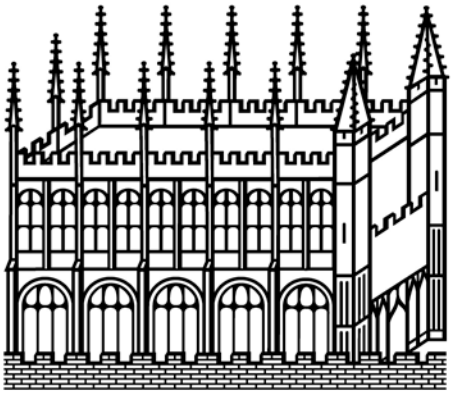


PRICE ONE SHILLING

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE & VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
J. E. CARPENTER

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

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

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

ETC. ETC.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1866.

Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

POPULAR MANUALS.

In foolscap 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each, half-bound,

BRITISH RURAL SPORTS.

BY STONEHENGE.

Embracing SHOOTING, HUNTING, COURSING, FISHING, HAWKING, RACING, BOATING, PEDESTRIANISM, and the various Rural Games and Amusements of Great Britain.

Illustrated with many Hundred Engravings.

"Scarcely any of the conventional methods of pursuing sport in the country are left undescribed by STONEHENGE. We should say that every one who desires to understand how the most enjoyment can be extracted from life in the country upon visits to country friends, will be glad to be possessed of this full and solid volume, which may inform the most practical sportsman, while it will help the least practised through a course of rural revelries, without the risk of being thought a cit or a hedge cockney."—*Athenæum.*

DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

BY J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY-FOUR PAGE ENGRAVINGS, SIXTEEN PRINTED IN COLOURS BY EVANS.

General Heads of the Contents:

Laws which Regulate Health and Disease.
The Elementary Forms of Disease—Their Causes and Sy
The Methods Employed in the Removal of Disease.
Therapeutics.
The Practical Application of the Principles o
The Management of Children, in Health
Domestic Practice of Medicine and S
Glossary and Index.

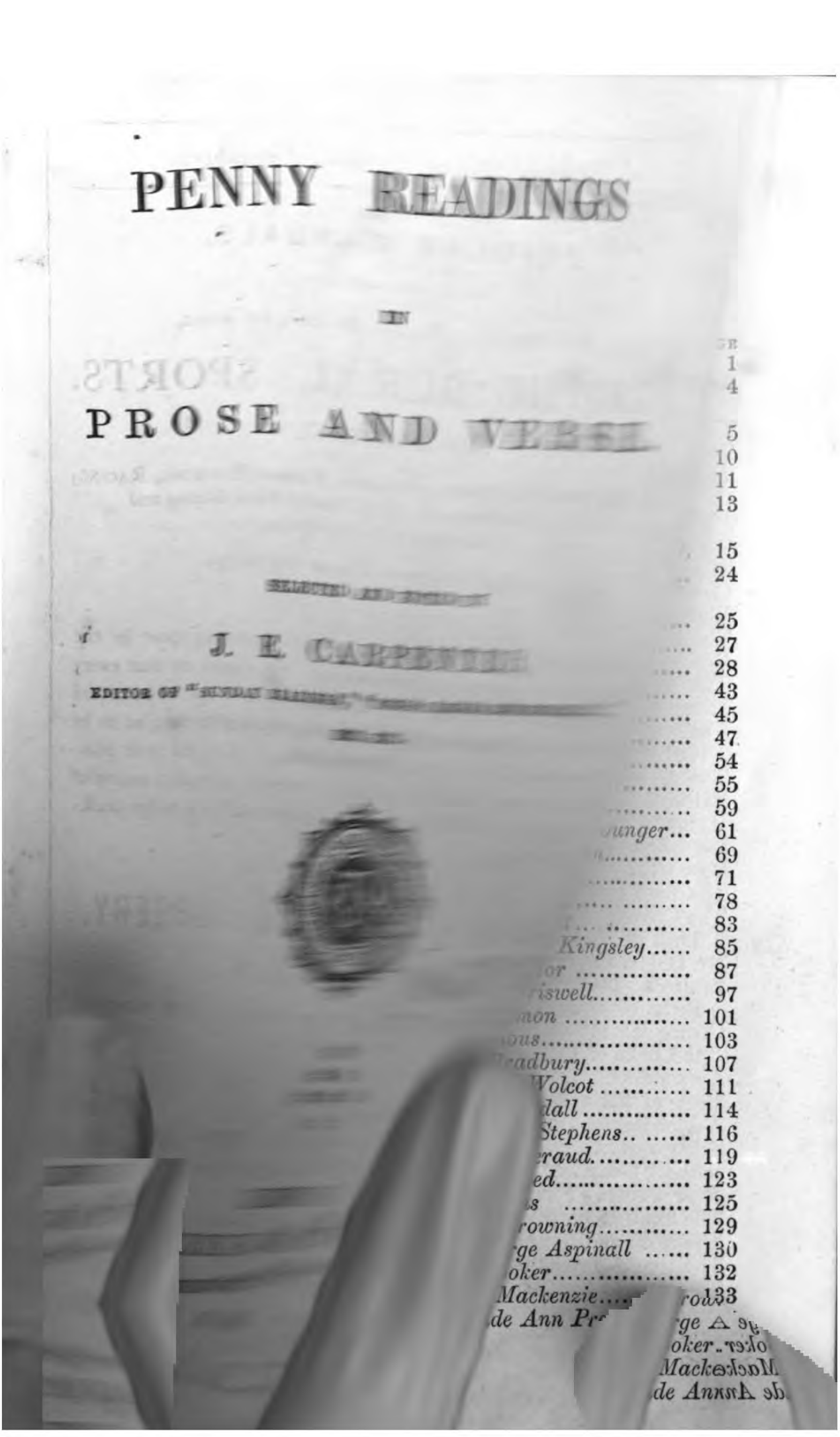
PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE

J. E. CARPENTER

EDITOR OF "SUNDAY READINGS," ETC.



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

CONTENTS.

PENNY READINGS.

MAN'S USE AND FUNCTION.

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

THAT is, to everything created pre-eminently useful which enables us rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it, by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further; for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function, is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working-age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables. Men who think, as far as such

can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to this earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountain like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the Preacher, that though God "hath made everything beautiful in His time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the deliverance, the faith. But now when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than that of sword and sedition — that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure, that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfish-

ness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to strength, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into dust.

And though I believe we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety in all matters, however trivial—in all directions, however distant. And at this time . . . there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him, by whom we live, and that He is not to be known by naming His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influence upon His creatures, not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligence which He gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty; he did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles; nor turned it up under, as it were, fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain

only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oxen.

(*From "Modern Painters," by permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.*)

KILLED AT THE FORD.

H. W. Longfellow.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,—
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call.
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up on his saddle again,
And through the mire, and the mist, and the rain,
Carried him back to the silent camp,

And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,—
And the neighbours wondered that she should die

THE PIPER AND THE CHANGEABLE FAIRY.

(*Versified from T. Crofton Croker.*)

By the Editor.

Of all the strange doings and all the vagaries
Recounted at length about goblins and fairies,
There is nothing the fairy-lore student surprises
So much as their many and varied disguises.
The one I shall tell of had changes as many
As the great Mister Woodin, and he could beat any
That I ever read of who wasn't a fairy;
'Twas he who once frightened half fair Tipperary.
But first I must tell you there lived in that county
Larry Hoolan, a piper, a very great player,
Who lived by his piping, that is, on the bounty
Of those that he played to at wedding or fair.

In old times the fairies selected odd places
Which they kept to themselves: they were called
"fairy-ground;"
The farmers all knew them because of the traces
They left where they'd danced in their circles around;

And these, in old times, they devoutly respected,
Because they believed that the fairies protected
Their crops from the vermin, their cows from the cramp,
Their pigs from the measles, their malt from the damp,
And goodness knows what! So the fairies and elves
Were left on each farm a snug spot to themselves.

Now, a farmer, it chanced, had some fairy-ground taken,
Which the elves for a season had held, then forsaken,
And when they came back there, for peace and for quiet,
His bulls and his cows all kicked up such a riot,
The fairies not only could get no repose,
But they couldn't go dancing whenever they chose;
And so they resolved that they would, come what may,
The farmer and all his men frighten away.

The herdsman he slept in the fields all the night,
And him they resolved they would first put to flight.
Their chief he came down from their home on the hill,
When the moon it shone bright and the winds they
were still,
The herdsman he pinched, just to keep him awake,
And the very first form he determined to take
Was a little lame man with the head of a bull,
And a tail—which he asked the poor herdsman to pull.
The herdsman objected—the fairy became
A dragon, with eyes like a forge in a flame,
And the herdsman he asked if he'd into them blow?
And the herdsman replied, very nervously, "No."
And then he changed into a horse with huge wings,
And asked him to ride and "lay hold of them things;"
And then, as the poor herdsman tried to escape,
He suddenly changed to a great hairy ape,
With the feet of a duck and a turkey-cock's tail,
And he asked him if he'd through the air take a sail?
And so he went on till the daylight appeared,
When he changed, yet again, to a cow with a beard,
And galloped away round the foot of the hill,
And left the poor herdsman, half dead, quaking still.

The herdsman he went from the farmer outright,
For nought could induce him to stay the next night;
So he hired another, and he did the same—
Another!—all left him as soon as they came!
Their wages he rose, but the thing never mended,
And at last the poor bulls and cows went unattended;
And these, too, the fairies would not let alone,
But worried them till they were all skin and bone,
So determined were they that not one should be found
Alive to molest them on their fairy-ground.

The farmer well knew that his rent he must pay,
And yet all his substance was melting away;
His beasts at the market no money would make,
They'd laugh at him there should he venture to take
Such scarecrows! So what was—what *was* to be done?
To ruin he must go, and that with a run!

At last Larry Hoolan came into his head;
The piper feared nothing—at least so 'twas said;
Give him plenty of whisky he'd fight a whole fair,
Tho' that's but Dutch courage some people declare.
However, 'tis certain that Larry was bold
And brave as a lion, just as he'd been told:
So when he was sent for to come to the farm,
And the farmer had told him his fear and alarm,
"If that's all the matter," said Larry, "I'll come—
I was never afraid of a hop o' my thumb—
And as to their shapes, let them take what they will,
I'll watch for a week at the foot of the hill;
And if that I fail all the time there to tarry,
Say, you're not the farmer, and my name's not Larry!"
The farmer replied, "Larry, don't be too bold,
Take this bottle of whisky to keep out the cold;
And if you indeed get the best of the strife
You're free of my dish and my cellar for life."
And so 'twixt the two men the bargain was struck,
And the farmer wished Larry "good night and good luck."

Now Larry he thought that, to keep him awake,
To the foot of the hill he his bagpipes would take:
So he made himself snug, and sat down on a stone,
And the wind-bag he pressed with a squeak and a drone.
But he hadn't played long when the fairies came out
To see what the squalls and the grunts were about.
"Another man here at the foot of the hill!
Does that wretched old farmer defy us, then, still?"
Exclaimed, as he spied out the piper, a fairy—
But all Larry did was to play "Paddy Carey."
And then the same one that the herdsman had frightened
Came up to the piper—and, as the moon brightened,
Betwixt it and Larry, without any pause,
There he stood, a great cat, on the tips of his claws,—
A cat twice as large as the largest black Bruin—
That began, with the voice of a water-mill, mewing:
"Hurroo!" cried the piper, "I'm up to your gammon!"
Then it turned itself round and jumped up as a salmon,
A salmon that danced the grass, heather, and roots on,
With a yellow cravat and a pair of top-boots on!
"Hurroo!" cried the piper again, blithe and gay,
'Go it, jewel, as long as you dance I can play."
So he struck up a lilt, and he played it so rarely
That the dance knocked the funny fish out of breath
fairly.
At this Larry Hoolan did nothing but laugh,
So the fairy he instantly changed to a calf,
And Larry, who courage was ne'er known to lack,
Cried "Hurroo!" once again, and jumped up on his back
The fairy now thought that he fairly had caught him;
But Larry rode well, for a horse jockey taught him,
And when the calf galloped him off to the hill
And got to the top, he was sitting there still.

The height of this hill, just to give you a notion,
Was so great you could see the broad Atlantic ocean,
And just at its base was fair Limerick City,
With its women so lovely, its men all so witty;

Its ships and its docks, and its quays and its bridges,
And the fields all around with their furrows and ridges;
And there too was seen, that clear bright rippling river,
So famous in song, that goes singing for ever;
Though never till then had the broad flowing Shannon
Been leaped, at a jump, by a calf with a man on;
But then it *was done*—for the fairy leaped over
And landed the piper in a field of red clover.
'Twas done in a second, though ten miles or more,
Was the hill that they'd left on the opposite shore:
And Larry exclaimed, with "Hurroo!" and a laugh,
"By St. Patrick! that's not a bad leap—*for a calf.*"

The fairy, astounded, then changed to himself,
For though he was ever a mischievous elf,
He still was an elf who was open to reason,
And he loved a good joke when 'twas not out of season;
So he said to the piper, "Such courage you've shown,
That with one trial more I will leave you alone;—
Should you like to go back?" "If to you all the same,"
Said the piper, "I'd like to go back as I came."
"Agreed!" said the fairy, then changed to the calf,
And the piper again he jumped up with a laugh,
And again they went up like a bounding balloon,
And, the piper declares, very near touched the moon,
For it took them three minutes before they came down
At the foot of the hill near fair Limerick town.

The fairy then bade Larry Hoolan good night,
And told him next day they'd be rid of them quite;
That they'd a new fairy-ground look for elsewhere,
And the lands of the farmer in future would spare.

The piper he went to the farmer in glee,
And he lived at the farm, and contented was he;
He married his daughter, who made a good wife,
And found himself very well "tiled-in" for life;
And the hill, as you'll find if you pass by that way,
Is "the hill of the Fairy Calf" called to this day.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

JOHN MILTON.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird—
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Where slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort! the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,

Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:—
" My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey: so God ordains.
God is thy law; thou, mine: to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise!
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, sweet!"

THE PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD.

With hasty judgment ne'er decide;
First hear what's said on either side.

In the days of knight-errantry and Paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the Goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield: the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed,

so much modern verse—setting you thinking to find out what it is all about. Mr. Massey is now identified with the cheap daily press, and holds an acknowledged and honoured position.]

HIGH hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down i' the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow:
We walk the wilderness to-day—
The promised land to-morrow!

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming,
Yet life holds in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow:
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, long night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not for ever sway—
The many moil in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day,
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow!

O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal;
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow—
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest reap to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
O chivalry of labour!
Triumph and toil are twins; and ay
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow!

SCENE FROM THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

WESTLAND MARSTON, LL.D.

CHARACTERS:

The Earl of Lynterne	Lady Lydia (*The Earl's Sister.*)
Mordaunt	Lady Mabel (*The Earl's Daughter.*)

SCENE.—*A Terrace in front of Lynterne Castle. Sunset. Chairs.*

Enter MORDAUNT, R.

Mord. How beautiful are all things when we love!
She whom I love is human; for her sake
I love all human kind. Our planet earth
Is her abode; for her sake I love earth,
And for earth's sake love all that earth contains.
Oh, it is great, and wise, and good to love!

To feel we live in all things, and that they
Live by us, and not we by them; to be
The pulse to our own universe!
And loves she me?
She listens to my words, and seldom speaks.
Why need she speak, when every glance replies?
First it was otherwise; her repartee,
Quick wit, and lively sallies flashed all day;
Her answers now are few and brief, as though
The task of ordering her thoughts for speech
Woke her from blissful dreams; my soul itself
Seemed suffused in her presence, bathed in light,
As plants beneath the solemn, tender moon,
Which gilds their life with beauty, as she mine,
And joys in heaven to see their silvered leaves,
Unknowing 'tis her smile that makes their brightness,
Which fades from earth whene'er she wanes in heaven.
A cloud comes over mine. 'Tis Lady Lydia!

Enter LADY LYDIA, L.

I trust you find the evening breeze refresh you?
Lydia. A debtor to your wishes, sir! I thank you.
(*crosses*, R.—*aside*) I'll not delay, for opportunity,
Once slighted, oft escapes. When do you leave us?
Mord. (L.) Shortly. Perhaps within a week or two,
Provided for that time my sojourn prove
No inconvenience here.
Lydia. (R.) I fear it will.
Mord. Had I thought so, you had not seen me now.
Lydia. I will be plain, sir.
Plainness is always the best courtesy,
Where truths are to be told. You still are young,
And want not personal grace; your air, your words,
Are such as captivate. You understand me.
Mord. I do not;
For these things most men seek to harbour guests.
Lydia. True, except sometimes
When they are fathers. You are honourable,
And after what has passed will leave us straight.

Mord. I scarcely dare presume to give your words
Their nearest meaning.
Lydia. Yet you may do so.
Mord. The Lady Mabel?
Lydia. Yes.
Mord. Looks not on me indifferently?
Lydia. That you will join me in regretting, sir.
Mord. I may hope——(*pauses in agitation*).
Lydia. She has confessed it.
Mord. In your hearing?
Lydia. You are minute, I see, and well may doubt,
Except on surer witness than surmise,
So strange a tale. Alas! the evidence
Courts sight and touch: I hold it in my hand—
This letter—(MORDAUNT *regards her inquiringly*) Nothing—(*as with a sudden impulse*) I dare trust your honour.
You know I lately spent three days from home:
I then wrote Mabel what I could not speak—
My warning on the signs I had perceived
Of love's unconscious growth. This is her answer.
(*showing letter.*)
I was too late. That answer bore—Oh, patience!—
What can I call it else?—her love's confession.
Mord. Her love for me!
Lydia. Forgive me, 'tis too much. (*tears it.*)
Thus let the winds disperse the proofs of shame!
'Twould be most happy were its memory
As easily effaced. (*throwing the fragments off*, R.)
Mord. Her love for me!
Lydia. In words——
Mord. Oh, name them not,
Those sacred breathings of her soul—relate not
What precious items make my sum of bliss
Past computation rich! Enough, she loves me!
I'll seek her on the instant. (*going*, L.)
Lydia. (*aside*) That, indeed,
Would mar my plan. No; silence is your course:
It is most delicate, least painful too.

No word were well save farewell, and that said
As those who have no long acquaintance say it.
Mord. I will not say it
So to the Lady Mabel now, nor ever,
Unless it be her will.
Lydia. You will not take
Advantage of her weakness. Do not, sir,
Let it be thought that we, in welcoming you,
Shook hands with an adventurer.
Mord. (*indignantly*) Madam! (*with constrained courtesy*)
You are her relative, and I am dumb. (*going*, L.)
Lydia. Stay.
Think you the Earl's voice would not crush your plan,
The moment that surprise permitted speech?
Mord. Why should it?
Lydia. Must I speak outright?
Mord. Yes, surely.
Lydia. The house of Lynterne
Dates from the time that he of Normandy
O'erthrew the Saxon sway; since then its lords,
In war or peace have held the foremost rank
In conflict or in council. Of the race
Not one has formed alliance, save with such
As boasted kindred honours. Sir, our house
Is noble—must remain so till its *end*.
Mord. Is not yon sunset splendid? (*pointing off* L.)
Lydia. Possibly;
But we may see that often, and it bears
Not now on our discourse.
Mord. Indeed it does.
However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, that sun
From age to age has watched their honours end,
As man by man fell off; and centuries hence
Yon light into oblivion may have lit
As many stately trains as now have passed.
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,
When yonder globe is ashes as your sires,
Shall shine on undecaying! When men know

What their own natures are, and feel what God
Intended them to be, they are not awed
By pomps the sun outlives.
Lydia. Think of me as your friend—when you are gone.
You have a towering spirit. Had the rank
And blood of Lady Mabel been as yours,
I had not said a word to spite your wish.
Mord. You see this ring!
Lydia. I have admired it oft. Would you thus hint
That you are rich?
Mord. Is not the setting precious?
Lydia. The diamond is magnificent!
Mord. True, madam. But the setting?
Lydia. The diamond is the treasure.
Mord. No, the setting!
Lydia. The setting is but silver, worthless, base,
Contrasted with the stone.
Mord. True, Lady Lydia.
Then when I treat for merchandize would buy
All stars of heaven up, were they diamond worlds,—
A peerless woman's love,—why runs your phrase,
"You might have had that unmatched gem for nought
Had it not been so *set*" in ancestry,
Or some such silver rim? Enough of this;
I'll now to Lady Mabel. (*going*, L.)
Lydia. Be advised.
If you persist in this strange scheme, seek first
An audience of the Earl: if he consent,
The which is most unlikely, Mabel's love
Is honourably yours; if he refuse,
You incur no disgrace, as you would do
Luring his daughter's heart unknown to him.
Mord. The Earl is in the library even now.
I'll learn his thoughts at once.
Lydia. I pity you.
It will be a hard task for your high spirit
To sue the Earl in such a humble strain
As will be requisite.

Mord. Humble! I—Mordaunt!
Lydia. Your ground is delicate; you must be cautious;
Confess your low estate, and own the prize
You seek to gain far beyond your desert;
You must put by your recent haughty tone
And kingly glances; plead with downcast eye
And hesitating voice; all this, I say,
Must keenly gall your nature; and therefore
I pity you.
Mord. I were indeed a slave,
And needing pity, could I so forget
My manhood; but enough, methinks, is said
To one who knows me not. [*Exit*, R.
Lydia. Oh, this is well!
He'll to my brother in a haughty mood—
The very one I wished for, 'twill arouse
All the Earl's latent pride. And now for Mabel. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MORDAUNT *with the* EARL.

Mord. (L. C.) Is love a crime?
Can we prevent its coming? or when come,
Can we command it from us?
Earl. We may, at least,
Curb its expression, when disgrace and grief
Are like to follow it.
Mord. Disgrace! Your daughter's noble, fair, and good;
I shall not feel disgraced in taking her.
Earl. Sir! You are insolent. (*takes chair, and sits*, R.)

Enter LADY MABEL *and* LADY LYDIA, L. C. D.

Mabel, my child,
Have I not loved you truly, shown all kindness
That is a daughter's due?
Mabel. (L. *of Earl.*) Indeed you have.
Earl. Have you done well
In making stranger to a father's heart
The dearest wish of yours?—in plighting faith
For life, unknown to him who gave you life?

Mabel. This have I never done.
(*leaning on her father's shoulder.*)
Mord. (L. C.) Tell all, speak frankly;
Have you not, Lady Mabel, given me proof
Of favour in your sight will justify
The boon I have entreated of the Earl—
Permission to be ranked as one who seeks
For closer union with you than a friend?
I know you gave no pledge; but looks and deeds,
And words whose precious sense was in their tones—
These bade me love! Was it not so? Answer, Mabel!
Mabel Mabel! the Lady Mabel, when *you* speak.
Lydia. (L.) She utterly denies what you infer.
Mabel. Yes, utterly.
Mord. And Lady Lydia speaks thus;
She who confirmed my hopes!—I see, for sport.
Lydia. We think you but presumptuous; let your honour
Guard you from veiling shame by sin; nor strive
From loose discourse, spoken in pleasantry,
To justify your conduct.
Mord. And the letter?
Lydia. The letter! He's distracted.
Mabel (*aside to Lydia*) Letter! Aunt!
Lydia. Yes, love, (*going to* MABEL).
Mabel. (*aside*) No, no; I will not wrong her; it is plain
His folly has deceived him.
Mord. May I then ask, (LYDIA *gets round to* R.)
If you have never loved me, why you deigned
To wear love's semblance; deigned, when I approached,
To feign joy's sudden smile; to urge my stay
With lips that, faltering, won me, and with eyes
That pleaded more by drooping; hour by hour
To sit half mute and bid me still speak on,
Then pay me with a glance in which there seemed
A heart's whole volume writ?
Mabel. This is too much. (*sits*, R. C.)
Whate'er my kindness meant, it did not mean

To foster your presumption, though, perhaps,
Suspecting it, and lacking at the time
Better employment, I allowed it scope;
Did not repress it harshly, and amused,
Rather than angered, failed to put a bound
To its extravagance.
Mord. All, then, has been a jest; the thing resolves
Itself into a harmless *badinage!*
You had no other toy, so took my heart
To while away an hour. The plaything *broke;*
But then it was *amusement!*
Lydia. Well, you were honoured
In thus assisting to beguile the hours
Of Lady Mabel's solitude.
Mord. Honoured, say you?
Men's hearts have leaped within them at my words.
The lowly have adored me, and the proud—
Ay, sir, the proud—have courted me; you know it.
Lydia. All this would sound much to your credit, sir,
Were other lips to speak it.
Mord. Understand me.
You deemed me proud. I am so; and yet humble:
(*to* MABEL). To you I would have been a slave; have moulded
Each wish to your desire; have laid my fame,
Though earth had ratified it, at your feet,
Nor deemed the offering worthy of your smile!
But when, admitting what I am, you scorn me
For what my father was, sport with me, trample
On the same hopes you fostered, then I claim
The patent which the Great Paternity
Of Heaven assigns to nature—not descent—
And walk before you in the march of time!
Lydia. The stale, fond trick—to boast of honours stored
In ether, where no human eye can pierce.
You may be prince of several stars—possess
All cloudland for your realm; but one poor knighthood
Conferred by a real sword upon real shoulders,

Beats fifty thousand dukedoms in the air.
The old, convenient trick!
Earl. Nay, courtesy!
Lydia. You'll suffer us to go?
Earl. Yes, leave me. (MABEL *rises, and they are going up,* C.)
Mord. Stay!
Before we part, I have a word or two
For Lady Mabel's ear. (MABEL *returns to* C.) I know right well
The world has no tribunal to avenge
An injury like mine; you may allure
The human heart to love, warm it with smiles,
To aspirations of a dream-like bliss,
From which to wake is madness—and when spells
Of your enchantment have enslaved it quite,
So that you are its world, its light, its life,
And all beside is dark and void and dead—
I say, that very heart, brought to this pass,
You may spurn from your path, pass on and jest,
And the crowd will jest with you; you may glide,
With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,
And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,
As though the angel's pen had failed to trace
The record of your crime; and every night,
Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep
As do the innocent; but it *is* crime,
Deep crime, that you commit! Had you for sport
Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,
Pride of the garden, or in wantonness
Cast in the sea a jewel not your own,
All men had held you guilty of offence.
Lydia. (*to* EARL) Is't meet that longer you should brook this censure?
Mord. And is it then no sin
To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,
With all the incipient beauty in the bud,
Which know no second growth? to cast our faith
In human kind, the only amulet

By which the soul walks fearless through the world,
Into those floods of bitter memory,
Whose awful depths no diver dares explore?
To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet
On the world's threshold, and existence' self
To drain of all save its inert endurance?
To do this unprovoked, I put it to you,
Is not this sin? To the unsleeping eye
Of Him who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs
No laws save his redress, I make appeal
To judge between us!
Earl. Sir, our conference
Is ended.
Mord. It *is* ended. [*Exit*, L. C. D
Mabel. He's deceived!
He hears me not! He knows me not! He's gone!
Earl. Why, what is this, dear Mabel?
Mabel. (*with a forced smile*) Nothing, sir.
I am not used, you know, to witness strife.
It somewhat chafes my spirit.
Earl. Hither, love.
(MABEL *reels forward, and falls into her father's arms.*)

SCENE CLOSES.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

MAN—THE NOBLE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune to men has some small difference made—
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned;

What differ more, you say, than crown and cowl?
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool!
You'll find, if once the monarch act the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella!

