—
Canticles in honour singing
  Of the beauteous dead!
Weeping daylight, weed-like, wears

Rays of yellow sunbeam now,—
Fruit-zoned Plenty plume-like bears
Corn-sheaves on his brow:
Sing, sad winds, in every place,
Vintage-hill and orchard-dell,
Where her smile was wont to grace
Haunts she loved so well!—
Strew the way with berries ripe:—
Summer, she is dead, sweet maid;
O'er her, through the listening glade,
Pipe!—red-lipp'd Autumn—pipe!

THE RED FISHERMAN.

W. M. Praed.

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads:
If he look'd to the Heaven, 't was not to invoke
The spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,

He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.
Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns whose bright arcades
The honey-suckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head:
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchang'd and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pumped;
And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy;

For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree;
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
Above,—below!—
Lightly and brightly they glide and go:
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Boiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'T was a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double;
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets;
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin
Till it hardly covered the bones within.

The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago:
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:
Gaily it glittered with jewel and jem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within, and a chain without;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth:
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon-stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!

Cold, by this, was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain,
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,
Of a revelling company;
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate;
And the Priest could not turn from it,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words.

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white,
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah, ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"—
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,

Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the Abbot shook
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.
There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine;
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth."
The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation:

His words had made battalions quake,
  Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
  And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
  He stammered and he stuttered
As if an axe went through his head,
  With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
  He stuttered, drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
  Could tell the reason why!

THE RANSOM OF THE INCA.

W. H. Prescott.

[William Hickling Prescott, the celebrated American historian, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4th, 1796. Though a very voluminous writer, he was almost deprived of eye-sight through an accident in early youth. Like our own Macaulay, his narrative style is rich, chaste, and glorious, abounding with picturesque illustration and sparkling with imagery. Had America not sacrificed her own best writers for the sake of robbing ours with impunity, Mr. Prescott might have realized large sums for copyrights of his works in this country; but the want of an international copyright, which Mr. Prescott scorned to evade by a Yankee *dodge*, precluded this. His principal works are, "Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Peru," "The Conquest of Mexico," and his "History of Philip II." On the 28th January, 1859, when sitting alone in his library, he was struck with paralysis, and in less than two hours expired.]

It was not long before Atahuallpa discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in most of their bosoms than either religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his own freedom. The critical posture of his affairs made it important that this should not be long delayed.

His brother Huascar, ever since his defeat, had been detained as a prisoner, subject to the victor's orders. He was now at Andamarca, at no great distance from Caxamalca; and Atahuallpa feared, with good reason, that, when his own imprisonment was known, Huascar would find it easy to corrupt his guard, make his escape, and put himself at the head of the contested empire, without a rival to dispute it.

In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose by appealing to the avarice of his keepers, he one day told Pizarro, that, if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and, as the Inca received no answer, he said, with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahuallpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the Inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect, at once, all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahuallpa's offer, and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor.

This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of smaller dimensions twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish all this.

No sooner was this arrangement made, than the Inca despatched couriers to Cuzco and the other principal places in the kingdom, with orders that the gold ornaments and utensils should be removed from the royal palaces, and from the temples and other public buildings, and transported without loss of time to Caxamalca. Meanwhile he continued to live in the Spanish quarters, treated with the respect due to his rank, and enjoying all the freedom compatible with the security of his person.

* * * * * *

Several weeks had now passed since Atahuallpa's emissaries had been despatched for the gold and silver that were to furnish his ransom to the Spaniards. But the distances were great, and the returns came in slowly. They consisted, for the most part, of massive pieces of plate, some of which weighed two or three *arrobas*,—a Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds. On some days, articles of the value of thirty or forty thousand *pesos de oro* were brought in, and, occasionally, of the value of fifty or even sixty thousand *pesos*. The greedy eyes of the Conquerors gloated on the shining heaps of treasure, which were transported on the shoulders of the Indian porters, and, after being carefully registered, were placed in safe deposit under a strong guard. They now began to believe that the magnificent promises of the Inca would be fulfilled. But, as their avarice was sharpened by the ravishing display of wealth, such as they had hardly dared to imagine, they became more craving and impatient. They made no allowance for the distance and the difficulties of the way, and loudly

inveighed against the tardiness with which the royal commands were executed. They even suspected Atahuallpa of devising this scheme only to gain a pretext for communicating with his subjects in distant places, and of proceeding as dilatorily as possible, in order to secure time for the execution of his plans. Rumours of a rising among the Peruvians were circulated, and the Spaniards were in apprehension of some general and sudden assault on their quarters. Their new acquisitions gave them additional cause for solicitude; like a miser, they trembled in the midst of their treasures.

Pizarro reported to his captive the rumours that were in circulation among the soldiers, naming, as one of the places pointed out for the rendezvous of the Indians, the neighbouring city of Guamachucho. Atahuallpa listened with undisguised astonishment, and indignantly repelled the charge, as false from beginning to end. "No one of my subjects," said he, "would dare to appear in arms, or to raise his finger, without my orders. You have me," he continued, "in your power. Is not my life at your disposal? And what better security can you have for my fidelity?" He then represented to the Spanish commander, that the distances of many of the places were very great; that to Cuzco, the capital, although a message might be sent by post, through a succession of couriers, in five days from Caxamalca, it would require weeks for a porter to travel over the same ground, with a heavy load on his back. "But that you may be satisfied I am proceeding in good faith," he added, "I desire you will send some of your own people to Cuzco. I will give them a safe-conduct, and, when there, they can superintend the execution of the commission, and see with their own eyes that no hostile movements are intended." It was a fair offer, and Pizarro, anxious to get more precise and authentic information of the state of the country, gladly availed himself of it.

Before the departure of these emissaries, the general

had despatched his brother Hernando with about twenty horse and a small body of infantry to the neighbouring town of Guamachucho, in order to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain if there was any truth in the report of an armed force having assembled there. Hernando found everything quiet, and met with a kind reception from the natives. But before leaving the place, he received further orders from his brother to continue his march to Pachacamac, a town situated on the coast, at least a hundred leagues distant from Caxamalca. It was consecrated as the seat of the great temple of the deity of that name, whom the Peruvians worshipped as the Creator of the world. It is said that they found there altars raised to this god, on their first occupation of the country; and, such was the veneration in which he was held by the natives, that the Incas, instead of attempting to abolish his worship, deemed it more prudent to sanction it conjointly with that of their own deity, the Sun. Side by side, the two temples rose on the heights that overlooked the city of Pachacamac, and prospered in the offerings of their respective votaries. "It was a cunning arrangement," says an ancient writer, "by which the great enemy of man secured to himself a double harvest of souls."

The shrine of the deity, enriched by the tributes of the pilgrims, gradually became one of the most opulent in the land; and Atahuallpa, anxious to collect his ransom as speedily as possible, urged Pizarro to send a detachment in that direction, to secure the treasures before they could be secreted by the priests of the temple.

It was a journey of considerable difficulty. Two-thirds of the route lay along the table-land of the Cordilleras, intersected occasionally by crests of the mountain range, that imposed no slight impediment to their progress. Fortunately, much of the way, they had the benefit of the great road to Cuzco, and "nothing in Christendom," exclaims Hernando Pizarro, "equals the

magnificence of this road across the sierra." In some places, the rocky ridges were so precipitous, that steps were cut in them for the travellers; and though the sides were protected by heavy stone balustrades or parapets, it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses were enabled to scale them. The road was frequently crossed by streams, over which bridges of wood and sometimes of stone were thrown; though occasionally, along the declivities of the mountains, the waters swept down in such furious torrents, that the only method of passing them was by the swinging bridges of osier, of which, till now, the Spaniards had had little experience. They were secured on either bank to heavy buttresses of stone. But as they were originally designed for nothing heavier than the foot-passenger and the llama, and, as they had something exceedingly fragile in their appearance, the Spaniards hesitated to venture on them with their horses. Experience, however, soon showed they were capable of bearing a much greater weight; and though the traveller, made giddy by the vibration of the long avenue, looked with a reeling brain into the torrent that was tumbling at the depth of a hundred feet or more below him, the whole of the cavalry effected their passage without an accident. At these bridges, it may be remarked, they found persons stationed whose business it was to collect toll for the government from all travellers.

At length, after some weeks of travel—severe even with all these appliances—Hernando Pizarro arrived before the city of Pachacamac. It was a place of considerable population, and the edifices were, many of them, substantially built. The temple of the tutelar deity consisted of a vast stone building, or rather pile of buildings, which, clustering around a conical hill, had the air of a fortress rather than a religious establishment. But, though the walls were of stone, the roof was composed of a light thatch, as usual in countries where rain seldom or never falls, and where de-

fence, consequently, is wanted chiefly against the rays of the sun.

Presenting himself at the lower entrance of the temple, Hernando Pizarro was refused admittance by the guardians of the portal. But, exclaiming that "he had come too far to be stayed by the arm of an Indian priest," he forced his way into the passage, and, followed by his men, wound up the gallery which led to an area on the summit of the mount, at one end of which stood a sort of chapel. This was the sanctuary of the dread deity. The door was garnished with ornaments of crystal, and with turquoises and bits of coral. Here again the Indians would have dissuaded Pizarro from violating the consecrated precincts, when, at that moment, the shock of an earthquake, that made the ancient walls tremble to their foundation, so alarmed the natives, both those of Pizarro's own company and the people of the place, that they fled in dismay, nothing doubting that their incensed deity would bury the invaders under the ruins, or consume them with its lightnings. But no such terror found its way into the breast of the Conquerors, who felt that here, at least, they were fighting the good fight of the Faith.

Tearing open the door, Pizarro and his party entered. But instead of a hall blazing, as they had fondly imagined, with gold and precious stones, offerings of the worshippers of Pachacamac, they found themselves in a small and obscure apartment, or rather den, from the floor and sides of which steamed up the most offensive odours—like those of a slaughter-house. It was the place of sacrifice. A few pieces of gold and some emeralds were discovered on the ground, and, as their eyes became accommodated to the darkness, they discerned in the most retired corner of the room the figure of the deity. It was an uncouth monster, made of wood, with the head resembling that of a man. This was the god through whose lips Satan had breathed forth the far-famed oracles which had deluded his Indian votaries!

Tearing the idol from its recess, the indignant Spaniards dragged it into the open air, and there broke it into a hundred fragments. The place was then purified, and a large cross, made of stone and plaster, was erected on the spot. In a few years the walls of the temple were pulled down by the Spanish settlers, who found there a convenient quarry for their own edifices. But the cross still remained, spreading its broad arms over the ruins. It stood where it was planted, in the very heart of the stronghold of Heathendom; and, while all was in ruins around it, it proclaimed the permanent triumphs of the Faith.

The simple natives, finding that Heaven had no bolts in store for the Conquerors, and that their god had no power to prevent the profanation of his shrine, came in gradually and tended their homage to the strangers, whom they now regarded with feelings of superstitious awe. Pizarro profited by this temper to wean them, if possible, from their idolatry; and though no preacher himself, as he tells us, he delivered a discourse as edifying, doubtless, as could be expected from the mouth of a soldier; and, in conclusion, he taught them the sign of the cross, as an inestimable talisman to secure them against the future machinations of the Devil.

But the Spanish commander was not so absorbed in his spiritual labours as not to have an eye to those temporal concerns for which he came into this quarter. He now found, to his chagrin, that he had come somewhat too late; and that the priests of Pachacamac, being advised of his mission, had secured much the greater part of the gold, and decamped with it before his arrival. A quantity was afterwards discovered buried in the grounds adjoining. Still the amount obtained was considerable, falling little short of eighty thousand castellanos, a sum which once would have been deemed a compensation for greater fatigues than they had encountered. But the Spaniards had become familiar with gold; and their imaginations, kindled by

the romantic adventures in which they had of late been engaged, indulged in visions which all the gold of Peru would scarcely have realized.

One prize, however, Hernando obtained by his expedition, which went far to console him for the loss of his treasure. While at Pachacamac, he learned that the Indian commander Challcuchima lay with a large force in the neighbourhood of Xauxa, a town of some strength at a considerable distance among the mountains. This man, who was nearly related to Atahuallpa, was his most experienced general, and together with Quizquiz, now at Cuzco, had achieved those victories at the south which placed the Inca on the throne. From his birth, his talents, and his large experience, he was accounted second to no subject in the kingdom. Pizarro was aware of the importance of securing his person. Finding that the Indian noble declined to meet him on his return, he determined to march at once on Xauxa and take the chief in his own quarters. Such a scheme, considering the enormous disparity of numbers, might seem desperate, even for Spaniards; but success had given them such confidence, that they hardly condescended to calculate chances.

The road across the mountains presented greater difficulties than those on the former march. To add to the troubles of the cavalry, the shoes of their horses were worn out, and their hoofs suffered severely on the rough and stony ground. There was no iron at hand, nothing but gold and silver. In the present emergency they turned even these to account; and Pizarro caused the horses of the whole troop to be shod with silver. The work was done by the Indian smiths, and it answered so well, that in this precious material they found a substitute for iron during the remainder of the march.

Xauxa was a large and populous place; though we shall hardly credit the assertion of the Conquerors, that a hundred thousand persons assembled habitually in the great square of the city. The Peruvian commander was encamped, it was said, with an army of

five-and-thirty thousand men at only a few miles' distance from the town. With some difficulty he was persuaded to an interview with Pizarro. The latter addressed him courteously, and urged his return with him to the Castilian quarters in Caxamalca, representing it as the command of the Inca. Ever since the capture of his master, Challcuchima had remained uncertain what course to take. The capture of the Inca in this sudden and mysterious manner by a race of beings who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and that, too, in the very hour of his triumph, had entirely bewildered the Peruvian chief. He had concerted no plan for the rescue of Atahuallpa; nor, indeed, did he know whether any such movement would be acceptable to him. He now acquiesced in his commands, and was willing, at all events, to have a personal interview with his sovereign. Pizarro gained his end without being obliged to strike a single blow to effect it. The barbarian, when brought into contact with the white man, would seem to have been rebuked by his superior genius, in the same manner as the wild animal of the forest is said to quail before the steady glance of the hunter.

Challcuchima came attended by a numerous retinue. He was borne in his sedan on the shoulders of his vassals; and, as he accompanied the Spaniards on their return through the country, received everywhere from the inhabitants the homage paid only to the favourite of a monarch. Yet all this pomp vanished on his entering the presence of the Inca, whom he approached with his feet bare, while a light burden, which he had taken from one of the attendants, was laid on his back. As he drew near, the old warrior, raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed,—"Would that I had been here!—this would not then have happened;" then, kneeling down, he kissed the hands and feet of his royal master, and bathed them with his tears. Atahuallpa, on his part, betrayed not the least emotion, and showed no other sign of satisfaction at the presence of his favourite

counsellor, than by simply bidding him welcome. The cold demeanour of the monarch contrasted strangely with the loyal sensibility of the subject. . . . . .

Not long after the arrival of the party from Pachacamac, in the latter part of May, the three emissaries returned from Cuzco. They had been very successful in their mission. Owing to the Inca's order, and the awe which the white men now inspired throughout the country, the Spaniards had everywhere met with a kind reception. They had been carried on the shoulders of the natives in the *hamacas*, or sedans, of the country; and, as they had travelled all the way to the capital on the great imperial road, along which relays of Indian carriers were established at stated intervals, they performed this journey of more than six hundred miles, not only without inconvenience, but with the most luxurious ease. They passed through many populous towns, and always found the simple natives disposed to venerate them as beings of a superior nature. In Cuzco they were received with public festivities, were sumptuously lodged, and had every want anticipated by the obsequious devotion of the inhabitants.

Their accounts of the capital confirmed all that Pizarro had before heard of the wealth and population of the city. Though they had remained more than a week in this place, the emissaries had not seen the whole of it. The great temple of the Sun they found literally covered with plates of gold. They had entered the interior and beheld the royal mummies, seated each in his gold-embossed chair, and in robes profusely covered with ornaments. The Spaniards had the grace to respect these, as they had been previously enjoined by the Inca; but they required that the plates which garnished the walls should be all removed. The Peruvians most reluctantly acquiesced in the commands of their sovereign to desecrate the national temple, which every inhabitant of the city regarded with peculiar pride and veneration. With

less reluctance they assisted the Conquerors in stripping the ornaments from some of the other edifices, where the gold, however, being mixed with a large proportion of alloy, was of much less value.

The number of plates they tore from the temple of the Sun was seven hundred; and though of no great thickness, probably, they are compared in size to the lid of a chest, ten or twelve inches wide. A cornice of pure gold encircled the edifice, but so strongly set in the stone, that it fortunately defied the efforts of the spoilers. The Spaniards complained of the want of alacrity shown by the Indians in the work of destruction, and said that there were other parts of the city containing buildings rich in gold and silver which they had not been allowed to see. In truth, their mission, which, at best, was a most ungrateful one, had been rendered doubly annoying by the manner in which they had executed it. The emissaries were men of a very low stamp, and, puffed up by the honours conceded to them by the natives, they looked on themselves as entitled to these, and contemned the poor Indians as a race immeasurably beneath the European. The people of Cuzco were so exasperated, that they would have laid violent hands on them, but for their habitual reverence for the Inca, in whose name the Spaniards had come there. As it was, the Indians collected as much gold as was necessary to satisfy their unworthy visitors, and got rid of them as speedily as possible. It was a great mistake in Pizarro to send such men. There were persons, even in his company, who, as other occasions showed, had some sense of self-respect, if not respect for the natives.

The messengers brought with them, besides silver, full two hundred *cargas* or loads of gold. This was an important accession to the contributions of Atahuallpa; and, although the treasure was still considerably below the mark prescribed, the monarch saw with satisfaction the time drawing nearer for the completion of his ransom.

Not long before this, an event had occurred, which changed the condition of the Spaniards, and had an unfavourable influence on the fortunes of the Inca. This was the arrival of Almagro at Caxamalca with a strong reinforcement.

The arrival of Almagro produced a considerable change in Pizarro's prospects, since it enabled him to resume active operations, and push forward his conquests in the interior. The only obstacle in his way was the Inca's ransom; and the Spaniards had patiently waited till the return of the emissaries from Cuzco swelled the treasure to a large amount, though still below the stipulated limit. But now their avarice got the better of their forbearance, and they called loudly for the immediate division of the gold. To wait longer would only be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the treasure remained uncounted no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own portion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home, and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety. But these were few, while much the larger part were only anxious to leave their present quarters, and march at once to Cuzco. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital than they could get here by prolonging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their treasures, of which design they had already given indication.

Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that without the capital he could not hope to become master of the empire. Without further delay, the division of the treasure was agreed upon.

Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whole to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These

articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters at its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude Conquerors of Peru.

Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the Emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was selected, to the amount of a hundred thousand ducats, and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and, at the same time that he laid the treasures before him, he was to give an account of the proceedings of the conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

No man in the army was better qualified for this mission, by his address and knowledge of affairs, than Hernando Pizarro; no one would be so likely to urge his suit with effect at the haughty Castilian court. But other reasons influenced the selection of him at the present juncture.

His former jealousy of Almagro still rankled in his bosom, and he had beheld that chief's arrival at the camp with feelings of disgust, which he did not care to conceal. He looked on him as coming to share the spoils of victory, and defraud his brother of his legiti-

mate honours. Instead of exchanging the cordial greeting proffered by Almagro at their first interview, the arrogant cavalier held back in sullen silence. His brother Francis was greatly displeased at a conduct which threatened to renew their ancient feud, and he induced Hernando to accompany him to Almagro's quarters, and make some acknowledgment of his uncourteous behaviour. But, notwithstanding this show of reconciliation, the general thought the present a favourable opportunity to remove his brother from the scene of operations, where his factious spirit more than counterbalanced his eminent services.

The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night, but such was the quantity to be recast, that it consumed a full month. When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million, three hundred and twenty-six thousand, five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos de oro*, which, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, would be equivalent, probably, at the present time to near *three millions and a half of pounds sterling*, or somewhat less than *fifteen millions and a half of dollars*. The quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks. History affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the French, or the Dutch, on the shores of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark, that the wealth thus

suddenly acquired, by diverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them among the poorest of the nations of Christendom.

A new difficulty now arose in respect to the division of the treasure. Almagro's followers claimed to be admitted to a share of it; which, as they equalled, and, indeed, somewhat exceeded in number Pizarro's company, would reduce the gains of these last very materially. "We were not here, it is true," said Almagro's soldiers to their comrades, "at the seizure of the Inca, but we have taken our turn in mounting guard over him since his capture, have helped you to defend your treasures, and now give you the means of going forward and securing your conquests. It is a common cause," they urged, "in which all are equally embarked, and the gains should be shared equally between us."

But this way of viewing the matter was not at all palatable to Pizzaro's company, who alleged that Atahuallpa's contract had been made exclusively with them; that they had seized the Inca, had secured the ransom, had incurred, in short, all the risk of the enterprise, and were not now disposed to share the fruits of it with every one who came after them.—There was much force, it could not be denied, in this reasoning, and it was finally settled between the leaders, that Almagro's followers should resign their pretensions for a stipulated sum of no great amount, and look to the career now opened to them for carving out their fortunes for themselves.

This delicate affair being thus harmoniously adjusted, Pizarro prepared, with all solemnity, for a division of the imperial spoil. The troops were called together in the great square, and the Spanish commander, "with the fear of God before his eyes," says the record, "invoked the assistance of Heaven to do the work before

him conscientiously and justly." The appeal may seem somewhat out of place at the distribution of spoil so unrighteously acquired; yet, in truth, considering the magnitude of the treasure, and the power assumed by Pizarro to distribute it according to the respective deserts of the individuals, there were few acts of his life involving a heavier responsibility. On his present decision might be said to hang the future fortunes of each one of his followers,—poverty or independence during the remainder of his days.

The royal fifth was first deducted, including the remittance already sent to Spain. The share appropriated by Pizarro amounted to fifty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-two pesos of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. He had besides this the great chair or throne of the Inca, of solid gold, and valued at twenty-five thousand *pesos de oro*. To his brother Hernando were paid thirty-one thousand and eighty pesos of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. De Soto received seventeen thousand seven hundred and forty pesos of gold, and seven hundred and twenty-four marks of silver. Most of the remaining cavalry, sixty in number, received each eight thousand eight hundred and eighty pesos of gold, and three hundred and sixty-two marks of silver, though some had more, and a few considerably less. The infantry mustered in all one hundred and five men. Almost one-fifth of them were allowed, each, four thousand four hundred and forty pesos of gold, and one hundred and eighty marks of silver, half of the compensation of the troopers. The remainder received one-fourth part less; though here again there were exceptions, and some were obliged to content themselves with a much smaller share of the spoil.

The new church of San Francisco, the first Christian temple in Peru, was endowed with two thousand two hundred and twenty pesos of gold. The amount assigned to Almagro's company was not excessive, if

it was not more than twenty thousand pesos; and that reserved for the colonists of San Miguel, which amounted only to fifteen thousand pesos, was unaccountably small. There were among them certain soldiers, who at an early period of the expedition, as the reader may remember, abandoned the march, and returned to San Miguel. These, certainly, had little claim to be remembered in the division of booty. But the greater part of the colony consisted of invalids, men whose health had been broken by their previous hardships, but who still, with a stout and willing heart, did good service in their military post on the sea-coast. On what grounds they had forfeited their claims to a more ample remuneration, it is not easy to explain.

Nothing is said, in the partition, of Almagro himself, who, by the terms of the original contract, might claim an equal share of the spoil with his associate. As little notice is taken of Luque, the remaining partner. Luque himself was, indeed, no longer to be benefited by worldly treasure. He had died a short time before Almagro's departure from Panama; too soon to learn the full success of the enterprise, which, but for his exertions, must have failed; too soon to become acquainted with the achievements and the crimes of Pizarro. But the Licentiate Espinosa, whom he represented, and who, it appears, had advanced the funds for the expedition, was still living at St. Domingo, and Luque's pretensions were explicitly transferred to him. Yet it is unsafe to pronounce, at this distance of time, on the authority of mere negative testimony; and it must be admitted to form a strong presumption in favour of Pizarro's general equity in the distribution, that no complaint of it has reached us from any of the parties present, nor from contemporary chroniclers.

The division of the ransom being completed by the Spaniards, there seemed to be no further obstacles to their resuming active operations, and commencing the march to Cuzco.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IT is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts' decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless bard was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted:

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation;
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose
heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love
to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird
could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick
poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious in-
fluences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its
number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his
home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and
loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the
guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth though phrenzy deso-
lated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst
she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses;

That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew, "*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation,
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

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CHRISTMAS.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

[Mr. Sawyer is well known as a poetical contributor to the leading magazines of the day, including "The Cornhill," "Good Words," and "Temple Bar." He has published several small volumes of verse which exhibit poetical powers of no mean order, the principal of these being "Thought and Reverie," in 1850. He is also a voluminous writer of prose fictions, but as these are at present unacknowledged by the author, though the fact is known to a wider literary circle than that which shared the secret of "the Great Unknown," we are constrained to be silent regarding them. Several dramas, acted successfully at the Surrey Theatre, testify further to the versatility of Mr. Sawyer's talents. A new poem from his pen, entitled "Ten Miles from London," is announced as ready for publication. We hope the circulation will not be limited to the title.]

THIS night about our cheerful hearth we gather once again,
A circle of true hearts, tried links in friendship's firmest chain;
The blaze leaps up, the red wine flows, the laugh is quick and free,
And even home seems something more than home was wont to be.
The generous glow, the swelling heart, the eye to tears surprised—
The sudden pause that stills our joy, yet is but joy disguised—

These speak a presence at our hearth, unseen, but known and dear;
Yes, Christmas—blessed Christmas—has surely entered here!

Warm welcome 'neath this roof-tree to that presence of delight!
All peaceful was his coming with the stars of yester-night;
Not in grandeur, not with splendour, did he seek us as of yore,
But, pilgrim-wise, in silence passing slow from door to door;
Passing slow, and at each threshold pausing fondly as a friend,
While his eyes would flash with kindness, and with smiles his wrinkles blend;
And cheerily 'bove the howling of the night-wind rung his voice—
"I am Christmas! I am Christmas! Heed my greeting, and rejoice!"

Not for rank or station cared he, not a whit for high degree,
But rather on the lone and poor his lingering glance cast he.
From many homes, from many hearts, no voice responsive came,
On cheerless walls no holly hung, on cold hearths gleamed no flame:
But he turned not thence in anger; for the sad, the poor, the lone,
He had truths of Christian wisdom, and words of kindly tone,
And his glance could kindle gladness, and where'er he entered—straight
The wretched looked up brightly, and the hopeless grew elate.

"I am Christmas!" On the mansion just darkened fell the sound,
Where in silence very sadly were the great ones gathered round.
The stately mother heard it; but as mute was her despair
As if she feared to wake the thing so coldly cradled there.
The Spirit whispered tenderly, "The Christian's faith is this:
That they, the loved, who leave us, are but gone before to bliss;
Though sad the parting, in this faith he bears him like a man,
And he welcomes Christmas bravely, as a Christian only can."

"I am Christmas!" Quoth the widow, by the embers crouching low,
"What have I to do with Christmas? Hark how the rough winds blow;
Hark! how the waves are roaring; see the petrel wild with glee;
I have a son, one only son, and he is on the sea,
And my heart is sick for fear of him." "Good heart," the Spirit said,
"Bid it take strength, poor mother, from the fountain of its dread;
The mighty winds that make the wreck—the waves that round it foam,
Are the *same* winds and waves that bring the good ship swiftly home."

"I am Christmas!" From his reverie the ruined merchant sprang.
"Christmas! Ah! then my board was spread, my hall with laughter rang;
And I had friends about me, blithe friends—where, where are they?
I am alone—alone in want—and this is Christmas Day!

Of all I loved and pampered, not one is with me now."
"Oh, wherefore," cried the Spirit, "should this o'er-
cloud thy brow?
The rough wind tries the branches, and the wise, with-
out dismay,
Mark the foul and cankered blossoms that so quickly
fall away."

"I am Christmas!" It was echoed in a noble soul's
unrest,
In the laughter, cold and hollow, that thrilled an aching
breast;
In his, who (from his dream of fame awakened long ago)
Now wrote for bread. "I must rejoice, since thou wilt
have it so,"
He said, "but what can life display whence I a joy
may claim?"
Quoth Christmas, "This—although to thee has come
nor wealth nor fame,
Is't nought that for thy thoughts, thy truths—small
seeds in darkness sown—
Thy fellow-man, made wiser, better, blesses thee un-
known?"

"I am Christmas!" At his labour the toiler heard the
sound;
It seemed a very mockery when his moist eye glancèd
round,
When it met that wife so patient—those children wan
and pale—
And that one loaf—why, Christmas was a thing of fairy
tale!
An instant paused the Spirit, and then tenderly it said,
"Hard is this fare—oh! gentle ones—this Christmas
feast of bread;
But happiness is less with those whom luxuries sur-
round,
Than with the few whose daily wants their daily wishes
bound."

"Rejoice!" To age, half-deafened with the roar of life,
"rejoice!"
Brought sudden life; but mournfully replied the faltering voice—
"Let youth obey the summons, let youth enjoyment crave,
The world is cast behind us, our face is to the grave,
All soberly, all sadly, it is meet henceforth we go."
"No!" shouted Christmas gaily, "Age should not fare it so;
Life's cup is sweet unto the dregs, so those who drain it see
The joy of this world but preludes the bliss of that to be."

"I am Christmas! I am Christmas! Heed my greeting, and rejoice!"
Thus above the boisterous winter rang out the cheering voice,
Thus on his lonely minist'ring the pilgrim Spirit went,
Love in its Christian semblance to a cold world eloquent;
Thus every gentle spirit and every noble breast
Found soothing word, and kindly glance, and balm for hope depressed;
And thus this hour at every hearth, in every heart sincere,
Is Christmas gladly welcomed, as he is welcomed here.

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THE COWARDLY CAPTAIN.

FROM "A KING AND NO KING."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[Francis Beaumont was the younger brother of Sir John Beaumont, a judge of the Common Pleas, who was knighted by Charles I. He wrote in conjunction with his friend John Fletcher; they had one house, and, it is recorded, wore the same clothes in com-

mon. The "indelicacies and indecorums" which abound in their plays, though attractive in their own day, would not be tolerated in this—any more than, we hope, the present taste for the simply horrible will be tolerated when another change comes o'er the spirit of the drama. It is always to be regretted that so many gems should be embedded in such foul caskets as the plots of their dramas. "It was in such libertinism," as Mr. George Darley remarks, "that we have the key to that puritanical horror of the drama, which has been represented as so rabid and ridiculous." Shakspeare, more far-sighted and deep-thoughted, made no such mistake, and our older drama might have been a living and active reality, instead of, as now, a mine of mind-wealth hidden to all but the antiquary and the scholar, if that glorious phalanx of dramatists who emulated him had only followed his example. It has been ascertained that Beaumont and Fletcher wrote in partnership seventeen plays. Beaumont, by himself, a masque and one play, which has been lost; Fletcher, four by himself, in Beaumont's lifetime, and twenty-eight after the death of Beaumont, besides several in which he was assisted by Shakspeare, Jonson, Massinger, Rowley, Middleton, and others. Beaumont was born 1585, and died 1615. John Fletcher was the son of the Bishop of London, and was educated at Cambridge. It was said of the partnership that "he found the fancy and Beaumont the judgment." Fletcher was born 1576, and died of the plague in London, 1625. He was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark.]

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BESSUS; A GENTLEMAN; BACURIUS, a Lord.

SCENE.—*A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty stomach per-

suaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still:" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels and beat me with hazle sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed and eat quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled, whipped fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved. A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account (worthily, as they call it), by the way of challenge.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bes. Good-morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth he says is famed,

and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. A plague on 'em; so they cry all!

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. (*Reads*). Um, um, um,—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um,—*satisfaction.*—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must wait an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off this stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve; and I have a spent body, too much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can show him is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery

how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these—he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find, evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there? More paper, I hope. No; 'tis my Lord Bacurius. I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac. Now, Captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wronged me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant—desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements——

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus. It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wronged you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I pr'ythee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kicked.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. (*Kicks him.*)

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir! and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift. (*Gives him his sword, with a knife in the scabbard.*)

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. (*Gives him back the knife.*) Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good

captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain! [*Exit* Bacurius.

Bes. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one—it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife. How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence; therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit* Bessus.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Alaric A. Watts.

[Mr. Alaric Alexander Watts was born in London in 1779. His poems are homely, sweet, and pleasing, and occasionally pathetic; but they never rise into the grander realms of imagination. He published two collected volumes, "Poetical Sketches," 1822, and "Lyrics of the Heart," 1850; but he was better known as one of the originators of the annuals, and editor of the "Literary Souvenir," in which for ten years, 1824 to 1834, literary lordlings and ladylings, kept in countenance by a few professional authors, were suffered to disport themselves in print. In 1853 Mr. Watts was fortunate enough to have a civil-list pension of 300*l.* a year settled on him, and he was an active member of the London press to within a short time of his death, April 5, 1864.]

Let others seek for empty joys,
  At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
  Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
  'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
  From thee—my own Fireside!

My own Fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise!
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own Fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallow'd hearth;—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own Fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair.
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own Fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued:

And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pamper'd fool deride,
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthen'd spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be:
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—MY OWN FIRESIDE!

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

J. B. GOUGH.

OUR enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and laboured, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought

on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison:—"There is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined;" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens:—"There is a monument to such a one: there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying "Crucify them! crucify them!" and dancing round the blazing faggots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Oh, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the bye-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the 4th of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted: they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so, that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf

—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning copestone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up; to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into

it and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good night.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

(*From an American Magazine.*)

FROZEN to death, so young and fair—
  Regular features and large gray eyes,
    Flaxen hair,
    Braided with care,
  Slender body, as cold as ice;
    Who knows her name,
    Her story, her fame;
Had she a good or an evil fame;
And who in Charity's name's to blame,
That a girl so young yields up her breath,
                Frozen to death?

Second Avenue—Fiftieth Street?
  These are streets of a Christian city,
Trodden each day by Christian feet,
Of men who have store of money and meat,
And women whose souls are pure and sweet,
  Filled with truth and ruth and pity:
There is a church, with slender spire
  Pointing gracefully up to the sky,
Pointing to something better and higher
  Than anything open to mortal eye:
      All Sabbath time
      The sweet bells' chime
      Rings from the steeple,
      Calling the people
To come to prayer and praise beneath:

On Monday morn,
A young forlorn
And hapless girl yields up her breath,
Frozen to death.

There is a mansion costly and tall,
Builded for pride and plenty and pleasure—
Hark to the music that bursts from the hall,
And watch the shadows that dance on the wall,
As the dancers dance through their merry measure.
The purple curtains are waved aside—
Peep through the window and see the throng
Of the young who amble and leap and glide,
And the old who watch them with looks of pride;
There are junketing, jollity, jest, and song—
Careless, thoughtless, happy throng;
Careless of right, yet thinking no wrong,
As the gilded hours flash along:
Why should they grieve
On Monday eve,
Though on Monday morn,
Ah! fate forlorn!
A fair young girl gave up her breath,
Frozen to death?

A DAY IN VENICE.

J. Ashby Sterry.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" cries the warning voice of our gondolier. Splish, splash! Swish, swash! Once more we are off; lazily lounging and smoking as we glide along. Off for another hard day's work, sight-seeing and lionizing, at the end of which everything will be such a confused kaleidoscope of grand pictures, wonderful palaces, and still more wonderful churches, that we shall

have to take a severe course of Murray before we can tell where we have been or what we have seen. Once more, though, we are off—down quaint water streets and quainter aqueous alleys; gliding between many-coloured walls, most notable for their exquisite variety of tint and picturesque decay—damp, scaly, blistered, and weed-covered—with inflammatory eruptions of brick breaking out here and there, and odd cracks and fantastic fissures everywhere abounding; a sort of damp sea-weedy smell—just like Ramsgate harbour when the tide is out—pervading the whole place.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Splish, splash! as other gondolas of business or pleasure pass by us—some containing lazy, dark-eyed, mantillaed Venetian beauties, languidly fanning themselves, and lolling with their feet on the opposite seat, displaying the neatest, prettiest little ankles in the world—nearly running into a gondola of business, laden with wood for sale, the proprietor of which proclaims the merits of his wares in an unearthly yell, always ending in a prolonged minor note, that makes you think he must be suddenly taken worse, and it is really quite a relief when he begins again.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Past—oh! too quickly!—a nice cool white-lined gondola bearing two bright-eyed, fresh-coloured, home-ish English lasses, all smiles and morning muslins. Past gondola barges laden with fresh water, being baled out by brawny, bare-backed fellows, whom Velasquez would have loved to paint. Now we shoot under bridges, so very low that we are apprehensive our gondola will not fit, and quite expect its glittering steel prow will impinge upon the favourite corn of that fat Venetian—something between a journeyman baker and a republican—who is languidly smoking a cigarette there. We bow our heads involuntarily, and pass swiftly through amidst gondolas of every variety; some going to market, creaking and groaning beneath loads of fruit and vegetables, gigantic melons, eggs, and butter, and what-not; others moving furniture, with a poverty-stricken man and wife, and a

few small children in reduced circumstances. We shall probably meet the bailiff in the next street, and should not be at all surprised if the prow of his gondola were aquiline.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Under more tight-fitting bridges, noting the loungers thereon as we go by: travelling tailors sitting on the steps working, water-carriers with picturesque copper pails slung across their shoulders on a bent stick, and poultry-carriers with mousetrap-like baskets borne in a like manner; an itinerant lemonade seller, with a dozen brass-bound bottles, all shapes and sizes, and twice the number of glasses hitched round him: Austrian soldiers in their cool white jackets and tight uncomfortable-looking blue trousers.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Splish, splash! All this time we were going on talking, laughing, and smoking. Jones (an art-enthusiast) was lounging back, with his head on the seat and his feet somewhere up in the awning, lazily watching the smoke from his pipe, as it curled upwards. Every now and then, as we turned a fresh corner, he would just raise his head, and calmly ejaculate, languidly waving his hand—"Holland, Holland." Whereupon, Smith (who, by-the-bye, had not been there, and consequently knew nothing at all about it) remarked "That it wasn't like Holland in the least." After some moments' silence, Jones condescended to explain that he was not alluding to a country known as Holland, but to a certain artist of that name, whose exquisite delineations of Venetian water-streets are unequalled all the world over.

Now we come to a sudden stop—a dead lock of barges, gondolas, and market-boats. A tyro gondolier has got his craft, in some inexplicable manner, cross-wise in the narrow canal. What a yelling, what a shouting, what an execrating and an anathematizing! What strings and bundles of mellifluous Italian oaths are hurled from one boat to another, and pitched back again with equal force and volubility! This scene will probably conclude by one of the principal actors—or

perhaps two—or, better still, three—tumbling into the water, and, these preliminaries being gone through, an amicable arrangement will probably be entered into, and once more we shall be allowed to proceed.