Look next on greatness; say, where greatness lies;
Where, but among the heroes and the wise!
Heroes are much the same, it is agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave;
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile and in chains;
Like good Aurelius, let him reign, or bleed,
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath—
A thing beyond us even before our death.
All that we know of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes and friends.
To all beside, as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike, or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God!

THE LADIES' PETITION TO DR. MOYES.

Dear doctor, let it not transpire
How much your lectures we admire;
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of thunder,

Of lightning, and of electricity,
With so much plainness and simplicity;
The origin of rocks and mountains,
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains;
Of rain and hail, and frost and snow,
And all the winds and storms that blow;
Besides a hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before.
But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter—
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on,
A subject, if we right conjecture,
Which well deserves a long, *long* lecture,
Which all the *ladies* would approve—
The Natural History of Love!
Oh list to our united voice,
Deny us not, dear Doctor Moyes!
Tell us why our poor tender hearts
So willingly admit Love's darts;
Teach us the marks of Love's beginning,
What is it makes a beau *so* winning?
What makes us think a coxcomb witty?
A dotard wise, a red coat pretty?
Why do we heed such horrid lies,
That we are angels from the skies?
Our teeth are pearls, our cheeks are roses,
Our eyes are stars—such charming noses!
Explain our dreams waking and sleeping;
Explain our laughing and our weeping;
Explain our hoping and our doubting,
Our blushing, simpering, and pouting.
Teach us all the enchanting arts
Of *winning* and of *keeping* hearts!
Teach us, dear doctor, *if you can*,
To humble that proud creature Man!
To turn the wise ones into fools,
The vain and insolent to tools;
To make them all run helter-skelter
Their necks into the marriage halter.

Then leave us to ourselves with these,
We'll rule and lead them as we please.
Dear doctor, if you grant our wishes,
We promise you *five hundred kisses;*
And rather than the affair be blunder'd,
We'll give you *six score to the hundred!*

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed, or not to wed?—that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous love,
Or to take arms against the pow'rful flame,
And by opposing, quench it. To wed—to marry—
No more—and by a marriage say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand painful shocks
Love makes us heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—to wed—to marry—
To marry—perchance a *scold*—ay, *there's the rub.*
For in that wedded life what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our single state,
Must give us serious pause—there's the respect
That makes the Bachelors a num'rous race—
For who would bear the dull, unsocial hours
Spent by unmarried men—cheer'd by no smile,
To sit like hermit at a lonely board
In silence?—who would bear the cruel gibes
With which the Bachelor is daily teased,
When he himself might end such heart-felt griefs
By wedding some fair maid? O! who would live
Yawning and staring sadly in the fire,
Till celibacy becomes a weary life,
But that the dread of something *after* wedlock
(That undiscover'd state from whose strong chains
No captive can get free) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
Than fly to others which a wife may bring?
Thus caution does make Bachelors of us all,

And thus our natural wish for matrimony
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—
And love-adventures of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And miss the name of wedlock.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

ON BEING INSTALLED LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

(*Abridged from "The Times" for reading.*)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, in 1795. He was a student of that University of which, on the 2nd of April, 1866, he was installed lord-rector. In the opening of his inaugural address (of which a portion only—in order to bring it within the limits of a reading—is given below) he remarked, "There are now fifty-six years gone last November since first I entered your city, a boy not quite fourteen, to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, 'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard.'" Grand and touching indeed, that crowning of the ripe old scholar! sublime, too, in its influence upon others, and assuring to himself of that posthumous fame of which the scene that day gave him more than a passing glimpse. Thomas Carlyle was intended for the church. On leaving college he adopted, not without hesitation, the scholastic profession; but he gradually drifted into literature, utilizing the results of his studies through the medium of the press. He became a great admirer of the German language and an ardent explorer of it literary recesses. One of his earliest works was a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and he also published translations from other German writers. His works now comprise a goodly library in themselves, and include his "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present," "Sartor Resartus," "Latter-day Pamphlet," "Life of Sterling," "Life of Frederick the Great," "Life and Correspondence of Cromwell," "Miscellaneous Essays,"

&c. &c. The production of these embrace a period of literary labour commencing in 1823 and coming down to 1860—thirty-seven years. In 1840 Mr. Carlyle delivered a series of lectures on "Hero Worship," afterwards published. He married about 1827, and resided in Scotland (near Dumfries) until 1830, when he took up his residence permanently in London. He has been an honest worker at his craft, and an inveterate exposer of "shams." His style of composition has been the subject of some difference of opinion, many accusing him of an affected ruggedness amounting to Americanism. It is clearly not the style approved of by those who hold to the pure and polished diction of Addison and his contemporaries as models for the study of elegant and thoroughly English prose. Still his force and power is undeniable, though his cutting satire has often caused him to be (and very undeservedly so) regarded as a cynic. His detractors not less than his admirers must agree upon one point, that Thomas Carlyle is one of the foremost spirits of the age.]

I WILL endeavour to say nothing that is not true as far as I can manage, and that is pretty much all that I can engage for. Advices, I believe, to young men—and to all men—are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing. And talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices, and you have heard it a thousand times, I daresay; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand and first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not—namely, that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent! That includes all virtues in it that a student can have; I mean to include it in all qualities that lead into the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little; while in the course of years, when you come

to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counsellers there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at Universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are in young years the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man, but as he has begun he will proceed to go on to the last. By diligence I mean among other things — and very chiefly—honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.

There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows about things when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and he goes flourishing about with them. Avoid all that is entirely unworthy of an honourable habit. Be modest, and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to value them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to

find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing any such thing. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now seven hundred years since Universities were first set up in this Europe of ours. Abelard and other people had risen up with doctrines in them the people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books as you may now. You had to hear him speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together the various people who had anything to teach, and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, nobly anxious for their benefit, and became a University.

I daresay, perhaps, you have heard it said that all that is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of Universities. A man has not now to go away to where a professor is actually speaking, because in most cases he can get his doctrine out of him through a book, and can read it, and read it again and again, and study it. I don't know that I know of any way in which the whole facts of a subject may be more completely taken in, if our studies are moulded in conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society —a very high value. I consider the very highest interests of man vitally intrusted to them.

It remains, however, a very curious truth, what has been said by observant people, that the main use of the Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities have mainly done—what I have found the University did for me, was that it taught me to read in various languages and various sciences, so that I could go into the books that treated of these things, and try anything I wanted to make myself master of gradually, as I found it suit me. Whatever you may think of all that, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading; and *learn to be good readers*, which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kinds of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in.

The most unhappy of all men is the man that cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done. If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not but that it is toothsome, and for the moment in baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has appetite for—what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have

in general. And so with books. As applicable to almost all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into history—to inquire into what has passed before you in the families of men. The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that all the knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that.

Our own history of England, which you will take a great deal of natural pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find, beyond all others, worthy of your study; because I believe that the British nation produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world.

* * * * * *

Upon the whole, I do not think that, in general, out of common history books, you will ever get into the real history of this country, or anything particular which it would beseem you to know. You may read very ingenious and very clever books by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do any other thing than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. Man is unhappily in that condition that he will make only a temporary explanation of anything, and you will not be able, if you are like the man, to understand how this island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions.

One remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books — there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are

all very ill acquainted with this; but I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have that if they are reading any book—that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them. There are a number, an increasing number, of books that are decidedly to him not useful. But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people—not a very great number—but a great number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others are going down, down, doing more and more, wilder and wilder mischief. And for the rest, in regard to all your studies here, and whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledge—that you are going to get higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lies at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary, for speaking pursuits—the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice and wisdom. In short, great is wisdom—great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated. The highest achievement of man—"Blessed is he that getteth understanding." And that, I believe, occasionally may be missed very easily; but never more easily than now, I think. If that is a failure, all is a failure. However, I will not touch further upon that matter.

When the seven free Arts on which the old Universities were based came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for or to promote the wants of modern society—though, perhaps, some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, though he may be a great speaker, an eloquent orator, yet there is no real substance there—if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies," and so on, and are apparently totally ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking; above all things, not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest to the lowest—strict obedience, humility, and correct moral conduct. Oh, it is a dismal chapter, all that, if one went into it! What has been done by rushing after fine speech? I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I would wish them to be now; but they are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and, what is more than any other, pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence. "Watch the tongue" is a very old precept, and a most true one. I do not want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a proper thing, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to

study Demosthenes and know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech does not seem to me, on the whole, to have turned to any good account.

Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes. He used to tell the Athenians—"You can't fight Philip. You have not the slightest chance with him. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; he can bang anybody you like in your cities here; and he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object: and he will infallibly beat any kind of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him one day—"The Athenians will get mad some day and kill you." "Yes," Phocion says, "when they are mad; and you, as soon as they get sane again."

It is also told about him going to Messina on some deputation that the Athenians wanted on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature, that Phocion went with some story in his mouth to speak about. He was a man of few words—no unveracity; and after he had gone on telling the story a certain time there was one burst of interruption. One man interrupted with something he tried to answer, and then another; and finally, the people began bragging and bawling, and no end of debate, till it ended in the want of power in the people to say any more. Phocion drew back altogether, struck dumb, and would not speak another word to any man; and he left it to them to decide in any way they liked.

It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said—"Take your own way, and let me out altogether."

All these considerations, and manifold more connected with them—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this moment—have led many people to doubt of the salutary effect of

vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say it is excellent; but I care very little about how he said it, provided I understand it, and it be true. Excellent speaker! but what if he is telling me things that are untrue, that are not the fact about it—if he has formed a wrong judgment about it—if he has no judgment in his mind to form a right conclusion in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying—"Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither." I would recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech.

Well, all that being the too well-known product of our method of vocal education—the mouth merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way—it had made a great many thinking men entertain a very great distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some kind of practical way of working out the business. There would be room for a great deal of description about it if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of reading that you may be recommended to take and try if you can study is a book by Goethe—one of his last books, which he wrote when he was an old man, about seventy years of age—I think one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, full of mild wisdom, and which is found to be very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. It is one of the pieces in "Wilhelm Meister's Travels." I read it through many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into it very hard when I was translating it, and it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing

that I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said, there are ten pages of that which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. They turn on the Christian religion and the religious phenomena of Christian life—altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among others, he introduces, in an aërial, flighty kind of way, here and there a touch which grows into a beautiful picture—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do.

Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function which transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse of our having been in it for those who are to follow. The man who is the eldest of the three says to Goethe, "You give by nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by nature herself, with a very slight assistance where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and forbearance very often on the part of the overlooker of the process of education; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says, "What is that?" "All who enter the world want it," says the eldest; "perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says, "Well, tell me what it is."

"It is," says the eldest, "reverence—*Ehrfurcht*—

Reverence! Honour done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear; distinct from fear." *Ehrfurcht*—"the soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be." And he goes into practicality. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations, to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, and they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us or about us—reverence for our equals, and to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us—to learn to recognise in pain, sorrow, and contradiction, even in those things, odious as they are to flesh and blood—to learn that there lies in this a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion—the highest of all religions; a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is.

Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind—that always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognise what that meant; and that the world, having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the way in which they seek to teach boys, in the sciences particularly, whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a Master of Arts, or something of that kind; and when he came back for him he saw a thundering cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses,

managed by young lads who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them, and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. This is what Goethe calls Art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition unless it is clear already. I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, and poetry, and so on; it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid most of our painters, poets, and music men would not pass muster. He considers that the highest pitch to which human culture can go; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about with men who have a turn for it.

Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for man in the world. I confess it seems to me it is a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly frightful; some kind of scheme of education like that, presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance—a training in practicality at every turn; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among them. For rarely should men speak at all unless it is to say that thing that is to be done; and let him go and do his part in it, and to say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *primâ facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together—rough, rude, and ignorant people—gather them together, promise them a shilling a day, rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill, and by bullying and drill—for the word "drill" seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn—they learn what it is necessary to learn; and there is the man, a piece of an animated machine, a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannon's mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is commanded of him by his general officer. And I believe

all manner of things in this way could be done if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented and organized into the mute system of education that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. But I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction; for the saving of human labour, and the avoidance of human misery, would be unaccountable if it were set about and begun even in part.

* * * * * *

I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men—"Don't be ambitious; don't be at all too desirous of success; be loyal and modest." Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now.

Finally, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one.

I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; and you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

A man with his intellect a clear, plain, geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the

truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation—healthy, clear, and free, and all round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard the real equilibrium as the centre of things.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it—not in sorrows or contradiction to yield, but pushing on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is travelling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extremely good will to himself—which he has a right to have—and is moving on towards his object. Keep out of literature as a general rule, I should say also. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be inhospitable and cruel—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you.

I will wind up with a small bit of verse that is from Goethe, also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a modern psalm in it in some measure. It is sweet and clear. The clearest of sceptical men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had—freer from cant and misdirected notion of

any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says:—

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow;
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward!

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal.
Stars silent rest o'er us—
Graves under us, silent.

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Come phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The works and the Ages:
"Choose well. Your choice is
Brief, and yet endless."

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave to reward you.
Work, and despair not.

SKIPPER BEN.

LUCY LARCOM.

SAILING away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and grey!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
Fixed on the dangerous island height
That bars the harbour he loves from sight;
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the south-west gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a sleepless night among spectres grim,
Terrors for him.

Yo—heave—yo!
Here's the bank where the fishermen go!
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land-breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,—
Then hark to the Beverley bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple-trees
That whisper and sway in the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town;
Nobody guessed how the fisherman Brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon light,
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverley bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells;
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

W. C. Bryant.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made.
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly;
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet,
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings;
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors,

A world of blossoms for the bee—
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room;
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we with the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, as gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky;
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth:
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom—
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom;
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass; but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the sward below,
Shall fraud, and force, and iron will,
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day,
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The grey-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he—
Born in the rude, but good old times;*
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

TIED TO A ROPE.

CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

You don't know what a Hircus Œpagrus is, Tommy? Well, it is a big name for him, isn't it? And if you should ask that somewhat slatternly female, who appears to employ tubs for the advantage of others rather than herself, what the animal is, she would tell you it is a goat. See what a hardy, sturdy little creature he is; and how he lifts up his startled head, as the cars come thundering along, and bounds away as if he were on the rugged hills that his ancestors climbed, ages ago, in wild freedom. O that cruel rope! how it stops him in his career with a sudden jerk that pulls him to the ground! See where it has worn away the hair round his neck, in his constant struggles to escape. See how he has browsed the scanty grass of that dry pasture, in the little circle to which he is confined, and is now trying to reach an uncropped tuft,

* Mr. Bryant completed his seventieth year on the 3rd of November, 1864.

just beyond his tether. And the sun is beating down upon him, and there is not the shade of a leaf for him to creep into, this July day. Poor little fellow!

Not to waste my sympathy on a common goat? My dear Madam, I can assure you that ropes are not knotted around the neck of Hirci Œpagri alone. And when I was bemoaning the captivity of yonder little browser we have left behind, I was bewailing the fortune of another great order of the Mammalian class —an order that Mr. Huxley and Mr. Darwin and other great thinkers of the day are proving to be close connexions of their humbler brethren that bleat and bark and bray. The bimanal species of this order are similarly appendaged, though they are not apt to be staked beside railways or confined to a rood of ground.

Do you see Vanitas at the other end of the car? Does he look as though he carried about with him a "lengthened chain"? No one would certainly suppose it. Yet he is bound as securely as the poor little goat. We may go to the fresh air of his country-seat this July day, or to the sea-breezes of his Newport cottage next month, or he may sit here, "the incarnation of fat dividends," while you and I envy him his wealth and comforts; but he can never break his bonds. They are riveted to the counters of the money-changers, knotted around the tall masts of his goodly ships, bolted to the ore of his distant mines. He bears them to his luxurious home, and his fond wife, his caressing children, his troops of friends, can never strike them off. Ever and anon, as the car of fortune sweeps by to start him from his comfortable ease, they gall him with their remorseless restraint. You may cut the poor goat's rope and set him free, to roam where he will; but Vanitas has forged his own fetters, and there comes to him no blessed day of emancipation.

My dear Madam, the bright blue ether around us is traversed by a wonderful network of these invisible bonds that hold poor human beings to their fate. Over the green hills and over the blue waters, far, far away

they reach,—a warp and woof of multiform, expansive strands, over which the sense of bondage moves with all the wondrous celerity of that strange force which, on the instant, speaks the thought of the Antipodes. You don't know that you carry about any such? Ah! it is well that they weigh so lightly. Utter your grateful thanks, to-night, when you seek your pillow, that the chains you wear are not galling ones. But you are most irrevocably bound. Frank holds you fast. One of these days, when you are most peaceful and content in your bondage, scarcely recognised, there may come a stately tread, a fiery eye, a glowing heart, to startle you from your quiet ease; and when you bound, trembling and breathless in their mighty sway, you may feel the chain—before so light—wearing its way deep into your throbbing heart. May you never wake on the morn of that day, Madam! You don't carry any such? Round a little white tablet, half hidden in the sighing grass, is linked a chain which holds you, at this moment, by your inmost soul. You are not listening to me now; for I have but touched it, and your breast is swelling 'neath its pressure, and the tears start to your eyes at its momentary tightness. You don't carry any such? We all carry them; and were human ears sensitive to other than the grosser sounds of nature, they would hear a strange music sweeping from these mystic chords, as they tremble at the touch of time and fate.

Master Tommy seems to be tolerably free from any sort of restraint, I acknowledge. In fact, it is he who keeps myself and Mrs. A. in the most abject servitude. He holds our nasal appendages close to the grindstone of his imperious will. And yet—please take him into the next car, Madam, while I speak of him. You cannot? What is this? Let me see, I pray you. As I live, it is his mother's apron-string. Ah! I fear, Madam, that all your efforts cannot break that tie. In the years to come, it will doubtless be frayed and worn; and, some day or other, he will bound loose from his

childhood's captivity; but long ere that he will have other bonds thrown around him, some of which he can never break. He will weave with his own hands the silken cord of love, coil it about him, knot it with Gordian intricacy, net it with Vulcan strength, and then, with blind simplicity, place it in beauty's hand to lead him captive to her capricious will. My dear Madam, did not Tommy's father do the same foolish thing? And is he not grateful to the lovely Mrs. Asmodeus for the gentleness with which she holds him in her power? Some of our bonds are light to bear. We glory in them, and hold up our gyves to show them to the world. Tommy may be a little shamefaced when his playmates jeer at the maternal tie; but he will walk forth, glowing with pride and joy, to parade his self-woven fetters ostentatiously in the sight of men. When you had done some such foolish thing yourself, did not your young mates gather round to view, with wondering and eager eyes, the result of your own handiwork at the cordage of love? Were there not many loquacious conclaves held to sit in secret judgment thereon? Were there not many soft cheeks flushing, and bright eyes sparkling, and fresh hearts beating, as you brought forth, with a pride you did not pretend to hide, the rose-coloured fabric you had woven? And did they not all envy you, and wonder when their distaffs were to whirl to the tread of their own ready feet?

But we are not always eager or proud to exhibit our bonds. Indeed, we sedulously conceal them from every eye; we cover up the marks upon our scarred hearts with such jealous care, that none, not even our bosom friends, can ever see them. They hold us where the sweet herbage of life has become dry and sere, where no shelter offers us a grateful retreat. Vanitas can bear away with him his "lengthening chain" to his leafy groves; but Scripsit is confined to the torrid regions of his scanty garret. In vain he gazes afar, beyond the smoky haze of his stony prison, upon the

green slopes and shady hills. In vain he toils and strains to burst the links that bind him. His soul is yearning for the cooling freshness, the sweet fragrance, the beauty, the glory, of the outer world. It is just beyond his reach; and, wearied with futile exertions, he sinks, fainting and despairing, in his efforts to rend the chain of penury. And there are many other bonds which hold us to areas of life from which we have gathered all the fresh bloom and the rich fruit. We may tread their barren soil with jewelled sandals, wrap around us ermined robes in winter's cold, and raise our silken tents in summer's glare, while our souls are hungering and thirsting for the ambrosia and the nectar beyond our tethered reach. We are held fast by honour, virtue, fidelity, pity,—ties which we dare not break if we could. We must not even bear their golden links to their extremest length; we must not show that they are chains which bind us; we must not show that we are hungering and thirsting in the confines to which they restrain us. We must seem to be feasting as from the flesh-pots of Egypt,—fattening on the husks which we have emptied,—while our souls are starving and fainting and dying within us. 'Tis a sad music that swells from these chords. How fortunate that our ears are not attuned to their notes. And we are not always solitary in our bondage; nor do we tread round the cropped circuit, held to senseless pillars. We are chained to each other; and unhappy are they who, straining at the bond, seek food for their hearts in opposite directions. We are chained to each other; and light or heavy are the bonds, as Fortune shall couple us. Now you and Frank, I know, are leashed with down; and when Mrs. Asmodeus went to the blacksmith, the Vulcan of our days, to order my fetters, she bespoke gossamers, to which a spider's web were cable. But we are among the favoured of Fortune's children. There are many poor unfortunates whose daily round is but the measured clank of hateful chains; who eat, drink, sleep, live together, in a bon-

dage worse than that of Chillon,—round whom the bright sun shines, the sweet flowers bloom, the soft breezes play,—and yet who stifle in the gloom of a domestic dungeon.

And there are others fettered as firmly,—but how differently! The clasping links are soft, caressing arms; the tones their sounding chains give out are cheerful voices, joyous accents, words of love, that echo far beyond the little circle that they keep, and spread their harmony through many hearts. That little circle is a happy home; love spun the bonds that hold them close therein, and many are the strands that bind them there. They come from beauteous eyes that beam with light: from lisping tongues more sweet than seraph choirs; from swelling hearts that beat in every pulse with fond affection, which is richer far than all the nectar of the ancient gods. Bind me with these, O Fortune! and I hug my chains o'erjoyed. Be these the cords which hold me to the rock around which break the surging waves of time, and let the beak of Fate tear as it will, I hold the bondage sweet and laugh at liberty.

My dear Madam, there are chains which hold us as the cable holds the ship; and, in their sure restraint, we safely ride through all the howling blasts of adverse fate. The globe we tread whirls on through endless space, kept ever in the circuit that it makes by that restraining force which holds it to the pillar of the sun. Loose but the bond an instant, and it flies in wild, tangential flight, to shatter other worlds. The very bondage that we curse, and seek, in fretful mood, to break and burst, may keep us to the orbit that is traced, by overruling wisdom, for our good. We gravitate towards duty, though we sweep with errant course along the outer marge of the bare area of its tightened cord. Let but the wise restraint be rudely broke, and through life's peopled space we heedless rush, trampling o'er hearts, and whirling to our fate, leaving destruction on our reckless way

Did you ever chance to see, Madam, a picture of those venturous hunters, who are lowered by a rope to the nests of sea-birds, built on some inaccessible cliff? Hanging between heaven and earth they sway;—above, the craggy rock, o'er which the single cord is strained that holds them fast; below a yawning chasm, whose jagged depth would be a fearful grave to him who should fall. You and I would never dream of bird-nesting under such circumstances. I can see you shudder, even now, at the bare idea. Yet do we not sometimes hang ourselves over cliffs from which a fall were worse than death? Do we not trust ourselves, in venturous mood, to the frail tenure of a single strand which sways 'twixt heaven and earth? Not after birds' eggs, I grant you. We are not all of us so fond of omelettes. But over the wild crags of human passion many drop, pursuing game that shuns the beaten way, and sway above the depths of dark despair. Intent upon their prey, they further go, secure in the firm hold they think they have, nor heed the fraying line that, grating on the edge of the bare precipice, at last is worn and weak; while, one by one, the little threads give way, and they who watch above in terror call to warn them of the danger. But in vain! no friendly voice can stay their flushed success; till, at its height, the cord is suddenly snapped, and crushed upon the rocks beneath they lie. You and I will never go bird-nesting after this fashion, my dear Madam. Let us hover then around the crags of life, and watch the twisting strands that others, more adventurous than we, have risked themselves upon. Be ours the part to note the breaking threads, and, with our words of kindly warning, seek to save our fellows from a fall so dread.

And, if the ties of earth keep us from falling, so also do they keep us from rising above the level of grosser things. They hold us down to the dull, tedious monotony of worldly cares, aims, purposes. Like birds withheld from flight into the pure regions of the upper

air by cruel, frightening cords, we fluttering go, stifled amid the vapours men have spread, and panting for the freedom that we seek.

Madam, our bright-eyed little goat has, by this time, settled himself calmly on the grass; and I see, near at hand, the shady groves where King Tommy is wont to lead Mrs. A. and myself in his summer wanderings. Let me hope that all our bonds may be those which hold us fast to peace, content, and virtue; and that, when the silver cord which holds us here to earth shall be loosed, we then on sweeping pinions may arise, pure and untrammelled, into cloudless skies.