"Ah!—ye—ee! Past more picturesque houses and broken walls, noting, as we go along, some unaccountable balcony or chimney-pot in the most unlikely place, and some exquisite bit of moulding, gothic tracery, or rusty tangle of ironwork, where one would least expect to see it. Past windows where you expect to see doors, and doors where you look for windows; windows, too, barred and ironed in the most mysterious manner, where one could fancy Mr. Lorenzo clutching and hanging on most uncomfortably, and talking to Miss Jessica within, disappearing with a sudden "plump" into his gondola below, or possibly with a splash into the canal, when her pouting lips said hurriedly and confusedly, "Oh! my goodness! there's papa come home!"—in the Venetian vernacular, of course. We observe, too, by the way, that whilst all the windows are securely barred, the massive doors are for the most part opened, or so dilapidated that a good vigorous kick would soon make them yield. Hence we imagine that "pa's study" was somewhere near the front-door, where he could snub any ineligible young man (after the manner of papas of the present day), and we also infer that the minds of the young Venetian beauties were so ill-regulated that they were in the habit of dropping, regardless of propriety, from their windows into the gondolas of the young gentlemen who came to make evening calls upon them; so papa sent for the ironmonger, and had the strongest bars Venice could furnish riveted before the windows, and, as

> "Her father he has locked the door,
> Her mother keeps the key,

he doubtless thought all was safe and proper. But the young gentleman, continuing the song, says:—

> "But neither door nor bolt shall bar
> My own true love from me."

Neither did it; for he used to climb up and hang on as before described and kiss his lady-love through the rusty bars. Whether the mixture of kisses and oxide of iron is better than kisses *pur et simple* we cannot tell, but it is said this custom continues at Venice to the present day.

"Ah!—ye—ee!" Splish, splash! Swish, swash! Sharp round to the left, out into the glorious sunshine; out amongst the many gondolas flitting about, here, there, and everywhere, with the sun flashing and glistening on their polished prows. In the distance we see crowds of quaint fishing craft, with their many-coloured, grotesquely-painted sails. On our right is the Trieste steamer, lazily heaving and blistering in the noonday heat. Far away to our left are merchant-vessels—traders and collier-brigs. Yes, collier brigs, which young ladies who devoutly believe in the pictorial title-pages of songs, and papier-maché screens, would be surprised to see in a place which they have hitherto regarded as all romance and sunshine. We are now on the Grand Canal, amidst many of our old friends, namely, the buildings we see about us. We have never seen them before in the flesh, or, rather, in stone; but they are old acquaintances in the spirit, or, rather, on the canvas. There is our old, old friend Santa Maria della Salute; we are really quite glad to see it. Our first introduction to it was effected by Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, in the pages of one of the old annuals, many years ago. Since then we have had the pleasure of meeting it in all kinds of various aspects almost every year at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. More old friends, too—quite a réunion—the Campanile and pillars of St. Mark's, the Doge's Palace, the Piazetta, and a host of old familiar objects which we feel to have seen before, and are much gratified at finding them exactly what we anticipated, and to see that painters have by no means overlaid the friends of our youth with flattery, and that they

look quite as well — nay, even better than we expected.

"Palazzo Grimani?" we say to the gondolier.

"Si, Signor," he replies, as the gondola glides under the stern of a picturesque fishing-craft.

"Cook," ejaculates Jones, with another languid wave of his hand towards a red-capped individual lounging amongst the nets and spars in the boat.

Smith at once observes that the man in question "isn't a cook, but a fisherman."

Jones thereupon rejoins that he never said the man was a cook, but merely wished to convey that the whole scene reminded him of a charming picture by Mr. E. W. Cooke, which he saw a season or two since at the exhibition.

This explanation being considered satisfactory (despite the misgivings of the rest that the sun was softening Jones' brain) the gondola was allowed to proceed. But we cannot describe all we attempted to see that day; how we went up to the top of the Campanile, and down to the depths of the Pozzi; how we "stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs," and did *not* quote the hackneyed lines about it; how we visited first a church and then a palace, and then another church, so that we had a sort of recollectionary sandwich, so to speak, of the three, having ideas of the most ecclesiastical things in palaces, and matters most palatial in churches; how we put down Titian's pictures to Tintoret, and Tintoret's to Titian, and those which belonged to neither to both; how our brain was one ever-whirling chromatrope of pictures and palaces—of Ruskin and Murray—of verd antique columns and lapis-lazuli pavements—of bronzes, sculptures, mosaics, and bassi-relievi, and everything one could think of, besides a great deal one could not; in fact, all of us were worn out with sight-seeing, quite knocked up with the heat, and immensely bored at having to turn out at each palace and church.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

R. S. Sharpe.

[Mr. Richard Scrafton Sharpe was an exemplary tradesman of the old school, and an amateur writer of no mean ability. He had a remarkably active mind, which enabled him to turn his leisure time to good account for the amusement and instruction of young people by contributing several little works to the juvenile literature of the day. He wrote also many songs, among which may be mentioned the old pastoral glee, "The Wreath," wedded to Mazzinghi's delightful music, and which was popular for more than half a century. He died in 1852, aged 76.]

I read of the Emperor Conrad the Third,
As pleasing a story as ever I heard.
As it may not have happened to come in your way,
Perhaps you'll allow me to tell it to-day.

"The city of Wensburg I mean to besiege,"
He said, and his soldiers said, "Do you, my liege?
We are all at your service; command, we obey."
So, "blockade, and bombard," was the rule of the day.

I can't avoid saying, I think it a pity
A king should seek fame by destroying a city;
What a very small portion of glory *he* shares,
And how it deranges the city's affairs!

Think of peaceable citizens all at their duties,
Their wives at their needlework (bless 'em! the beauties!)
To be frightened, and have the house broken to bits,
And, may be, the little ones thrown into fits.

For the purpose of raising an emperor's fame—
I hope 'tis no treason to say—"It's a shame."
You will pardon, I trust, this parenthesis long,
But one cannot be silent, when people do wrong.

The firing continued, the famine began,
For all had good appetites there to a man,
And because of the noise, as they slept not a wink,
They had more time remaining to eat and to drink.

That Conrad would conquer the ladies knew then,
For the women oft see twice as far as the men;
So their tongues and their heads then together they laid,
And an active and eloquent senate they made.

They remained full two hours in close consultation,
And during the whole of their confabulation
No noise did they hear of ram, mortar, or ball—
Could it be the fair council was louder than all?

No, bless their kind hearts! not a word let us hear
Against ladies whose memories all must revere;
These excellent women, my story will show
All talked to some purpose—(most women do so).

To Conrad they sent a well-written petition,
To beg him to pity their hapless condition;
Their city (and welcome) to take and to sack,
So each lady pass free—*with a load on her back.*

"Yes, dear little creature," the emperor said;
"To be sure! let each load both her back and her head;
The contents of their bandboxes cannot be much,
Let them take what they will, not a thing will I touch;
They may take their whole wardrobe, and welcome for me;
All shall pass unmolested—I sign the decree."

In beautiful order the army arrayed
In two lines a magnificent spectacle made;
Impatient, the emperor cried out, "Who waits?
A flourish of trumpets, and open the gates."

The gates were thrown wide, the procession began,
Five hundred fair ladies, each bearing—a man.
'Twas her husband, her person thus proud to bedeck
With his arms—where they ought to be—round his wife's neck!

'Tis said that the emperor melted to tears
At the sight of these ladies thus saving their dears;
Relinquished his spoils, spared the citizens' lives,
And pardoned the men for the sake of their wives.

My story is finished, I must not impair
The beautiful truth 'tis intended to bear;
That the "wealth of the mind" is all other above,
And the richest of treasures is "*Conjugal Love.*"

NELL.

MATTHIAS BARR.

[Mr. Barr is a new aspirant for poetic fame, his maiden venture, "Poems," published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., bearing the date of the present year. There is much excellent performance, and more of hopeful promise in his little volume, and we venture to predict he will take a place (something to accomplish in these days) among the minor poets of his time. He is the son of a native of Germany, who for some years carried on the business of a watch and clock-maker in Edinburgh, where he was born in 1831. At present he is a resident of London.]

NELLY was once the pride of our town,
With her bright, bright eyes and her locks of brown;

With her sweet fair face, that a blessing would draw:
From the roughest that ever its beauty saw.

Pleasant the sound of her guileless tongue,
Nelly, the darling of old and young.

Nelly! O Nelly, for love of thee
How many have toss'd on the briny sea!

And many—how many—, ah! who can tell?—
Have died in the trenches for love of Nell.

The months and the years, as they rolled away,
Saw Nelly grow sweeter each dawning day;

Sundays and week days so tidy and smart,
Nelly, the pride of her father's heart.

Evil the day, and, Oh! evil the hour,
When sorrow look'd in at her father's door.

To the big town Nelly afar must go,—
Madge the old gipsy had told her so:

Pleasure and plenty she there would find,
And a husband to love her, so true and kind—

A husband with pockets all filled with gold,
Who'd be kind to her father when he grew old.

So Nelly grew vain of her pretty face,
And home seemed to her but a dreary place.

The father he thought of the days of old;
Thought of his dead wife under the mould;

Thought of his child, when a babe she lay
In her mother's lap, on the christening day;

Thought of the prayers he had pray'd that she
His joy and his blessing might grow to be.

And now, O God! did she love him less,
To leave him alone in his wretchedness?

Her dead mother's Bible the old man took,
And he scribbled her name in the holy book;

He gave her God's Word and his blessing beside,
And bade her preserve them whatever betide.

So by came the waggon one fine summer's day,
And Nell and her boxes were carried away.

Seven long years are gone and past,
And the old man sleeps with his wife at last;

The little town looks as it did of yore,
But the sweet face of Nell it will see no more.

What meaneth that murmur so busy and loud,
In the midnight street, and this gaping crowd?

What gather they round, in the mist and the damp,
Scarce seen by the light of that flickering lamp?

Anything human sure never could lie
Thus out in our streets while so many pass by.

"Ho, watchman! what is it? Nay, shake not your
head;"
"A woman, sir; either she's drunk or she's dead."

Tear-drops were rained on the upturned face
That I clasped in my hands. Was it any disgrace?

Any disgrace, sir, to me or my name,
That I knelt by that woman unwoman'd by shame?

That I closed—was it any disgrace, I repeat—
That weary one's eyes in the midnight street?

In her pocket was found an old Bible; well,
In the inside was written this one word, "Nell."

(*By permission of the Author.*)

SCENE FROM "THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE."

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART., M.P.

[The Right Hon. Sir Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., was born in 1805, and is the third and youngest son of the late General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. He was educated at home by his mother, and in private schools, until he went to Cambridge, where, at Trinity Hall, he gained the Chancellor's medal for his English poem on "Sculpture." He has tried, and for the most part succeeded in, every branch of literary composition. Like most young authors his first publication was a volume of poems, which was entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers." In 1827 he published, anonymously, the first of that long series of novels which has rendered his name famous, viz., "Falkland;" this was followed by "Pelham," and "The Disowned," (1828);

"Devereux," in 1829, and "Paul Clifford," in 1830. There can be little doubt that to the success of this work, (questionable as is the taste that encourages such a class of literature), we are indebted for "Jack Sheppard" and "Oliver Twist." To "Paul Clifford" succeeded "Eugene Aram" and "Godolphin." Sir Edward next undertook the management of the "New Monthly," contributing himself a series of essays, since collected under the title of "The Student," and at the same time published his caustic "England and the English," but it was not until his grand historic tale, "The Last Days of Pompeii," that his power may be said to have fully developed itself. "Pompeii" was followed by "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and (in 1837) "Ernest Maltravers." Since then, increasing in vigour and power, his pen has never been idle, and it is needless to fill up the list of his works, known as they are to all who know anything about current literature. As a dramatist, his "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," rank among the most popular pieces ever produced on the British stage. As a satirist his "New Timon" attests his powers in another brilliant walk of literature, while his translations of the poems of Schiller are the most masterly we possess. Consistent as Sir Edward has been to his literary proclivities, his political opinions have undergone an entire change—he was returned in 1831 as member for St. Ives, in the advanced Liberal interest. Having inherited the estate of his maternal ancestors, Knebworth, he assumed, by royal licence, the name of Lytton, and, in 1852, he took his seat for the county of Hertford as a Conservative. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies under Lord Derby's government in 1858, and, previously to retiring in 1859, he had founded the two colonies of British Columbia and Queensland. He has bestowed, on his estate in Hertfordshire, a site for an hospital for decayed men of letters, which was recently opened under the high-sounding title of "The Guild of Literature and Art." We understand it will accommodate as many as two pensioners, the moral of which is that the professors of literature and art must be as industrious as Sir Edward has unquestionably been, and then, perhaps, the world will acknowledge that we are "Not so bad as we seem."]

CHARACTERS.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.
BRAGELONE, a noble Soldier, disguised as a Monk.

Louis. I can no more hold parley with impatience,
But long to learn how Lauzun's courtship prospers.
She is not here. At prayers, perhaps. The duchess
Hath grown devout. A friar!—Save you, father!

Brag. I thank thee, son.

Louis. He knows me not. Well, monk,
Are you her Grace's almoner?
Brag. Sire, no!
Louis. So short, yet know us?
Brag. Sire, I do. You are
The man——
Louis. How! priest. The *man!*
Brag. The word offends you?
The king, who raised a maiden to a duchess;
That maiden's father was a gallant subject:
Kingly reward!—you made his daughter duchess;
That maiden's mother was a stainless matron:
Her heart you broke, though mother to a duchess!
That maiden was affianced from her youth
To one who served you well—nay, saved your life:
His life you robbed of all that gave life value;
And yet—you made his fair betrothed a Duchess!
You are that king. The world proclaims you "Great!"
A million warriors bled to buy your laurels;
A million peasants starved to build Versailles;
Your people famish, but your court is splendid!
Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious reign;
Poets have sung thee greater than Augustus;
And painters placed you on immortal canvas,
Limn'd as the Jove whose thunders awe the world!
But to the humble minister of God,
You are the king who has betrayed his trust—
Beggared a nation but to bloat a court—
Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition—
Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice;
And for the first time, from a subject's lips,
Now learns the name he leaves to Time and God!

Louis. Add to the bead-roll of that king's offences,
That, when a foul-mouthed monk assumed the rebel,
The monster-king forgave him. Hast thou done?

Brag. Your changing hues belie your royal mien;
Ill the high monarch veils the trembling man!

Louis. Well, you are privileged! It ne'er was said

The Fourteenth Louis, in his proudest hour,
Bow'd not his sceptre to the Church's crozier.
Brag. Alas! *the Church!* 'Tis true, this garb of serge
Dares speech that daunts the ermine, and walks free
Where stout hearts tremble in the triple mail.
But wherefore? Lies the virtue in the robe
Which the moth eats? or in these senseless beads?
Or in the name of priest? The Pharisees
Had priests that gave their Saviour to the Cross!
No! we have high immunity and sanction,
That Truth may teach humanity to Power,
Glide through the dungeon, pierce the armed throng,
Awaken luxury on her Sybarite couch,
And, startling souls that slumber on a throne,
Bow kings before that priest of priests—*the Conscience!*
Louis (*aside*). An awful man!—unlike the reverend crew
Who praise my royal virtues in the pulpit,
And—ask for bishopricks when church is over!
Brag. This makes us sacred. The profane are they,
Honouring the herald while they scorn the mission.
The king who serves the Church, yet clings to mammon,
Who fears the pastor, but forgets the flock,
Who bows before the monitor, and yet
Will ne'er forego the sin, may sink, when age
Palsies the lust and deadens the temptation,
To the priest-ridden, not repentant, dotard,—
For pious hopes hail superstitious terrors,
And seek some sleek Iscariot of the *Church*,
To sell salvation for the thirty pieces!
Louis (*aside*). He speaks as one inspired!
Brag. Awake!—awake!
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
That earth was made for kings, mankind for slaughter
Woman for lust, the People for the Palace!
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air
Lingers the crash of the First Charles's throne!
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king,

The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests;
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim!
Lord of the silver lilies; canst thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descendant!
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to yon headless spectre!
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
Tracks back the causes, tremble lest he find
The seeds—thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion,
Sowed in a heartless court, and breadless people—
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!
Beware! proud king: the Present cries aloud—
A prophet to the Future! Wake! beware!

[*Exit* BRAGELONE.

Louis. Gone! Most ill-omened voice and fearful shape!
Scarce seemed it of the earth; a thing that breathed
But to fulfil some dark and dire behest;
To appal us, and to vanish. The quick blood
Halts in my veins. Oh, never till this hour
Heard I the voice that awed the soul of Louis,
Or met one brow that did not quail before
My kingly gaze! And this unmitred monk!
I'm glad that none were by. It was a dream;
So let its memory like a dream depart.
I am no tyrant—nay, I love my people!
My wars were made but for the fame of France;
My pomp—why, tush! what king can play the hermit?
My conscience smites me not; and but last eve
I did confess, and was absolved. A bigot,
And half, methinks, a heretic! I wish
The Jesuits had the probing of his doctrines.
Well, well, 'tis o'er. What ho! there.
Wine!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE MILKMAID AND THE BANKER.

HORACE SMITH.

A MILKMAID, with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Acton,
Had a black cow, the ugliest in the place,
A crooked back'd one;
A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful,
And so confirm'd a truant, that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cord and cow eloped together.
Arm'd with oaken bough (what folly!
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly),
Patty, one day, was driving home the beast,
Which had, as usual, slipp'd its anchor,
When on the road she met a certain banker,
Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
By gazing on her features crimson'd high
By a long cow-chase in July.
"Are you from Acton, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes," with a curtsey, she replied.
"Why, then, you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
"She is my cousin, sir, and next-door neighbour."

"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour;
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind you owe me one—I've only lent it."
"She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandish'd her bough,
"Of the loving intentions you bore me;
But as to the kiss, as there's haste you'll allow,
That you'd better run forward and give it my cow;
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

THE FAIRY QUEEN AND THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(*Abridged for Recitation.*)

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

[Mr. John Crawford Wilson is an Irishman by birth, and though engaged in commercial pursuits, has devoted much of his time successfully to literature. In 1852 he published for private circulation a small volume of poetry, entitled "The Village Pearl"—a tale in which he appears to have taken Crabbe for his model, though it is softened by much of the sweetness of Goldsmith. This little production was well received by his friends, and, among others, obtained high commendation from the late Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. In 1855 he appeared as a contributor to "Bentley's Miscellany," for which he wrote a serial story, and the "Dublin University Magazine," furnishing that journal with a series of rhymed fairy tales, under the title of "Flights to Fairy Land." They are charmingly written, blending comedy and pathos with much shrewd satire, after the manner of Ingoldsby. Mr. Wilson is also the author of a novel called "Jonathan Oldacre," now in its fifth edition, and is a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society. His "Elsie," and "Flights to Fairy Land," recently reprinted in a handsome volume, and published by Messrs. Moxon and Co., have been highly praised by the London and provincial press—let us hope to the fame and profit of their author. A new pastoral from his pen, entitled "Lost and Found," is also announced among the publications for the present month.]

In the year—but no matter, we'll not mind the year,
So, "Once on a time" is sufficient—
There lived at—we need not the whereabouts here;
My readers have brains that are lively and clear,
So whilst to the story I closely adhere,
They'll kindly supply what's deficient.

Once on a time—I wont say when—
There lived, within a shady glen,
A widow who had passed her prime,
And on whose brow were thickly cast
Those searing finger-marks of Time
That link the Present to the Past.

She had two daughters—one was fair,
With sunny smiles and golden hair;
Lips such as heavenly Houri wear;
Cheeks dimpled, and of eyes a pair
Gazelle-like, and undimm'd by care;
Her tapering, snow-white neck was bare;
Her form, tho' rather plump than spare,
Unfolded beauties rich and rare;
And moved she with a sylph-like air,
The "Lily of the Valley" there.

The name of the elegant creature was Anne,
Whose charms I've just been inditing;
I've failed in my task, so conceive, if you can,
The damsel of whom I've been writing.

Now Anne, though of sweetness unequall'd possess'd,
Was humble, obliging, and kind;
And beauties with which her sweet figure was dress'd
Were poor when compared to her mind.

Her sister—but hold!
I can never unfold
The depths of her heart, 'twas so callous and cold;
To her shame be it told
She was spiteful and bold,
As Sycorax, Caliban's mother, of old.
Her head
Was red,
Or rather her hair,
If you saw her you could not help saying a prayer,
Her swivel eyes cast forth so fiendish a glare.
She was stunted in growth,
And very much given to scolding and sloth—
In fact, she was somewhat too fond of them both.
Her sister she hated,
And constantly prated
Of "people with airs who were much overrated;"
Sweet Anne was so horribly badgered and baited,
That had she no mother who needed her care,

She'd run from the Gorgon, regardless of where,
So near was she pushed to the verge of despair.
Miss Betty, the shrew,
Most undoubtedly knew
The widow loved Anne far the best of the two
(And so, I am sure, courteous reader, would you).
She was also aware
That when sportsmen passed there,
They preferred golden ringlets to carroty hair.
Now Anne's curled tresses seemed only a maze,
Within which, when captured, the sun's brightest rays
Delighted to sport through the long summer days;
Whilst Betty's coarse head-piece was always arrayed
In elf-locks of somewhat incarnadined shade.
The colour was that of a torch in a fog,
Or "Will-o'-the-Wisp" seen through mists on a bog
Or, rather (as round her in tangles they coiled,
For, would you believe it? they never were oiled,
But always looked matted, untidy, and soiled),
Like shells of the lobster, unskilfully boiled.

The widow had only one comfort to cheer her,
And that was sweet Nancy, her daughter,
And Nancy was always delighted when near her,
Distilling her barley-and-water.

Miss Betty, or Sycorax (what's in a name?—
One suits quite as well as the other),
Whene'er she abused pretty Anne, cast the blame
On her looks, or the bed-ridden mother.

As Anne could not scold, and remonstrance was vain,
Her only relief was in crying;
Then dew-drops of anguish and love fell like rain
On the couch where the widow was lying.

Thus days swelled to months, and months ended in years,
Each hour bringing sorrows in plenty;
Diversified ever by snubbings and tears,
Till Anne was a woman, and twenty.

And then died the widow, and left Anne alone,
Though Betty was ever beside her—
Alas! not for sorrows gone by to atone,
But only to taunt and deride her.
One day Anne was sitting
Beneath the porch knitting,—
Whilst Betty a dress o'er her huge back was fitting—
And thinking and grieving,
Determined on leaving
The valley she loved, and some future plans weaving,
When an old woman entered the porch and sat down,
Whose wardrobe consisted of one tattered gown.
She seemed very weak,
And in striving to speak
The action collapsed her thin, time-worn cheek—
'Twas dry as a mummy's, and almost as brown.
Anne gazed on her face,
Whilst bright tears flowed apace,
For nought but mutation those lines could erase;
She thought on her mother, then pulseless and dead,
For thus had her features been wrinkled,
And sighed as she thought, for the hair on her head
Was also with silver besprinkled.
The old woman blessed her,
And would have caressed her,
But thus in her soft dulcet tones Anne addressed her:
"I love silver hairs,
They are emblems of cares,
The snow-flakes that age in its infancy wears—
For the old are twice infants, and honour is theirs.
On your brow rests sublime
Those deep furrows, which Time
Delves deeply, as vouchers of virtue or crime;
But crime bears a chronicle harsher than yours,
Like the brand set on Cain, it for ages endures;
Its traces are restless, and never serene,
But yours are as calm as my mother's have been.
She bore them for years—for her sake, honoured dame,
I ask you to give your requirements a name;

Though lowly my lot, and though scanty my store,
The old shall not pass unrelieved from my door."

Just then Sycorax,
With tongue saucy and lax,
And bold as are duns for unpaid income-tax
(They're bold, for they bore with the law at their backs),
Stepped into the porch, and commenced—"Filthy hag,
Move on, or I'll not on your bones leave a rag—
Up!—up! hoary trollop—be off with your bag."
"Oh, Betty!" said Anne, still in tears, "she is old,
Weak, sickly—nay more, perhaps hungry and cold;
She asks but for shelter—I'll lend her my bed.
Oh, look! Betty, look, at her poor palsied head;
Remember our mother, and let her pass in:
The priest says that charity wipes away sin."

As a shriek on a hill,
When all nature is still,
Or a cry from the throat of the wild whip-poor-will,
Rose Betty's loud voice, ever piercing and shrill,
Though now like old Lear she would gladly "kill, kill."
"What—impudent jade!
You may well look afraid,
Especially after the speech you've just made.
Hey! lend her your bed—
Would not mine do instead,
With pillows of down for 'her poor palsied head?'
Away, tawny witch,
Or, I swear in some ditch
I'll find you a bed, with a nightcap of pitch—
Begone, wrinkled thief,
You'll get no relief,
Not even from her who seems sinking with grief.
I'd dance with delight
If I saw you fixed tight,

Encircled with tar-barrels, blazing and bright.
I'd laugh when you cried,
For I'd stand by your side,
Old trollop, and yell, as in tortures you died."
So saying, she pushed the poor soul from her seat,
Who tottered, and sank with a groan at her feet.
"Oh, Betty, for shame!" was all Nancy could say,
As Sycorax stalked like a fishwife away,
Who battled at Billingsgate, gaining the day.

Then Anne, like an angel of mercy, knelt down
By the woman so mummy-like, wrinkled, and brown:
Her head she prest
To her own pure breast,
As though 'twere a dove, and her bosom its nest.
The sorrow and pity that shone through her eyes,
The power of the poet and painter defies:
Let those who would picture that glance, draw a bill
On fancy, but not upon me or my quill.

She breathed in her ear
Words of comfort and cheer,
Like honey they flowed, for sweet Anne was sincere.
Oh, Sympathy! what upon earth is so dear?
What music so dulcet—what language so clear?
Thine altar the spirit—its incense a tear.
"Oh, mother!" she cried, in tones soothing and mild,
"I'm young—but on you years of sorrow are piled;
Be thou but my mother, let me be your child.
We'll wander away from the cruel and vile,
United like seraphs above;
I'm orphan'd and ever shall feast on your smile,
I long to have something to love."

The old woman's features a change underwent
When she heard how sweet Anne would befriend her;
She beamed on the maiden fond looks of content,
And she said in words loving and tender—

"Yes, come with me, and I shall be
More than thy mother was to thee."

So saying, she kissed the maiden's eyes;
And Anne beheld, with a wild surprise,
Not a wrinkled hag in tatters bound,
But a lovely female, robed and crown'd.
Pure eyes of love on her features beam'd—
Eyes she had seen when she slept and dream'd,
The face was the fairest she e'er had seen,
And that face was the face of the FAIRY QUEEN.

Anne silently gazed,
Spellbound and amazed,
On the creature whose old palsied head she had raised;
In short, she suspected her wits to be crazed.
The wrinkles were gone,
And her features put on
A sweetness that sooth'd, whilst it brilliantly shone,
So peach-like the cheeks, late so hollow and wan.
Her elegant neck,
Free from blemish and speck,
Bore charms that might e'en a Venus bedeck.
Adown it descended
Jet ringlets, that blended
With beauties a Paris himself had commended.
Her forehead was high,
Giving depth to an eye,
Or eyes—they were plural—of ebony dye
That sparkled like gems Cynthia sets in the sky;
Though black as the night,
They emitted such light,
That whate'er they looked on grew dazzingly bright;
Her lips bore the hue
Of a rose dipped in dew,
Or well-ripened cherries, the juice oozing through.

Around her slight zone pass'd a circlet of gold;
Above it, a bust of such exquisite mould,
That thought ne'er conceived, nor can language unfold,
The beauties that Anne was constrained to behold.

Beneath it were limbs with such symmetry framed,
That near them the Graces themselves might be shamed—
The Empress of Egypt retire from the scene,
And Anthony leave for a Fairy a Queen.

She raised her wand, for you understand
That fairies have always a wand in the hand;
I've seen them myself, from time to time,
In the "Midsummer's Dream," or a Pantomime;
And ne'er saw I one on the stage, or on high,
Suspended by strings from the calico sky,
But with her she carried a gingerbread stick,
Like the mace of the City, but hardly so thick;
The which when she waved, every monster gave way,
Patched clowns were created, and Pantaloons gay;
Columbines fluttered with Harlequins round,
And Sprites tumbled head-over-heels on the ground,
Till the last wave of all put an end to the joke,
Commencing in fireworks, and ending in smoke.

She raised her wand, as I formerly stated,
And Anne in a moment was drest
As rich as an empress but newly created,
For everything seemed of the best.
Just then Betty came, with Medusa-like head,
To see if the hag had recovered;
But judge her amazement when there, in her stead,
The Fairy and Anne she discovered.

"You said," quoth the Fairy, "that time-honoured age
Might starve ere you'd give it relief;
You vented on me all your passionate rage;
You called me 'witch,' 'trollop,' and 'thief;'
You said, furthermore, if I wanted to rest—
Whilst silent your anger I bore—
That ditches would suit my old palsied head best,
And you pushed me away from your door.
[illegible]id tar-barrels fastened, you also desired
To see me, and stand by my side;

To laugh, as the fragments around me were fired,
And yell, whilst in tortures I died.
Now listen to me—all you wished I might bear,
On you shall be acted fourfold."
So saying, she lifted her wand in the air,
And Betty grew instantly old.

Then vanished the cottage away from the glen,
And vanished sweet Anne from the scene,
And nothing is left, save these fruits of my pen,
To tell that such changes have been.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE RETIRED "COMMERCIAL," AND THE DESERTED INN.

[Two sketches from the popular entertainment "The Road, the River, and the Rail."]

J. E. Carpenter.

On the 2nd of August, 1784, the first mail-coach left London for Bristol—the letters up to this time having been conveyed by post-boys on horseback.

It would be equally impossible for the mail-coaches to perform the post-office duties of the present day as it would have been for the boys to have conveyed the bulk which the mails eventually carried. Imagine what a troop of light-horse would be required to carry the many tons which are now dispatched from the Post-office nightly.

The mail-coach and four was the delight of thousands; but to none more so than to an old friend of mine, Mr. Dingyman, a retired commercial traveller in the pickle trade. He had passed half his lifetime on the road, and always secured the box-seat. He retired with the last of the coaches, and now regularly, every morning, he mounts the box of one of the London omnibuses and goes—somewhere. He don't care where,

so long as he has a pair of horses before him—says it reminds him of old times. He generally selects those omnibuses where there's only room for himself and the driver on the box; the modern innovation of making it hold three he regards as a national calamity—and such, indeed, he considers the establishment of railways. The only inns he condescends to visit are those from which the coaches and mails formerly started; the only works of art he cares for are the prints known as "Coaching Recollections," and he still persists in wearing the broad-brimmed and low-crowned hat worn by the stage coachmen.

It was only the other day I met Dingyman, at a repository, where there was a sale of horses—"powerful machiners" as they are still called, after the "flying stage machine."

"There, sir," he said, "there's horses for you—set of rips—all owing to the railways—knew it would be so—breed of horses entirely gone since they stopped the coaches—coaches, sir—the greatest compliment you could pay a man in my days was to call him a *fast-coach.* No fast coaches now, sir, and the railway is the slowest thing of them all. What's a railway, I should like to know? You take your ticket at Euston-square, you are locked up in a box, go to sleep, and are shot out of a tunnel at Birmingham or Liverpool, like a pea out of a pea-shooter! And suppose you don't go to sleep, what can you see of the country? One side, so many yards of green and brown ribbon rolled off alongside you, on the other a lot of long lines like a never-ending music stave with no notes on it. Electric telegraph! Don't tell me. Slow, sir! Not to be compared with the "Manchester Telegraph" in my day—slow, sir. Comfort of riding in the dry? Don't tell me. Railways will be the ruin of the country—make all our boys girls. Should like to see the young man who would go all the way from London to York on a cold winter's night outside the mail-coach! They wouldn't do it, sir. Hark ye, sir. I have been seven-

teen hours outside a stage-coach, raining all the way, packed up between barrels of oysters, and the gravy of five or six fish baskets running down my back. Never hurt me, sir!"

We must now take leave of our coaching scenes. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," said the poet Keats —the mail-coach and four was a thing of beauty, but it was not destined to live for ever—probably the greatest curiosity that could be shown at the British Museum a few years hence would be an old stage-coach, an embalmed post-boy, and a stuffed stage-coachman; be that as it may, the palmy days of coaching will always be associated with old English feelings—with hospitality, and comfortable roadside-inns—with cheerful meetings after long partings, and lasting friendships ere friends could be for ever on the wing. But, in spite of all this, we should be very sorry to return to the old system of four in and thirteen out, twelve miles an hour instead of forty, or to the *comfort* of the night-mail, so feelingly described by Mr. Dingyman.

* * * * * *

Let us turn for a few minutes to the effects that the establishment of railways have had on some of our formerly thriving provincial towns.

What a shocking, dismal, dreary place is one of those large inns in one of those small towns that six-and-thirty coaches used to run in and out of every day—where all was once life, bustle, animation, and jollity, but where the grass now grows in the High Street; the roof of the Town Hall tumbling in, the largest houses in the market-square TO LET, the pump out of repair, one side of the pound broken down—in fact, it is not *half a pound*—where the church clock has *stopped* as well as the *bank*, where the parson isn't a Puseyite, and where everything is summed up in that emphatic monosyllable, *slow*. And there are scores of such inns and such towns scattered over the land; towns left in the lurch by the rail, that has diverted their trade into other channels, or swept it by them at the rate of sixty

miles an hour, only to fill the insatiate maw of the overgrown, over-peopled, and over-pampered cities at either *termini.*

Perhaps it is a pity; but we cannot remedy it. Science is inexorable, and admits of no opposition to its onward course; when the steam is up, on it goes, knocking down everything before it; and when it has ruined everything else, if it comes in the shape of a railway, it generally ends by eating up its own capital, and swallowing its own shareholders, so there is a sort of poetical justice after all.

But it is melancholy to see these large, gloomy, cob-webby, desolate inns; and then their very names are a mockery of their present condition. They are always "*Royal* Hotels," or "*King's* Heads." They must have been very loyal in those days; and it is wonderful how the old servants stick to them; but perhaps they are not fit for anything else—there they are: faded bar-maids, ghastly chambermaids, scarecrow waiters, hob-goblin boots, and skeleton post-boys—boys of from eighty to ninety. Isn't it wonderful that the whole race of them didn't turn into railway porters and refreshment-room waitresses? But no—these are a separate race altogether—young, fresh, and blooming!

Talk of the want of comfort in a foreign hotel. Go to one of these deserted hostels—as I am occasionally obliged to do—try to shave in the looking-glass in your bedroom, and then remember those wonderful look-ing-glasses at the Polytechnic Institution that make your face somebody else's, only you see your face five or six times in the hotel glass, by reason of the cracks. En-deavour to wash your hands in the hard water with the bit of hard curd soap that hasn't been disturbed for months; you are afraid to drop it suddenly in the basin for fear it should knock a hole in the bottom, it is so like one of those shiny white stones you pick up at the sea-side, or a marble, and you are tempted to throw it down upon the hearthstone to see if it will bounce; but it wont—and perhaps you try to bite it;

but you can't—so you ring for some hot water, and put it into that for a quarter of an hour, while you unpack your portmanteau—vain hope! There is a little soapy film floating at the top of the water; but your bit of white brick is as hard as ever. Take my advice then, if you intend sleeping at one of these old inns, before starting, ask yourself this question, "How are you off for soap?" And then there is another thing I wish to impress upon you: never open the window, if you wish to shut it again; one or both sashlines are sure to be broken—and, by-the-bye, you had better bring your own towels, unless you prefer to wash on a sort of thin, damp, pocket-handkerchief.

You will imagine that by dint of pulling at a rope that once led to a bell, I have accomplished the duties of the lavatory and descended into the coffee-room—coffee being the last thing you can get fit to drink in it.

Arrived there, I discover the ghost of the former waiter, who has kept his place—though his place can't be said to have *kept him.* And what I am about to relate happens everywhere—in the same sort of place:—

"Well, Joseph" (waiters are always "Josephs," and chambermaids "Marys")—"well, Joseph, so you stick to the old place?"

"Old place, sir—yessir—please, sir. Glad to see you, sir."

So I thought, or any other man; and then he began to poke the fire, or rather the grate; and then he went to the sideboard, and counted out a number of prongs and spoons, as they always do, for an imaginary dinner, or to make you believe they are very busy; and this they do in every hotel you go to, particularly if you are talking to a friend about anything you are not desirous a third party should overhear.

"Well, Joseph, I can have dinner, I suppose?"

"Dinner, sir—yessir—please, sir. What would you like, sir?"

"Anything that can be got ready quickly."

"Quickly, sir—yessir—please, sir. Soup, sir—gravy—mock-turtle—ox-tail—mullagatawny?"

"Well, I'll try the ox-tail."

"Ox-tail, sir—yessir—please, sir. Fish, sir?"

"No, thank you."

"Thank you—yessir—please, sir."

And away goes Joseph, but returns immediately.

"Very sorry, sir—but the ox-tail——"

"Ah! none left. Never mind, bring gravy."

"Gravy, sir—yessir—very sorry, sir—but, fact is—there is *no* soup.

"Small joint, sir—poultry, sir—chicken—roast duck?"

"Well, a broiled chicken; only be quick."

Exit Joseph. Back again, with a very long face.

"Very sorry, sir—not market-day, sir—things not quite as they used to was, sir. No poultry, sir."

"Then you must get me a steak, I suppose."

"Steak, sir—yessir—please, sir. Gent'll take a steak."

And he goes out again, this time remaining a considerable period, so I conclude it is all right, and take my place at the table; then he returns more solemn than ever.

"Very sorry, sir—but we've sent all over the town, and there's not a bit of beef to be got anywhere."

"Then bring me anything you have got. What *can* I have?"

"Have, sir—yessir—please, sir. I *think* you can have a mutton chop—or some eggs and bacon."

And eggs and bacon it was—the bacon so reeky I couldn't touch it; the eggs swimming about like little islands in an ocean of liquid fat. So after dining, like Timon, on roots and herbs, for potatoes and celery formed the chief part of my dinner, I went to bed to dream of Dolly's chop-house or a comfortable party of six at the "Trafalgar." So much for your "King's Heads" and "Royals;" of the two, I would prefer the extortion of your "Brunswicks" and "Imperials."

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THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

HORACE SMITH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folk his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows: his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd: presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel! no replying!
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word, "Lenore!"—
Thus I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never—never more."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking "Never more."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from my memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

ROBERT HERRICK.

[Robert Herrick, a pastoral poet, was born in Cheapside London, when Cheapside was a rural spot;—there is a tree left there yet "at the corner of Wood-street," where Wordsworth's "Poor Susan," hearing "the song of the bird," conjured up "a vision of trees," and it might have been there in 1591, when Herrick was born. Few, however, who now pass through that crowded thoroughfare give this a thought, but many are they who block the gangway a little higher up, on the opposite side, to gaze on Mr. Bennett's gingerbread mechanical figures; so true it is that *Time* is fatal to all poetical associations, giving us as a recompense the cheap printing press to multiply the writings of England's worthies, even while science is annihilating all those ancient land-

marks so dear to the antiquary and the student. Herrick studied at Cambridge, took holy orders, and was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, 1629. Remaining a Royalist, he was ejected from his living about twenty years afterwards. He came to London, lived at Westminster, and was assisted by the wealthy of his party. While in London he "quaffed the nightly-bowl with Ben Jonson" at those lyric feasts—

"Made at the 'Sun,'
The 'Dog,' the 'Triple Ton.'"