THE ROYAL CHARTER.

[The *Royal Charter* had a prosperous voyage from Australia to Cork, and there landed some of her passengers. News of the arrival of the vessel was flashed along the telegraph lines, and groups of anxious friends met to welcome back long absent relations and friends. They did not arrive at the expected time, but under the impression that the delay was temporary, the healths of the absent were drunk at many a festive board at the moment when the *Royal Charter* and all on board, except about twenty out of about 450 men, women, and children, were more than full fathom five in the deep, deep sea. The vessel was caught in a dreadful storm off Holyhead, beaten back by the tremendous sea with disabled engines on the rocky coast of Anglesea; heroic efforts were made to reach the shore and save the passengers, but when about twenty were landed the vessel broke amidship, and all the remainder—upwards of 400 souls—were hurled in a moment into eternity!—not one saved! The following lines are said to have been afterwards found in the trunk of a young lady passenger which drifted ashore.]

Yes, billow after billow, see they come,
Faster and rougher, as the little bark
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,
As if borne backward by the struggling tide;
Yet billow after billow, wave on wave,
O'er riding tempest, tossed and shattered,

Still, still, it nears the haven evermore.
Poor mariner, art not thou sadly weary?
Dear brother, rest is sweetest after toil.
Grows not thine eye confused and dim
With sight of nothing but the wintry waters?
True, but there my pole-star constant and serene,
Above the changing waters, changeth not.
But what if clouds as often veil the sky?
O, then an unseen hand hath ta'en the rudder
From my feeble hand the while, and I cling to it.
Answer me once more, mariner, what think'st thou
When the wild waves beat thy frail bark
Backward from the longed-for harbour?
O, brother, though innumerable waves
Still seem to rise between me and my home,
I know that they are numbered. Not one less
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;
For one who knows what tempests are to weather,
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,
He bids the waters swell—in His good time
The last rough wave shall bear me homeward
Into the haven of eternal rest—no billows after—
They are numbered, brother.

LIZ.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[Of Mr. Buchanan's early career we know nothing beyond the fact that he was educated at Glasgow University, and came to London, a literary adventurer, in 1859—an act that has with many led to nothing but heart-burning and bitter disappointment, but which with our young poet could scarcely be said to be a rash one, feeling, as he must have felt, a depth and earnestness of purpose—an assurance of the strength that was in him, and a firm reliance in that master-passion that, having truth and nature for its guide, must sooner or later make itself heard and obtain its own acknowledgment. For the first four years of his London life Robert Buchanan had a hard time of it, working as a nameless contributor to certain cheap periodicals, but he did find employ-

ment, and in the meantime was storing up those poetic treasures which culminated in the publication of his "Undertones" (1863), a volume which was acknowledged to be "the most remarkable *first* volume of poems, perhaps, ever written."

We get a glimpse of Buchanan's "early struggles" in the preface to a biography of David Gray, author of "The Luggie," which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," and was from Buchanan's pen. David Gray was the son of a Scottish handloom weaver, who came to London in company with Buchanan, and for a short time was his fellow-lodger. Poor Gray had such confidence in his own genius that he wrote, "Westminster Abbey! I was there all yesterday; if I live I shall be buried there, so help me God!" But he did not live, he failed to obtain employment, or perhaps was too proud to bridge over the time of probation by taking what he could get, sickened and died. There are many weary years to be passed between boy-poethood and Westminster Abbey, and a heavy penalty to be paid for the honour. Look at Southey's last days; think of the amount of actual work he did, and that all must do, before they can claim to sit among the worthiest of the worthy. A poet must live in the hearts of his countrymen before he can hope to rest beneath the shadow of the highest of his country's shrines. Robert Buchanan has published two volumes since his first—"The Idyls of Inverburn," and recently, "London Poems." They have more than justified the high praise that was bestowed upon his maiden venture; we hope he will continue to be as natural and understandable as he is now; as little Tennysonian as possible. That he will continue to appeal to that larger audience, the people, who love pathos and simplicity, and not that narrower one that delights in fine words—piled up metaphor and ambiguous meaning. Pure we know he will be, how else could he have written what he has written? He is a man of the rarest gifts, writes with a noble purpose, and we predict for him, if not the final resting-place his gifted and unfortunate friend coveted, yet a place hereafter in many a book of British poets.]

And so the baby's come, and I shall die!
  And though 'tis hard to leave poor baby here,
  Where folk will think him bad, and all's so drear,
The great Lord God knows better far than I.
Ah, don't!—'tis kindly, but it pains me so!
You say I'm wicked, and I want to go!
"God's kingdom," Parson dear? Ah nay, ah nay?
  That must be like the country—which I fear:
I saw the country once, one summer day,
  And I would rather die in London here!

For I was sick of hunger, cold, and strife,
And took a sudden fancy in my head
To try the country, and to earn my bread
Out among fields, where I had heard one's life
Was easier and brighter. So, that day,
I took my basket up and stole away,
Just after sunrise. As I went along,
Trembling and loth to leave the busy place,
I felt that I was doing something wrong,
And fear'd to look policemen in the face.
And all was dim: the streets were grey and wet
After a rainy night: and all was still;
I held my shawl around me with a chill,
And dropt my eyes from every face I met;
Until the streets began to fade, the road
Grew fresh and clean and wide,
Fine houses where the gentlefolk abode,
And gardens full of flowers, on every side.
That made me walk the quicker—on, on, on—
As if I were asleep with half-shut eyes,
And all at once I saw, to my surprise,
The houses of the gentlefolk were gone,
And I was standing still,
Shading my face, upon a high green hill,
And the bright sun was blazing,
And all the blue above me seem'd to melt
To burning, flashing gold, while I was gazing
On the great smoky cloud where I had dwelt.

I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so bright
And strange. Upon the grass around my feet
The rain had hung a million drops of light;
The air, too, was so clear and warm and sweet,
It seem'd a sin to breathe it. All around
Were hills and fields and trees that trembled through
A burning, blazing fire of gold and blue;
And there was not a sound,
Save a bird singing, singing, in the skies,

And the soft wind, that ran along the ground,
  And blew full sweetly on my lips and eyes.
Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,
  Because the bright air pain'd me, trembling, sighing,
I stole into a dewy field to rest,
  And oh, the green, green grass where I was lying
Was fresh and living—and the bird sang loud,
Out of a golden cloud—
  And I was looking up at him and crying!

How swift the hours slipt on!—and by-and-by
The sun grew red, big shadows fill'd the sky,
  The air grew damp with dew,
  And the dark night was coming down, I knew.
Well, I was more afraid than ever, then,
  And felt that I should die in such a place,—
  So back to London town I turn'd my face,
And crept into the great black streets again;
And when I breathed the smoke and heard the roar,
  Why, I was better, for in London here
  My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.
I never saw the country any more.
And I have stay'd in London, well or ill—
  I would not stay out yonder if I could,
  For one feels dead, and all looks pure and good—
I could not bear a life so bright and still.
All that I want is sleep,
Under the flags and stones, so deep, so deep!
God wont be hard on one so mean, but He,
  Perhaps, will let a tired girl slumber sound
  There in the deep cold darkness under-ground;
And I shall waken up in time, may be,
Better and stronger, not afraid to see
  The great, still Light that folds Him round and round!

See! there's the sunset creeping through the pane—
How cool and moist it looks amid the rain!
I like to hear the slashing of the drops
On the house tops,

And the loud humming of the folk that go
Along the streets below!
I like the smoke and roar—I am so bad—
They make a low one hard, and still her cares.
There's Joe! I hear his foot upon the stairs!—
He must be wet, poor lad!
He will be angry, like enough, to find
Another little life to clothe and keep.
But show him baby, Parson—speak him kind—
And tell him Doctor thinks I'm going to sleep.
A hard, hard life is his! He need be strong
And rough, to earn his bread and get along.
I think he will be sorry when I go,
And leave the little one and him behind.
I hope he'll see another to his mind,
To keep him straight and tidy. Poor old Joe!

(*By permission of Messrs. Strahan.*)

A SEA-DIRGE.

THERE are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most,
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the floor—
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be—
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;—
Suppose that it did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,
Tens of thousands passed by me,
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
  Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
  Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
  With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
  How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen."
  Prove it! prove it! how can that be?
Why, what does "B sharp" (in music) mean,
  If not the "natural C?"

What! keen? with such questions as "When's high tide?
  Is shelling shrimps an improvement to tea?
Were donkeys intended for man to ride?"
  Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,
  (Whence is derived the verb "to flee")
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
  In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
  A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—
  By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and to eat,
  You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
  Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,
  Pleasant friends they are to me;
It is when I am with them, I wonder most
  That any one likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,
With wife, and nurse, and children three;
Never again such a sight may I meet
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh, no!
We're returning from the sea."

SCENE FROM JOHN BULL.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

SIR SIMON ROCHDALE, PEREGRINE, JOB THORNBERRY, JOHN BUR.

An apartment in Job Thornberry's house.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, L., *in a dressing gown, followed by* JOHN BUR.

Bur. Don't take on so—don't you, now! Pray, listen to reason!

Job. I wont!

Bur. Pray do!

Job. I wont! Reason bid me love my child and help my friend;—what's the consequence? My friend has run one way, and broke up my trade; my daughter has run another, and broke my—— No! she shall never

have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she shan't know she made me.

Bur. Well, but, master——

Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens starved you at the workhouse—hang them for their want of feeling!—and you were thumped about, a poor, unoffending, ragged-rumped boy as you were!—I wonder you haven't run away from me, too!

Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never missed a morning.

Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods; you wont have the trouble any longer.

Bur. Trouble!—Look ye, old Job Thornberry——

Job. Well! What, are you going to be saucy to me, now I'm ruined?

Bur. Don't say one cutting thing after another. You have been as noted all round our town, for being a kind man as being a blunt one.

Job. Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger—they'll find it right. I began upon a little; I made that little great, by industry: I never cringed to a customer to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill, for long credit; I earned my fair profits; I paid my fair way; I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend shall be seventeen shillings in the pound. I wish every tradesman in England may clap his hand on his heart and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

Bur. 'Twas I kept your ledger all the time.

Job. I know you did.

Bur. From the time that you took me out of the workhouse.

Job. Psha! Rot the workhouse!

Bur. You never mentioned it to me yourself till to-day.

Job. I said it in a hurry.

Bur. And I've always remembered it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the workhouse boy, after clothing, feeding, and making him your man of trust for two-and-twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you now you're in trouble.

Job. (*Affected*). John, I beg your pardon.

[*Stretching out his hand.*

Bur. (*Taking his hand*). Don't say a word more about it.

Job. I——

Bur. Pray, now, master, don't say any more!—come, be a man! get on your things, and face the bailiffs that are rummaging the goods.

Job. I can't, John—I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron and brass in my shop.

Bur. Nay, consider what confusion! Pluck up a courage—do, now!

Job. Well, I'll try.

Bur. Ay, that's right; here's your clothes. (*Taking them from the back of a chair.*) They'll play the deuce with all the pots and pans, if you arn't by. Why, I warrant you'll do! Bless you, what should ail you?

Job. Ail me! do you go and get a daughter, John Bur; then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me. [*Crosses to* R.

Bur. Come, here's your coat and waistcoat. (*Going to help him on with his clothes*). This is the waistcoat young mistress worked with her own hands, for your birthday, five years ago. Come, get into it, as quick as you can.

Job. (*Throwing it on the floor violently*). I'd as lieve go into my coffin! she'll have me there soon. Psha! rot it! I'm going to snivel! Bur, go and get me another.

Bur. Are you sure you wont put it on?

Job. No, I wont. (Bur *pauses*). No, I tell you!—(*Exit* Bur, L.) How proud I was of that waistcoat five years ago! I little thought what would happen now,

when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours to celebrate the day. There was Collop on one side of me, and his wife on the other, and my daughter Mary sat at the further end, smiling so sweetly—like an artful good-for-nothing——I shouldn't like to throw away the waistcoat neither—I may as well put it on. Yes, it would be poor spite not to put it on. (*Putting his arms into it*). She's breaking my heart! but I'll wear it, I'll wear it!—(*Buttoning it as he speaks, and crying involuntarily*). It's my child's—she's undutiful, ungrateful, barbarous—but she's my child, and she'll never work me another.

Re-enter JOHN BUR, L.

Bur. Here's another waistcoat, but it has laid by so long, I think it's damp.

Job. I was thinking so myself, Bur; and so——

Bur. Eh? What! you've got on the old one? Well, now, I declare I'm glad of that! Here's your coat. (*Putting it on him*). 'Sbobs! this waistcoat feels a little damp about the top of the bosom.

Job. (*Confused*). Never mind, Bur, never mind. A little water has dropped on it; but it wont give me cold, I believe. [*A noise without*, R.

Bur. Heigh! they are playing up old Harry below! I'll run and see what's the matter. Make haste after me—do now! [*Exit*, R.

Job. I don't care for the bankruptcy now; I can face my creditors like an honest man; and I can crawl to my grave afterwards, as poor as a church mouse. What does it signify! Job Thornberry has no reason now to wish himself worth a groat;—the old ironmonger and brazier has nobody to hoard his money for now! I was only saving for my daughter; and she has run away from her doting, foolish father, and struck down my heart—flat—flat!

Enter PEREGRINE, R.

Well—who are you?

Per. A friend.

Job. Then I'm sorry to see you. I have just been ruined by a friend, and never wish to have another friend again, as long as I live; no, nor any ungrateful, undutiful——Poh!—I don't recollect your face.

Per. Climate and years have been at work on it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings. But do you remember no trace of me?

Job. No, I tell you. If you have anything to say, say it. I have something to settle below with my daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop; they are impatient; and the morning has half run away, before she knew I should be up—I mean, before I have had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—I mean—I mean, if you have any business, tell it at once.

Per. I will tell it at once. You seem agitated. The harpies, whom I passed in your shop, informed me of your sudden misfortune; but do not despair yet.

Job. Ay, I'm going to be a bankrupt; but that don't signify. Go on; it isn't that; they'll find all fair—but go on.

Per. I will. 'Tis just thirty years since I left England.

Job. That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

Per. About that time a lad of fifteen years entered your shop: he had the appearance of a gentleman's son, and told you he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

Job. I believe he told a lie there.

Per. Not in that instance, though he did in another.

Job. I remember him; he was a fine, bluff boy.

Per. He had lost his parents, he said; and, destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel that would take him on board, that he might work his way abroad, and seek a livelihood.

Job. Yes, yes, he did: I remember it.

Per. You may remember, too, when the boy had finished his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand. They were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, and could not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving a helpless orphan; and giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea captain at Falmouth, you wished him good spirits and prosperity. He left you with a promise that if fortune ever smiled upon him, you should, one day, hear news of Peregrine.

Job. Ah, poor fellow! poor Peregrine! he was a pretty boy! I should like to hear news of him, I own.

Per. I am that Peregrine.

Job. Eh? what! you are—no! let me look at you again. Are you the pretty boy that—— Bless us, how you are altered!

Per. I have endured many hardships since I saw you —many turns of fortune: but I deceived you (it was the cunning of a truant lad) when I told you I had lost my parents. From a romantic folly, the growth of boyish brains, I had fixed my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

Job. (*With great emotion*). Run away from your father? If I had known that, I'd have horsewhipped you within an inch of your life!

Per. Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

Job. Right! ah; you don't know what it is for a child to run away from a father! Rot me! if I wouldn't have sent you back to him, tied neck and heels, in the basket of a stage-coach!

Per. I have had my compunctions—have expressed them by letter to my father; but I fear my penitence had no effect.

Job. Served you right.

Per. Having no answers from him, he died, I fear, without forgiving me. [*Sighs.*

Job (*Starting*). What! died without forgiving his child!—Come, that's too much! I couldn't have done that, neither. But go on; I hope you've been prosperous. But you shouldn't have quitted your father.

Per. I acknowledge it; yet I have seen prosperity, though I traversed many countries on my outset in pain and poverty. Chance at length raised me a friend in India, by whose interest and my own industry I amassed considerable wealth in the factory at Calcutta.

Job. And have just landed it, I suppose, in England?

Per. I landed one hundred pounds last night in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore. As for the rest of my property, bills, bonds, cash, jewels, the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom: and Peregrine is returned, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

Job. I wont touch a penny of your hundred pounds —not a penny!

Per. I do not desire you; I only desire you to take your own.

Job. My own?

Per. Yes; I plunged with this box, last night, into the waves. You see, it has your name on it.

Job. "Job Thornberry," sure enough! And what's in it?

Per. The harvest of a kind man's charity; the produce of your bounty to one whom you thought an orphan. I have traded these twenty years on ten guineas (which from the first I had set apart as yours), till they have become ten thousand; take it—it could not, I find, come more opportunely. (*Giving him the box*). Your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure, a grateful man enjoys, in relieving my reliever.

Job. (*Squeezing* PEREGRINE'S *hand, returning the box, and seeming almost unable to utter*). Take it again.

Per. Why do you reject it?

Job. I'll tell you as soon as I'm able. T'other day I had a friend—— psha! rot it! I'm an old fool! (*Wiping his eyes*). I lent a friend t'other day the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking. He

walked off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

Per. Decidedly so.

Job. And what should I be if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself?

Per. But the case is different. This money is, in fact, your own. I am inured to hardships; better able to bear them, and am younger than you. Perhaps, too, I still have prospects to——

Job. I wont take it. I'm as thankful to you as if I let you starve; but I wont take it.

Per. Remember, too, you have claims upon you which I have not. My guide, as I came hither, said you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me you were a widower; but, it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.

Job. I have no daughter to provide for now.

Per. Then he misinformed me.

Job. No, he didn't. I had one last night, but she's gone.

Per. Gone!

Job. Yes; gone to sea, for what I know, as you did. Run from a good father, as you did. This is a morning to remember; my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in; I shan't soon forget the day of the month.

Per. This morning, did you say?

Job. Ay, before daybreak; a hard-hearted, base——

Per. And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

Job. She didn't know what was going to happen, poor soul! I wish she had, now. I don't think Mary would have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

Per. (*Aside*). Mary! it must be she! What is the amount of the demands upon you?

Job. Six thousand: but I don't mind that; the goods can nearly cover it—let 'em take 'em—rot the gridirons and warming-pans! I could begin again, but now my Mary's gone, I haven't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

Per. Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend. Permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you. Make it a debt, if you please, I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade; but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

Job. What! bring back my child! Do you know where she is?—Is she safe?—Is she far off?—Is——

Per. Will you receive the money?

Job. Yes, yes, on these terms—on these conditions—but where is Mary?

Per. Patience—I must not tell you yet! but, in four-and-twenty hours, I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

Job. What, here? to her father's house, and safe?—Oh, 'sbut! when I see her safe, what a thundering passion I'll be in with her! But you are not deceiving me? You know the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

Per. Believe me, I would not trifle with you now. Come, come down to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

Job. I believe you dropped from the clouds, all on a sudden, to comfort an old, broken-hearted brazier.

Per. I rejoice, my friend, that I arrived at so critical a juncture; and, if the hand of Providence be in it, 'tis because Heaven ordains that benevolent actions like yours, sooner or later, must ever meet their recompense.

[*Exeunt*, R.

AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE.

BENJAMIN PRESTON (of Bradford).

Aw'm a weyver ya knaw, an awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta put away aat o' my heead
The thowts an the aims of a man!

Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
An aw think it a sorry consarn
Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
As they hae been, ur ivir can be;
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he nobud swop places wi me;
But he's welcome ta all he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw nivir can call hur my wife,
My love aw sal nivir mak knawn,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Thraws a shadda across o' my awn;
An aw'm suar when hur heart is at eeas,
Thear is sunshine an singin i' mine,
An misfortunes may come as they pleeas,
Bud they niver can mak ma repine.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
Aw wur fooil'd be his speeches an rhymes,
His promises wattered my hoap,
An aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times;
But aw feel 'at my dearist desire
Is withrin within ma away,
Like an ivy-stem trailin' it mire,
An deein' fur t' want of a stay!

When aw laid i' my bed day an neet,
And wur geen up by t' doctur for deead—
God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet
An a basin o' grewil an breead;
An aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
But sa kindly shoo chattud and smiled,
Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur ta t'wall,
An ta bluther an sob like a child!

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
  Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't;
It's a sin ta be niver furgeen
  Ta yoke hur ta famine an stint;
So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
  Like a man thru a desert unknawn,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
  Bud my sorras will all be my awn!

Soa aw' trudge on aloan as aw owt,
  An whativer my troubles may be,
They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
  That aw've niver browt trouble to thee;
Yit a burd hes its young uns ta guard,
  A wild beast, a mate in his den;
An aw cannot but think that it's hard—
  Nay, deng it, aw'm roarin agen!

THE MAGIC CANDLESTICK.

AN EASTERN TALE.

He that's ungrateful has no fault but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—*Young.*

A DERVISE, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of Balsora. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son, the young Abdallah. If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me. The good woman received his proposal with joy; and the Dervise departed with

the young man, advertising her, that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same care of him as if he had been his own son. Abdallah a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered, "My son, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see in a proper time and place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend."

One day, as they continued their travels, they found themselves in a solitary place, and the Dervise said to Abdallah, "My son, we are now at the end of our journey; I shall employ my prayers to obtain from heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest treasures that the earth incloses in her bowels. Hast thou courage to descend into this subterraneous vault?" continued he. Abdallah swore to him, he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the Dervise lighted a small fire, into which he cast a perfume; he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened, and the Dervise said to him,—"Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah; remember that it is in thy power to do me a great service, and that is, perhaps, the only opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me that thou art not ungrateful: do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches thou wilt find there; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find close to a door; that is absolutely necessary to me; come up immediately and bring it to me." Abdallah promised everything, and descended boldly into the vault. But forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with gold and jewels, which this subterraneous vault inclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered closed of

itself. He had, however, presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick, which the Dervise had so strongly recommended to him; and though the situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair; and thinking only in what manner he should get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended, that the vault had closed only because he had not followed the order of the Dervise; he recalled to his memory the care and goodness he had loaded him with; reproached himself for his ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pains and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow passage which led him out of this obscure cave; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way, that he perceived a small opening covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides, to see if he could perceive the Dervise, but in vain; he designed to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not perceiving the Dervise, nor remembering any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune had directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately inquired after the holy Dervise. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable desires; he afterwards showed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the Dervise only designed to make trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the intention of the holy Dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre

of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience; and, perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself,—"What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick which I intended to deliver to the Dervise, remains with me: it is a proof that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired." As he finished these words he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candlestick. Immediately they saw a Dervise appear, who turned round for an hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an asper. This candlestick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did so, and twelve Dervises appeared that instant; they turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an asper, as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success, but he never could make it succeed more than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably. There was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune. It is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the ideas of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the Dervise, in hopes that he

might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magrebi, carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful. When he arrived at Magrebi, his first care was to inquire in what house, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was so well known, that everybody told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands: the court of this palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a Dervise, it is that of a king. He was in this embarrassment when a man approached him, and said to him, "Abdallah, thou art welcome; my master, Abounadar, has long expected thee." He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the Dervise was seated. Abdallah, struck with the riches which he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him, when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. "Thou art but an ungrateful wretch," said he to him; "dost thou imagine thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, thou wouldst never have brought it to me; I will make thee sensible of its true

use." Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches; and when the twelve Dervises had turned round for some time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. "This," said he, "is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it, but to place it in my cabinet, as a talisman composed by a sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me. And to prove to thee," added he, "that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines, open them and thou shalt judge of my riches; thou shalt tell me whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them." Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, so full of all manner of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration most; they all deserved it, and produced new desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick, and that of not having found out the use of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar seemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him with caresses, kept him some days in his house, and commanded him to be treated as himself. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he said to him, "Abdallah, my son, I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; however, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having undertaken so long a journey, with a view of bringing me the thing I had desired; thou mayest depart, I shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find to-morrow, at the gate of my palace, one of my horses to carry thee; I make thee a present of it, as well as of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy house; and two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which thou shalt choose thyself out of my treasures." Abdallah said to him all that a heart sensible to avarice could express, when its passion was satisfied, and went

to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of anything but the candlestick, and what it had produced. "I had it," said he, "so long in my power; Abounadar, without me, had never been the possessor of it. What risks did I not run in the subterraneous vault? Why does he now possess this treasure of treasures? Because I had the probity, or rather the folly, to bring it back to him. He profits by my labours, and the danger I have incurred in so long a journey. And what does he give me in return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels; in one moment the candlestick will furnish him with ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrateful. What wrong shall I do him in taking this candlestick? None certainly; for he is rich; and what do I possess?" These ideas determined him, at length, to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candlestick. The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed, he seized upon it, hid it in the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than for his departure; and after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days' journey from Balsora, he sold his slave, resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon, so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of his camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house; and, in the impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick;

the twelve Dervises appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman; but he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left hand. Abdallah, by a natural motion, made use of his right; and the Dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was Abdallah punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unreasonable ambition, which perhaps might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

(*From "The Gentleman's Magazine."*)

HERE SHE GOES—AND THERE SHE GOES.

JAMES NACK.

[James Nack was born in the City of New York—his father was a merchant who had been unsuccessful in trade. In his ninth year Nack met with a serious accident which deprived him of hearing—the loss of speech soon followed. Being placed in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, he showed great aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge and skill in the mastery of languages. In 1839 he published "Earl Rupert, and other Tales and Poems."]

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke, to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over;—"Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"—
"What wonder? where?"—"The clock, the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?
I see no wonder, I declare:
Though maybe, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly, somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey, near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating till the hour should close,
Still—'*Here she goes—and there she goes!*'
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if *I* would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick,
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait—
Begin—the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With—"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom! with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he—"The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and long the chorus rose
Of—"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter; "Where is Mrs. B——?"
"When will she come, do you suppose?
Son!"—
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son! why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?

But here's your wife, perhaps she knows,
And"—
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire
That *she* against him should conspire;
And with more furious tone arose
The—"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"—
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run, run, run—
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might!"

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused, and pondered.

Then one proposed he should be bled—
"No, leeched you mean," the other said—
"Clap on a blister!" roared another—
"No! cup him"—"No! trepan him, brother."
A sixth would recommend a purge—
The next would an emetic urge—
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills:

"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her;
And by to-morrow I suppose
That"—
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools!" the lady said—
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run! bid the barber come anon."
"Thanks, mother!" thought her clever son;
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lips no accent flows
But—"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—
"A woman never"—
"*There she goes!*"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby *is* sick.
He must be bled"—"No, no, a blister"—
"A purge, you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
"No, cup him"—"Leech him"—"Pills! pills! pills!"—
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
And triumph brightens up his face—
His finger yet shall win the race;

The clock is on the stroke of nine—
And up he starts—" 'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
" What do you mean?"
" I mean the fifty;
I never spent an hour so thrifty—
But you who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"
" Who?"
" The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"
" They galloped off an hour ago."
" Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

THE DRESSMAKER'S THRUSH.

W. C. Bennett.

Oh, 'tis the brightest morning
Out in the laughing street,
That ever the round earth flash'd into,
The joy of May to meet!
Floods of more gleaming sunshine
Never the eye saw roll'd
Over pavement, and chimney, and cold grey spire
That turns in the light to gold;
And yet, as she wearily stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
" Oh would it never were May—green May
It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!
What joy in the fields, to-day!

What sunbursts are in the woodlands!
What blossoms the orchards throng!
The meadows are snow'd with daisy stars!
And the winds are thrill'd with song;
And yet, as ever she stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
"Oh would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Close is the court and darken'd,
On which her bare room looks,
Whose only wealth is its wall's one print,
And its mantel's few old books;
Her spare cold bed in the corner,
Her single worn, worn chair,
And the grate that looks so rusty and dull,
As never a fire were there;
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
"Oh would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Out, is the gleaming sunshine;
Out, is the golden air;
In, scarce a gleam of the bright May sun
Can, dull'd and dim, reach there;
In darkness close and foul to be breathed,
That blanches her cheek to white,
Her rounded features sharpen and thin,
And dulls her once keen sight;
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing,
"Oh would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Days that are clouded and dull,
Winter—though winter bring
Cold keen frost to her fireless room—
Are dearer to her than Spring;

For then, on her weary sewing,
Less often her worst thoughts come,
Of the pleasant lanes, and the country air,
And the field-paths trod by some.
And so, as she wearily stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing,
"Oh would it never were May—green May!
It never were bright, bright Spring!"

(By permission of the Author.)

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them cheerfully.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard, with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palm grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone
like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold;
And the negro maids of Avès from bondage fast did
flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward
breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the
trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the
roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,
So the king's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down
were we;
All day we fought like bull-dogs, but they burst the
booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
she died;
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I
die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I don't know
where;
One comfort is the world's so hard, I can't be worse off
there;
If I might be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

(*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.*)

THE BREACH OF TRUST.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

CHARACTERS:

William Ellerton, *a stockbroker.* | Joe Cranky, *a waiter.*
Colonel Ellerton, *his brother.* | Mabel Mordaunt, *an orphan.*

SCENE—*A Room in a Boarding-house.*

Enter JOE.

Joe. What's to be done now? Two letters directed to Mr. Ellerton! (*Turning them over.*) Now, there happens to be two Mr. Ellertons staying in the house. I wonder Christian people can't act like Christians, and put people's Christian names on their letters. I should like to know who is to tell which is which, or whether they are both intended for one? Just like my luck; I do everything for the best, and yet they call me Cranky Joe. Well! I'll give them one apiece, that'll be fair, at any rate; so here goes, hit or miss. Ha! here's Ellerton No. 4 coming downstairs. I wonder what ails that man, he's always in the dumps—been disappointed in love, perhaps, or perhaps it's money. He hasn't much luggage, so I must keep an eye on him.

Enter WILLIAM ELLERTON.

Joe. Ahem! ahem! if you please, sir, a letter.
Ellerton. Ha!
Joe. Bless me, how nervous he is, to be sure! (*Aside.*)
Ellerton. What did you say?
Joe. Say, sir? Yesser, a letter, sir.
Ellerton. Give it me.

[JOE *gives the letter and retires up, pretends to be dusting the chairs or counting prongs, &c. on sideboard.* ELLERTON *comes forward.*

Joe. How he snatched it; but I daresay it's a last agonizing farewell, and so I excuse it. (*Aside.*)

Ellerton. Again this trembling—shall I never gain the mastery over this weakness; the quivering of my own breath frightens me, and yet, why should it? I am safe; the property was placed at my absolute disposal—but it was a trust, a sacred trust, and I have betrayed it. I, whom the world looked upon as a man of honour. (*Opens the letter.*) I see he has complied with my request, by addressing me as "Mr. Ellerton" only—but the hand is strange. (*Reads.*) "I fear the mystery must remain unsolved, for though fully convinced that the father of your young friend was a man of property by the transfer of a considerable sum in the funds to an eminent stockbroker; still, this may have been made in good faith. If we could obtain any evidence of a deed of trust, or of this money having been re-invested in any scheme on behalf of the deceased, then we might appeal to the law courts." What is this! a mistake, it must be, and yet the case it refers to is—— No, no; not mine; there was *no trust deed* —but worse, worse, he trusted to my honour, and it is this that will haunt me to my grave. The consequences of our crimes survive their commission, and rise like ghosts before us. (*Walks about agitated.*) No! mine shall not crush me, I will stand at bay with my own remorse; I will not be pointed at by the cruel world. I must know more. Waiter (*calling*), is there any one else in this house or neighbourhood bearing the name of Ellerton?

Joe. Just like my luck; I've given him the wrong letter. (*Aside.*)

Ellerton. Speak, fellow.

Joe. Speak, sir. Yesser. Ellerton, sir. Yes, sir. There's No. 2 Ellerton, sir; you are No. 4, sir.

Ellerton. You say there is another person of that name here?

Joe. Yes, sir; No. 2, sir.

Ellerton. (*Affecting coolness.*) Indeed.

Joe. Yes, sir; did you want him, sir?

Ellerton. (*Loudly.*) No!

Joe. Then I'm all right, after all. I was afraid I'd done mischief. [*Aside and exit.*

Ellerton. It must be my brother Henry; if so, Mabel Mordaunt is with him. This is a mischance—it may be a fatal one—but still fortunate for me, for they will not take me unawares; yet the mention of that girl, that angel I have wronged so, that dearest object in the bosom of her bitterest foe; she should have been mine, but the moment of dishonour approached, the tempter came, and I——oh! the thought is madness. (*He is rushing towards the door, but suddenly stops.*) Nay, I am a fool to let my passion thus betray me. I must clothe all my tones in coldness and deceit. [*Exit,* L.

Enter MABEL MORDAUNT, R.

Mabel. At length I have eluded the vigilance of my friends, and obtained a few moments for reflection. Oh! William! why are we parted? Why would you break the heart that loves so fondly? Can it be he wishes to forget me? Yes, everything speaks but too plainly the fatal truth.

Enter COLONEL ELLERTON.

Col. E. Mabel, Mabel! you forget—we are not at home and free to enter any apartment—this room is occupied by some other boarder—you can see that by these books and papers.

Mabel. Home! no, indeed! how can you speak of the ties of home to me?

Col. E. Mabel, this is unkind, unjust—where my home is, there is yours—you, the earliest and dearest friend of my wife—dear to us both.

Mabel. And dependent on you for shelter; it is a bitter thought.

Col. E. It should not be so, since adversity alone is the true test of friendship, and you have been cruelly used.

Mabel. Oh! it is not the loss of my poor father's

fortune that I grieve for, but that he should desert me —he who taught me to look upon his future as my own.

Col. E. He did; and he must be made to smart for it.

Mabel. No! again no! What! to make my love a thing of barter in an open court, to appraise the heart, to weigh feeling and affection in the sordid scales of public justice.

Col. E. Still, it is not unusual.

Mabel. It is not, but it is what no true woman ever yet submitted to.

Col. E. Your lover is a sordid man, and can only be punished by being made to pay for his rascality where he will feel the punishment.

Mabel. And can a woman ever punish a man she has really loved? No; let him go, if it must be so—but there is a punishment, and his shall be—to think. I must be what I am—a mark for the world's scorn to rest upon. (*She falls on a chair and weeps.*)

Col. E. You must not think so, Mabel, but be happy in the smiles of the few whose kindness can outweigh the coldness and scorn of others.

Mabel. Few! few indeed, since he who loved me most forsakes me.

Col. E. Mabel, you wrong yourself. The man who could lead you to regard him as your future husband, and then desert you, does not deserve an affectionate thought. Do you think that I, his own brother, do not feel deeply his disgraceful conduct? No! no! you must not think that it was love.

Mabel. It was—but what has changed him I know not; you shall not wrong him; though no one else in the wide world will stand boldly up and say that William's love was honest, I will. He shall not be without a friend, though 'tis a weak one.

Col. E. I will say no more, since it offends you, but leave time to show what honest feeling cannot; but come, let us return to our own apartments.

He is leading her out, when—Enter WILLIAM ELLERTON.

Col. E. You here!

[WILLIAM *bows, and is about to retreat, when* MABEL *rushes forward to prevent him.*

Mabel. It is—it is. Stay, William, stay; if but a particle of the esteem you once professed to bear me remains, stay and speak to me—only look upon me.

[WILLIAM *turns away in emotion.*

Col. E. Mabel, you shall not approach him. I tell you he is the bitterest foe you have on earth.

Mabel. Oh, no! he is not; I will speak to him. William, William, do look upon me; I will not come near you, but do speak to me, though it be in hatred.

Ellerton. In hatred, Mabel! Nay, come to me—I will embrace you, though my heart should burst in the action.

Mabel. I said so—I knew he loved me.

[*She is rushing forward,* COL. E. *interposes.*

Col. E. Mabel Mordaunt, beware! If harm comes of this the fault be on your own head.

Mabel. My own William, come; I claim your promise. I had no thought but that you would seek me; come to me again.

Ellerton. (*Agitated.*) Mabel, this meeting is unexpected. I—I did not seek you. Leave me, leave me—I am an altered being—I know not what I do or say—I know not even what I am. A thought, a burning thought—I dare not name it, but it is driving me to madness. Go, Mabel, dear devoted Mabel; go from me, for ever.

Mabel. Oh! recall those words, they will kill me. What have I done—how have I forfeited your esteem?

Col. E. William, I never thought that I should have to call a brother—villain. Where is that fortune you boasted would be Mabel's on the day of your union? Have you dissipated it in your vile speculations—has the demon of Greed led you to even this? You are silent.

Ellerton. (*Mastering himself.*) No! I am not silent;

if you have anything to charge me with, make your charge where I can reply to it, not here in her presence.

Col. E. I am glad you have that consideration; leave us, Mabel, he is your betrayer—your destroyer.

Mabel. I cannot leave you together in anger; I cannot believe that he has wronged me—I cannot leave him.

Col. E. Then you must hear me denounce him.

Ellerton. No, Henry, spare her that; do not be revengeful. I am still your brother; I will return to you and explain all.

Col. E. Explain! look at that poor tender blossom, blighted by the villany of one who comes like a bleak north blast to crush it. It is your own proud work—look!

Ellerton. I will hear no more taunts, Henry; at dawn to-morrow I leave my native land for ever—it was this that led me here. From my far distant home I should have written to you to intercede for me with Mabel for forgiveness. As we cannot now remain under the same roof, I will seek another. You will grant me a farewell interview. [COL. E. *nods assent.*

Mabel. (*Going to him.*) William!

Col. E. (*Interposing.*) After our interview. At least I will hear his explanation. Now, William, go.

[*Exit* ELLERTON.

Mabel. Oh! this will kill me.

Col. E. Mabel, you must rouse yourself—look to the future, and trust in it. You have talent, you have youth, you have virtue—and patience is the courage of virtue. Be then courageous, and remember that nearly all the hopes of this life are but delusive dreams.

Mabel. I know they are—who should know it better? and I will seek the only path that is open to me to honourable independence. You remind me of my talents—I will teach. Why should I shed a gloom around my friends by my presence; but when I think that he——

Col. E. Name him not. What! the man who I

suspect has robbed you of your inheritance—who has forged for you an inglorious destiny—he who ought to have been your protector—can you still cling to him? Oh! Mabel, you cling to a serpent that will turn and sting you.

Mabel. What can I do? Of myself I have no will, no power; my heart is tugged by two contending passions, each struggling for the mastery. I am hurried on by an impetuous fate that will not hear a word against him; and yet because I cannot, you blame me.

Col. E. No; but I would awake you from your dream of folly. See, my brother is returning. Mabel, you shall not remain a moment longer in his apartment.

[*Endeavours to take her off.*

Mabel. What! fly from him—never!

Col. E. You must leave him or me. Mabel, you know we have always regarded you as a sister, think of our situation and your own. Would you be friendless, an orphan cast on the cold and pitiless world.

Mabel. Oh! no more!—no more!

Col. E. Am I to be your friend?

Mabel. Yes, I would have you so—still my friend, my brother.

Col. E. Then you must return to my wife instantly.

Mabel. No! no! I must see him—speak to him!—from him alone must I learn my fate.

Col. E. Then I must leave you to it. Tell him I await him in my own room. [*Exit.*

[MABEL *seats herself in a chair, sobbing*—WILLIAM ELLERTON *enters to her—she rises and advances a few steps—he turns from her.*

Mabel. And you too shun me—then I am alone indeed! (*She sinks into a chair. After a pause.*) William! William! do you then hate me?

Ellerton. Hate you, Mabel—oh, no!

Mabel. And you love me still?

Ellerton. I cannot bear to think I do.

Mabel. Not bear to think you do!

Ellerton. How each word galls me. (*Aside.*) I cannot bear it longer. Mabel!

[*He throws himself at her feet and takes her hand.*

Mabel. William! for heaven's sake why is this?—why do you kneel to me and hide your face thus in agony?—you have not angered me—tell me what this means?

Ellerton. Yes, I must tell you all—all the secrets of my crime, that you may load your curses on me. I shall not be here to bear them long.

Mabel. What are you saying—are you a madman?

Ellerton. No! I am a guilty wretch waiting to hear his sentence.

Mabel. For the love——

Ellerton. Say nothing, but hear me out—I will say all. You know, Mabel, how I loved you—how happy we were once—how I devoted my whole heart to you in the strength of my pride and manhood. Mine was no boyish dream—the idle fancies of my youth had long passed by. I gave you a man's love—the strongest that can be, because the deepest rooted. Nay, hear me still—your father saw and approved of our engagement—he trusted me as man is seldom trusted—he placed in my hands, shortly before his death, your whole fortune—placed it unreservedly, but as a dying trust. My only acknowledgment my unasked, yet sacred word of honour—and I was regarded as a man of honour, for on 'Change my word was taken as were other men's bonds. Mabel, the demon of Greed took possession of me. I gamed with my own money, not as the common gamester plays, with cards and dice, but as men accounted honourable game daily—my hazard table was the Stock Exchange. To recover my own losses, I hazarded your fortune too, and that—is gone. Now Mabel, you know why I have shunned you; and now curse me!—curse me!

[*He rises and paces the room in agitation.*

Mabel. Oh! may I call him villain?—my father, my poor father!—yes, I am resolved, though it be the last gasp of my despair—William, I forgive you.

Ellerton. I will not be forgiven. Take this paper to my brother, it is a full acknowledgment of my crime—he is still a man of honour. Haste; I pant for justice.

Mabel. But, William, you have not confessed——

Ellerton. Yes, all. Destroy that paper and it shall be published to the skies—I will myself proclaim it to the whole world.

Mabel. But, William——

Ellerton. Go—despair shall give me a voice of thunder if you linger longer.

Mabel. I—I—heaven have mercy on us both.

[*She totters out.*

Ellerton. It is accomplished—life shall not hang upon me long. (*Takes a letter from his pocket.*) Mabel, when you shall have read this letter the hand that wrote it will be nerveless—the lip that thine hath blessed will have lost its hue. Mabel, the hand of destiny has been upon us—two victims upon one altar—but soon shall the memory of thee be swept away; soon shall the heart thou cherishest lose all its beating. Oh! I have wronged thee more than tongue can tell, and yet thou hast forgiven me.

[*He places the letter on the table—goes to side-table, takes pistols from a case, and exit.*

Re-enter MABEL *and* COL. ELLERTON.

Col. E. His former callousness will scarcely permit me to believe in his repentance—but where is he?

Mabel. I left him here, almost bereft of reason.

Col. E. (*Sees pistol case.*) Merciful powers! (*Rings bell violently.*)

Enter JOE CRANKY.

Joe. Just like my luck—No. 4 bell rings, and I answer No. 2; lucky I had not delivered the letter yet. (*Aside.*) A letter for you, sir. (*Gives it.*)

Col. E. Where is the gentleman who occupies this apartment?

Joe. Can't say, sir; most likely gone up to his bedroom.

Col. E. Ha! yes! go to him instantly and bring him here. (*Pushes him out.*) This suspense is horrible. (*Opens letter.*) What is this? Listen, Mabel; this letter was intended for my brother. (*Reads.*)

"SIR,—The reported failure of Rupee and Co.'s Bank was an infamous fabrication. The Indian mail has arrived, and the telegrams reaching 'Change before closing hours, their shares were again quoted at a premium. Your thirty thousand pounds, therefore, remains intact. Accept our congratulations.

"CRIBB MORRIS."

Mabel. Oh! happiness; lead me to him.

[*She sees the letter* WILLIAM *has left for her, reads, and falls senseless.*

Col. E. (*Picks up the letter and reads.*) Help, help!

[*Bears* MABEL *out.*

Re-enter WILLIAM ELLERTON.

Ellerton. Why this interruption—who can be calling for me? I care not—the sharpest pang is over—the lesser one remains to be endured. Yet I could wish to live;—live, did I say? with the taint of dishonour clinging to me—I cannot. My letter! it is still there; then they know not of my resolve. (*Takes it up mechanically.*) What is this?—it is not the same. (*Reads.*) Ha! can I believe! Saved—restored—mine—hers—all, all saved, and she not here! Mabel! Mabel! where are you, Mabel?

Re-enter MABEL *and* COL. ELLERTON.

Mabel. William! my own William! [*They embrace.*

Ellerton. Henry, I have erred——

Col. E. Spare yourself explanation—I know all—that letter came into my hands. Repentance never comes too late. You are forgiven, William.

[*They take hands.*

Ellerton. By Mabel, I am sure I am; but what a gulf has merciful Providence bridged over for me. Oh, Henry, let us teach our children, if we are blessed with

any, that integrity is the only polar star that guides to happiness, and that the way to attain it is, next to placing reliance on His Holy Word, to keep our own, and regard few crimes as being greater than "A Breach of Trust."

SCENE CLOSES.

FRANCIS SPIRA.

VENICE, 1548.

J. HAIN FRISWELL.

[James Hain Friswell was born at Newport, in Shropshire, in 1827, and educated at Aspley School in Bedfordshire under the Rev. Richard Payne, D.D. He was intended for the law, but having by the collusion of an attorney and executrix been deprived of a considerable estate, he devoted himself to a literary life. He has contributed to the *Eclectic*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and to most of the leading periodicals of the day, and edited more than one. "Houses with the Fronts Off," "Out and About," "Ghost Stories," "Footsteps to Fame," and "Sham" are among his earlier works. He has written two novels of considerable merit—"A Daughter of Eve," and "A Splendid Fortune," published by Messrs. Bentley and Sampson Low.

In 1864 he published "Life Portraits of Shakspeare," a work discussing the merits of the many portraits of the "Immortal Bard." "The Gentle Life" series, the first volume of which was published anonymously, established his fame as a successful writer. "The Gentle Life" was followed by "Like unto Christ," a translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" of à Kempis, and by a translation of Montaigne's "Essays," "Varia, a collection of Bibliographic Essays;" and "Francis Spira, and other Poems," dedicated to Tennyson. In the latter he displays a depth and originality of thought—a beauty and strength of expression, in many passages not unworthy of the laureate himself. The *Examiner*, in a critique on Mr. Friswell's works, written by Mr. Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at the London University, says, "His works have the merit of being written in good clear Saxon English, with its unobscured thought showing itself for just so much as it is worth in every sentence. By the books which he has produced we cannot doubt that the asperities of life have been softened and the sense of good literature has been

quickened. It has been Mr. Friswell's successful endeavour to diffuse writings which will in some degree teach their readers to know themselves and to live well and die well."]

THE words of Francis Spira, man of Law,
A man in sin begotten and conceived,
Reaping damnation, which he much deserved,
Dying with friends about him whose vain words
Would comfort him whose doom is fix'd past help!
Lo! I have done th' unpardonable sin,
Lo! I have sneer'd at goodness, and mow'd down—
As ruthlessly as with a bending switch
A child cuts off the young and tender green
Of wayside flowers—all the budding hopes,
The callow fledgling calls to love and prayer,
Which daily springing, daily wither'd up,
And died within my steel'd and harden'd Soul.
Lo! I have shut the windows of the Ark,
Drifting about upon a stormy sea,
Against God's silver dove of tender Grace
Bringing the olive leaf of Heaven's hope.
Nor in myself have I sinned only, sirs,
Matthæus Geribauldus, my good friend,
And Bishop Paulus, for I tripp'd the heels
Of many strait professors, earnestly
With prayers and tears asking the way to God.
I doubted and I hoped, I humm'd and ha'd,
I put forth our crude sciences, and urged
How that the Bible was but fallible,
And that for many years the priests well knew
The weakness of their book and hid it up.
Then went I with the Calvinists, and spoke
'Gainst all the strait-laced and the stiff-back'd fools,
Who with long prayers bribe Heaven's Chancellor
To remit all their taxes and their pains!
"Fools," said I, "is it likely that a Lord,
With farms, and rents, and houses would be fubb'd
Thus with mere breath? And God Almighty, sirs,
Is greater than the lordlings of the Rhine."
Next I professed to hang on Luther's words,

And laugh'd against the priests' celibacy—
Confession—Absolution—ah! good sir,
Bishop of Justinopolis, you frown!—
I made God's Grace the ladder of my lust;
Deceived pious virgins with false oaths;
I gave against the Church my potent voice:
For it was potent, and men clung to me;
And hurried many from her holy gates:
Then in hot haste I join'd her ritual,
Laughing at all dupes puzzled and befool'd.

Ah, God! ah, Christ! I feel that I am damn'd;
Bring me to Thy sweet kingdom; shut not out
A miserable fool so base as I!
Thy kingdom come! Shut me not out, I pray.
O Paulus! O Vigereus! hold me fast:
The terror's past; again the blank despair.
No comfort and no hope—ah! tush, tush, tush,
I would this *were* a frenzy feign'd or true;
For look you, read the matter as you will,
I am not actor only in this play.
This dire tragedy, but the argument—
I sinn'd 'gainst knowledge and the Holy Ghost,
Sinn'd against real faith, which I pluck'd out
And from me threw in hatred; and not this,
Not this alone, but in my daily life,
For I was, as you know, sirs, of the law.
I have corrupted Justice by deceit,
Good causes have I sold perfidiously,
I have led on my clients miserably;
And after many days and anxious nights,
And after fair estates have slipp'd away,
Brave castles crumbled, and huge heaps of gold
Have melted to but mole-hills, I have cast
The poor fools from me, ruin'd and disgraced.
I served my clients as I served the Pope,
Simply for mine own self, and as I served
Those Lutherans whom I led away
To fire and the stake. John Casa—thou

Art the Pope's Legate, thou dost know all this.
Oh, there, again! see there, good gentlemen,
A friend within my chamber threatening me;
And when I glance toward the Bishop's cross,
Or at your bidding, Paulus, call on Christ,
He raises his foul arm to threaten me.
Oh, gentlemen, take heed, be warn'd in time.
'Tis no light matter to believe in Christ;
'Tis no light mercy to have God's pure grace;—
And these I had: I scorn'd and threw away.
Take heed unto yourselves; the man of Law,
Francesco Spira, who all knowledge hath,
Lying here fore-damn'd, a wonder and a sign,
Speaks to you this, like that man gluttonous,
Whose name we know not (Dives he is call'd),
Lying in torment had his bosom rack'd
With fiercer pains than fire, and callèd out,
"Oh! might I warn my brethren on the earth!"
Comfort I have not, gentlemen, I feel
As if between me and the nether hell
There was but a thin sheet of beaten brass,
And it grew hot already!

Oh! they come
Flocking into my chamber, mocking me:
"Good brother Spira, thou shalt plead our cause
Before hell's judges; learned casuist,
You shall dispute and doubt with us thy friends,
Who, devils though we are, believe in vain!"
Call not on Christ, good Paulus, at the word
The pain, which lies still like a gelid snake,
Doth move and dart about me. Oh, my friends,
Most hideous shapes throng round me! Peace! oh peace!

There came a text into my wearied brain,
Numbing my fever into sudden cold,
Stilling my heart-beat with a weighty fear—
"The dead praise not the Lord, nor they that go

Down to the Pit." I shall not praise the Lord.
Alas! I may not; but thou, Casa, may'st.
Thou, Bishop Paulus—Geribauldus, thou!
Return into thy bishopric and preach
A sermon on my end: a man alive
Damn'd past redemption, past the liveliest hope!
A man who sinn'd th' unpardonable sin!
Sinn'd against knowledge and the Holy Ghost.
A man who, dying, lay for many days
Facing hell torments, hopeless of relief!
Not dazed, nor frenzied; horrent, unamazed,
Knowing his sin beyond the Grace of God!
And his name, Francis Spira, man of Law.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE DON AND THE BANDIT.

MARK LEMON.

[A wit and humorist himself, and the friend and companion of that knot of authors, including Jerrold, its star and centre, who started "Punch," it was not likely Mr. Lemon could write at all and not make his mark. This it is admitted on all sides, he has long since achieved. If we mistake not, his first dramatic attempt was a five-act piece in blank verse, produced at the Surrey some thirty years ago. He is now the author of above sixty dramatic pieces. Mr. Lemon was from the first joint-editor of "Punch," and since the secession of Mr. Henry Mayhew has been the sole occupant of the editorial chair, conducting that periodical, considering the exclusiveness of its staff, with great ability. He has also written for "Household Words," and "The Illustrated News," besides several Christmas books designed for the amusement of the young. A few years since he entered the lists with the "Entertainers," discoursing about "London," its antiquities and its oddities, but not with the success which marked his histrionic efforts in the private theatricals got up for the Guild of Literature. Mr. Lemon is a graceful song writer, and many of his productions, set to music by eminent composers, have become popular. As recently as the present year he produced a novel entitled "Falkner Lyle," of which the press speaks in terms of high commendation. He was born Nov. 30th, 1809.]