But this must have been during occasional visits to town, for "rare Ben" died in 1637. That Herrick did not go to the length in conviviality with some with whom he associated, we gather from the lines in the same poem:—

"My Ben!
Oh, come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it."

After the Restoration, Herrick was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage, but he was then about seventy years of age, and probably did not regret leaving canary sack and tavern jollities to resume a country life. We gather from his writings many particulars of the old English rural games and festivals. He was a charming song-writer, and it is by his minor lyrics that he is chiefly known to the present generation, if, indeed, many of those who have listened, delighted, to "Cherry Ripe," and "Gather ye Rose Buds while ye may," ever give a thought at all to whom they are indebted for the pleasure. The precise date of the poet's death has not been ascertained, but it was probably about 1665.]

SWEET country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'd the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No; thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;

Or how to pay thy hinds,* and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear grounds,
Not craving others' larger bounds;
For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls for the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There, at the plough, thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st; and, as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large, sleek neat,†
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to see thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on the hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holy-days,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet;

* Farm labourers. The term is still used in Scotland.

† Cattle.

Tripping the comely country round,*
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy time to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cock rood and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant, made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then,
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t'affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Dove's, is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias Swine;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

* A kind of dance.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,
Dozing, with headaches, till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of his kidney, Toby Tosspot hight,
Was coming from the "Bedford" late at night,
And being *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twas not direct, 'twas serpentine,
He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming thro' a cork;
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy—stiff Don Prong,
A fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Dove's brass plate,
When reading "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby, "very well!
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk, that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more; and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame!
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright;
Who, quick as lightning popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes in bed,
Pale as a parsnip, bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself did say,
Calming his fears—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and ran away,"
When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Dove jump'd into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He grop'd down stairs, and opened the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third!

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askaunt,
And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall;
Then put this question—"Pray, Sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby—"I want nothing, Sir, at all."

"Want nothing? Sir! you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!"
Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—
"I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."

"At mine?"—"Yes, yours!—I hope I've done it well!
High time for bed, Sir!—I was hastening to it;
But if you write up 'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOUT.

We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable both in bulk and number, according as the Statutes declare, "*considerandi, considerando, considerandum:* and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand them. Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision; never confounding moods, cases, or genders—except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in *man*slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulmigate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—The first, is the beginning or *insipiendum;* the second, the uncertainty or *dubitendum;* the third, delay or *puzzliendum;* fourthly, *repli-*

cation without *endum;* and fifthly, *monstrum* and *horrendum.* All which are exemplified in the following case:—

Daniel against *Dishclout.*

Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid, the proceedings of which were as follows. The first person who spoke was Mr. Sergeant Snuffle: he began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your Lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not anywise relating to the matter in hand: I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being on board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan, therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now in Broughton's Reports, Slack *versus* Smallwood, it is said, that *primus strokus sine jocus, absolutus est provokus;* now, who gave the primus strokus? who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my Lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my Lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, it is decidedly clear we could not have tumbled down into the dripping-pan."

The next counsel, on the same side, began with, "My Lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose has not much to say for himself, therefore I

shall come to the point at once; at once and immediately, I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor—the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblibus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers; in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, '*perfecto ipse he*,' but is as he should not be, '*defecto tipse he.*'"

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My Lud, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my Lud, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filagree work; some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is an utter astonishment how anyone can be so impertinent, to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my Lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse, nor a washhouse—an inn-house, nor an out-house—nor a dwelling-house—no, my Lud, 'tis absolutely and *bonâ fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen: or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is—*cameria necessaria pro usus cookaree, cum saucepanis, stewpanis, scullero, dresserro, coal-holo, stovis, smoakjacko, pro rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum, pro turtle-soupes, calves'-head hashibus, cum calipash, et calipashibus.* Now, we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi;* but admit of the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my Lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and

beg a new trial; for, as they have curtailed our names from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the Court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do?—for, when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore, the Court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty of going to law.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
  My curtains drawn, and all is snug;
Old puss is in her elbow-chair,
  And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream:
  Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
  I could but woo, and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
  The ring was placed, the deed was done
Away we went in chaise and four,
  As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come!
  But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
  Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
  But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
  What d'ye think of that, my dog?

bone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and—

(*A voice at a distance calls,* "*Potatoes.*")

Kat. Who calls?—(*Perceives her customer.*)—Here, Ma'am,—Good-bye, Sally, darlint—good-bye. "*New pittay-a-tees!*"

[*Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.*]

(*By permission of Messrs. Ward and Lock.*)

EVENING THOUGHTS.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

[Laman Blanchard's is a name that ought not to be suffered to drop out of literature, though some pretentious editors of literary compilations have passed it over with but slight recognition. The bosom friend of Douglas Jerrold, the godfather of his son, and the genial companion of many literary men still living, deserved gentler treatment than a mere casual allusion. Mr. Blanchard was an industrious writer in the periodicals of his time, and for some time editor of the "Monthly Magazine." He was born at Yarmouth in 1803, and brought to London when but five years of age. His first literary occupation was that of reader in a printing-office. He was subsequently on the staff of the *True Sun*, the *Courier*, and *The Court Journal*. Having at his command a ready pen, he wrote on every possible subject—the bulk of his work sharing the fate of journalism in general—supplying the want of the day to be forgotten on the morrow; but a collected edition of his other works, with a memoir by Sir Bulwer Lytton, was published after his death. Though the life and soul of the literary coterie who loved him so well, his buoyant spirit could not battle with the domestic calamities that assailed him, and in a fit of temporary insanity he committed suicide on the 15th February, 1845.]

THERE is an hour when leaves are still, and winds sleep
on the wave;
When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath
found a grave;

And stars that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight,
Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable boughs of night.

The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most sweet,
And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet;
The wearied wing hath gain'd a tree, pain sighs itself to rest,
And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her breast.

There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath known,
Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone;
The spirit of the lonely wakes, as rising from the dead,
And finds its shroud adorn'd with flowers, its night-lamp newly fed.

The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and 'mid the blight of all
That garlands life, some blossoms live, like lilies on a pall;
Thus while to lone affliction's couch some stranger-joy may come,
The bee that hoardeth sweets all day hath sadness in its hum.

Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remember'd spark,
Whose summer-time itself is bleak, whose very day-break dark.
The stem, though naked, still may live, the leaf though perish'd cling;
But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.

And oh! to such, long, hallow'd nights their patient
music send;
The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful
as they bend;
And stars emit a hope-like ray, that melts as it comes
nigh,
And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish
to die.

THE EMIGRANT TO HIS WIFE.

J. E. Carpenter.

Let us go forth from our old home for ever,
Why should we linger in this crowded spot?
Think how I have striven, yet with a vain endeavour,
Year after year, and yet how poor our lot!
Far from this land where wealth alone has power,
Where honour, worth, and genius but decay,
Or live like the idol of the fleeting hour,
Let us go forth—from hence—far, far away!

Let us go forth—I know no ties are stronger
Than those which bind us to our native land;
But my crush'd spirit can endure no longer,
It pines on some untrodden path to stand!
E'en while the roots of the old tree may perish,
Its boughs, transplanted, may for ages grow;
So every thought and feeling that we cherish
In other lands may flourish—let us go!

Let us go forth—a light is round me breaking,
A star of hope points fondly to the west;
Others have gone before—they now are making
The quiet homesteads where their sons may rest!
For thousands yet there is a mighty space
Of fertile plains whereon no corn-fields grow;
Here in life's future, not *one* hope I trace;
There is the land of promise—let us go!

Let us go forth—behold our children's faces
Radiant with joy—without a thought of care;
A few more years, when time has left its traces
On those bright forms—no smiles may circle there!
The same dull round that we have run before them
Must be their future, if we linger still;
Let us the freedom they should know restore them!
Hence from life's valley—let us climb the hill!

Let us go forth—a moment look around us,
The land, o'er-peopled, is alive with crime,
Unstain'd as yet the weary hours have found us,
As yet our steps are free as yon bright clime;
My arm is strong—but my firm heart is stronger,
I know the toil we all must undergo;
Here let us rest in poverty no longer,—
Labour has sweet reward—then let us go!

Let us go forth—'tis but the pang of leaving
Each old home-scene familiar as the way;
Think of our friendships lost with scarce a grieving;
How many ties are sever'd every day?
God made the earth for man his wants to cherish,
For man made he all living things to grow!
Nor man made he amid a crowd to perish:
To lands of boundless space then let us go!

(*From the New Monthly Magazine.*)

THE BECHUANA BOY.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

[The poetry of Thomas Pringle is chiefly of a narrative character, but it displays great taste, and is always elegant in its diction; if it never startles by any originality of idea, it frequently charms by its pathos, and, as much of it is descriptive of African scenery, it has the charm of novelty, which renders it distinctive.

Mr. Pringle was born in Roxburghshire, 1788, and was the first editor of "Blackwood's Magazine;" but his political principles not

according with that of the proprietary, he soon relinquished the post. Mr. Pringle emigrated, in 1820, with his father and several brothers, to the Cape of Good Hope, where they established a little settlement. He subsequently returned to England and resumed professional authorship. He was editor of "Friendship's Offering," one of the annuals, and some time secretary to the African Society. He died December 5, 1834.]

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And look'd across the Desert dun,
That 'neath the cloudless firmament
Lay gleaming in the sun,
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing with a kindly hand
That fawn of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look, yet pensive tone,
"Stranger, I'm in the world alone!"

"Poor boy," I said, "thy kindred's home,
Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
Why hast thou left so young, to roam
This desolate Karroo?"
The smile forsook him while I spoke;
And when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh
He told this strange sad history.

"I have no kindred!" said the boy:
"The Bergenaars, by night they came,
And raised their murder-shout of joy,
While o'er our huts the flame
Rush'd like a torrent; and their yell
Peal'd louder as our warriors fell

In helpless heaps beneath their shot,
One living man they left us not!

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beak'd birds of prey;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away—
The widow'd mothers and their brood:
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried, they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

"Three days we track'd that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish press'd us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more:
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down;
And heard, as the grim light was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

"At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand;
Among the madden'd cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drench'd,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quench'd.

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we pass'd;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

"All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gather'd round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
I sprang!—Alas! dash'd on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capp'd with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was pass'd,
And distant strips of cultur'd soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting!

"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:

My race extinct or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turn'd
Even like a hound the black boy spurn'd!

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it; for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Utika it was brought,
To bid me not repine—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beam'd not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor's flocks to tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pamper'd boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

"High swell'd my heart!—But when the star
Of midnight gleam'd, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the desert fled.
And there, from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here,
And now rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence, void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own,
For I am in the world alone!"

Such was Marossi's touching tale.
Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for "our own:"
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlock'd the fountains of his heart,
And love gush'd forth, till he became
Her CHILD—in everything but name.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

(ACCORDING TO MRS. GRIDDLE'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.)

E. L. BLANCHARD.

[Edward L. Blanchard is the son of the late William Blanchard, "a comedian," says Maunder, "whose faithful representation of many of Shakspeare's most difficult characters obtained for him the suffrages of such as were real judges of the histrionic art." He was but fifteen when his father died (being born Dec. 11th, 1820), but he inherited a passion for the stage, and commenced writing for it, as well as entering upon his general literary career, at a very early age. In 1842 he was editor of "Chambers's London Journal," and became known at that time (for no sort of literary work came amiss to him) as the author of Bradshaw's Guide-books, and a regular contributor to the principal newspapers and periodicals. He was subsequently editor of Willoughby's "Shakspeare" (2 vols.), "England and Wales Delineated" (2 vols.), is the author of the novels "Temple Bar," "Man without a Destiny," and the "Fourth Series of the Mysteries of London," also of "Heads and Tales of Travelling and Travellers," "Dinners and Diners," &c. &c., Mr. Woodin's "Carpet Bag," and

Miss Stanley's "Seven Ages," two of the most popular "Entertainments" ever brought before the public, besides about eighty pieces for the stage, most of them being Christmas extravaganzas. Amid all this literary work, it is difficult to say what is his speciality; but perception of character, with the power of presenting it in an intensely comic light, is assuredly one of them. For the last seven years Mr. E. L. Blanchard has been on the literary staff of "The Daily Telegraph."]

WELL! of all the curiousest things as is, and as ever I've
heerd tell on lately,
The most curiousest things is eclipses to me, them are
things that confoozles me greatly,
And which it was only last Wednesday as was, says
she—Mrs. Jones I allude to—
"You had better look out for, Griddles," says she, "it
will do you a world wide of good, too,
For I know the east wind that we've had so bad has been
and brought on the lumbago,
Notwithstanding you tried, and a good thing beside,
rum, hot, strong, and sweet, in your sago;
But I once had a lady, and Simkins her name, who her
husband was medical thought to be,
But who went off one day, and who never came back,
nor paid them arrears which he ought to me;
And who told me one morning, whilst paying her rent,
where she rented, for cheapness, the attics,
'It's the change of the moon that you want, Mrs. Jones,
to cure your complaint, the rheumatics;
As is well beknown to the doctors here, and also on
other side the Channel,
And nothing but such, if never so much you tries oppy-
dildock and flannel.
So I may say, I'm sure, that it might do you more good
than all the bay salt and hot waters,
To look at the moon by the light of the sun, a visibly
changing its quarters.'
So pray don't forget, Mrs. Griddles," says she, "to look
up some smoked glass on the Sunday,
And look out of window, to see the eclipse of the sun,
what's to happen on Monday."

"Which I meant for to do, for my lodger," says I, "he goes down on a cheap excursion,
To Swindle, or Blindon, or some such place, to behold what he calls an immersion;
Which I think he's a Baptist, and likes to see, though I'd soon on such sects put a stopper,
As being brought up in Church of England ways, paying church-rates and all that's proper."
Well, as soon as the morning came round, there was me and she (Mrs. Jones) all quite ready,
A-looking right out of the second floor front, on two chairs which was rather unsteady,
Which commands a most beautiful view of the Thames, if you only could look round the corner,
And a very good prospect of chimbly-pots, which, on wet days, looks rather forlorner.
But you still get a peep at the sky up above, with no rude folks besides that could stare on us,
As, flattening our noses against the glass, quite a picture we look'd, both the pair on us.
Well, there was our glasses, as right as could be, and a mercy it was, as I said it,
That morning my lodger had broken a pane, which I was to put down to his credit—
So reg'lar he pays, always scraping his boots, and never giving nobody trouble—
I sent for the glazier to do it at once, and meant only to charge him double.
Well, I kept a great piece of this broken pane, and taking the tongs up nimbly,
I poked it right up our great kitchen flue, to catch all the smoke of the chimbley;
Till, seeing it got to a sootable black, and look'd, for the purpose, authentical,
I asked Mrs. Jones if she thought it would do, and, says she, 'It's the very identical;'
So there did we wait, never thinking of rings nor knocks at the door, nor such capers,
Whilst old Mrs. Jones told me all what would be, as she read it in print in the papers.

How we should all be in the dark, and the sky would
be gloomy, like night, all the whiles,
And, as for the sparrows, they'd all go to roost, and the
cats would come out on the tiles;
Which put me all into a nervous fanteeg, and a sentence
I scarcely could utter,
Till I thought of my lodger's pale brandy, the which
was, I knew, a good thing for a flutter.
Well, twelve o'clock came, but the sun never showed,
and the sky only seemed in a smother;
"And," says I, "as it's not a fine day to-day, pr'aps
they've put off the eclipse to another."
"But," says she (Mrs. Jones), "why, haven't I said it's
been going on an hour or more?"
"And pretty goings on it is," says I, "if it ain't better
than this, I'm sure.
Why, looking as hard as I can through the glass, I can't
get the sun to come out,
And all that I seems to see in the air is a lot of blacks
flying about.
A pretty lot of stuff you've been preaching to me, and
the writer had best let me find him,
I'd soon astronomer royal his head—I only wish I was
behind him."
"Well, wait," says she, "till it's one o'clock, and then
you'll see that it's right,
And that nobody, then, will see nothing at all, and not
even more than at night."
Well, I waited and waited, and rubbed off the smoke
off the glass, on my nose and chin too,
Till I looked like a Christy Minstrel, about to sing
"Hoop de dooden do;"
But nothing we saw but a great dark cloud, which, says
I, as she wouldn't explain,
"If *that's* the eclipse, I've seen dozens like that when-
ever it's going to rain."
Well, then it got lighter, oh, ever so much, and, says I,
in a deuce of a pet,

"I'd thank you to tell me, mim, when's the eclipse, for
we neither have seen it as yet."
"Why, it's over!" says she. "Oh! *it is*," says I, in a
tone quite severe and satirical,
"I knows nat'ral history, but doesn't pretend to be
judge of a natural miracle."
"A miracle—pooh!" says she, in her airs; "it's that
when a thing's an uncommon 'un,
We doesn't call 'clipses a miracle, mim; we calls them
kind of things a phenomenon."
"Oh, indeed, mim!" says I. "Yes, indeed, mim!" says
she. "Oh!" says I, "then that settles the matter.
Then I shall go down to the kitchen again," when, lawks!
I did hear *such* a clatter.
My mind had misguv me—a top of the house there we'd
been for three hours out of hearing,
And in the meantime if the thieves hadn't been out the
whole of my front parlour clearing.
"Well, then, Mrs. Griddles, now didn't I say?—and
hasn't my words come true?—
That if you would wait, you would see the eclipse, which
now, mim, in course you do.
For didn't I tell you to wait till one—now them was my
very tones,
When nothing you'd see—and now nothing you can—
or I'm blessed if my name is Jones."

A CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHARLES P. PHILLIPS.

[Mr. Phillips, the celebrated orator and pleader, was born at Sligo, 1787; he went to Dublin University (1802), where he took the degree of B.A., and was called to the Irish bar in 1811. In 1821 he was called to the English bar, and, the fame of his eloquence having preceded him, he soon rose into note. In 1842 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Liverpool by Lord Lyndhurst, and in 1846 a Commissioner of Insolvent Debtors, which office he held until his death. He is the author of "The

Life and Oratory of Curran," and a collection of his speeches (edited by himself) was published, 8vo, 1822.]

HE IS FALLEN! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic: and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the fabric of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus,* he grasped without re-

* In his hypocritical cant after liberty, in the commencement of the Revolution, he assumed the name of "Brutus."—Proh pudor!

morse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendant; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as ada-

mant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.*

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a Traitor and a Tyrant—A Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impa-

* Sir Humphry Davy was transmitted the first prize of the Academy of Sciences.

tient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

(*From the Irish.*)

[Mr. Clarence Mangan is an Irishman by birth, and well known to his fellow countrymen by his admirable translations from the Irish; we say admirable, because they have all the flow and rhythmical swing of poems thought in the language in which they are written. We know nothing of real Irish; and, from the appearance of the Celtic character, have no desire to attempt it, any more than we have the Chinese, which it seems strongly to resemble. Mr. Mangan's power over it must be something wonderful; he has also made German and Oriental poetry familiar to

many through the pages of the "Dublin University Magazine." The only editions of Mr. Mangan's collected poetry, that we know of, is published in New York. He is now residing, in an official capacity, in Glasgow. The ballad which follows was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life who assumed airs in consequence of being the possessor of three cows.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser.
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
*Movrone!** for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

* My grief.

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those soul's of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
Because, forsooth, you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were
my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of
Three Cows!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. Before he was one-and-twenty he came to London and obtained employment in reporting for the daily papers and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he contrived to get a melo-drama produced at the English opera, little dreaming that forty years afterwards one of his own novels ("The Collegians") would be converted into a melo-drama (the "Colleen Bawn") that should go the round of every playhouse in the kingdom. Griffin's dramatic power—and his tales are full of it—was not suffered to germinate and be set to novel writing. The "Munster Festivals," and "Suil Dhuv, the Coiner" (also dramatized by another hand, and successful), "The Collegians," &c., &c., made him a reputation which was still increasing when, it is said, in consequence of one of his sisters taking the veil, his devotional feelings were awakened, and he retreated from the world to join the Society of Christian Brothers, devoting himself to works of morality and education. He died of a fever in 1840.]