Don John was a nobleman born in Madrid,
With a pedigree reaching direct to the Cid;
It happened one day that he went out to dine,
Where the dinner was good, and still better the wine,
And he stuck to the bottle so long that 'twas clear
His donship was getting exceedingly queer.

The host proposed bed, but Don John, like a spoon,
Declared he'd ride home by the light of the moon,
And he said that for robbers he cared not a fig,
For the smallest of men when "o'ertaken" talk big.
He'd not ridden a league when a banditti band
Stopped the carriage, and ordered his donship to stand.

"I would if I could," said Don John, "but I can't,
So I'll sit where I am if you'll say what you want."
"Your money, of course." "Oh! then pray step inside
And take it," said John. The bold brigand complied.
"Now your money, señor," said the rogue, but instead
Of complying, a pistol John clapped to his head!

"At once," cried the don, "send your knaves from my tits;
If you don't (and he swore) I will blow you to bits!"
The thief, in a fright, bade his fellows retire;
"Drive home," cried Don John; "if you stir, sir, I fire!"
The rogue made a move, but Don John grasped his throttle,
"How lucky," thought John, "that I drank the last bottle!"

They arrived safely home, to the don's great relief,
And he roared to his servants, "Here, duck me this thief.
When you've soused him enough, my good lads, by-and-bye,
Hang him up by the neck in the garden to dry!"
The servants, well pleased, did all they were bid,
And Don John for a week was the talk of Madrid.

THE BASKET-MAKER.

A PERUVIAN TALE.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella.—*Pope.*

In the midst of that vast ocean, commonly called the South Sea, lie the islands of Solomon. In the centre of those, lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond proportion. An ancestor of the prince, who now reigns absolute in this central island, has, through a long descent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's Islands on the whole, by the effect of that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, becoming a gentleman, to so improved a degree as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing, but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but found himself at a loss in pursuit of these important diversions, by means of a long slip of marsh-land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to restraints in his pleasures, for the ease and conveniency of an obstinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier.

The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression in terms more suited to his sense of the injury than the respect due to the rank of

the offender; and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it. For going to the capital, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt, in reward of an instance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his master? Yet his distinction was nobler than yours; it was the distinction of soul, not of birth; the superiority of worth, not of fortune! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom who is base enough to be ignorant that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him but to this end, that, being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others.

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullen resentment of mien which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonalty, who, he said, were to be considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men who were born to be honoured. Where reflection is wanting, replied the king, with a smile of disdain, men must find their defects in the pain of their sufferings. Yanhumo, added he, turning to a captain of his galleys, strip the injured and the injurer; and, after conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the islands, set them ashore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a marsh, under cover of whose flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to his companion, whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with. But the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered, in the morning, the two strangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary; for between a consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to; a fear of the event, from the fierceness of the savages' approach; and the want of an idea whereby to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity; and with an unsinewed, apprehensive, unmanly sneakingness of mien, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual; to whom a life of pain and mortification, represented death as not dreadful; and whose remembrance of his skill in arts of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and, having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would show them something worthy of their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings; while the savages drew near, and gazed in expectation of the consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanship; and rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head;

whose figure under this new ornament so charmed and struck his followers, that they threw down all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of so prized a favour.

There was not one but showed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his captain; so the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings; so he arose and rescued his oppressor, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with a desire the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman therefore to his duty in the basket-maker's service; and considered him, from that time forward, as one who was and ought to be treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the island, came in droves for coronets; and setting the gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker; and brought down daily from the country, such provisions as they lived upon themselves; taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing, till his master had done eating.

Three months' reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; insomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have measured nature, I but

looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives, is empty and imaginary; and I perceive, too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity. But if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement of my justly punished arrogance.

He promised, and performed his promise; for the king, soon after, sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages, and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing; and the word for this due punishment is, Send him to the basket-maker's.

(*From the "Gentleman's Magazine."*)

THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.

S. H. Bradbury (Quallon).

(*Abridged for recitation*).

[With a modesty that does not always accompany those afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, Mr. Bradbury won a reputation as a poet before he consented to wear it;—the public acknowledged "Quallon" as a writer of truthful verse before Mr. Bradbury proclaimed himself to be "Quallon." The *Weekly Dispatch*, which cradled the early muse of Eliza Cook, was the journal "Quallon" selected for the first utterances of his muse—a proof that his ambition, and it is no mean one, was to take a place among the poets of the people. We learn from an elaborate criticism of his "Lyrical Fancies" in the *Examiner* of August 11th, 1866, that "Mr. Bradbury was born at Nottingham in 1828, and at nine years of age was apprenticed to a glove-maker. He was a motherless boy with a careless father, who on little schooling began early to show his inclination toward rhyme. He obtained some kindly counsels at Nottingham from the author of "Festus," who hails also from Nottingham, and by help of these and Cobbett's grammar, planted his foot on the first round of his ladder of fame.

They talked till the midnight hour drew near,
And the hideous miser planned
A scheme of murder, and struck his friend
With a knife clasped in his hand;
And the hot blood spurted from his breast,
And smoked like a burning brand!

He shook when he felt the gory corpse,
And a chill crept like a snake,
Clammy and cold, to his iron heart
When he bent its gold to take:
A pain shot through his shivering frame,
Like culprit pierced with a stake.

In a secret part of his filthy home
The plundered corpse he laid,
And covered it o'er with rags and stones
Until the flesh decayed,
Then broke the bones and buried them deep
In a secret grave he'd made.

Years glided on, and he ever saw
The ghost of his murdered guest—
For ever he saw him by his side,
The gory gash in his breast:
The miser's sleep was broken by groans,
Like a murderer's last night's rest!

He thought he heard a foot on the stair,
At the door a gentle tap,
And the wrinkles round his evil eyes
Were like the lines on a map,
While a figure slid into the room
In a whitened shroud and cap.

The figure glared with its bloodshot eyes—
Half-blinded the miser's look,
Who thought upon the innocent life,
For gold, he once basely took;
A blood-spot stood before his gaze
Like a huge lie in a book!

"Where are the bones," the figure cried out,
"Of that poor and murdered man,
Whose guiltless blood on thy filthy floor
In a smoking torrent ran?
Now justify that cardinal crime
Against your God, if you can."

The miser trembled, and not a word
Crept forth from his stiffened tongue,
When the figure cried, "Unto the damned
Of the earth thou dost belong:"
In the miser's ears young demons sang
A wild and baleful song.

And then from the figure's garments crawled
A hissing and hungry snake,
And upon the miser straight it sprang,—
Pierced his body like a stake:
He yelled and fell—no more on the earth
To murder or to wake.

The figure then vanished, and the snake;
On the floor the miser lay;
And full on his cold and rigid corpse
Streamed forth the light next day:
And in that room may still be seen
His bones half-mouldered away.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT.

THE meanest creature somewhat may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'lling tinker,
In Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,

Her waist a corkscrew; and her hair how red!
A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
Why, what the deuce is got into thy sconce?"

"No deuce is in my sconce," rejoined the tinker;
"But, sir, what's that to you, if fine I think her?"
"Why, man," quoth Grist, "she's fit to make a show,
And therefore sure I am that thou must banter."
"Miller," replied the tinker, "right, for know,
"'Tis for that very thing, a show, I want her."

THE GHOST GLEN.

(*An Australian Legend.*)

HENRY KENDALL.

[Mr. Kendall is an Australian poet, who has lately forwarded to the *Athenæum* a bundle of manuscript poetry, with an intimation that he is "anxious for the existence and recognition of an indigenous literature." He further says:—"In my spare hours, and whenever health and the choking troubles of a really hard life have suffered me, I have written and written on; and the accompanying verses, alive, as they must be, with a certain intensity of feeling, and naturally shadowed with a remarkable gloom, are at least the genuine results, or some of them."

The *Athenæum* thinks well of him, asserting, "The manuscript he has sent us contains, among much that is poor and imitative, a certain portion that is very good indeed—so good, that we believe a careful study of indigenous subjects may lift the writer to a very high place among colonial poets."

We have pleasure in furthering Mr. Kendall's views by giving one of his poems the additional publicity of our "Readings."]

"SHUT your ears, stranger, or turn from Ghost Glen now,
For the paths are grown over; untrodden by men now—
Shut your ears, stranger!" saith the grey mother, crooning
Her sorcery Runic, when sets the half moon in!

To-night the North-Easter goes travelling slowly,
But it never stoops down to that Hollow unholy—
To-night it rolls loud on the ridges red-litten,
But it *cannot* abide in that Forest sin-smitten!

For over the pitfall the moondew is thawing,
And, with never a body, two shadows stand sawing!
The wraiths of two sawyers (*step under and under*),
Who did a foul murder, and were blackened with thunder!

Whenever the storm-wind comes driven and driving,
Through the blood-spattered timber you may see the saw striving—
You may see the saw cleaving, and falling, and heaving,
Whenever the sea-creek is chafing and grieving!

And across a burnt body, as black as an adder,
Sits the sprite of a sheep-dog!—was ever sight sadder!
For as the dry thunder splits louder and faster,
This sprite of a sheep-dog howls for its master!

"Oh! count your beads deftly," saith the grey mother, crooning
Her sorcery Runic, when sets the half moon in!
And well may she mutter, for the dark hollow laughter
You will hear in the sawpits and the bloody logs after!

Ay, count your beads deftly, and keep your ways wary,
For the sake of the Saviour and sweet Mother Mary!
Pray for your peace in these perilous places,
And pray for the laying of horrible faces!

One starts, with a forehead wrinkled and livid,
Aghast at the lightnings, sudden and vivid!
One telleth with curses the gold that they drew there
(Ah! cross your breast humbly) from him whom they slew there!

The stranger who came from the loved—the romantic
Island that sleeps on the moaning Atlantic;
Leaving behind him patient homes yearning
For the steps in the distance, never returning;—

Who was left in the Forest, shrunken, and starkly
Burnt by his slayers (so men have said darkly);
With the half-crazy sheep-dog, who cowered beside there,
And yelled at the silence, and marvelled, and died there!

Yea, cross your breast humbly, and hold your breath tightly,
Or fly for your life from those shadows unsightly;
From the set staring features, (cold, and so young too!)
And the death on the lips that a mother hath clung to.

I tell you, the Bushman is braver than most men,
Who even in daylight doth go through the Ghost Glen!
Although in that Hollow, unholy and lonely,
He sees the dark sawpits and bloody logs only!

LAW; OR, BULLUM *versus* BOATUM.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

LAW is law—law is law; and as such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance—people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic—they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it. It is also like bad weather—most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers: Farmer A. and Farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: Farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, (or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band) after he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; Farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work on the hay-band. The boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat. and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat; and thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum—Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying, "My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses, therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

Now, the counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of? for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel—"My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything.

This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose:—How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how can an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of the flood, or the tide of the ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boats; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus, solus;* that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together.

But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by

addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood nor by the tide of ebb, nor exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

AN AUTUMNAL BENEDICTION.

JOHN A. HERAUD.

[Mr. Heraud commenced his literary career at a time when "*names*" were not so rapidly nor so easily made as at present—when magazines and reviews were fewer in number and books were criticised, not merely "noticed." To find literary employment in 1818 it was necessary to be a "man of letters," and this, although self-educated, Mr. Heraud proved himself to be. He was born in 1799, and soon after the date we have mentioned he was writing for the "Quarterly," the "Foreign Quarterly," the "Church of England Review," and for three years was joint-editor of "Fraser's Magazine." In 1830 he published his epic poem of "The Descent into Hell." It was a most ambitious effort, and was pronounced as "the most genuine work of the kind since the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. Its success was sufficient to induce the author to follow it up by "The Judgment of the Flood,"—a fine poem which appeared in 1834; both works were subsequently reprinted, but we fear are little known to the readers of the present day, in which a thirst for the sensational has invaded even the realms of poesy. As a dramatist Mr. Heraud has had considerable success; his plays are "Videna," a tragedy, acted in 1854; "Wife and no Wife;" "Agnolo Doria," a version of M. Legouve's "Medea;" and "The Roman Brother," a tragedy. Mr. Heraud is also the author of "The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola," and has recently published "A Life of Shakspeare, derived from his Works." Miss Edith Heraud, the eminent *tragédienne*, is the daughter of the poet.]

MAN'S Soul is worthier than the universe;
Even heaven doth pale before her holier gaze,
And thee, dim earth! with power she can transpierce,
And consecrate thee to thy Maker's praise.

Who died on Calvary, made that earth-hill
More sacred than celestial mount of vision—
And men who, liberty! thy law fulfil,
May build on each an altar to decision.

Fair art thou, mother! to the soul
That meditates on thy creation hour,
When the omnific word set either pole,
To be the columns of thy house,
And bade thee rise, heaven's fruitful spouse,
And gave thee marriage dower:
While yet but chaos' daughter. As the spheres
Anthemed thy nuptial welcome, seraphim,
And cherubim,
Baptized thee with their fiery tears,
And a holy hymn,
Amidst the stars
Rang out in glory from their mystic cars.

Thou hearest yet that word,
When winter's snows thy womb with warmth invest,
When spring awakens first the lyric bird,
Or summer peoples with new tribes the faëry nest.

Autumn! thy plains are glorious; there the corn
Waves at even, noon, and morn;
And the round moon, broad as old warrior's shield,
With conquest red, walks jovial o'er the field.
The heavens are drunk with victory—
Earth! thou art drunk with plenty. Harvest teems;
And thy strong children, nature! see—
The sickle and the sheaf—them either well beseems.

Oh nature! Toil and skill of thee are born—
Stern labourers; their mother thou; their sire
Thou art, O mind! The thistle and the thorn
Depart, as from the soil high thoughts aspire—
High thoughts! ye soar aloft and pass the sky,
And seek your father, where he secret dwells,

The eternal in his own eternity,
Fount, whence all seasons flow, and time outwells:—

The God of harvest! Kneel,
Children of nature born;
From his full horn
The bounty which ye reap—confess his love, who feel!
Feel ye not Him in the soft airs, that now
Fan, in the noontide heat, the sweating brow?
Him in these gentle drops that, big and few,
Fall on the weary, like refreshing dew?
Your eyes are raised, as if to Him, on high—
The clouds a little dim the sky—
No breeze is stirring, and a sudden calm
Quiets the sense, subdued as if with balm.
All still—how still! Children of nature! she
Awaits in silence what shall be—
The all-present makes His presence known,
Not only (as felt) by the deep heart alone—
But to the ear, and to the eye,
Audibly and visibly.
How glows the air!—what if with ire,
For God is a consuming fire!

Fears earth his coming that she crouches so,
While the storm blackens in her Lord's swart frown?
While heaven collects his armies, to come down,
What if in wrath? and dreads she wreck and woe?
He comes! in darkness comes! God! verily
Thou hidest thy perfections! Who shall see
The Almighty, and survive?
He comes in mercy then, who wills that man shall live!

Merciful Father! in the spring heard we
Thy thunder, and saw Thee
In the dark teeming clouds. Then poured the rain,
To feed the budding grape, to swell the springing grain—

Therefore we will not fear,
Because Thou comest now in majesty,
Though the sun hide himself, ere Thou appear:
Not deathless he—but the soul cannot die!
The corn has ripened with the sun and dew,
The showers have swelled the ears—we watched it
while it grew—
Now the ripe shocks stand in the field up-piled,
And man rejoices—God is reconciled.
Yes! though the arrowy lightning, from his bow
Elanced, flash through the excited atmosphere—
Look! Saw ye not the shaft pass now?
Hark! Heard ye not? do ye not hear?
Holy! holy! holy!
On earth have mercy, Lord!
Holy! holy! holy!
To man his prayer accord!

That peal was loud and long—
The thunder of His power—
The Lord our God is strong—
His voice makes flesh to cower.
His bolt hath smitten yonder oak,
Hills tremble at the flash,
Rivers leaped up beneath the stroke,
And echoed with the crash—
Holy! holy! holy!
On earth have mercy, Lord,
Holy! holy! holy!
To man his prayer accord!

The clouds have burst—the torrent shower
Descends. It is a fearful hour!
While as the deluge swoops, the lightnings fly,
And the proud thunder neighs about the sky.
Holy! holy! holy!
The Lord our God is strong,
Holy! holy! holy!
His wrath endures not long.

Mingle together heaven and earth—
Ah! the great truth is now revealed—
Love stoops from his high seat to bless the birth,
Wherewith the mighty mother hath appealed
To Him whom, at the time
Of nature's prime,
She wedded; and, in his embrace, she hears
Well-pleased, of his delight sublime
In her prolific years.

Therefore with mighty tumult, and great noise,
He doth rejoice,
And scattereth noxious vapours from the air,
And fertilizeth everywhere.
Anon, the clouds disperse, and eve serene
Breathes fragrance, while the softened sun
Spreads peaceful o'er the smiling scene
That benediction done!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

WATERLOO.

W. M. Praed.

"It was here that the French cavalry charged, and cut to pieces the English squares."—*Narrative of a French Tourist.*

"Is it true, think you?"—*Winter's Tale.*

Aye, here such valorous deeds were done
As ne'er were done before;
Aye, here the reddest wreath was won
That ever Gallia wore:
Since Ariosto's wondrous knight
Made all the Pagans dance,
There never dawned so bright a day
As Waterloo's on France.

beyond the boundaries of which he seldom or never peregrinated.

But poor Saunders had a thorn in the flesh; and he often used to lament, that "the *speerit* of grace wasna crouse eneugh within him to owercome the etlin in his craig for the *speerit* o' maut." Necessity often enforced on him what his self-command never could.

On one occasion, when he experienced the power of this most undisputable of all rulers, he seated himself upon a large stone, which marked one of the extremities of his dominion, and racked his invention for some expedient that would procure him "joost the wattin' o' his craig." His attention was arrested by a man on horseback, who emerged, at a short hand gallop, from one of the windings of the road. As they approached Saunders had an opportunity of observing them. We have already hinted that he was somewhat knowing: it did not, however, require much penetration to discover, that the person approaching, who it seems was an Englishman, was very vain of his horse's appearance.

Saunders rose. The horse and his rider stopt.

"I say, old man," said the latter, "can you tell me where's the best stable for my charger in this here place?"

"Atweel can I," said Saunders, touching his hat: "Ah! man, but that's a bonny beast; siccan a carriage!—it's a real bonny head—an' een, they're joost fire itsel'!"

"Ah! friend, I see you're a judge of *hoss* flesh."

"Deed an' so may I, for I've been amang them frae my youth upwards."

"Ah! then I presume you can direct me to the best stabling."

"As I tauld ye afore, there's nane mair fit; there's but ae guid place i' the bit toon ye see forenent ye, an' like a' ither guid things, it's no vera easy come at; for ye ken it's a bittock aff the main road; sae I'll joost hirple on a wee, alang wi' ye, till I can point to it, an' mak it veesable to ye, for fear ye miss it. Man, but

he's a real bonny gait !—he walks like a seeventy-four —ye might trundle a kettle-drum atween his hinder feet: there's but ae thing he wants to mak him that there wadna be a horse like him i' the warl'."

"Ah ! ah ! and pray what is that ?"

"He has a neck," continued Saunders, "as gracefu' as the arch o' a brigg, an' a breast as flet an' as braid as the stern o' a ship; joost ae thing an' there wadna be his like i' the warl' !——Ou, aye !—there 'tis,—d'ye see yon lum, wi' the auld wife upon it, o'ertappin' a' aroun' it, joost a wee ahint the belfry ?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean," said the Englishman.

"The black thing, whar the reek's comin' frae, on the tap o' the heighest o' thae hooses, man," said Saunders, pointing with his stick.

"Oh ! you mean the chimney with the smoke vane on it."

"Ay, the cheemly,—weel, that's the hoose—ye gang to the right the first street ye come to: there's no a hoose in a' Scotlan' keeps better stablin' for horse, or drink for man."

"Thank ye, friend; but what is it that would improve my horse so much ? I think you know something of horses."

"Deed, as I was sayin', sir, weel may I; for ye ken, I'm an auld sodger; an' the first horse, which was a meer, that I had the keepin' o', was shot from under me, an' the shot that took her life wad hae taen mine, had she no reared up, puir hissey, an' caught it in her ain croon afore it got to mine. The next was a bonny geldin'—he was killed too—an' I hae na strode animal since; for ye ken my leg was taen awa at the same time; an' I can say without fear o' leein', that I grieved mair for my horse than my limb. But a' things are for the best, for tho' he hadna been killed, seeing that I was disabled, I would hae been obligated to gie him up; an' some ane might hae got him that wadna hae been sae kind to him; an' I'm sure that he's comfortable as

he is—that is, I mean that he's no in misery; for beasts, ye ken, are no accoontable i' the next warl'; an' yet I used to think sometimes, that he had mair sense than mony a puir lump o' humanity I've ken'd; but, sir, I wish I may na be deteenin' ye ower langsome: wi' your leave, sir, I'm unco feared your horse is gettin' ower soon cauld, for he was gay an' warm wi' yon bit gallop ye gied him."

"You're right, friend, I'd better be trotting on to the inn. But I'd like to get a little of your information on horses; so if you will follow, we'll discuss the subject over a pot of ale, or a glass of whisky."

"That will I—I'm muckle obleeged to you."

The prospect of getting the whisky, urged Saunders to make great exertions, by "hirplin'," as he called it, "i' the footsteps of the beast."

When fairly seated in the inn, at the "tae side o' a whisky stoup," he told story after story, in order to gain time enough "to see the bottom o' it." He parried the main point of the Englishman's inquiry, until he was near getting into "het water." At last he was obliged to have recourse to his invention; for the fact is, he had spoken "sae widely, merely to get the rider o' the beast to the right about face wi' him, with the *speerit o' frien'ship* atween them," and he had mentioned the *ae thing* merely to excite his curiosity sufficiently to bring about the desired object.

"What could I do?" said Saunders, when afterwards relating the adventure; "there was *ae thing* that I had guid thocht o' when I spak sae, and sae I tauld nae lee. Noo ye ken I'd rather anger an Englisher than tell a lee; sae the truth maun be out, thocht I. 'But what,' quo' he a wee tart ways, 'is that *ae thing?*'"

"Hae patience a wee, quo' I, an' I took care to hae the handle o' the door in my nieve; what I've said about the beast's nae mair nor truth; he's exceeding comely in every perteecular; he has four as clean limbs as ever marked a sod; *joost gie him anither leg*, an' there'll no be a horse like him i' the warl'."

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

(*Supposed to be spoken by one of Napoleon's soldiers.*)

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his wings
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

"O DONALD, go not forth!
Though the sky be blue and bright,
Yet, Donald, set not sail,
Go not to sea to-night."

'Twas a fair young wife who spake,
Whose face was wet with tears,
And whose heart was warm with love,
Though heavy with her fears.

And round his sun-burnt neck
Her lily arms she twined,
As though such fragile things
His brawny strength could bind!

For with early manhood's pith,
Full flush'd and charged was he,
As he stood with oar in hand,
Like a bridegroom of the sea!

"O Donald, go not forth,
Though calm be yonder deep,
Yet, Donald, bide to ben,
For I dream'd last night in sleep.

"Three times I dream'd our boat
Lay tossing on the main,
With my Donald on her deck;
And she sank—nor rose again."

Thus said that braw young wife,
But his brow wore ne'er a trace
Of terror, as he kissed
The tears from off her face.

"Hoot, Jean, what skirl is this,
Thy dream is but a dream,
To heed it were to be
Myself a girl, I deem.

"Nay, lassie, hold me not,
The tide is on the turn,
Give no more mind to dreams,
But to be braver learn.

"The morn shall prove it false,
As my love for thee is true."
Then he laugh'd a merry laugh,
And vanish'd from her view.

That eve the sun went down
In dark and dusky red,
And all the distant sky
With clouds was overspread!

That night the tempest raged,
Like a demon mad for prey,
And she heard the wail of death
In the offing far away!

She heard it as she watch'd,
With a light in the casement sill
Of the fisher's hut, and her heart
Grew cold and deadly still!

And her dream the morn proved true,
For the boat was wash'd ashore,
And Donald and his mates
Were seen, nor heard of more!

BEFORE VICKSBURG.

G. H. Boker.

When Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But when he paused, and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, sir, Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges: our men are out;
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend—"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of Heaven,
Send to my colonel, general dear!"
"But you?" "Oh! I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop
Angels might envy dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,
More cartridges, sir—calibre fifty-four!"

THE BASHFUL MAN.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

AMONG the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am unfortunately that being overstocked with the one called bashfulness: for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of "The Bashful Man." The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me formerly avoid that social company I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in; till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of an old rich uncle, and vainly supposing "that money makes the man," I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join the gay throng. With this view I accepted of an invitation to dine with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle's, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance." Having, by his means, acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting

but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close to my heels, to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of "Xenophon," in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly: but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there

was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on to the Turkey carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served-up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden "Xenophon," my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my

mouth hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony,—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame but their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of "Xenophon," and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I

must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps by your assistance when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER (1830–1864).

[The death of Miss Procter at the early age of thirty-four was an event which flashed like an electric shock through the hearts of those who had watched the budding and the early bloom of her transcendant genius. She was the daughter of that thoroughly English lyrist, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), his

"—— little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide!"

of 1831, and of whom he wrote—

"Child of my heart! my sweet, beloved first-born!
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
Are past—or passing!"

It would be too much to say that Miss Procter filled the blank occasioned by the death of Mrs. Hemans, but assuredly she approached nearer than many of her tuneful sisters to the vacant throne—an approach, too, that was daily lessening in the gradual improvement of her verses in depth and feeling. Her collected writings are now published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, and are received as standard contributions to the poetical literature of the country.]