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and
pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement, that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapour of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF READING.

C. Buxton, M.P.

[The following is an extract from a speech delivered by C. Buxton, M.P., on the recent opening of the "Middle Class Education" School at Cranley. It may be read with advantage at any institution where education forms a part of the plan pursued.]

No one can value a classical education more than I do, when it can be carried forward to an intimacy with the glorious literature of ancient times, for I well know what treasures lie there; but I do think that no words can be too strong to condemn the folly of grinding a child's mind at Latin grammar day after day, when there is no chance of his eyes going beyond the mere elements of the language. Of course, an able master who has got his heart in his work may make even Latin grammar inspiriting. Possibly, too, there may be something in what people say—namely, these lessons

should be dry and hateful, so as to break the boy in to bear the struggle of life; though, in truth, I think that does far more to spoil his temper, damp his cheerfulness, and dull his courage, than to harden him to endurance. I hold that the first and foremost principle of education should be that the child should be made happy, and that he should rather be led on to work with his will than be driven to work against it. But the vital fault in the study of Latin, as usually taught, is that the boy's mind is not dealing, as it ought to be, with things, or with thoughts, or images, but with words alone. It is always engaged in turning a Latin word into an English one, or *vice versâ*; or, still worse, in learning by rote rules about the placing of words, of the reasons of which he has not the shadow of an idea. And, be it remembered, these words which he is always chewing are not the words of his mother tongue—words glowing with life and colour, but they are the dead words of a dead language, and which have it not in them to touch his heart or warm his fancy. Now, what you want is that the boy's mind should grow energetic and powerful; but might you not as well feed his body upon chaff as feed his mind on mere barren words that carry no thought within them? Depend upon it there is a real and true analogy—I ought rather to say unity—between body and mind. In each, for strong thews you must have not only strong work, but strong meat also. Now, these grammars and exercises give no food to the mind; they may work it, but they do not nourish it. It seems to me that our dull humdrum education does far too little to fill the mind with knowledge, to enrich it with the thoughts and imaginations of the mighty dead; to point its eyes to the wonders of the world around, and, by training it to observe and take an interest in outward things, to lead it on to examine, to explain, to invent, to reason. Nor should less care be taken in drawing out the child's imagination by awakening him to a sense of the beautiful, whether in poetry or in nature. From what I have

myself seen I am quite sure that to do this needs nothing more than ordinary pains and skill, and that a child thus trained may be supplied for life with unfailing springs of refined and exquisite enjoyment. But this real unfolding of all the faculties of the soul seems to be not so much as dreamt of in what is falsely but grandly called a classical education. Now, one of the most potent means of thus cherishing the mind and nourishing its energies would be to do what our council proposes—viz., to familiarize the boy with the noblest literature of his own land. It may be said how can you make a lesson of English literature so as to get real stiff work out of it? Nothing would be more feasible. For example, let the master read aloud—say an essay from Hallam, or Macaulay, or a passage from Bacon, or from Burke, and then require his pupils to write down, or still better, to give *vice voce* a clear and full analysis ot what they had heard. What exercise is more invigorating, what intellectual aliment could be more nourishing? I also trust that sedulous pains will be taken in the school to train the boys to that habit which of all habits, perhaps, gives the largest amount of ennobling pleasure, the habit of reading to themselves.

MAZEPPA'S DEATH-RIDE.

LORD BYRON.

"BRING forth the horse!"—The horse was brought:
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught.
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;

And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain;
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—my breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds that rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
  And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
  Had bound my neck in lieu of rein;
And, writhing half my form about,
Hurl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed;
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.

Away, away, my steed and I,
  Upon the pinions of the wind,
  All human dwellings left behind,
We speed like meteors through the sky,
Town—village—none were on our track,
  But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black.
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,
  And a low breeze crept moaning by—
  I could have answer'd with a sigh—

But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no, my bound and slender frame
  Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoll'n limbs from agony
  Increased his fury and affright;
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet it swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fireier far than flame.

We near the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze;
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green;
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
  But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
  The boughs gave way, and did not tear
  My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbore to loose their hold.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed—
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe:
No faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door,
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd by the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he passed.
The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground:
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.

My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more;

The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprung o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortur'd by that ghastly ride.

A SCENE FROM CRŒSUS, KING OF LYDIA.

ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

[Twenty years have elapsed since Mr., now Lieutenant-Colonel, Richards first published his tragedy of "Crœsus" anonymously. It attracted at that time considerable attention, was characterized by the critic of the *Times* as "grand, simple, and touching," and as displaying "great power and feeling." We have great pleasure in giving "a reading" from it; firstly, because there is every probability, as we hear, of a drama from the same pen being produced at our only national theatre, which circumstance alone would cause it to be an object of interest; and, secondly, because we discern in Mr. Richards a truly dramatic genius—one who has not alone the first requisite for dramatic success, power of construction, but who has also a master mind and the afflatus of a true poet. His blank verse is not of that mock-Elizabethan kind which so many have mistaken for what appertains to the true poetic drama, but it is natural, harmonious, and rises to the classic grandeur of his subject.]

The Council Hall. CRŒSUS *on his Throne.* MELES, THONIS, NOBLES, OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, *&c. Then enter* HUNTERS *with the body of* ATYS *covered with a mantle.* GLAUCUS, ORŒTES, MYSIANS. CRŒSUS *advances, looks on the body, and then returns.*

Crœs. There is a shadow between earth and sky
That chills the blood of Crœsus. O my son!
Yon fearful outline of thy shrouded form,
Huddled in dark unconsciousness of all
Thy father's agony,
Beggars the pomp with which mine eyes were fed,

And strips me naked to the storms of Heaven,
Making my throne a proud deformity,
My sceptre worthless as a shrivelled reed,
My crown a gift unto the shrinking head
Of the infected wretch that crawls about
Making day hideous, and all my state
A palsied nothing—
And do ye call me monarch, king? Away!
Ye cringing slaves!
Bring not your pale false faces here to mock
Crœsus with sympathy, or ye shall mourn
As he doth, till one desolation towers
Above the howling city, and I see
One vacant stare of childless parents round—
No! no! no!
Ye could not match your common griefs with mine.
Attend. O King!
There stands he who hath done this.
Cræs. Ay, done what?
Stabbed a fond mother, so that her small babe
Smiling drew blood with milk, or dulled the eyes
Of lovers at their nuptials with foul juice
Of poison, and then held his sides to see
Grimace of death to rapture sweet succeeding?
No! He hath only slain my son, my heart—
Where is he?
Attend. (*points to* GLAUCUS). There!

Enter ADRASTUS.

Adrast. Here! Crœsus, it was I,
This fated hand did kill him—
Cræs. Ha! What—two!
Is not one plenty? Two to strike my son?
Hath crime like this a double? Hell-hounds, speak!
Which did it?
Adrast. 'Twas to shield me that he said
The fearful curse was his. He was not there
When it did happen—
Orœt. Said I not 'twas so?

Crœs. Give freedom to the Greek. He hath done well
By holy friendship. (*To* ADRASTUS.) But thou, impious wretch!
Be my words fiery scorpions to thy heart—
Why hast thou slain him? Couldst not rob me, say,
Of some great treasure to thy benefit?
Thou cam'st here empty-handed, wast received
With mercy drowned in tears. Say, couldst thou not,
Like other suppliants, fattened, drop away,
So that I might have smiled at and not cursed
Thy fierce ingratitude, and looked upon it
As a rare, curious deformity,
Not to be gazed on twice? No! thy parched hand
Thirsted for blood alone, that blood so dear,
With drought as of the desert—But reproach
Becomes not Crœsus. Answer thy fierce deed
To the dread kings of Hell, where it was forged—
Away with him unto the torturers!

Adrast. King! I would speak awhile; and since I came
Unbound to yield myself unto thy will
In that mute awful presence shrouded there—
Hear me.—Alas! I wish not to deny
I am the most calamitous of men:
Therefore would live not. But the gods, not I,
Mysterious willed his death—and since I loved
Young Atys as my soul, forgive me ere
I willing die, and I will smile on death—
(*Turns to* GLAUCUS.) O friend, why peril thy bright life for mine?
If thou hadst died I had gone mad and roamed
The world, till grey, slow age had stricken me,
Crying "Out! out!" on Justice and the Heavens.

Orœt. Let me bear witness with these aged lips
That shall be silent soon for ever, how
He sought to guard the Prince from harm, before
This fearful accident—

Crœs. So far we pardon—
Untortured let him die, as he hath said.

* * * * *

Adrast. I am not fit to breathe; I would not live.
O Crœsus, thou wast as a father, when
I sought thy royal presence. Thou gavest me
Not bread alone, but smiles, receiving me
With love and hope, and washed me from my crime,
And sheltered me in that most royal heart
Which hapless I have pierced—'Twas accident!
Beneath the branches of an o'erthrown tree
He hid himself, and as they rustling shook
I flung my spear, and struck him whom I loved
And thought but to protect with mine own life,
The life I pledged to thee. Now, let me die.
Would I could give thee more than this sad breath!

Crœs. Accurséd thou camest here, accurst, depart!
Guards—free him!

Thonis. Is thy heart so cold, O King?
Colder than that pale corse, thy son, who lies
There stricken, that thou freest his murderer thus?

Adrast. Poor widowed lady, reft of all through me!
Thou greatest, saddest loser! speak thy fill.
My speech doth wound the breast that pillowed him,
Or I would tell thee of his latest wish,
That ye should pardon one who seeketh grace
To welcome his own doom.

Thonis (*looking toward the bier of* Atys). His voice is still!
And yet what message-cry thrills through my heart
Pleading for that pale, hapless, self-doomed man?

Adrast. Had I as many lives as would out-tell
Want's pallid legions, Sorrow's muster-roll
In this unhappy world, I would pour forth
All—all—to give thy bosom peace again.

Thonis. I do remember thy great love for him.

Adrast. O fearful, most unnatural, cruel change!
'Tis scarce a week since we three smiling sat
And planned out life and love and hope; and now—

Thonis. No! no! thou must not die, but live to mourn
With us. (*To* CRŒSUS.) Forgive him! he is innocent
As we who bade them go. My senses fail—
Forgive— [*She is borne out fainting.*

Crœs. (*to* ADRASTUS). What further wouldst thou say?

Adrast. I loved him well that lies there. He forgave
The blow I struck, and if my cruel spear
Had pierced less deep he would have lived to seek
Pardon for his loved enemy—'Tis true
No tears do stain my cheeks; yet, had he died
By other hand than mine, I would have wept
Longer than all these others—Oh, forgive me,
Ere I go forth—I will not bless thy name;
But from my heart in silence there shall steal
A prayer for thee, that leaving me shall grow
Unto a voice and fill the earth, the skies
With Crœsus' love, and at the crystal gates
That ope on high the clouded battlements
Of Heaven itself speak out with clarion sound
The news of thy great justice.

Crœs. Thou art forgiven!
Go!

Adrast. I would have it thus—I thank thee for
The life thus granted, and the sacred words
That did forgive the ruin of thy joy—
Thy form dilated a few moments since
In anger—but thy spirit shrank within,
Hiding itself, that now expands on high.
Thou grow'st sublime upon my aching sight!
Not sunshine glittering on a prosperous throne,
Not whispered awe of conquered multitude
Prostrate beneath a victor's haughty glance—
Not the death-radiance of a patriot's eye
Upturned to the warm sun, whose broken sword
Out-stretched still menaces, while he heeds not
The bristling death around him—Not all wealth
Wrought to the fancy of imperious man
To arm a host, or deck rich palaces—

Not ocean in its fury, skies in storm—
Or play of spirits on the eternal sands
Heaving gigantic o'er the furnaced plain—
Not booming cataract whose silvery foam
Makes pale the mossy green, as it doth rise
Coloured with glorious hues of dazzling light,
Transparent pall unto the constant death
Of fierce, resistless waters gambolling—
Nought that is terrible, or bright, or good—
O King! upon the wide face of the earth
There is no grander sight
Than injury like this forgiven.—Farewell, friends,
And farewell, mighty King! now mightiest, since
Thou hast thyself so conquered—But deem not
Adrastus keeps the life he hath so begged
To call down new misfortunes from the skies—
Monarch! I go to death.

Cræs. No! Thou goest not.
Embrace me, I forgive thee. 'Twas no crime
Of thine, that he is dead whom we both loved—
Live! Thou shalt be my son.

[ADRASTUS *looks upward with emotion, and then, making obeisance to the* KING, *suddenly leaves the Hall.*

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.
He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance,
How it revealed her soul, and what a soul
Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe to him!

For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imag'd form which followed everywhere,
And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.
Alas for him! her bosom own'd no love
Save the strong ardour of religious zeal;
For Zillah upon heaven had centred all
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
Her tribe's men sigh'd in vain, yet reverenc'd
The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her;
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
E'en till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd
The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye,
When in the temple heavenward it was raised,
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
With other feelings fill'd:—that 'twas a task
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night;—that Zillah's life was foul,
Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man,
That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another's fame! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,

For Hamuel by his well-schemed villany
Produced such semblances of guilt,—the maid
Was to the fire condemned!

Without the walls
There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Received their death! and there they fix'd the stake,
And piled the fuel round, which should consume
The injured maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,
By God and man. The assembled Bethlehemites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to heaven,
They doubted of her guilt.—With other thoughts
Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Let thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs
Of wakening guilt, anticipant of hell!
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around
Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there
A moment: like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
Not in the hour of infamy and death
Forsake the virtuous!—They draw near the stake—
They bring the torch!—hold, hold your erring hands!
Yet quench the rising flames!—they rise, they spread!
They reach the suffering maid!—O God, protect
The innocent one!
They rose, they spread, they raged;—
The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire
Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames,
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone!

Hark!—what a fearful scream the multitude
Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake

Branches and buds, and spreading its green leaves,
Embowers and canopies the innocent maid
Who there stands glorified; and roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom round her, white and red,
In all their rich variety of hues;
And fragrance such as our first parents breathed
In Eden, she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHICAL VAGABOND.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[The life of Oliver Goldsmith reads like a novel; and if we had only Washington Irving's to guide us, so like a novel has he made it, we should be tempted to conclude that the biographer had drawn much from his own invention. Mr. Foster's is, however, much more circumstantial and not less interesting; and we have also much of Goldsmith's life in his works; for there can be no doubt that many of his personal adventures formed the superstructure of some of his poems and scenes from his comedies, as did his own relations suggest to him the characters of which they were the originals. Goldsmith traversed all the fields of literature; he was by turns poet, historian, dramatist, essayist, and philosopher; and he wrote on every theme with grace, tenderness, and ease, if not always with a profound knowledge of the subject he undertook, for he would undertake any literary job that was offered him. He was the sixth of a family of nine children, his father being a poor curate, and was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, in 1731. Eccentric and improvident, and frequently without money or a change of attire, his early career was beset with difficulties and disappointments. He made a tour of Europe on foot, and often subsisted on the bounty of peasants, whom he conciliated by performing to them on the flute. "The Traveller" was the result of this tour, and by the publication of this poem, in 1765, he first emerged from obscurity. "The Vicar of Wakefield," published under circumstances that have been so frequently detailed, appeared the following year.

Goldsmith then took lodgings in the Temple, and but for a senseless prodigality, tinctured with vanity, and a propensity for gambling, might have been on the high road to fortune. "After his name appeared on the title page of 'The Traveller,'" says

Lord Macaulay, "he had none to blame for his distresses but himself. His average income during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded 400*l.* a-year; and 400*l.* a-year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as 800*l.* a-year would rank at present. He wore fine clothes, he spent twice as much as he had, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties." Macaulay agrees with his biographers, that his faults were those of the head, and not of the heart; but adds that he "had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and unskilful of gamblers." Can we wonder, knowing this, that "his spirit and health gave way when he found that he owed more than 2000*l.*, and saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments?"

Goldsmith contributed to most of the periodicals of his day, to "The Monthly and Critical Review," "The Lady's Magazine," "The British Magazine," &c. In 1759 he published "An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe; next, his "Chinese Letters," afterwards collected under the title of "The Citizen of the World;" "A Life of Beau Nash," and "The History of England," in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son, which was for many years attributed to Lord Lyttleton.

It was in December, 1764, that he published "The Traveller," as previously stated—a poem, as has been remarked, "without one bad line." In 1766 appeared "The Vicar of Wakefield;" in 1767 his comedy of "The Good-natured Man" was produced; in 1768 his "Roman History;" and "The Deserted Village" in 1770. In 1773 his still popular comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and was a great success. He was now in a position similar to that of the late Mr. Thackeray—booksellers and publishers courted him—he could choose his own subjects and command his own terms; but hard as he worked, and large as were the sums he could earn, his extravagances still kept him poor. He died April 4th, 1774, expiring in strong convulsions, from over-doses of James's powders, which he took to alleviate a painful disease. He was buried in the Temple burial-ground, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His fame has been constantly on the increase, and the Literary Confiscation Act has enabled modern publishers to realize more by his works than the author ever received from the original ones.]

THE first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but, though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might

lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London on a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforted myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. Ay, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox. No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised—men, sir, who, had they been bred

cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal, and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and, finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that, at a distance, looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected with a quill pointed against every opposer. . . . . .

The learned world said nothing to my paradoxes—nothing at all. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification—neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that

concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town: I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil. . .

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philantos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in others was my aversion, and writing was my trade. . . .

My patience was now quite exhausted; stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me; but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30*l.* a-year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile

upon the properest means of providing for me, and, slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me that at that time there was an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he, I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam. What if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confidently assured him of that, but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and, after having paid my passage with half my movables, I found myself as fallen from the skies a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or

three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but falling into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turned upon topics of literature (for by the way it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects); from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my movables, like Æsop and his basket of bread, for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The *principal* seemed at first to doubt my abilities, but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he could fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus:—You see me, young man, continued he; I never learned Greek; and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.

I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me, even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means it was received with contempt—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he

knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris."

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and after some time accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure, before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor, and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern

himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies, and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at, but, if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation: so, paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained, against every adventitious disputant, for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so ex-

press it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom, and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you I'd hardly see the rest.
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
O might we live together in a cottage mean and small;
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress.
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

TOUJOURS LES FEMMES.

(*From an American Magazine.*)

I THINK it was a Persian king
Who used to say, that evermore
In human life each evil thing
Comes of the sex that men adore;
That nought, in brief, had e'er befel
To harm or grieve our hapless race,
But, if you probe the matter well,
You'll find a woman in the case!

And then the curious tale is told
How, when upon a certain night
A climbing youngster lost his hold,
And falling from a ladder's height,
Was found, alas! next morning dead,
His Majesty, with solemn face,
As was his wont, demurely said,
"Pray, who's the woman in the case?"

And how a lady in his Court,
Who deemed the royal whim absurd,
Rebuked him while she made report
Of the mischance that late occurred;
Whereat the King replied in glee,
"I've heard the story, please your Grace,
And all the witnesses agree
There was a woman in the case!

"The truth, your ladyship, is this,
(Nor is it marvellous at all),
The chap was climbing for a kiss,
And got, instead, a fatal fall.
Whene'er a man—as I have said—
Falls from a ladder, or from grace,
Or breaks his faith, or breaks his head,
There is a woman in the case!"

For such a churlish, carping creed
As that his Majesty professed,
I hold him of un-kingly breed—
Unless, in sooth, he spoke in jest;
To me, few things have come to pass
Of good event, but I can trace—
Thanks to the matron or the lass—
Somewhere, a woman in the case.

Yet once, while gaily strolling where
A vast Museum still displays
Its varied wealth of strange and rare,
To charm, or to repel, the gaze—
I—to a lady (who denied
The creed by laughing in my face)
Took up, for once, the Persian's side
About a woman in the case.

Discoursing thus, we came upon
A grim Egyptian mummy—dead
Some centuries since. "'Tis Pharaoh's son—
Perhaps—who knows?"—the lady said.
No!—on the black sarcophagus
A female name I stooped to trace;
"*Toujours les femmes!*—'Tis ever thus—
There is a woman in the *case!*"

THE WEDDING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

[Sir John Suckling was courtier as well as poet, his father having been Secretary of State to James I., and Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. He was born at Whitton, Middlesex, 1609, and at the early age of sixteen he entered public life as a soldier, under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, with whom he served one campaign. He has written some of the most exquisite songs and ballads in the language; and, from the circumstance that he did not give way to the licentiousness of expression

indulged in by most of his contemporaries, they have lived by being handed down to us in every succeeding collection of British poetry. He was a true cavalier, and raised a troop of horse for the king's service; but being implicated in the abortive attempt to effect the escape of the Earl of Stafford from the Tower, he deemed it prudent to retire to France. His servant having robbed him at an inn, he drew on his boots hurriedly to pursue him, when a rusty nail, some say a knife, which was concealed in one of them, ran into his foot and produced mortification, of which he died in 1641. His "Ballad on a Wedding" is curious, apart from the beautiful poetry contained in it, as giving glimpses of locality and hints of bypast customs appertaining to an old English wedding.]

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king, God bless him, 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

* * * * *

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale*
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * * * *

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break
That they might passage get:

* Whitsun-ales were festive assemblies of the people of whole parishes at Whitsunday.

But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * * * *

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

A CURIOUS SERMON.

[The following odd sermon is said to have been actually preached many years since in the parish church of Barston, Norfolk. It was printed in "The British Magazine" for November, 1750. Most of the names mentioned now stand in the parish registers, and the family names still exist in the neighbourhood.]

"Fight the good fight."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Procter. His father's name was Mr. Thomas Procter. He lived some time at Burston Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss hundred. This man's name was Mr. Robert Procter; and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton. She came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. He was a good husband, and she a good housewife; and they two made money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear by demonstrative arguments, first, he was a good man, and that in several respects. He was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tithes, and a good landlord to his tenants; there sits one, Mr. Spurgen, can tell how great a sum he forgave him on his death-bed; it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you; and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man; in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired Mr. Cole to pray for all his neighbours and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, and Mrs. Buxton, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said, "Amen." Now,

beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you? and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the second argument.

Thirdly, I come to a clear demonstrative argument to prove this to be a good man. There was one Thomas Procter, a very poor beggar boy; he came into this country on the back of a dun cow; it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a white cow—it was a dun cow. Well, this poor boy came a-begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away, or chide him, and make him a pass and send him into his own country: no, beloved; he took him into his own house, and afterwards bound him apprentice to a gunsmith. After his time was out, he took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's—Mrs. Christian Robertson,—there she sits; and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure. By her he had three daughters; and this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to woman's estate, and married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton—there he sits. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you? and his wife, a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Procter; at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendant virtues; but your memories may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was as good a knitter as any in the county of Norfolk. When her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for, to spare candle, she would stir up the fire with her knitting-pins, and by that light would sit and knit, and make as good work as many other women by

daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit in the same manner, and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts, too. When I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was always very willing to do, for she had such an artificial way of toasting it, by no means slack, nor burning—besides, she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg, and dipping it in the beer; and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best toasts that ever I eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a long way to go; I must, therefore, conclude.

SABBATH REMINISCENCES.

JANE L. GRAY.

[Mrs. J. L. Gray is the daughter of William Lewers, Esq., of Castle Clayney, in the north of Ireland. She was educated at the celebrated Moravian seminary of Gracehill, near Belfast, was married at an early age, and has resided nearly all her lifetime at Easton, in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., where her husband, the Rev. John Gray, D.D., was pastor (1850) of the First Presbyterian Church. In the beautiful and romantic spot, the veritable "Forks of the Delaware," celebrated in poetry as well as in history, Mrs. Gray has written all her pieces which have been given to the public. Her life has been one of domestic quietude, such as Christian women spend in the midst of a numerous family to whom they are devoted with maternal solicitude. Her "Sabbath Reminiscences" are descriptive of real scenes and events connected with the church of which her father was an elder.]

I REMEMBER, I remember, when sabbath morning rose,
We changed, for garments neat and clean, our soilèd
week-day clothes;
And yet no gaudy finery, nor brooch nor jewel rare,
But hands and faces looking bright, and smoothly-parted
hair.

'Twas not the decking of the head, my father used to say,
But careful clothing of the heart, that graced that holy day—
'Twas not the bonnet nor the dress; and I believed it true:
But these were very simple times, and I was simple too.

I remember, I remember, the parlour where we met;
Its papered wall, its polished floor, and mantel black as jet;
'Twas there we raised our morning hymn, melodious, sweet, and clear,
And joined in prayer with that loved voice which we no more may hear.
Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the house of God
How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully, we trod!—
I see e'en now its low thatched roof, its floor of trodden clay,
And our old pastor's time-worn face, and wig of silver gray.

I remember, I remember, how hushed and mute we were,
While he led our spirits up to God in heartfelt, melting prayer;
To grace his action or his voice no studied charm was lent:
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went.
Then came the sermon, long and quaint, but full of gospel truth;
Ah me! I was no judge of that, for I was then in youth;
But I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,
In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk for children too.

I remember, I remember, as 'twere but yesterday,
The psalms in Rouse's Version sung, a rude but lovely lay;
Nor yet, though Fashion's hand has tried to train my wayward ear,
Can I find aught in modern verse so holy or so dear!
And well do I remember, too, our old precentor's face,
As he read out and sung the line with patriarchal grace;
Though rudely rustic was the sound, I'm sure that God was praised
When David's words to David's tune five hundred voices raised!

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon done,
An hour of intermission came—we wandered in the sun;
How hoary farmers sat them down upon the daisy sod,
And talked of bounteous Nature's stores, and Nature's bounteous God;—
And matrons talked, as matrons will, of sickness and of health—
Of births, and deaths, and marriages, of poverty and wealth;
And youths and maidens stole apart, within the shady grove,
And whispered 'neath its spreading boughs perchance some tale of love!

I remember, I remember, how in the churchyard lone,
I've stolen away and sat me down beside the rude gravestone,
Or read the names of those who slept beneath the clay-cold clod,
And thought of spirits glittering bright before the throne of God!
Or where the little rivulet danced sportively and bright,
Receiving on its limpid breast the sun's meridian light,

I've wandered forth, and thought if hearts were pure
like this sweet stream,
How fair to heaven they might reflect heaven's un-
created beam!

I remember, I remember, the second sermon o'er,
We turned our faces once again to our paternal door;
And round the well-filled, ample board sat no reluctant
guest,
For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones shared the
feast!
Then, ere the sunset hour arrived, as we were wont to
do,
The catechism's well-conned page, we said it through
and through;
And childhood's faltering tongue was heard to lisp the
holy word,
And older voices read aloud the message of the Lord.

Away back in those days of yore—perhaps the fault
was mine—
I used to think the sabbath-day, dear Lord, was wholly
thine;
When it behoved to keep the heart and bridle fast the
tongue:
But these were very simple times, and I was very
young.
The world has grown much older since these sunbright
sabbath-days—
The world has grown much older since, and she has
changed her ways:
Some say that she has wiser grown; ah me! it may be
true,
As wisdom comes by length of years, but so does dotage,
too.

Oh! happy, happy years of truth, how beautiful, how
fair,
To Memory's retrospective eye, your trodden pathways
are!

The thorns forgot—remembered still the fragrance and
the flowers—
The loved companions of my youth, and sunny sabbath
hours!—
And onward, onward, onward still, successive sabbaths
come,
As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal
home;
Or like the visioned ladder once to slumbering Jacob
given,
From heaven descending to the earth, lead back from
earth to heaven!

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

JESSIE G. M'CARTEE.

[The following "reading," which will form a worthy prelude to Mrs. C. F. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," in our second volume, is the composition of Mrs. M'Cartee, the wife of the Rev. Dr. M'Cartee, who was for many years minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Goshen, on the Hudson, Orange county, State of New York, U.S. She is a daughter of Davie Bethune, a leading New York merchant, and a sister of Dr. George W. Bethune, an eloquent American preacher and popular author.

All her compositions that have reached us bear evidence of her pure and religious life, and breathe a spirit of beauty, piety, and content.]

LED by his God, on Pisgah's height,
The pilgrim-prophet stood—
When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground
His weary feet had trod;
While Israel's host encamped around,
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the agéd Moses smiled
On all his wanderings past,
While thus he poured his accents mild
Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now—
The city and the plain,
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,
To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land
With milk and honey flows;
Now, now my weary murmuring band
Shall find their sweet repose.

"There groves of palm and myrtle spread
O'er valleys fair and wide;
The lofty cedar rears its head
On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale;
And there the golden lily springs,—
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs
Is heard the song of love,
For there doth build and breathe her vows
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering vine,
The fig-tree shed her flowers,
The citron's golden treasures shine
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me—
Their fruits I may not eat;
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,
Since Israel's sons are blest:
Father, receive thy dying one
To thine eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,
To God his spirit fled.
Now, to your tents, O Israel,
And mourn your prophet dead!

HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOP.

SHAKSPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.—
And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility."
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly—I know not what—

He should or he should not;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (Heaven save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity (so it was)
This villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

NOSE AND EYES.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning:
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," said Tongue, "will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—
'Tis a case that has happened, and may be again—
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the world did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

THE PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise;
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did passion deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled;
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant climes explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;

Perhaps (for who can guess th' effect of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste:
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

THE RIVAL BROOM MAKERS.

DR. JOHN WALCOT.

A THIEVING fellow, naturally sly,
"Cheaper than all the world," his wares would cry,
And on a jackass' back such bargains brought 'em;
All siz'd and sorted town-made brooms,
For sweeping stables, gardens, hearths, or rooms,
So cheap! as quite astonish'd all who bought 'em!
Thus, for a while, he drove a roaring trade,
And wisely thought a pretty purse to have made,
When on a dismal day, at every door,
Where oft he'd sold his *dog-cheap* goods before,
With freezing looks, his customers all told him,
Another broom-monger they'd found,
That travelled far and wide the country round,
And in all sorts and sizes, *under-sold* him.

Scratching his wig he left 'em, musing deep,
With knitted brows—up to his ears in thought,
To guess, where in the deuce could brooms be *bought*,
That any mortal man could sell so cheap.
When lo! as through the street he slowly passes,
A voice as clear as raven's, owl's, or ass's,
And just as musical, rung in his ears, like thunder,
(Half-splitting his thick head, and wig cramm'd full of wonder,)
With roaring out "*Cheap brooms!*" O'erjoyed he meets
His *brother brush*, and thus the rascal greets:—
"How, how the devil, brother rogue, do I
Hear my old friends sing out a general cry
That I'm a knave! then growl like bears, and tell me,
That you do more,
Than all the world could ever do before,
And, in this self-same broom-trade undersell me.
I always thought *I* sold 'em *cheap enough*,
And well I might—for why?
('Twixt you and I,)
I own, I *now and then have stole the stuff!*"
"Ah!" (quoth his brother thief, a dog far deeper)
"I see, my boy, you haven't half learnt your trade,
I go a cheaper way to work than that." "*A cheaper?*"
"Why, ah—I *always* steals mine *ready made*."

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

OR ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Elihu Burritt, the celebrated "learned blacksmith," was born in Connecticut, U.S., in 1811. He received an ordinary education until he was sixteen, when, his father dying, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Devoting all his spare hours to the study of languages, for which he appears to have been gifted with a peculiar aptitude, he ultimately gained the mastery of Latin, French, Spanish, Hebrew, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Gaelic, Celtic, and Russian. In 1846 he left America for England, and commenced agitating his "League of Universal Brotherhood"

—a Utopian idea for the abolition of war throughout the world—and has since found congenial employment as a lecturer and journalist.]

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer

hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there

are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shout of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is

his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity!—Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELOCUTION CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

Written expressly for "Penny Readings"

BY HENRY MARSTON, TRAGEDIAN, T.R.D.L.

PITCH.

THE management and modulation of the voice is another branch of the art of elocution to which the student who is ambitious of becoming a good and effective reader or speaker should devote the most sedulous attention, and for this purpose it is necessary for him to be thoroughly

acquainted with the theory and nature of the various pitches of that organ, for by them not only does he derive the variety that is so pleasing to the ear, and secure for himself relief from that inconvenience which his ignorance or neglect in this respect must inevitably entail on him, but he is enabled to exhibit by their just and appropriate use the various emotions and sentiments of his subject, whether they belong to himself or others, with the greater force and power of expression.

The human voice has been observed to possess three distinct tones, and these are distinguished as "high, low, and middle pitch." Of these, the one most used is the middle, for the reason that it is the tone which we naturally are accustomed to in common discourse, and is therefore, from its frequent exercise, generally stronger. It must also be apparent that being easier to rise or fall from it to a higher or lower key, it ought, with few exceptions, to be the one we should adopt when not excited by any particular passion—as, for instance, in calm narration, descriptive statement, or moral reflection.

Now, it cannot have escaped the notice of even the most casual observer that the instant the mind, even in ordinary conversation, receives the impression of any particular emotion, the voice becomes inflected, either upward or downward, to the higher or lower portion of its register, its range being determined by the force or intensity of that emotion. There is a higher, sharper, and shriller tone attained by *rage*, and a deeper one by *sorrow*. It is therefore expedient that a just appreciation and a skilful adaptation of these tones should be attended to.

Having already noticed the first of these, its quality and character, on proceeding to the *high pitch*, we shall find that it is the proper key of all the more impulsive passions or elevated feelings. To it belong rage, threatening, denunciation, invective, joy, and exultation, and, indeed, all eager and animated speech in general; while, on the contrary, grief, melancholy,

veneration, deep thought, serious reflection, hate, and suppressed passion, belong to the *low pitch.*

It is necessary, however, to observe, that there is a great distinction between the terms *high* and *low*, and *loud* and *soft*, for these are often confounded. This latter, it should be clearly understood, merely signifies the degree of force or volume of sound it may be deemed necessary to use in the same key, and answers precisely to the *forte* and *piano* in music, whilst the former intimates a change of key altogether. *Pitch*, therefore, is independent of *force*, though *force* may add frequently to the effect of *pitch.*

From the want of a proper knowledge of this it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for both orators and readers to commence at once on the highest key of their voice, under the mistaken idea that they will be heard with greater ease; but this, indeed, is a fatal mistake. In the first place the voice loses its natural power and pliability, producing a monotony of tone that rapidly wearies the auditory, and, in the next, from the unnatural strain to which it is subjected, the organ becomes distressed and weakened, and languor and hoarseness are the inevitable results. Besides, it must be self-evident that if a speaker begins in the middle pitch—that is, as a general rule—that being, as we have before observed, most probably the strongest, he is also able to rise or fall from it according to the range of his voice, and must therefore with greater facility produce those effects which belong to the varying expression of the different emotions his subject may afford him.

With regard to the proper rule for proportioning the quantity or loudness of the voice to the size of the arena in which the speaker may be called upon to exercise his powers, two very great authorities appear to differ. Mr. Sheridan, for instance, says—

"Let the speaker, after having looked around the assembly, fix his eyes on that part of the auditory which is farthest from him, and he will mechanically endeavour to pitch his voice so as that it may reach them; for

his business is to consider himself as addressing his discourse to some one amongst them, in such a manner as that he may be heard by him, and if the person be not beyond the reach of his voice he will not fail to effect it. But," he observes—and this is the point most carefully to be preserved in the student's memory—"still he is to take care not to change his usual pitch in order to do this, but only to add force or degree of loudness in proportion to the distance."

Now, Mr. Walker on this point recommends the reader or speaker to pursue a diametrically opposite plan. Commenting on the passage here quoted from Mr. Sheridan, he goes on to say—

"This, I fear, would be attended by very ill consequences if the assembly were very large; as a speaker would be strongly tempted to raise his voice, as well as to increase its force; and by this means begin in a key much too high for the generality of his audience, or for his own power to continue it. The safest rule, therefore, is certainly to begin as it were with those of the assembly that are nearest to us." The reason assigned for this by Mr. Walker is, that it is so much easier to raise the pitch than to bring it down, that the speaker will insensibly do this as he proceeds, and that however low the key may be in which he begins, he will be audible, provided he is articulate.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" But as we see here that Mr. Sheridan expressly states that *the key is not to be changed, and only increased in force or loudness*, according to the theory at first laid down, it is to be feared that if the assembly be large, as Mr. Walker premises, that gentleman's speaker would not be heard by the remote part of the audience at all; while it must follow as a matter of course, that if the extreme portion of it be reached by the force, not pitch of the speaker, all within that range, as a natural consequence, must participate in the delivery of his discourse.

Few voices, however, are so perfect as not to require

some sort of education in order to enable them to compass with facility an extensive range into either the higher or lower keys, and on extraordinary occasions it may even be necessary to touch on the extremes of either. This can only be effected by practice. Therefore, as in the directions concerning articulation we stated that by reading slowly and pronouncing every syllable clearly and distinctly in the middle tone, that particular pitch would be greatly strengthened, we venture to recommend that the self-same process be diligently and perseveringly applied in the same manner to the other two—viz., without reference to the sense of the passages to be read but to the sound, and the compass and power of the voice in the higher and lower portions of its register will be much extended. The student should, in addition to this exercise, carefully select and read aloud such scenes or passages as require these particular pitches, and adapt them accordingly; and more especially those in which the particular passion they indicate appears to intensify or culminate, so as to go through all the gradations of either, without abruptly leaping, as it were, from one pitch to another.

GESTURE.

Action or Gesture being more essential to the orator than to the reader, must therefore be chiefly considered with regard to the former, and as such cannot be too deligently attended to or carefully studied.

Under this head is included the whole deportment of the body, in order that it may be justly adapted to the nature and emotions of the subject pronounced. The disposition of the limbs, the movements of the hands, the carriage of the head, and even the movements of the eyes and direction and expression of the countenance altogether. For every passion, emotion, or sentiment, has some attitude, look, or movement peculiar to itself; any incongruity, therefore, either by vague, awkward, or unsuitable and inconsistent gesture, not only frus-

trates the intention of the speaker, but in many instances becomes ridiculous and absurd; for the object of public speaking is either to instruct, to please, or to persuade; and how can either of these objects be attained if the orator be devoid of propriety, force, or grace?

Cicero calls action "the language of the body," and further observes, "It is action alone that governs in speaking, without which the best orator is of no value, and is often defeated by one in other respects much his inferior." And, indeed, the orators of Greece and Rome appear to have attached the utmost importance to this particular department of elocution; for not only were they accustomed to employ persons whom they called "phonasci," whose office was to teach the modulations of the voice, but also others for special instruction as to voice and gesture combined; the latter being generally eminent and experienced actors selected from their theatres; and in fact, by this practical method it was that they attained that high degree of excellence of which we have so many records. Nor indeed can the higher graces of ornamental delivery be communicated by the unassisted medium of written precept and mere theoretic rules. This has been the attempt of many works on this subject, but it is to be feared with little or no success, amongst the best of which, perhaps, may be reckoned "Austin's Chironomia," the author in that work, endeavouring, by means of plates and diagrams of various kinds, to illustrate the theory of action; but undoubtedly clever and ingenious as the idea is of establishing a certain fixed system of gesticulation, it can hardly do more than impart to the practically uninstructed a mechanical stiffness and a studied, constrained, and artificial manner, instead of an easy, graceful, yet powerful action and expression. Mr. Sheridan, no mean authority, appears to be of this opinion also, for he says, regarding those who advocate instruction of this nature, "They who judge in this manner have not sufficiently considered the nature of the subject, and therefore attribute more power to pre-

cept alone than it is possessed of." The fact is, that practical rules differ much from those that are merely speculative; nor will informing the understanding in some cases produce by any means a perfect execution, without other assistance. Can any one be taught to sing or to dance without the aid of masters, and patterns for imitation?