WITH echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone with trembling ray,
Told of the presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?"
What voice came through the sacred air?—
"*My child, give me thy Heart!*"

"Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, oh Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
And vain delights depart?"—
But sad and tender was the voice—
"*My child, give me thy Heart!*"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
Oh Lord, Thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart:"—
More sad, more tender, was the voice—
"*My child, give me thy Heart!*"

"Have I not worn my strength away
With fast and penance sore?
Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;
"Did Thy dear Saints do more?
Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord,
And won in Heaven my part?"
It echoed louder in her soul—
"*My child, give me thy Heart!*

"For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my Saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:

When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine,
Give it, my child, thy Heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried—
"Lord, help me to obey!
Break Thou the chains of earth, oh Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,
Let none with Thee have part.

"Send down, oh Lord, Thy sacred fire!
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths:
Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame Thy saints have known,
Kindle, oh Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest for ever,
And all the rest in Thee."

The blessing fell upon her soul;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come;
Her soul was purified:
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air—
But Peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there!

ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

ON such an eve, perchance as this,
When not a zephyr skims the deep,
And sea-birds rest upon th' abyss,
Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep—
On such an eve as this, perchance,
Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean scarce at all
Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing—
The lucid wavelets as they fall,
The sunny beach in whispers kissing,
Leave not a furrow—as they say
Oft haps when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint
Is spread upon the liquid plain;
Hues rich as aught from fancy's mint,
Enamelled meads of golden grain;
Flowers submarine, or purple heath,
Are mirrored from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
Gems the still water's tranquil breast;
Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
Its parent in the shadowing east;
It seems—so pure, so bright the trace—
As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hushed is the loud tongue of the deep;
Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,
And its course appears to sleep;
We watch, but only know it glide
Still on, by a bright track afar,
Like genius, or a falling star!

Oh! such an eve is sorrow's balm,
  Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene;
And who would ruffle such a calm,
  Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene?
'Tis done!—and Nature weeps thereat,
Thou boist'rous progeny of Watt!

Wast thou a grampus—nay, a whale,
  Or ark one sees in Ariosto?
Went'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,
  Still would'st thou not so outrage gusto!
But when did gusto ever dream
Of seeing ships propelled by steam?

Now blazing like a dozen comets,
  And rushing as if nought could bind thee,
The while thy strange internal vomits
  A sooty train of smoke behind thee;
Tearing along the azure vast,
With a great chimney for a mast.

Satan, when scheming to betray us,
  He left of old his dark dominions,
And winged his murky way through Chaos,
  And waved o'er Paradise his pinions;
Whilst death and sin came at his back,
Would leave, methinks, just such a track.

Was there no quirk—one can't tell how—
  No stiff-necked flaw—no quiddit latent,
Thou worst of all sea-monsters, thou!
  That might have undermined thy patent
Or kept it in the inventor's desk—
Fell bane of all that's picturesque?

Should Neptune, in his turn, invade thee,
  And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,
The sooty mechanist who made thee
  May hold it duty to bewail thee;

But I shall bring a garland votive,
Thou execrable locomotive!

He must be long-tongued, with a witness,
Whoe'er shall prove to my poor notion,
It sorts with universal fitness
To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,
That holds not one polluted drop,
Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop.

Philosophers may talk of science,
And mechanicians of utility—
In such I have but faint reliance;
To praise thee passeth my ability.
My taste is left at double distance
At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.

It may be orthodox and wise,
And catholic and sentimental,
To the useful still to sacrifice,
Without a sigh, the sentimental;
But be it granted me, at least,
That I may never be the priest!

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A LITERAL, ALLITERATIVE, AND ALPHABETICAL ACCOUNT.

[These lines are supposed to have been written by the Rev. B. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester, about the year 1828.]

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every effort engineers essay,
For fame, for fortunes fighting; furious fray:—

Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honours heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill.
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines;
Men march 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds;
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds!
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train;
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain Victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield ye youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell.
Zeno's, Zopater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arts against arms appeal.

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife proposed that it was proper to sell our colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at length it was resolved to part with him. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a

cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of goslin green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that

came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make your sides split with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back." As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well,

my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why wont you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they wont sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over." "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!" "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." "There, again, you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by

us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for the third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

TOO LONG!

Mrs. W. Sawyer.

"This fire burns long, too long," I said:
"Would it were out, and I a-bed!
A-bed, at rest, without a care,
All pain, all sorrow silenced there:—
"This fire burns long, too long."

This was my moan, and this my plaint,
The storied patience of a saint
Had in that hour of life no share;
I watched and moaned, with dull despair,—
"This fire burns long, too long:

I sit beside this wasting fire,
More chill I grow—its flames expire;
Until it dies, I cannot move
To seek the rest I long and love,—
"This fire burns long, too long."

Absorbed, I heard one sound alone—
Its dropping ashes on the stone.
"When all its heat is gone," said I,
"Then it will die, as I shall die:—
Why will it burn so long?"

Sudden, I heard a sound without,
Half lamentation, half a shout,
And startling blows upon the door,
And cries, "Oh, help us from your store,
And may your days be long!

"For we are storm-bound, stiff and cold,
As straying sheep from winter fold."
I argued, "Shall I help deny?"
Then, with kind thought, "Come in," said I,
"Though my fire burns not long.

"But, while it burns, I shall be glad
If its faint warmth, which made me sad,
Can comfort you, and bring surcease
To pain, which unto me were peace,
To share my comfort long."

I threw fresh fuel on the grate,
And said, "'Twill burn afresh, though late.
I had not thought my fire could be
More than it was—a grief to me:
I pray it burneth long.

"For, should it solace me no more,
I see that what may be my sore
May prove a comfort and a good.
My selfish heart misunderstood
This fire that burns so long.

"Since, had it languished, and alone
My hearth had chill and silent grown,
I had not sighed, or cared to see
Its sinking light blaze up for me:
So may my fire burn long.

"So may my fire burn long, I pray;
May it warm other hearts to-day—
To-morrow—and to-morrow still—
Nor sink the moment that I will,
And rashly sigh, 'Too long!'

"Not even if no hope were knit
With mine, in sadly watching it;
Nor murmur of my lips dare be,
That life is comfortless to me,
Its fire burns long, too long."

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE, in this empire, is power. Give a man nerve, a presence, sway over language, and above all, enthusiasm, or intellectual skill to simulate it; start him in the public arena with these requisites; and, ere many years, perhaps many months, have passed, you will either see him in high station, or in a fair way of rising to it. Party politics, social grievances, and the like, are to him so many new-discovered worlds wherein he may, with the orator's sword—his tongue—carve out his fortune and his fame. Station—the prior possession, by rank or wealth, of the public ear—is, no doubt, a great advantage. It is much for a man to be asked as a favour to speak to a cause, for that his rank and name will influence the people; or to have secured to him by his birth a seat in the senate: these things,

doubtless, give one man a start before another in the race. But, without the gift of eloquence, all these special favours of Fortune are of no avail in securing you influence over your countrymen. Unless you have the art of clothing your ideas in clear and captivating diction, of identifying yourself with the feelings of your hearers, and uttering them in language more forcible, or terse, or brilliant, than they can themselves command; or unless you have the power—still more rare—of originating—of commanding their intellects, their hearts,—of drawing them in your train by the irresistible magic of sympathy,—of making their thoughts your thoughts, or your thoughts theirs; unless you have stumbled on the shell that shall make you the possessor of this lyre, never hope to rule your fellow-men in these modern days. Publicly and ostensibly powerful you never will be, unless you have mastered the art of oratory.

We are so accustomed to the influence of this talking power in the State, that we have ceased to wonder at its successes. Yet the triumphs of the tongue have in our own days almost equalled those of the sword. England is generally accounted an aristocratic country, and her aristocracy have the credit of being peculiarly tenacious of their privileges,—jealous of the intrusion of adventurers into their ranks. The career of one man amongst our contemporaries, however, has shown that eloquence has a potency as great as parchment pedigrees; that the owner of that talisman may storm the very stronghold of the exclusives; appropriate their rank, titles, dignities, and turn their power against themselves; while, by the agency of their own legalized formularies, he sways the supreme, and even rules the rulers. Emerging from the comparative obscurity of a provincial capital, as an advocate, he talks himself into the distinction of being talked about; thence he talks himself into the popular branch of the legislature, where again he talks to such purpose as to become the mouthpiece of the most exclusive section of an exclu-

sive aristocracy: arrived at this point, he reappears on his old scene of action, and talks to the people with the new sanctions and powers which his parliamentary talking has obtained for him; he talks at meetings, he talks at dinners, he talks at mechanics' institutes; he talks to the men of the south, he talks to the men of the north; he talks to every one of everything, till the whole land is filled with the echo of his voice,—till, with all England, nay, with all the world, for his listeners, men wonder where next he will find an audience; when lo! suddenly, incomprehensibly, as if by magical power, at a few more waggings of that ever-vibrating organ of his, the doors of the senate itself fly open, and peers of ancient lineage crowd down to welcome him to this sanctuary of noble blood, to usher him up even to the judgment-seat itself, to make him lord paramount over themselves and their proceedings, the licenser of their thoughts, and the originator of their laws! Could the greatest triumphs in arms achieve much more? The hero who has served and saved his country in the field secures a higher and more lasting fame, and a reward in the gratitude of his countrymen; but in all the external and ostensible marks of honour, such as constituted authorities can bestow, the heaped titles of the victorious warrior exceed the simple nobility of the successful only in degree; while the influence of the one culminates where that of the other declines—with the ascendency of peace.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE RABBI'S VISION.

FRANCES BROWN—(THE BLIND POETESS).

[Frances Brown, "the blind poetess," is a most remarkable instance of that inner life which a poet is supposed to lead, apart from his every-day existence, in which, like other men, he must mix with his kind and share the commonplaces, it may be the meannesses, of the outer world. For Frances Brown there was no

outer world; she was blind from infancy, and yet, from hearing books read to her—Scott, Pope, and Byron were among the first writers she became acquainted with—she conjured up a world of her own, and learned enough of ours, to sing its joys and sorrows in lofty verse, and to obtain the good opinion of those whose praise was fame.

The poetess was the daughter of the postmaster of a village in the county Donegal, Ireland, and was born in 1816. She lost her eyesight when only eighteen months old from small-pox. In 1841 she sent some poems to the *Athenæum*, the then editor of which, Mr. T. K. Hervey, himself a most graceful poet, at once saw and acknowledged their merit; and it is to his honour that he introduced her to the public through the influence of his journal. She has issued several volumes of "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," and has been a voluminous contributor to the periodicals. "Her poetry," observes one of her critics, "especially her lyrical pieces, is remarkable for clear poetic feeling and diction, and has a peculiar melody of its own, always sweet and flowing."

Miss Brown is also the author of "The Hidden Sin," a novel of great power and ingenuity.]

Ben Levi sat with his books alone
At the midnight's solemn chime,
And the full-orb'd moon through his lattice shone
In the power of autumn's prime:
It shone on the darkly learned page,
And the snowy locks of the lonely Sage—
But he sat and mark'd not its silvery light,
For his thoughts were on other themes that night.

Wide was the learn'd Ben Levi's fame
As the wanderings of his race—
And many a seeker of wisdom came
To his lonely dwelling-place;
For he made the darkest symbols clear,
Of ancient doctor and early seer.
Yet a question ask'd by a simple maid
He met that eve in the linden's shade,
Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more
Than all that ever it found before;
And this it was—"What path of crime
Is darkliest traced on the map of time?"

The Rabbi ponder'd the question o'er
With a calm and thoughtful mind,
And searched the depths of the Talmud's lore—
But an answer he could not find;—
Yet a maiden's question might not foil
A Sage inured to Wisdom's toil—
And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
For the current of thought ran deeper now:

When lo! by his side, Ben Levi heard
A sound of rustling leaves—
But not like those of the forest stirr'd
By the breath of summer eves,
That comes through the dim and dewy shades
As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
Bringing the odours of hidden flowers
That bloom in the greenwood's secret bowers—

But the leaves of a luckless volume turn'd
By the swift impatient hand
Of student young, or of critic learn'd
In the lore of the Muse's land.
The Rabbi raised his wondering eyes—
Well might he gaze in mute surprise—
For, open'd wide to the moon's cold ray,
A ponderous volume before him lay!

Old were the characters, and black
As the soil when sear'd by the lightning's track,
But broad and full that the dimmest sight
Might clearly read by the moon's pale light;
But oh! 'twas a dark and fearful theme
That fill'd each crowded page—
The gather'd records of human crime
From every race and age.

All the blood that the Earth had seen
Since Abel's crimson'd her early green;
All the vice that had poison'd life
Since Lamech wedded his second wife!

All the pride that had mock'd the skies
  Since they built old Babel's wall;
But the page of the broken promises
  Was the saddest page of all.

It seem'd a fearful mirror made
For friendship ruin'd and love betray'd,
For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
And hope that had spent its strength in vain
For all who sorrow'd o'er broken faith—
Whate'er their fortunes in life or death—
Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
With the broken reeds on which they leant.

And foul was many a noble crest
  By the Nations deem'd unstain'd—
And, deep on brows which the Church had bless'd,
  The traitor's brand remain'd.
For vows in that blacken'd page had place
  Which Time had ne'er reveal'd,
And many a faded and furrow'd face
  By death and dust conceal'd—
Eyes that had worn their light away
In weary watching from day to day,
And tuneful voices which Time had heard
Grow faint with the sickness of hope deferr'd.

The Rabbi read till his eye grew dim
  With the mist of gathering tears,
For it woke in his soul the frozen stream
  Which had slumber'd there for years;
And he turn'd, to clear his clouded sight,
From that blacken'd page to the sky so bright—
And joy'd that the folly, crime, and care
Of Earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look
  That in Eden's youth they wore;—
And he turn'd again to the ponderous book—
  But the book he found no more;

Nothing was there but the moon's pale beam—
And whence that volume of wonder came,
Or how it pass'd from his troubled view,
The Sage might marvel, but never knew!

Long and well had Ben Levi preach'd
Against the sins of men—
And many a sinner his sermons reach'd
By the power of page and pen:
Childhood's folly, and manhood's vice,
And age with its boundless avarice,—
All were rebuk'd, and little ruth
Had he for the venial sins of youth.

But never again to mortal ears
Did the Rabbi preach of aught
But the mystery of trust and tears
By that wondrous volume taught.
And if he met a youth and maid
Beneath the linden boughs—
Oh, never a word Ben Levi said,
But—"Beware of Broken Vows!"

NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

REV. JAMES HOME.

Glenalvon. His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside.*
Has Norval seen the troops?
Norval. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd; and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
An host angelic clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.
Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely, since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval:
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will hardly brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And, though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd,
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which I now see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes! if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus; but such as thee—
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am—
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as guile
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art; I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more.
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause:
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!
Lord Ran. (*Enters.*) Hold, I command you both.
The man that stirs makes me his foe.
Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord, he's wondrous condescending:
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!
Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Lord Ran. Speak not thus,

Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.
Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak, I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration—I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours; and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd!
Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice.
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Norv. And I.
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour;
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow,
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

THE LITTLE HALF-WORN SHOE.

WILLIAM AITKEN.

[The following is forwarded to us as the production of "a poor hardworking mechanic,"—the occasion of the poem being "the death of his only child." It exhibits a homely simplicity, com-

bined with pathos, which constitutes the germ of true poetry, and cannot fail to interest the intelligent reader.]

THERE is a sacred, secret place,
  Baptized by tears and sighs,
Where little half-worn shoes are kept
  From cold unfeeling eyes.

They have no meaning, save to her
  Whose darling's feet have strayed
Far from the sacred fold of love,
  Where late in joy they played.

The impress of a little foot,
  How can it be so dear!
How can a little half-worn shoe
  Call forth a sigh or tear!

'Tis more than dear, 'tis eloquent
  Of grace and beauty fled;
It wakes the sound of little feet—
  Sweet sound, for ever fled!

It whispers to the mother's ear
  A tale of fondest love;
It tells her that the little feet
  Now tread the fields above.

Oft has she bathed it with her tears,
  Oft kissed it o'er and o'er;
If it were filled with costliest gems,
  She could not love it more.

RICHARD AND BETTY AT HICKLETON FAIR.

As I waur ganging out last Sat'day neet to buy half a pound o' bakon, who shou'd I meet but my old sweet-

heart, Betty Hunt, un she said, "Aye, Richard, be that thou," un I said, "Ees, sure it be," un she said, "Richard, wudn't thee be ganging to Hickleton Vair at morrow?" and I said, "I now'd not, haply I mought," and Betty la'aught; and I said, "I wou'd," and I did, and I went to Hickleton Vair.

And so in morning I gotten up and putten on my best shoen, clogen shoen ware out at fashion then, and I went clink ma clank, clink ma clank, all t' way to townend, and vurst I seed were Betty, standing at her vather's door, wi' two chaps hanging on either haarm, un I felt all over in sike a conflagration, all my blood gotten into ma knuckles—oh, I'd a nation good mind to gi'en a bat o't' chops, for Betty took na notice of me; so I stared at her, but she minded not I: so I nudged her at elbow, un she said, "Aye, Richard, be that thou?" and I said, "Ees, sure it be;" and she said, "Richard, wou'dn't thee come into house," and I said, "Ees, I wou'd," and I did, and I went into house; and there were a vary many people, vary many indeed, and Betty said, "Richard, wou'dn't thee have a drap o' summat t' drink?" and I said, "Ees, I wou'd," and I did, and I had a drap o' sum'mat t' drink, and I la'af'd, and wur vary merry, vary merry indeed; and Betty said,—"Richard, wou'dn't thee sing us a song?" and I said, "Ees, I wou'd," and I did, and chaunted a steave—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
But the morn came on as grey as a rat,
The cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
Grunting pigs, too, had left their stye.
Down in a vale,
Carrying a pail,
Cicely was met by her true lover Harry;
Vurst they kiss't,
Then shook fist,
And lok'd like two fools just going to marry.

Aye, I remember vary weel that war the vurst song I ever sung Betty Hunt, and she said, "Thee'd sing us another song"—aye, I remember vary weel that waur

the last song I ever sung poor Betty; un at last I said, "I must be ganging, Betty," and I said, "Thee'd cum and see ma summat way whoam," and she said she would, and she did, and she see'd me a bit 'ut way—all the way to townend; and I said, "Betty, thee'd gi' us a buss, wou'dn't thee?" and she said, ees, she wou'd, and she did, and she giv'd me a buss. "Weel, Betty, thee't let me cum and see thee at morrow neet," and she said, "an thee wo't, Richard;" so I gang mysen whoam and gotten to bed, and went at morrow neet to meet Betty—eight o'clock and na Betty—nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and na Betty—eleven, twelve o'clock, and na Betty; so I tho't I'd gang mysen whoam; so, in the morning I were told poor Betty wur very badly, very badly indeed, and she had sent to see ma; so I went to see poor Betty, and she said, "Richard, if I shou'd dee, thee'd goo to my burying, wou'dn't thee?" and I said, I nowdn't not, haply I mought, so I said I wou'd, and I did, and I went to her burying, for poor Betty deed; and I ne'er goo through Hickleton churchyard without dropping a tear to the memory of poor Betty Hunt.

WHAT IS GLORY?—WHAT IS FAME?

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[John Critchley Prince was born at Wigan, Lancashire, on the 21st of June, 1808. His parents were poor, and had a family, so the only schooling the poet got was in the Sunday school of a Baptist chapel in the neighbourhood, where he gained an imperfect knowledge of reading and writing. As soon as he was able to read he devoured all the books that fell in his way, and in this manner acquired that wonderful command of words which astonished all who knew of his limited education. At nine years of age he was put to his father's trade of a reed-maker for weavers, at which he had to work from fourteen to sixteen hours daily. His father opposing his reading, young Prince was driven to steal hours from his bed to indulge in his forbidden luxury. In 1821, his father left Wigan for Manchester, bringing John, then 13, with him. They both obtained employment with the celebrated mechanists, Messrs. Sharp and Roberts. The perusal of Byron's

[...] seems to have kindled the poetic fire in the humble boy. Again his father changed their abode to Hyde; and here, while yet under 19, Prince married a "neighbour's lassie," about the beginning of 1827. Work being slack, both fathers could barely procure for their families the merest necessaries of life. In 1830, hearing that there was plenty of work for artisans of his craft, Prince went to Picardy, leaving his wife and three children at home. The revolution of this year paralysed trade in France, he could get no work, and after enduring great suffering and privation, he returned home to find his wife and family in Wigan workhouse, whence he removed them to a Manchester garret, where, but for the labours of his wife (a power-loom weaver), they would have starved. He at length got temporary employment; but till his death he never remained long stationary. During his abode in Manchester he began to contribute short poetic pieces to the Manchester literary periodicals and newspapers, and by the aid of his friends he managed from time to time to bring these out in volumes. His first volume, "Hours with the Muses," was published in 1840, and reached a third edition in 1842; his other works are "Dreams and Realities, in Verse," 1847; "The Poetic Rosary," 1856; his "Miscellaneous Poems," 1861; and a volume in which most of his poems were included, in the present year (1866). In his writings Prince seems to have emulated Charles Mackay, Eliza Cook, and his more fortunate fellow-townsman Charles Swain, as regards his choice of subjects; but while his verse was full of fire and vigour, it was often deficient of pathos, and the wail of disappointed ambition was heard too often: had his circumstances been better, his verse would have been more genial, for there was in him the making of a true poet, but his tale is one of suffering all through, with no gleam of sunshine to brighten it; unfortunately, too, he sought to get away from himself and his sorrow in the too frequent indulgence in the social glass, and this brought him to a premature grave a few months since. One of the latest pieces he wrote, expressly for the "Lancashire Lyrics," was "The Songs of the People," but he could not satisfy himself in this or other efforts, and wrote to a friend, "Mind and body are alike a wreck."]

THE warrior grasps the battle blade,
Seeking the field of fight,
And madly lifts his daring hand
Against all human right;
He goeth with unholy wrath
To scatter death along his path,
While nations mourn his might;
And though he win the world's acclaim—
It is not Glory—is not Fame!

The roll of the arousing drum,
The bugle's startling bray,
The thunder of the bursting bomb,
The tumult of the fray;
The oft-recurring hour of strife,
The blight of hope, the waste of life,
The proud victorious day—
All this may be a splendid game,
But 'tis not Glory—'tis not Fame!

Can we subdue the widow's cries,
The orphan's plaintive wail;
Or turn from mute upbraiding eyes,
And faces ghastly pale?
Can we restore the mind gone dim,
The broken heart!—the shattered limb!
By war's exulting tale?
This is ambition, lust, and shame,
But 'tis not Glory—'tis not Fame!

There are who pour the light of truth
Upon the glowing page,
To purify the soul of youth,
And cheer the heart of age;
There are whom God hath sent to show
The wonders of His power below—
Such is the gifted sage;
And such have learned our love to claim,
For this is Glory—this is Fame!

There are—like Howard—who employ
Their healthiest, happiest hours,
In shedding love, and hope, and joy
Around this world of ours;
Who free the captive—feed the poor,
And enter every humble door,
Where sin or sorrow lowers,
Till nations breathe and bless their name;
And this is Glory—this is Fame!

The poet, whose inspiring muse
Waves her ecstatic wing,
Clothes thought and language with the hues
Of every holy thing—
Of beauty in its thousand forms,
Of all that cheers, refines, and warms,
He loves to dream and sing;
And myriads feel his song of flame;—
For this is Glory—this is Fame!

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

THE BARONESS NAIRN.

[This accomplished lady was born 1766, and died in 1845. She was of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and was famed for her beauty, talents, and worth. Besides the lyric we have given, the Baroness is the author of the famous Scotch song, "The Land of the Leal."]

THE Laird of Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
And his mind is ta'en up with the things of the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house for to keep,
But favour with wooing was fash'ous to seek.

Hard down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At the head of his table he thought she'd look well;
McLish's ae daughter, of Claverse-ha' Lee,
A tocherless lass with a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel powder'd and equal to new,
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it was blue,
And he put on his ring and his sword and cock'd hat,
And who could resist the braw Laird wi' a' that?

He bestrode the grey mare, and he rode in high glee,
And he rapp'd at the gate of the Claverse of Lee:
"Go tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak with the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was making the elder-flow'r wine,
"And what brings the Laird noo, and rigg'd a' sa fine?"
So she doff'd her auld apron and don'd her silk gown,
And her cap wi' red ribbons, an' gaed her ways down.

And when she came ben the guid Laird bow'd fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
But amaz'd was Cockpen when the Lady said "Na,"
And with a high curtsey she turned her awa'.

Dumbfounder'd was he but na sign did he gee,
But he mounted his mare and rode back canilèe;
Yet fu' often he thought as he gang'd through the glen,
"She's just daft to say na to the Laird of Cockpen."

But as soon as the Laird had his exit weel made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said—
"'Deed for one I'll get better it's worse I'll get ten,
I was daft to say na to the Laird of Cockpen."

The next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were ganging awa' to the kirk on the green;
And she sits in his hame like a weel-tapped hen,
But, *as yet*, there's na *chickens* are hatch'd at Cockpen.

THE MAID WITH THE MILKING-PAIL.

JEAN INGELOW.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
  And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
  But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow;
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show,
  And how its wet leaves trembling shine!
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea
  Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
  Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
  A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
  The other lifted to her pail,
She rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
  Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod,
The lucky buttercups did nod.
  I leaned upon the gate to see:
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
  And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
  I saw my picture in her eyes—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes,
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
  Among white-headed majesties.

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold;
  Ah! let me—let me tell the tale."

But high she held her comely head;
"I cannot heed it now," she said,
"For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.
From the clear pool her face had fled;
It rested on my heart instead,
Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking-pail.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail—
Good; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke—
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men: a bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes tell;
And I know not, but I can say
I felt as shamefaced all that day
As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went—I could not choose but go—
To that same dairy on the hill;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood;
  I spoke—her answer seemed to fail:
I smelt the pinks—I could not see;
The dusk came down and sheltered me,
  And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss, I pleaded well:
  The rosebud lips did long decline;
But yet I think, I think 'tis true,
That, leaned at last into the dew,
  One little instant they were mine.