The most, therefore, that can be done without this aid is to afford such plain directions, and general information with regard to the art as, being easily comprehended, may be useful to the student, and come within the range of his own application to private practice.

The first thing to be considered, and one of infinite importance to the orator or reciter, since much value must ever be attached to first impressions, is the manner in which he presents himself before the assembly it is his purpose to address. This, of course, depends in some manner on the nature of his subject, and in this the aspect or countenance of the speaker bears no inconsiderable part. Thus, for instance, a sedate expression at once implies a mature consideration of the argument about to be advanced, and communicates insensibly an idea of its importance. And on the contrary, a cheerful air raises the expectation of being entertained with a pleasant and agreeable discourse. But above all, a wandering look, an air of levity, or a haughty, supercilious manner, which either fails to excite respect or else begets distaste, must be carefully avoided. Nor at the same time is a dejected appearance pleasing, unless the subject to be delivered is of a melancholy nature.

In the case of addressing a large assembly, if the speaker desires to be heard perfectly from the opening of his oration, he should by no means begin at once, but having settled himself quietly and composedly in his position, with a steady and respectful look, suffer himself to take a survey of his auditory. This begets silence and prepares them to become attentive. With regard to the extemporaneous speaker, it has the advantage of allowing him to collect his thoughts, to frame his first

sentence, and sometimes to subdue that flurry of spirits which few who speak in public are entirely free from in the opening of an address. It should not be preserved too long, nor, on the contrary, be continually shifting, so as to beget a feeling of uneasiness, such as often arises from the fidgetty shifting from one foot to the other (a fault very common with some speakers). But, fronting the audience, avoiding altogether a sidelong attitude, let the feet be firmly planted, yet not close together, but with one advanced, the body resting on the other, erect, not too stiff, but easily and flexibly adapting itself to the motion of the head and hands; avoiding, however, anything approaching to a wavering motion, such as we are told by Cicero a Roman orator, called Curio, was addicted to, and for which he became the subject of a friend's joke, who once asked, "*Who that was talking out of a boat.*"

A judicious management of the eyes, in awakening and ensuring a continued attention, also deserves notice. They should be neither wandering nor altogether fixed or staring, but generally gentle and moderate in their motions, and directed in turn to different portions of the audience, as if engaging each in common discourse.

In considering the movements of the arms and hands it should be well understood that, to ensure a graceful action, all *angularity* must be strictly avoided; and, therefore, this rule cannot be too carefully impressed upon the mind, viz.: That all motion must proceed from the *shoulder*, and not from the extremity of the *fingers*, and that the *elbow* should never be suffered to *incline to the body;* nor should the *hands* assume a *rigid* and *constrained* appearance in the disposition of the *fingers*, by being held *open* and *flat*, as if about to administer a sound "*box on the ear*," or spread abroad like a *bunch of radishes*, or crookedly contracted like the *claws of a crab;* but, moderately opened, let the *index*, or first finger, lightly press the *middle one, the other two* inclining gently inward towards the *palm.* This must, of course, be understood as referring to the hands in a

state of repose; and when used in a temperate and unimpassioned address they contribute to that simplicity and grace—and, at the same time, dignity—that should at all times characterize the movements and bearing of the orator. Under the influence of the passions, indeed, they assume other forms; and most infinite is their use and variety: "*Greater, indeed,*" as Quintilian justly observes, "*than can well be expressed, for they are almost equal to our words. Do not we desire with them, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, beseech, detest, fear, inquire, deny? Do not they express joy, sorrow, doubt, confusion, penitence, measure, plenty, number, and time? Do not they excite, restrain, prove, admire, and shame? That in so great a variety of speech among all nations and countries this seems to me the common language of mankind.*" The ancients, however, differed greatly from us with respect to the use of both hands, confining their action—or at least their principal action—to the right; and it is not difficult to understand how this might be, when we consider the peculiar nature of their dress. A glance at a Greek or Roman statue, attired in the chlamys or toga, at once illustrates this. The left arm being occupied in sustaining the folds of the drapery, could not well be used conveniently, or without derangement of its disposition, though it is certainly difficult to conceive how, thus limited to the use of one hand for their chief expression, the forcible passages and animated sentiments in those orations of theirs which have been preserved to us, could have been delivered. Be this as it may, the modern orator is under no such restriction; and it is not only proper but needful that *either hand* occasionally should be used indiscriminately, as the principal gesture, or the position of the person addressed, may require; and sometimes *distinctively* the *left hand* alternates its office with the *right.* With us the corresponding *hand* and *foot* are advanced; and here again we differ from the ancients, Quintilian affirming as a *rule* that it should be the *reverse,* while we only make such a position *excep-*

tional. As a general direction to be borne in mind—and the exceptions to it are few indeed—all straight lines in the movements of both *hands* and *arms* are to be avoided. Hogarth has laid it down as an axiom that the "Line of Beauty" is a flowing curve; and though this cannot be adapted to the *whole* system of *action*, the principle may be safely made the general basis for its theory to rest upon.

Rarely—very rarely indeed—should the *hands* be raised above the *eyes* or extended beyond the range of vision, the action of the *right* generally commencing on the *left side* and terminating on the *right* side; and, *vice versâ*, the same rule applies to the movement of the *left hand.* The stroke which marks the emphatic word must descend on that word alone at the instant of its utterance. The movement of the *arm* and *hand* also should be sustained and suspended through the duration of a passage, and terminate precisely with it; and we may very well conceive this *timing* of the gesture to be the probable if not the *actual* meaning of Shakspeare when, in his direction to the players, he says, "*Suit the action to the word—the word to the action;*" for it can hardly be believed that he alluded to *descriptive* or *appropriate* action simply, such as raising the hand when appealing to heaven, or sinking it when speaking of the earth. And, in mentioning Shakspeare, it will scarcely be necessary to remind the student of his remarks concerning sawing the air, which is nothing more than the incessant repetition of the obnoxious straight-lined description of action before noticed.

Having spoken of the indiscriminate use of both hands, it is proper to add that neither should be used invariably alone.

Nothing can appear more ungraceful, not to say ridiculous, than to see one hand (either the right or left) constantly in motion, while the other hangs uselessly by the side, as if it had no sympathy in the discourse, or that the one-handed orator was afflicted with a partial paralysis. The fact is, that either hand should accom-

modate itself to and support the action of the other. The principal, which is called the *Dominant*, from the position of the orator as respects the side to which he directs his attention, having the greatest extension and elevation, being always supported or seconded by the *Subjective* hand, which is held somewhat below it, and approximately nearer to the body. For the separate or combined action of the hands, thus positioned as the nature of the subject may demand, it is utterly impossible to lay down any specific rules; and here it is that plates and diagrams must fail in describing the transitions that are constantly occurring, creating to the uninitiated "confusion worse confounded," resulting in a pedantic, affected, and unnatural gesture, without meaning, force, or grace. In demonstrating, appealing, and on some other special occasions, the hands may be moved forward almost on a level; but when no active movement is required they should be raised in general as high as the breast, or sometimes a little below it, easily curved, but on no account are they to be suffered to fall down lifelessly by the side.

It should be perfectly understood, that no art depends so much on constant and almost unremitting practice as Elocution, and the appropriate gesture that should attend it. Neither grace nor facility can possibly be otherwise attained; theory alone is worse than useless, and even the best instructions must, without it, entirely and invariably fail. The best mentor that a young orator or reciter can appeal to, in this indispensable private practice, is the *looking-glass.* Much, however, has been said in way of dissent from this opinion, but certainly without mature consideration of the subject.

It has been objected, for instance, that an earnest speaker must, from the impulse of nature, use appropriate action; but, if we grant this, it by no means follows that it will be *graceful*, and it is the combination of the *natural with* the graceful, that alone makes the *perfect orator.*

Besides, are there no *Bad Habits* to be corrected?

We daily see that such have been contracted by men who enjoy a reputation as speakers, yet, doubtless, they are influenced by the impulses of nature; among which habits we may instance a few, and then judge whether they are appropriate: such, for instance, as *nodding with the head, pocketing the hands, trifling with the dress, placing the arms akimbo, tucking them behind, ducking the body or jerking it, leaning on table, crossing the legs, standing sideways or with the feet together, fixing the eyes on the ceiling or opposite wall, exaggeration of action or constant repetition of it.* Many more might be instanced, but these will serve for the present purpose, as they cannot have escaped the notice of any acute observer interested in the subject of public oratory.

Now, as good habits are full as easy to be acquired as those of an opposite description, though the latter, in the process of being got rid of, present a somewhat greater difficulty, yet the means of their acquisition is very similar, viz., constant repetition. If, therefore, the rules laid down for appropriate and graceful action are studied assiduously and frequently in the faithful reflections of the mirror, those principles will become so impressed on the mind of the student, as ever after to influence his bearing and general style of gesture, and that too without stiffness or artificiality; for it is not for a moment pretended that the action which he may then consider appropriate must of necessity be precisely the same he is called upon to use when speaking or reciting in public. This exercise aims alone at the acquisition of grace and ease by the appeal to his own judgment, which this practice will habitually confirm, and ever after influence the involuntary gestures that arise from the emotions of his mind. It is probable that the action may differ—may take a wider sweep, a more extended character—may be more elevated or depressed, slower or more abrupt: it matters not; it will bear the impress of his general study, and manifest itself in force, expression, and grace.

CONCLUSION.

That "Penny Readings," by establishing, as it were, a School for Elocution, are doing much, and must do more, towards a due appreciation of this most useful and elegant accomplishment, we have had repeated proofs. We have known the most timid and nervous, because the most conscientious, reader, prove after a little practice the most eloquent speaker of a class; while, on the other hand, the most bold and confident has remained stationary, repeating all his old errors, and indulging in all the false style and vulgar habit of his self-satisfied ignorance. To both we would say, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. A public reader should never feel annoyed at being told of a fault, because an error, once pointed out, need not be repeated, and it is better to slip once than to be constantly found tripping.

The observations which we have addressed to the readers of this very useful, and, we are glad to know, highly appreciated work, are the results of the long experience of a public reader and speaker. We are quite aware that upon some points even "doctors disagree;" but we venture to hope that if the course we have prescribed be followed with a moderate amount of attention no trifling result will be obtained. We have but one more word to add, or rather to repeat, and that is, "Practice!" Practice off the public platform, as well as on it. Without this nothing can be accomplished.

And now, having fulfilled the task which our perhaps too partial and confident friend, the Editor, requested us to undertake, we conclude by wishing both "Readings" and "Readers" God speed.

(*Concluded from Vol. III.*)

"PENNY READINGS" RECORD.

DECEMBER, 1865.

ALBERTYLERY.—The "Penny Readings" commenced here on the 5th October, and have been continued fortnightly. The selections are well-made, and the readings alternated with vocal and instrumental music.

CRUMLIN.—The Mutual Improvement Society here have recommenced their "P. R." The report forwarded to us speaks of a "well selected programme, which occupied about two hours." It included Pennell's "School Feast," Samuel Lover's "Rory O'More's present to the Priest" (by Mr. Anderson), and Tom Hood's "Lost Heir" (Mr. Smart), both of which raised shouts of laughter. The flash music-hall song, "Slap Bang," was, however, in very bad taste.

EAST RETFORD.—Readings, lectures, and entertainments have commenced here for the season, with great success. The Editor of "Penny Readings" is engaged to give his "Lecture on the Comic Poets" in December.

EARL SOHAM.—The Rev. J. H. Groome, Rev. — Inge, and Mr. Kent, are the principal readers here—the vocal music being supplied by the members of the Framlingham Glee Club. An excellent rule, that "the doors will not be opened during any reading or singing," is strictly kept, and might be adopted at other places with advantage.

KESWICK.—The readings have been so great a success, that admission is by ticket only—hundreds being refused for want of room in the Assembly Rooms.

LIVERPOOL.—We are glad to find that the popular "reading" movement is being extended to the large business firms where several hundred hands are employed, and that among the first to set the example may be named that of William Morgan and Co., 135, 137, 139, 141, Scotland Road, Liverpool. The proceedings here are entirely in the hands of the young men, who are privileged to invite their friends. In the programmes forwarded to us we find "Miss Kilmanseg," T. Hood, given by Mr. W. Adamson; "Gelert's Grave," Spencer, by Mr. Hancock; "The Gottingen Barber," J. E. Carpenter, by Mr. Williams; "The Old Arm Chair," Eliza Cook, by Mr. Morgan; Edward Farmer's "Little Jim," by Mr. J. Edgar, and several other readings. We would suggest to our Liverpool friends the introduction of a few prose readings, in order to give a greater variety.

LISSON GROVE (London).—The employés of Messrs. Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, numbering nearly three hundred, have

inaugurated a series of readings and entertainments for the winter season. Professional aid is chiefly relied on, and we are honoured by an engagement for "Highdays and Holidays," with musical illustrations.

NEW BRENTFORD.—If success is to be judged from "opening nights," the Brentford Readings must be considered a *great* success. The school-room, capable of holding 500 persons, was crowded, and the well-chosen programme was received with frequent declarations of satisfaction and pleasure.

SPALDING.—The "Penny Readings" in connexion with the Mechanics' Institute, commenced October 9, and have been continued fortnightly, the Corn Exchange being filled each evening by audiences numbering nearly 600. The Rev. J. Bevan, J. G. Calthrop, Esq., Captain Selby, T. B. Scarborough, the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., T. Stiles, Esq., and others, have taken part in the readings.

WIVENHOE.—On Friday evening, October 20, a musical and recitation *soirée* was held at the Albert Reading Rooms, and was decidedly a success. The music was performed under the efficient leadership of Mr. James Franks. The recitations were given by Mr. Goldsack, and included Macaulay's "Horatius," Tennyson's "May Queen," Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and a selection from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Each piece was warmly applauded by the audience.

WARWICK.—We learn from the Birmingham *Daily Post* that—"At the last meeting of the Warwick Board of Guardians, Lord Leigh made a very sensible and at the same time kind-hearted proposal—namely, that during the winter there should be 'monthly entertainments or readings at the Union, for the gratification of the paupers.' Much to their credit, the Board adopted the proposal, and it was resolved that the readings should begin at once, the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Whitehurst, agreeing to preside at the first, and Lord Leigh promising to discharge that duty at the December meeting. The notion of 'entertaining' paupers will no doubt startle those boards of guardians which are still infected with the fine spirit of Bumbledom; but when we come to think of it, there *is* some difficulty in denying that paupers, like other people, have a right to share in the pleasures as well as in the miseries of this world. At all events it was a thoughtful and kindly act on the part of Lord Leigh to propose that something should be done to help the residents in the poorhouse through the long winter nights; and others besides paupers will think all the better of his lordship for it. As to the readings themselves, we should like to give just one caution—we hope they will not be too much of the 'improving' kind. Wholesome amusement is the chief point to be aimed at; and, if this is to be attained, it wont do to inflict upon the unhappy paupers a series of sermons in the disguise of 'entertainments.' However, the sound sense and good

feeling which prompted the scheme, will doubtless prevent it from being marred by blunders of execution." We quite agree with the Editor of the "B. D. P.," and recommend the above for the perusal of certain of our correspondents who have been urging us to exclude from our pages "all such pieces as are not of an instructive and improving kind"—a piece of advice we by no means intend to follow. We think that the mind, after the turmoil of the day, requires relaxation, and that such should be supplied to those who have not the means of otherwise obtaining rational amusement was one of the primary objects for which "Penny Readings" were established; the immense circulation of our work proves that there are thousands who think with us, and it is in this that we find our reward.

BARNSLEY.—"Penny Readings" here have been most successfully carried on for three years past. They have had the favourable recognition of one of the magistrates, several clergymen, the medical and legal profession, merchants, yeomen, and tradesmen, who have presided on special and ordinary occasions. The committee find that the humorous and comic, in either reading, recitation, or song, have had the best reception. Yet the didactic, or the moral, has not been altogether discarded or disowned; but certainly Hood, Ingoldsby, Carpenter, and such like graphic humourists, have had the most frequent cullings from, and been the most acceptable. The course of Readings for 1865-6 commenced on Nov. 6. Programmes of each week's readings, &c., are published weekly in placards and posted throughout the town on the Thursday preceding the Monday's reading. Many villages within a radius of five or six miles of Barnsley have commenced their "Penny Readings" under very encouraging auspices, and if the several committees will only have interchange and exchange of abilities, monotony and tediousness will never be known. Variety and fresh faces tend much to keep up the charm of satisfactorily working "Penny Readings." The Readings are held in the Athenæum on Monday nights, commencing at eight o'clock. A friendly visit with a reading or recitation from any gentleman journeying to or tarrying at Barnsley, will have a cordial welcome.

LUDLOW.—"Penny Readings" were resumed this month, and are to be continued fortnightly. Music, both vocal and instrumental, alternates with the Readings, and we find that thus large audiences are collected. Before the introduction of music, the meetings were not so successful.

CHELTENHAM.—The third season of the "Penny Readings" was inaugurated on Friday, November 3rd, at the Town Hall. The programme was affluent in its variety and character, the readers were excellent, and the walls were relieved by several mottoes and flags, one of which was—"Success to the Penny Readings." The chair was occupied by the Rev. A. Barry, D.D.,

Principal of the Proprietary College; and seated on and around the platform we noticed, in addition to those gentlemen who read, the Dowager Countess of Devon and party, Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart., the Rev. T. Leighton, Rev. W. Boyce, Rev. E. Biskett, Rev. J. Trew, and several other clergymen, Dr. Rooke, Dr. Thorpe, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Bubb, Dr. Morris, &c. Mr. J. Philp opened with a selection from that beautiful pastoral of Goldsmith's—"The Deserted Village;" Mr. Edward Alder afforded considerable amusement by his reading a humorous chapter from Nicholas Nickleby; Capt. St. Clair Ford impressively delivered an "Ode to Palmerston;" Mr. Dixon gave the "Gudeman and the Gudewife" in a vernacular so purely Scotch as to call forth general admiration; Mr. J. Downing, jun., read with considerable care one of Byron's poems,—"The Dream;" Rev. J. Graves rendered one of Longfellow's poems with considerable feeling; and Mr. H. G. Davies delighted the audience by recounting a few of the reminiscences of Mrs. Gamp. In the course of the evening the chairman gave one of those happy and eminently practical addresses for which he is so remarkable, and in the course of which he observed: "When I had the pleasure to speak to you last year, I think I stated our object in these 'Penny Readings' was not mainly instruction, but amusement and good-fellowship. Now there are some who hold aloof from any work which avowedly confesses it is intended for amusement. There are those who think that the claims for work are so great, that the necessity for what we call 'business' in this commercial country, which presses upon us from all points, is so great as to leave no time or room for amusement, and that those who take any serious view of life are culpable to ask persons to look at amusement as if it was a right. There is another reason, of which I must speak with respect, though with it I must totally disagree—that is, the view of those who think that life is such a serious thing, that the issues of our few short years are so momentous, that the claims of religion are so pressing, that everything connected with human nature is of so humiliating a kind, that the aspect of God's service is so absorbing,—that it is unworthy of those who take a much more serious view of life, to countenance anything which has amusement for its object. I confess it is this feeling, rather than the other, which robs our movement of the support of those from whom we should gladly receive it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous communications have been received too late for consideration this month.

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 No. 9, St. Ann's-road, Notting-hill, W.

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