O life! how dear thou hast become:
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb,
  But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she treads,
  The maiden with the milking-pail!

(*By permission of the Author, from her "Poems."
Longman & Co.*)

THE CAMELION.

A FABLE—(FROM M. DE LA MOTTE).

THE REV. JAMES MERRICK.

[James Merrick was born at Reading, in 1720; was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and died in 1769. His principal works are of a religious character, and include "A Metrical Version of the Psalms." He was a ripe scholar and an industrious translator, but as an original poet he made no mark. Among his translations, the "Camelion" has always been an especial favourite, and was from its first appearance extremely popular.]

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace, and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold, there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green," I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray:
Stretch'd at its ease, the beast I view'd
And saw it eat the air for food."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye:"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, sir!—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows.
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candlelight:
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said: then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white—
Both star'd, the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

CALEDONIA.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own—my Native Land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go—mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung!
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way:
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide,
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;

Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still!

As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And—darker as it downward veers—
Is stain'd with past and present tears.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family umbrella.—Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.

"THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella. Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—

do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me, you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I wont have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there is back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all, I may be laid up for what you care, as I daresay I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas

again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh, I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I wont borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! —pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella.

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for

what I care—it wont be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all —because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home: they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: *I* didn't lend the umbrella."

"Here," said Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

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

CAPE USHANT.

B. Simmons.

[Mr. Simmons was for many years a valued contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," in which most of his poems originally appeared. Their chief characteristics are force and vigour, with strong narrative power;—if they do not abound with poetic imagery, they still hold the reader spell-bound to the end, and are, most of them, admirably adapted for recitation. We recommend our friends to procure the volume "Legends and Lyrics, and other Poems," Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, 1843; they will find in it a mine of poetic wealth. Every reading society should possess it.]

What of the night, ho, Watcher there
  Upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
  The last of Empire's wreck—

E'en Him whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast—the curl
Of morning's coming breeze,
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapour from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,
Forth in the dawning grey
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way.
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view,
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,
Distinct, but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
Dominion or despair—
And lost—and lo, in vapour furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding Deep,
Whose billows round him roll!
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
This moment o'er his soul.
Black chaos swims before him, spread
With trophy-shaping bones;
The council-strife, the battle-dead,
Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud One! could the loftiest day
  Of thy transcendent power
Match with the soul-compelling sway
  Which in this dreadful hour
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
  Of calmest lip and eye
The hell that wars and works below—
  The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn—
  The morning flashed to day—
And the sun followed glory-born,
  Rejoicing on his way—
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
  That muser cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
  His fate's devoted few.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
  From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
  His meteor-presence burst—
When blood-besotted Anarchy
  Sank quelled amid the glare
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
  Fame-fraught Vendémiaire!

And darker thoughts oppress him now—
  Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
  Brought blessings from above—
Her trampled heart—his darkening star—
  The cry of outraged Man—
And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish War,
  Loud thundering on his van.

O for the sulphurous eve of June,
  When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guard's superb platoon
  He led unbroken still!

Now, would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor king-like share with desperate pride
Their vainly-glorious charge?

No—gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone—
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host!
He lived—for fetters *here!*

Enough—in noon-tide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away—
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay—
Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with his glory
To raise the song to Him.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

[Uhland was born at Tübingen on the 26th of April, 1787, and ranks among the greatest of the poets of Germany. A lawyer by profession, and having taken part in the various political struggles which agitated the German people, he was known in "father-land" as a politician as well as a minstrel; but it is in the latter character that his reputation, which is world-wide, has been wafted abroad. His favourite material for writing was the legends and traditions of the nations of Western Europe, and these he invested with a strange weird charm by the fantastic power of his singular genius. We are indebted to Longfellow for the appearance of many of these in an English dress. None but a poet can translate

a poet, and the great American singer may be said to have reproduced the originals. A translation of his works, by A. Platt, has also been published in English.

Uhland's principal works are—"Ernest, Duke of Suabia," a tragedy; "Louis the Bavarian," a drama; "Dramatic Poems;" "Walter of the Vogelweid," &c.

His poems were first published in a collected form in 1815, since when they have gone through many editions.

He was some time a member of the Würtemberg parliament, in which he occasionally spoke.]

A GOLDSMITH stood where shone around
His pearls and diamonds clear;
"The brightest gem I ever found
Art thou, my pet, my Helena,
My little daughter dear!"

A dainty knight just then came in,
"Good day, my pretty maid:
Good day, my brave old goldsmith, too,
I need a rich set garland
My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone,
And sparkled all so bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
Upon her arm she hung it,
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy:
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A simple wreath of roses,
O, I should die for joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the garland eyed:
"My good old goldsmith, make me, then,
A little ring of diamonds
For my sweet little bride."

And when the finished circlet shone
With precious diamonds bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
She drew it on her finger
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy,
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A little lock of hair, only,
O, I should die for joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the ringlet eyed:
"I see, my good old goldsmith, then,
Thou mak'st quite beautifully
The gifts for my sweet bride."

But that their fitness I may see,
Come, pretty maiden, now,
And let me try at once on thee
The jewels for my dearest,
For she is fair as thou."

'Twas early on a Sunday morn;
And so the maiden fair
Had put her very best dress on,
And decked herself for service,
With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,
Before him did she stand:
He placed on her the golden tire,
The ringlet on her finger,
And pressed her little hand.

"My Helen sweet! my Helen dear!
The jest is over now;
What bride shall claim the pretty gear,
The jewelled gold-bright garland,
And little ring, but thou?

With gold, and pearl, and precious gem,
  Hast thou grown up to be—
As, sweet! thou should'st have learnt from them—
  The sharer of high honour,
  In after days, with me."

CHILDHOOD.

JOHN DE FRAINE.

THE world's greatest seminary is the fireside. For good or evil the child's heart is impressed there. Words of platform, and pulpit, and school-house, may be forgotten; but even when long years shall have swept over us, the influence of home will cling to us still. Make the home pure, healthy, happy, refined, so shall those who live in it grow up, in some measure like it. I don't say this is a rule without an exception. I dare say there were cowards in Sparta, but because the Spartan mothers were brave, so also were the Spartan children. There is little hope of a sober nation or a righteous people I fear, unless the good principles which are to exalt us, and the "Godliness which is profitable unto all things," be taught by the fireside. Give us the children, and I shall have faith. I despair almost of some of those who are hardened and gnarled with long years of sin and depravity; but I believe in the little ones. Train the children! Their hearts are soft and plastic now—the springs of life are bubbling up in crystal freshness and beauty — the sapling is straight and tender. Train the children! and they shall go forth, with the charm of winning ways, and the power of goodness to touch the wandering soul, and turn the hearts of some of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. Train the children! for by-and-bye they will go into thronged cities, and crowded marts; or they will emigrate to Canada, or Australia,

or New Zealand, and there they will take the nobler messages, and be "living epistles known and read of all men." Train the children! they are to be the fathers and masters and guardians of the next generation; they will plough the land, and sell the corn, and build the ships, and write the books, and guide the destinies of a universe. Train the children! then shall it be almost impossible for lost, and wretched, and perishing men to fling up wild arms in the mad vortex of passion, crying out as in despair, "no man cared for my soul." Train the children! and the vices will be shrivelled up, the church strengthened, the cause of God uplifted; and those who have looked with sadness at the apathy and neglect of the past, shall shout with joy: "the little one has already become a thousand: and the small one has become a great nation." And don't little children call up tender associations, and touching thoughts of the days of yore? When the shadows of life are lengthening, and your step grows less elastic, and you are drawing close to what Carlyle calls the "confines of eternity," does the sight of a little child never bring back the gone years, with their memories of joy and sorrow? Don't you think of the time when your cheek (it's very wrinkled now) was round and ruddy, and your feet were swift for fun, and your heart was big to dare—and do? Don't you think of the bright, free, generous years of boyhood, when you never knew a care, and felt merry and light-hearted all the day long? Ah, you are wealthy now. You are reputed great on 'Change. You ride behind prancing steeds. You drink costly wines. You are lord of broad acres, but, perhaps, there are times when you would give all you possess if you could only bring back the fresh, brave days of boyhood and youth. And what does yonder poor mother think? She thinks of the little child who had nestled close to her heart, and filled her soul with gladness, she thinks of the gleeful prattle, and the wild laughter—she thinks of the strange beauty, and of the cruel death that came to snatch it

out—she thinks of the little grave above which the daisies have been growing so long—and of the dear lamb that went home early to the "Good Shepherd." Ah, how many a happy mother, with dear children at her feet, has prayed in Bennett's words:—

O, fairies, never leave us!
O, still breathe mortal breath!
O, not of one bereave us,
Thou fear whose name is Death!
These human blooms, O let them
Live on to summer here;
And not till winter fret them,
Bid them to disappear!
Lord, leave them to caress us,
Through good, through ill to come,
Still let these dear ones bless us,
These fairies of our home.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

WEB SPINNER.

Web Spinner was a miser old
Who came of low degree;
His body was large, his legs were thin,
And he kept bad company;
And his visage had the evil look
Of a black felonious grim;
To all the country he was known,
But none spoke well of him.

His house was seven stories high,
In a corner of the street,
And it always had a dirty look,
When other homes were neat;
Up in his garret dark he lived,
And from the windows high,
Looked out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers-by.

Most people thought he lived alone,
Yet many have averred,
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard,
And that none living left his gate
Although a few went in;
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripped him to the skin.

And though he prayed for mercy,
And mercy ne'er was shown,
The miser cut his body up,
And picked him bone from bone;
Thus people said, and all believed
The dismal story true;
And it was told to me, in truth,
I tell it so to you.

There was an ancient widow,—
One Madgy de la Moth,
A stranger to the man, or she
Had ne'er gone there, in troth;
But she was poor, and wandered forth
At night-fall in the street,
To beg from rich men's tables
Dry scraps of broken meat.

So she knock'd at Web Spinner's door,
With a modest tap and low,
And downstairs came he speedily,
Like an arrow from a bow.
"Walk in—walk in, mother," said he,
"And shut the door behind,"
She thought for such a gentleman
That he was wondrous kind.

But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
Like a tiger in the wood,
He had eaten the flesh off from her bones,
And drunk of her heart's blood!

Now after this fell deed was done,
A little season's space,
The burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase.

The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the baron rode
Into the dusty town.
Says he, "I'll ask a lodging
At the first house I come to,"
With that the gate of Web Spinner
Came suddenly in view.

Loud was the knock the baron gave,
Down came the churl with glee,
Says Bluebottle, "Good sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy;
I am wearied with a long day's chase,
My friends are far behind."
"You may need them all," said Web Spinner,
"It runneth in my mind."

"A baron am I," said Bluebottle,
"From a foreign land I come;"
"I thought as much," said Web Spinner,
"Fools never stay at home!"
Says the baron, "Churl! what meanest thou?
I defy you, villain base!"
And he wished the while in his inmost heart
He was safely from the place.

Web Spinner ran and shut the door,
And a loud laugh laughed he,
With that each on the other sprung,
And they wrestled furiously.
The baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown;
But the miser had the stronger arm,
And kept the baron down.

Then out he took a little cord
From a pocket at his side.
And with many a crafty, cruel knot
His hands and feet he tied;
And bound him down upon the floor
And said in savage jest,
"There is heavy work in store for you;
So baron, take your rest."

Then up and down the house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,
With a dull and heavy countenance,
As if nothing were the matter.
At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And with many and many a desperate tug
To hoist him up began.

And step by step, and step by step
He went with heavy tread,
But ere he reached the garret door,
Poor Bluebottle was dead!
Now all this while a magistrate,
Who lived in a house hard by,
Had watch'd Web Spinner's cruelty
Through a window privily.

So in he bursts through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vow'd to burn the house with fire,
And level it with the ground;
But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had looked for such a day,
Passed through a trap-door in the wall,
And took himself away.

But where he went no man could tell,
'Twas said that underground
He died a miserable death,
But his body ne'er was found.

They pull'd his house down stick and stone,
"For a caitiff vile as he,"
Said they, "within our quiet town
Shall not a dweller be."

MORAL.

Now all young men and maidens
Who read this piteous tale,
Remember poor Web Spinner's end
When cruel thoughts prevail;
Nor proudly boast your purpose
To act a gentler part,
Since every child of Adam
Has murder in his heart.

Not in the dusky evening,
But in the deepest night,
That heart lies lurking for its prey,
Because it hates the light.
Though judgment seem to linger,
Death will resolve the doubt,
And surely as that judgment comes,
"Your sins will find you out."

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou art sold, my Arab steed;

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind—
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his gold;
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!
Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home.
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be.
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.
Yes, thou must go; the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm, to check and cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.
Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,

Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side,
And the rich blood that is in thee swells in thy indignant
pain;
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
started vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot
be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command
thee to return.
Return, alas! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,
When thou who wert his all of joy hast vanished from
his view;
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage
appears,
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft has
borne me on.
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,
It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw
him drink.
When last I saw thee drink? Away, the fever'd dream
is o'er,
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet
no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou
wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed, I fling them back
their gold;

Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

GOODY GRIM *versus* LAPSTONE.

JAMES SMITH.

WHAT a profound study is the law, and how difficult to fathom: your son follows the law, Sir Thomas? Yes, ma'am, but I'm afraid he'll never overtake it; a person following the law, and making nothing of it, is like two boys running round a table—he follows the law, and the law follows him. If you take away the whereofs, moreovers, forthwiths, aforesaids, and notwithstandings, the whole mystery vanishes; the law is then like Macheath without any song—it's like a suit of clothes, you must pay well for them before you can get into them—it's also like a pair of spectacles, you must pay for it through the nose. I shall now proceed to relate a sketch of a trial which took place in a town, which for obvious reasons shall be nameless: Goody Grim inhabited an almshouse, No. 2; Will Lapstone, a superannuated old cobbler, No. 3, and a Jew pedlar who was travelling along the road where these almshouses happened to be erected, thought of nothing else but No. 1. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, when the animal disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold, and ran through the semicircular legs of the aforesaid Jew, knocked him into the mud, ran back again into Will Lapstone's the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of Hollands gin, belonging to said Lapstone, and took refuge in Crispin's state bed. The parties being of course in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law; the result was that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone for the loss of her pig with a curly tail; and Lapstone to bring an action against

Goody for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai, to bring an action against them both, for the loss of an ivory teetotum that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered briefs to counsel before it suggested itself to them they were all parties and no witnesses; but Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery, and was determined to bring her action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai to give evidence. The indictment set forth that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruin sauce, did on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers—to wit 5000 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, and did secrete the said 5000 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in his said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

Mordecai was examined by Sergeant Puzzle.—Well, sir, what are you? Mor.—I sell old clothes, sealing-wax, and puckles. Serg.—I didn't ask you what you sold, I ask you what you are? Mor.—I am about five-and-forty. Serg.—Man; don't be ridiculous; I didn't ask your age, I ask you what you are? Mor.—I am a Jew. Serg.—Well, why couldn't you say so at first; then, if you're a Jew, tell me all you know of this affair. Mor.—As I vas valking along—— Serg.—So you *will walk* in spite of all I can say. Mor.—Blesh my heart, you vill frighten me out of my vits; I vas valking along, I seed the unclean animal acoming attowards me, and so, says I, Oh, Father Abraham, says I—— Serg.—Father Abraham, man's, no evidence. Mor.—You must let me tell my story my own way, or I cannot tell it at all; as I vas valking along I seed the unclean animal acoming attowards me, and, Oh, Father Abraham! says I, here comes the unclean animal; so he run'd between my legs, and upset me in the mud. Serg.—Now, do you mean to say, on your oath, that

that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud? Mor.—I vill take my oath he upset me in the mud. Serg.—Pray, sir, on which side did you fall? Mor.—On the muddy side. Serg.—I mean on which of your own sides did you fall? Mor.—I fell on my left side. Serg.—Now, on your oath, sir, was it your left side? Mor.—I vill take my oath it was my left side. Serg.—And, pray, what did you do when you fell down? Mor.—I did get up again. Serg.—Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail? Mor.—I'll take my oath it had a curly tail like my *peard.* Serg.—And, pray, where was you going when this happened? Mor.—I was going to the sign of the Cock and Bottle. Serg.—Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle? Mor.—I don't know; but it was the sign of the house, and all more I know of this affair is, that I lost an ivory teetotum out of my pocket. Serg.—Oh, you lost a teetotum out of your pocket, did you? I thought I should bring you to something at last. My Lord (turning to the judge), I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence; he does not come into court with clean hands. Mor.—How should I, when I have been polishing my goods all de morning? Serg.—Now, my Lord, your Lordship is aware that teetotum is derived from the Latin terms *te* and *totum*, which means keep yourself safe; and this man, but for my profound sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, let the cat out of the bag. Mor.—I vill take my oath I had no cat in my bag. Serg.—My Lord, by his own confession he was about to vend a teetotum. Now, my Lord and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you that a teetotum is an unlawful machine made of ivory, with letters painted upon it, for the purposes of gambling, or as the law books more elegantly express it—*tetotum est macheni vorai, cum letteress perpurcipus gamblendi.* Now, your Lordship is aware that the Act, commonly known by the name of

the Little-Go Act, expressly forbids all games of chance whatever, whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, teetotum, chuck-farthing, dumps, or what not; and, therefore, I do contend, that this man's evidence is *contra bonus mores*, and he is, consequently, *non compos testamonia.* Serg. Botherum. — My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend Puzzle has, in a most facetious manner endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew merchant; and I do contend, that he who buys and sells is *bonâ fide* inducted into all the mysteries of merchandize; *ergo*, he who merchandizes is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. The learned Sergeant, in the twisting and twining his argument in handling the teetotum, can only be called *oboto dictum*—he is playing, my Lord, a losing game, gentlemen of the jury, he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of teetotum—nay, more, he has quoted authority to back his argument; but the learned Sergeant, gentlemen, has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this. In the two hundred and thirty-fourth folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page one thousand three hundred and forty-nine, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard *versus* Blacklegs—*gamblendum consistit enactum gamblendi, sed non avendum macheni placudi.* My Lord, I beg leave to say, that if I prove that my client was in the act of selling, and not playing with said instrument teetotum, I humbly presume all my learned friend has said, falls to the ground. Judge. — Certainly, brother Botherum. There's no doubt the learned Sergeant's incorrect; the law does not put a man *extralegium* for merely spinning a teetotum: it's entirely out of the question. Serg.—My Lord, I beg your Lordship's pardon: Mr. Giblett, one of the gentlemen of the jury, has fallen down in a swoon. Judge.—Then somebody must twig him by the nose, for he cannot leave the court. Puzzle.—My Lord, one of the witnesses has sworn that the pig had a curly tail;

now, my Lord, I presume, if I prove that this pig had a straight tail, I consider, this objection must be fatal. Judge.—Certainly. Order the pig into court. (Here the pig was accordingly brought into court, and on examination was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial). Judge.—Gentlemen of the jury, it is really unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence, for the removal of this objection removes all ground o action; and notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says, *sowem virum pigum, et bereum gigum, et vendi curlium tailum*, there is irrefragable proof by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and, therefore, the prisoner must be acquitted; and really, gentlemen, if the time of the court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be entirely frustrated, and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary, but with the utmost vigour and severity of the law.

The affair has since been thrown into Chancery, and is expected to be settled about the year one thousand nine hundred and sixty-six.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

P. B. Shelley.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through the pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps inkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower,
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep.

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they never impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the sensitive plant.)

The sensitive plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

MISCONCEPTION.

ANONYMOUS.

ERE night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retired to bed
In Thetis' lap;
Ere drowsy watchers yet had ta'en
Their early nap;

A wight, by hunger's claims made bold,
To Farmer Fitz-Maurice's fold
Did slily creep,
Where num'rous flocks were quiet laid
In the arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal;
But, hapless, close behind his heel
Was ploughman Joe,
Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill-luck on ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight
Be dragg'd per force,
Where persecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From th' elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For to old Gilbert Fitz-Maurice,
Thou knewst full well,
The sheep within that fold belong'd;
Come quickly tell:

"Confess thy crime; 'twill nought avail
To say, the mark above the tail
Thou didst not heed;
For G. F. M. in letters large,
Thou plain might'st read."

"'Tis true I did," the thief replies,
"But man is not at all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I clearly thought that G. F. M.
Meant *Good Fat Mutton.*"

NUMBER ONE.

THOMAS HOOD.

It's very hard!—and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss
But me has got a beau;
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at number one.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to number four;
At number three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at number two,
Calls daily, like a dun;
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to number one.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go on the balcony,
Which she has never done;
Yet arts that thrive at number five,
Don't take at number one.

I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from number eight:
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun;
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at number one.

At number six, they say, Miss Rose
Has gained a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts;
The imp they show with bended bow—
I wish he had a gun,
But if he had he'd never deign
To shoot for number one.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe;

O take away your foolish song,
  And tones enough to stun;
There is no luck about the house,
  I know, at number one.

THE SNOW STORM.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[It is generally supposed that John Wilson,—"Christopher North," whose name is so indissolubly associated with "Blackwood's Magazine,"—was the original editor of that periodical, but the post was first held by Thomas Pringle. Wilson, however, was entrusted with the management shortly after its establishment, and a more brilliant editor, perhaps, it was never the good fortune of a publisher to obtain; he threw into it all the force of his strong and original genius, at times making his readers roar with delight over his broad exuberant humour, then taking their breath away by his withering sarcasm, and anon melting them to tears by his tenderness and pathos. John Wilson was for years the Warwick —the king-crowner of the British press. His praise was fame, but his ill word was utter desolation; still on the whole it must be admitted that he was thoroughly conscientious, his only bias being a leaning towards the Scottish worthies by whom he was assisted. When was a Scotchman not clannish?

Wilson was the son of a manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born, 1785. He was educated firstly at the University of Glasgow, whence he passed to Magdalene College, Oxford. On completing his studies he took up his abode on the banks of Windermere, and here wrote his first poems, the principal of which were—"The Isle of Palms," 1812, followed by "The City of the Plague." He next essayed prose fiction, and added to our permanent literature, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" the "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay;" and "The Forresters." In 1820 he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, and thenceforth known as "Professor." This position he resigned in 1851, when the Crown settled on him a pension of 300*l.* a year. He died 1854, and his works, including his magazine papers and the celebrated "Noctes" of "Blackwood's Magazine," have since been published by the Messrs. Blackwood in a complete form.]

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window,

rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost, and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice or see her smiles but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden, peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wore a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay halfway between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness.

She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled and furiously wafted in the air close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep?" thought she; but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wildfowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted, and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow; of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor; and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her; so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this; she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come, and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed, and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp

themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered beneath its ineffectual cover, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail: eye could not see her, ear could not hear her in that howling wilderness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity, and that little sinless child was lying in the snow beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden, having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas, they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk down in the drifting snow after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's-throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

(*By permission of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.*)

THE BACHELOR.

THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,

But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.
They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins and gloom,
And everywhere known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's Ball;
Then drest in their best, in their gold broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending, and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at whist;
And they whirl, and they twirl, and they whisk, and are brisk,
And they whiz, and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thumping—
Sounding and bounding, around and around,
And sliding, and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's propera, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie! sirs, for shame,
At an hour, for their sakes, I wont venture to name.
But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told,
He then repents at last!

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine;
And he rates, and he prates, and reads the debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cozing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away;
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty and crusty;
Sneezing and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling;
Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering,
Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary, and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning;

And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though nought he is leaving,
But wealth, and ill-health, and his pelf and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil.
But who gives him offence as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about *making his will.*
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
Nobody mourns him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries,
For, whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never blest with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

FALSTAFF ON HIS RECRUITS.

SHAKSPEARE.

IF I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press horribly. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders—yeomen's sons. Inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a stuck fowl or a hurt wild

duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services. And now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. And as for the rest—Tut, tut, they're good enough to toss—Mortal men!—mortal men!—fair food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better, or stand as well in the mouth of a cannon!

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE.

(IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! but when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!

Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garments at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet, the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

SHAKSPEARE.

"BUT, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented to be there!—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—He shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous."—Why that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.—"The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so? say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower. Is there not, besides, the Douglas?

Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now,—in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. Oh, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first—last look—by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—that flame of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,

Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die!—
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

THE LION HUNT.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

MOUNT—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!
Call our friends to the field—for the lion is near!
Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor;
Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur.

Ride up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle:
Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal;
And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed:
But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into Grey Huntley-
Glen,
Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are
howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder
growling;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles alight;
He's at bay in the brushwood, preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man:
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay, now we'll see mischief, I dread:
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George! he's upon us; now, fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Ha! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now Diederik! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—HURRA! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up man! 'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your
match!)—
What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
And the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter!—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

THE CHANGELING.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years' bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the coals, goodman—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

Then into the face of its mother,
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise for evermore."

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black woodland,
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Set his name to the jailor's warrant
For goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

A LOCK OF FLAXEN HAIR.

J. H. Eccles.

[Joseph H. Eccles, a well known Yorkshire poet, was born at Ripponden, near Halifax, on the borders of Blackstone Edge, on the 20th of June, 1824. Self-educated — having had only two shillings and ninepence halfpenny spent upon him in the village school—his songs and poems have still the polish of cultivation about them. His early days were spent in rambling amongst the woods and fields, and on the moorlands of his native vale; thereby fostering a partiality for rural scenes and a love of nature. The result of this training is visible in all he writes, for his poetry treats of home and the affections which spring up around it.

There is a cheerful tone running through his verses, sometimes a little tinged with melancholy, which always leaves in us a love for whatever is good in man, or beautiful in nature.]

I HAVE a lock of flaxen hair,
  Wrapt in a tiny fold;
'Tis hoarded with a miser's care,
  'Tis dearer far than gold.
To other eyes of little worth,
  Yet precious unto mine;
For once, dear child, in life and health,
  It was a lock of thine.

The numbered hours pass slowly;
  Days, weeks, and months depart,
And still the vacant place remains
  Unchanged within the heart.
The loneliness is still the same,
  The same great want is there;
While memory loves to brood upon
  The simple lock of hair.

The cold winds seem to sigh more loud;
  When shades of evening fall,
The clock with more impressive sound
  Ticks louder on the wall;
For now no artless words I hear,
  No smiling face I see,
No tones of childish mirth break forth,
  So dear to home and me.

'Tis past, 'tis gone, like some strange dream,
  That lingers with the mind;
Some pleasant scene of happiness
  The heart hath left behind;
An atom from the fading dust,
  A relic of the past,
That tells of transient hopes and joys,
  Of things that could not last.

'Tis all that now remains of thee,
Light of our home and hearth;
While sadly pass the silent hours,
And dark the days come forth;
Yet still I keep it for thy sake,
And guard it with fond care,
And oft I view, with throbbing heart,
Thy simple lock of hair.

DR. DOBBS AND HIS NAG NOBBS.

Dr. Daniel Dobbs, of Doncaster, had a nag that was called Nobbs. One day, in the middle of winter, the doctor, having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before it was dark, rode poor Nobbs very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the doctor fastened Nobbs by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlour, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened that in the morning the doctor's dairy-maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler, and the dairy-maid having been called away to milk her cows she had carelessly left the door of the brewhouse open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor Nobbs, who had been hard rode, and now stood in the cold extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts he got loose from the rail, and repairing to the brewhouse he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it he fell down dead drunk. The doctor's man coming home, ran into the yard to convey Nobbs to the stable, and not finding him at the rail he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlour, where the doctor was sitting

with Mrs. Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor Nobby's decease. The doctor and Mrs. Dobbs were both good-natured people, and of course were much concerned; but as the doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that Nobbs should, without delay, be flayed, and that his skin should be taken the next morning to the currier.

The doctor's man accordingly set to work; poor Nobbs was dragged to the dunghill, his skin was stripped off, and he was left to be eaten by the hounds. He had not, however, lain long before the novelty of his situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer which he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close to the parlour. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot and delicious bowl of punch. No sooner had Nobbs whinnied, than Mrs. Dobbs turned pale and exclaimed: "Doctor Dobbs! as sure as I live that is Nobbs's voice; I know him by his whinny!" "My dear," said the doctor, "it is Nobbs's whinny, sure enough; but, poor thing, he is dead, and has been flayed." He had hardly said this before Nobbs whinnied again. Up jumps the doctor—takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard. The first thing he saw was Nobbs himself without his skin. The doctor summoned all his servants; ordered six sheep to be killed, and clapped their skins upon poor Nobbs. To make a long story short, Nobbs recovered and did his work as well as ever. The sheepskins stuck fast, and answered his purpose as well as his own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the wool grew rapidly, and when the

shearing season came the doctor had Nobbs sheared. Every year he gave the doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his back, you know, as much as six sheep; and as long as Nobbs lived all the doctor's stockings, and all Mrs. Dobbs's flannel clothes, were made of his wool.

Having thus communicated to you this very curious and well-authenticated fact, I submit to your superior wisdom the propriety of encouraging the breed of woolly horses and cows and other domesticated animals, the obvious utility of which is too evident to make it necessary for me to enlarge upon it.

BRUTUS'S HARANGUE OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

LORD LYTTON.

NAY, dearest, nay, if thou would'st have me paint
The home to which, could love fulfil its prayer,
This hand would lead thee, listen—a deep vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!
A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers, no ambition, save

To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

(*By permission of the Author.*)

AMY'S SECRET.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE window look'd on a sky of flame,
On the rosy bloom of a rippling bay;
Within we moved in an amber glow,
And purple even our shadows lay.

I lean'd by the curtain's folds and read
Wine-colour'd words in a page of light;—
Did the sunset only dazzle my eyes?
Did its brightness only confuse my sight?

I had been home from the East a month,
And you know what passes for beauty there,
And I read to listening English girls,
English beauties, and few so fair.

They were two cousins, Amy and Maud,
(Seen in my dreams, oh! many a night,)
Maud with her dark eyes dreamy and full,
And fairy Amy rosy and bright.

Both so sweet and tender and true,
From a boy they had been beloved by me,
And I often had thought, "Does either love?
Am I more to either than friend may be?"

I read my journal. That was their will:
Page after page of my Indian life,
Dull enough, slow enough, Heaven knows,
With little of peril and less of strife.

Page after page of the daily round,
Monotony stamp'd on every leaf,—
Hunting a tiger, meeting a Thug,
Having a raid with a robber chief:

So ran the record, until at last
News of the Mutiny broke the spell,
And our regiment march'd on the rebel foes,
And my Journal told what there befell.

And here, as I read, my wandering eyes
At the listening faces stole a glance,—
At Amy, pale and with parted lips,
At Maud as she dream'd on this new romance.

Then on I sped to the closing scene,
Where a Sepoy dagger was at my heart,
And I saw it glisten, and plunge, and then—
But Amy rose with a sudden start.

"No more! no more! Thank Heaven, you live!"
It was her voice the silence broke,
And Maud look'd up with a face surprised,
As if from a pleasant dream awoke.

I read no more. What need of the rest?
Enough in the sunset I had read.
She loved me, Amy!—her gentle heart
Spoke in the cry that told her dread.

She loved me! Faded the rosy West,
Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;
But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,
While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.

(*Copyright—contributed.*)

TACT *versus* TALENT.

TALENT is something, but not everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five—it is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times — it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows a man his way through the world. Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent will produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned—while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; hence we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench; but tact receives fees from attorneys

and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast—and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry, it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living; tact will make one. Talent gets a good name; tact a great one. Talent conquers; tact convinces. Talent is an honour to the profession; tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight; tact finds its way. Talent commands; tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation; and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house; but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment; but tact secures it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a secret silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything; it has served an invisible sen-temporary apprenticeship; it needs no drilling, it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom—it has no air of profundity —but plays with the detail of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of a pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, with all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with an almost imperceptible movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly sifting a single point. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without art

outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert—marketable. It is talent of talent, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.—*Imperial Magazine.*

A PLEA FOR THE TEN HOURS FACTORY BILL.

JACOB JONES, Esq., Author of "A Century of Sonnets."

O, BRITAIN! O, my Country! stay the pest—
The epidemic canker-lust of gain—
Which threatens all things, sacred and profane,
And eats Man's heart away within his breast.
It stalks thy soil, with lep'rous front and mien,
And, its worst omen, shrinks not to be seen.
'Tis this insatiate lust, which grasping all
For Mammon, and his wealth-besotted few,
Would hasten, Britain! thy decline and fall,
And slay thee, as Rome's empire erst it slew.
"Live, and let live," in characters of light,
Stamp on thy laws to check the slaves of gold,
By whom their fellow-men are bought and sold,
Unless the weaker find in thee their arm of might.

Now, hear me for the weakest of the weak.
  Their masters, and their parents, double thrall;
For parents, *brutalized by want*, will seek
  Toil's meagrest fruits, whatever else befall,
And, in their offspring's premature decay,
Reckless, will share, because, alas! 'twill pay!
But theirs the fault who, *brutalized by gain*,
  Clutch it, unmoved, through suff'ring and disease;
These are the social Vampires to restrain,
  Whole Populations' stunters—dead'ners—these!
Who, by "all work," would make "no play" a fact,
And to one-half the life of man contract,
As, from the young, they banish youth away
By tasks, each day, too long for labour of a day.

O Gentlemen of England! test The Right,
  Quit not your hearth-fires to detect The Wrong:
But call your bright-eyed children to your sight.
  They are well-limb'd, well nurtured, fresh and strong;
Let your dear girls their brothers' summons share—
Both sexes of the poor, now, claim your care!—
Say, would you, for your lives, your sturdier young
  Should toil like yonder weaklings—stived, immured,
But the two hours, from destitution wrung,
  Beyond "the Day" to other crafts secured?—
If not, doubt no more; no longer pause;
  Treat the cold theorists with stern contempt;
And, mercifully wise, enact us laws,
  From labour in excess, those Weaklings to exempt.

SEBASTOPOL.

MARY C. HUME.

[Miss Hume is the daughter of one whose name alone would cause her writings to be received with consideration, viz., the late

Joseph Hume, M.P.; but she needs no introduction, save the force of her own genius, to cause her muse to be received with respect and attention. Her works are—"The Bridesmaid, and other Poems," 1853; "Normiton, a Dramatic Poem," 1857; and "Sappho," 1862. Second editions of the two former are issued by the publisher of the latter, Mr. F. Pitman.]

A VISION of a city on a hill!
Adown these slopes once waved, perchance, bright corn,
And groves which bird and breeze with song did fill;
But now thy golden tresses all are shorn,
Nor voice of song-bird wakens the stunned ear,
Proud, mournful city! thy scarred front anear.

Without, with bristling horrors robed and crowned,
Thy deadly groans of rage thou flingest wide;
Within, thy festive lights in blood are drowned,
And hushed in voice of bridegroom and of bride—
Save where War trysts with her grim bridegroom, Death,
Who hangs enraptured on her sulphurous breath.

Within thy walls they hold their bridal court;
But chiefest on this blackened seared hill-side
They ply fierce revelry, in nuptial sport,
And all bow down to bridegroom and to bride.
Behold the bridal guests! like stately trees
Prone before whirlwinds. Who and what are these?

Ye know! sad watchers on far distant shores,
From whence the hateful siren's voice hath lured
Those whom nor love nor prayers nor tears of yours
Could save, or succour in the pangs endured
'Neath her relentless gripe.—Yet worse had he
Endured, but so their ransom price to be!

Widow! whose only son from bloody bier,
May by no Jesus-voice again be given;
Young wife! whose bridal-chaplet scarce is sere;
Orphan! whose plaintiff cry ascends to Heaven;
Pale maiden! drooping o'er the unpledged love
Whose brave hope, death-defying, roots above,—

Come forth with me! And in this dim dream-light
Shed tears and kisses upon cheek and lip,
(Ye know your own!) with whose dull red and white
May rose nor lily now claim fellowship!
Gory, death-pale, and stiffening, there they lie!
O Christendom! is this thy chivalry?

Pledged to the banners of the Prince of Peace,
Girt with the Spirit's sword, and vowed to strive
'Gainst spiritual foes that wars may cease,
And evil, hate, and cruelty (which rive
The links of human brother-love) with good
To overcome—have thus thy heroes stood,

And fall'n, bereaved Christendom! unstained?
Alas! the swords they wore were only steel;
And hero-like though they the fight sustained,
Nor quaked to hear what the hills quaked to feel,
Yet in the thunders launched their path around,
Heaven spake not; rather Hell gives forth such sound.

And now, O God of Love! their hands are red
With hearts' blood which hath flowed not from their veins;
Red blood of brother-man by *their* hands shed!
Oh! for the hyssop which should purge these stains!
Not all your tears can cleanse them! Come away!
These blood-stained forms, thank God! these are not they.

No, God be praised! they are not, are not here!
Their cast-off earthly garb alone we find;
May they not, thus translate to higher sphere,
Have left their Cain-mark, too, O God! behind?
Our treasures, heavenly Father! we resign;
Oh! have Thou mercy on them now, as Thine!

They fought not for themselves! And many left
Their all of earthly hope and happiness,

To die on this hill-side, of all bereft
Which makes death sweetest—woman's tenderness,
And Heaven-sent peace—while scarce, 'mid war's dread roar,
Hearts hushed to note one comrade less or more.

They died not for themselves! And greater love
(Is it not written?) may by none be shown
Than life laid down for others' weal doth prove:
Love may a multitude of sins atone!
And though Thy perfect law their deeds forbid,
Forgive them, for they knew not what they did!

The light within them was not wholly pure,
And thus betrayed them—in their ardour high
To make Love's reign of truth and justice sure,
Deeming the end the means might sanctify—
To break Love's law; and though they erred in this,
Be not extreme to mark what thus they did amiss!

Perchance, despite the bloodmarks' fearful brand,
They sinned not more, but only were less blest
Than peace-lapped men, who at Thine altar stand,
With clean hands ministering, and stainless vest;
Or who, in midnight vigil, from their pen
Fling deathless words to wake the souls of men.

They drew the sword, and perished by the sword;
And who, e'en best that loved them, dare repine?
But now implore we Mercy's mild award:—
"He that is sinless," saith the Judge Divine,
"Cast the first stone!" God's love condemns them not;
Gone hence "to sin no more,"—such, such their lot!

And we, too, must "go hence." We may not spend
Life's labour-hours in weeping over graves;
Nor shelter 'gainst the day's fierce heats may lend
Blood-nurtured laurel which around them waves.
"Go hence and sin no more!" O Christendom!
When, when shall thy Lord's sinless kingdom come?

Daily and hourly doth the prayer ascend
From countless tongues, throughout thy world-wide reign,
That come it may. Hath He then ceased to lend
Ear to men's prayers? Not so: they *say* in vain,
"His will be done!" while still their own they *do;*
Heaven with the lip, Hell heart and hand they woo!

Therefore Hell stalks abroad upon the earth,
And Murder wears the glory which makes blind
Men's hearts and eyes to his infernal birth;
While Virtue's brow with poison-flowers is twined;
And on our very heroes' deeds, as now,
Mercy to claim, not blessing, must we bow.

Nor deem ye, who, afar from fields of strife,
A path pursue from such temptations free,
Ye *therefore* are assoiled of the life
Here shed like water. Till the law which ye
Laud with your lip your life's each act controls,
The blood is on your hands! the guilt is on your souls!

For whoso to the greedy idol Self
Panders, in small or great things,—service owed
To God, for pleasure bartering, or pelf,
Or fame,—thus brings, to heap man's weary load,
His tithe of *all* the evil, sin and wrong,
On which we pray for mercy—Lord! how long?

BARBARA GRAY!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"BARBARA GRAY!
Pause, and remember what the world will say,"
I cried, and turning on the threshold fled,
When he was breathing on his dying bed;
But when, with heart grown bold,
I cross'd the threshold cold,
Here lay John Hamerton, and he was dead.

And all the house of death was chill and dim,
The dull old housekeeper was looking grim,
The hall-clock ticking slow, the dismal rain
Splashing by fits against the window-pane,
The garden shivering in the twilight dark,
Beyond, the bare trees of the empty park,
And faint grey light upon the great cold bed,
And I alone; and he I turn'd from,—dead.

Ay, "dwarf" they call'd this man who sleeping lies;
No lady shone upon him with her eyes,
No tender maiden heard his true-love vow,
And pressed her kisses on the great bold brow.
What cared John Hamerton? With light, light laugh,
He halted through the streets upon his staff;
Halt, lame, not beauteous, yet with winning grace
And sweetness in his pale and quiet face;
Fire, hell's or heaven's, in his eyes of blue;
Warm words of love upon his tongue thereto;
Could win a woman's soul with what he said,
And I am here; and here he lieth dead.

I would not blush if the bad world saw now
How by his bed I stoop and kiss his brow!
Ay, kiss it, kiss it, o'er and o'er again,
With all the love that fills my heart and brain.

For where was man had stoop'd to me before,
Though I was maiden still, and girl no more?
Where was the spirit that had deign'd to prize
The poor plain features and the envious eyes?
What lips had whisper'd warmly in mine ears?
When had I known the passion and the tears?
Till he I look on sleeping came unto me,
Found me among the shadows, stoop'd to woo me,
Seized on the heart that flutter'd withering here,
Strung it, and wrung it, with new joy and fear,
Yea, brought the rapturous light, and brought the day,
Waken'd the dead heart, withering away,

Put thorns and roses on the unhonour'd head,
That felt but roses till the roses fled!
Who, who, but he crept unto sunless ground,
Content to prize the faded face he found?
John Hamerton, I pardon all—sleep sound, my love,
sleep sound!

What fool that crawls shall prate of shame and sin?
Did he not think me fair enough to win?
Yea, stoop and smile upon my face as none,
Living or dead, save he alone, had done?
Bring the bright blush unto my cheek, when ne'er
The full of life and love had mantled there?
And I am all alone; and here lies he,—
The only man that ever smiled on me.

Here, in his lonely dwelling-house he lies,
The light all faded from his winsome eyes:
Alone, alone, alone, he slumbers here,
With wife nor little child to shed a tear!
Little, indeed, to him did Nature give;
Nor was he good and pure as some that live,
But pinch'd in body, warp'd in limb,
He hated the bad world that loved not him!

Barbara Gray!
Pause, and remember how he turn'd away;
Think of your wrongs, and of your sorrows. Nay!
Woman, think rather of the shame and wrong
Of pining lonely in the dark so long;
Think of the comfort in the grief he brought,
The revelation in the love he taught.
Then, Barbara Gray!
Blush not, nor heed what the cold world will say;
But kiss him, kiss him, o'er and o'er again,
In passion and in pain,
With all the love that fills your heart and brain!
Yea, kiss him, bless him, pray beside his bed,
For you have lived, and here your love lies dead.

(*By permission of Messrs. Strahan.*)

JACK PEBBLE'S FIRST OFFENCE.

J. E. Carpenter.

"Transported for fourteen years!" cried Doctor Brown, laying down his copy of the *Times* which, although he resided above a hundred miles from the metropolis, he was reading about the time that London fast men and West-end swells think of turning out of bed. "Transported for fourteen years! I was afraid it would come to this; lenity is thrown away on some men."

It will be necessary to state that the Doctor was an old friend of mine, and that I was paying him a visit, for the double purpose of reciprocating his friendship and enjoying a week's shooting in his immediate locality.

I soon discovered that Jack Pebble, whose appointment to a government berth in Woolwich dockyard was thus notified in the *Times*, had been a footman of the worthy Doctor's, and that his first offence, or rather the first in which he had been detected, was committed in the Doctor's employ. As Jack's first introduction into the fraternity of "prigs" was a somewhat curious one, I shall relate it, not precisely in the Doctor's own words, but keeping sufficiently close to his narrative to vouch for the authenticity of my statement.

I have said that Jack was "Footman" to the benevolent Dr. Brown; he took him, as he supposed, from the plough-tail, but the fact was that Jack was more frequently to be found in the skittle-alley behind the Plough Ale House, than treading the furrows of the plough in Farmer Homestead's lands. However, the latter thought him sufficiently lazy to make an excellent Footman, and the Doctor took him on his recommendation. Now the Doctor was one of those easy-going souls who sacrificed everything for the sake of peace and quietness; he detested law and lawyers from the bottom of his heart, and would rather that every apple in his orchard were stolen, than be at the trouble of prose-

cuting a thief for the loss of a bushel. "Like master, like man!" is an old proverb, and never was proverb more truly verified than in the Doctor and his factotum, Bob Hall, his confidential servant; who was not a whit less eccentric than his master. His eccentricity partook of the same nature, for, honest as the day himself, he could never believe but that those in authority under him were not equally so. It happened, one night, about half an hour after the Doctor had retired to bed, that Bob Hall came tapping at the door of his apartment.

"I am called out to visit a patient!" thought the Doctor, who had no idea of turning out at that time of night, even to save the life of the Emperor of Morocco.

"The plague take you!" he cried; "say I'll be there the first thing in the morning."

"You're not wanted, sir," said Bob, "only Jack Pebble, the footman, is nowhere to be found, and I want to lock the house up for the night."

"Not to be found!" echoed the Doctor; "then call up James and count the plate, for one or the other of them keeps possession of the key."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Bob, in evident alarm; "you don't mean, sir, that you suspect one of them to be a thief?"

"I don't like to harbour suspicion against any one," replied the Doctor, "so count the plate, Bob, and if it's all right, lock the fellow out, and tell him to come to me, if he returns, in the morning." "But, sir, I'll stake my life on his honesty!" "No matter for that," continued the Doctor, "I should like you to count the plate!" and so saying, he turned round and settled himself for sleep. The Doctor's will was Bob's law, and, however reluctantly, he proceeded to call up his fellow-servant, growling as he went. Well, the plate was counted, and much to Bob's satisfaction, it proved to be correct; not even a salt-spoon was missing. Bob reported to his master, locked up the house, and proceeded to his own bed-room. No sooner had Bob ar-

rived at that humble apartment when a sudden thought struck him, and he commenced rummaging about in his wardrobe. The examination, naturally, did not occupy much time, and as soon as it was over, again Bob posted away to his master—"Sir, sir," knocking with his knuckles at the door until he rubbed the skin off—"sir, that villain Jack, is a thief after all."

"Nonsense," cried the Doctor, somewhat angrily this time, "the plate's all right; go to bed, and we can look into matters more closely in the morning."

"But, sir, the rascal has gone off with my best coat."

"Best fiddlestick, Bob, you must have mislaid it. I'll stake my life on his honesty."

"But, sir—the villain—he'll get away by the morning, and I shall never recover it—I'm certain that he's got my coat, for he was admiring it only yesterday."

"Pooh—nonsense! if he has he will probably return it!"

"Oh! never, sir," continued Bob, "there's thief written in every line of the fellow's countenance. Doctor!"

"Well, sir, well!"

"Will you allow me to take old Ball out of his stable and pursue the vagabond?"

"Take what you like, Bob, but don't come and disturb me any more with your cock-and-bull stories."

Away went Bob to the stables, and in less than half an hour he was five miles out of the town. There he called at a public house, and ascertained that Jack had got a lift in a market cart, and had passed through the village an hour before. Bob grew desperate, and putting spurs to his horse, at length overtook a cart, the driver of which had pulled up for the night:—he had taken up a man who continued his journey along the high road. Tired as old Ball was, Bob could not give up the chase when the game was almost in view. In less than ten minutes more, he discovered, by the light of the moon, his own coat running away as fast as Jack Pebble's legs could carry it. Away they went,

the coat and Jack, Bob and the horse; but just as the latter had got up to them—Splash! Jack rushed into a duck-pond with Bob's coat on his back, while he dropped his own linen, which was carefully wrapped in a bundle, high and dry by the side. To cut the matter short, Bob captured the delinquent and brought him back in triumph in the market cart. The Doctor laughed heartily at Bob's description of the chase; and Bob's anger having cooled down, he declined to prosecute Jack for "his first offence." The Doctor even recommended him to a place, but he accompanied his recommendation to the innkeeper with a warning that Jack was a thief. Boniface, however, did a little in the contraband trade, and Jack was therefore just the man that would suit him; but he robbed him at last, and from opening a chest of drawers he gradually took to street doors—with what ultimate success we have seen by the opening of this brief account of "Jack Pebble's first offence!"

THE CONVICT SHIP.

T. K. Hervey.

Morn on the waters—and purple and bright,
Burst on the billows the flushings of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennons stream onward, like hope in the gale;
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds;
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!

Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart,
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading in depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light.
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast—
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain.
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, alone on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life—while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;

While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A FOX happened to live near a wolf, and being the weaker of the two, was most unwillingly compelled to obey his cruel neighbour.

"Red-skin," said the wolf to him one night, as they were prowling together in the wood, "get me something to eat or I must devour you!"

"I know a farm-yard," replied the fox, "where there are two young lambs; if you like we will go and fetch one."

They accordingly went, and the wolf waited on the edge of the wood while the fox crept slily into the yard and stole the lamb, which he brought to his companion, who immediately ate it up. He felt more courageous than usual after the meal, and as his appetite was still unsatisfied, he resolved to go himself to get the other. He was so awkward, however, that he aroused the mother of the lambs; she began to cry and bleat so piteously that the farmer's men came running to see what was the matter. On discovering the wolf, they beat him so unmercifully that he was scarcely able to make his escape.

"You deceived me!" he cried, when, limping and howling, he rejoined the fox; "you told me nothing about the farmer's men, and they have nearly killed me!"

"Why are you such a glutton?" replied the fox.

Next day the insatiable wolf said "Red-skin, get me something to eat or I must devour you!"

"I know a farmhouse," answered the fox, "where the mistress cooked some pancakes this evening; let us go and get them."

They soon reached the house, and the fox crept around it, smelling and peeping until he found out where the dish was placed; he took six pancakes out of it and brought them to the wolf.

"There's something to eat," said he, and left him.

The greedy animal swallowed them down in a moment, and then wanted more; so he searched until he found the dish, but trying to carry it off he broke it into a hundred pieces. The noise brought out the mistress, who screamed and called the men when she saw the thief, and he was soon sent off with two lame legs.

"Why did you deceive me so?" howled he, when he met the fox in the wood; "the clowns discovered me, and have given me a skin-full of beating."

"Why are you such a glutton?" said the fox.

On the third day they were again out together, and the wolf, though he hobbled along in great pain, was as greedy as ever.

"Red-skin," said he, "get me something to eat or I must devour you."

"I know a man," answered the fox, "who has lately slaughtered an ox; the salted meat is in a tub in the cellar, we can go there and get some."

"I will go with you," said the wolf, "but you must keep near me to help me in case of danger."

"For my own sake I will," replied the fox.

They soon reached the cellar, and the fox having shown his companion all the by-paths and the secret entrance, they began their repast. The wolf ate voraciously; "'Twill be some time before I've finished," thought he, as he looked at the quantity of meat before him; but the fox, though he liked his supper, glanced continually around him, and every now and then ran to the hole through which they had entered, to try if his body was getting too large to slip out conveniently.

"Dear Red-skin," said the wolf, "do not be so uneasy! Why do you jump in and out so?"

"I must watch that we be not surprised," answered

the crafty one, "and you must take care not to eat too much!"

"I shall not leave here until the tub is empty," said the wolf.

But the man heard the noise of the fox jumping in and out of the cellar, and at last came to see what was going on there. As soon as the fox perceived him, at one leap he was through the hole; the wolf tried to follow, but he had eaten so much that he stuck fast, and the farmer's cudgel presently laid him dead. The fox reached home safely, and rejoiced exceedingly that he was at length freed from the tyranny of the old glutton.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT.

HORACE SMITH.

In Broad-street Buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlour fire, a gouty wight
  Sat all alone with one hand rubbing
    His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
    While t'other held beneath his nose
  The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
    He noted all the sales of hops,
      Ships, shops, and slops,
  Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;—
When lo! a decent personage in black
  Enter'd, and most politely said,—
"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
    To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
    Observ'd in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."
  "Ten thousand thanks—how very few get,
    In time of danger,
  Such kind attentions from a stranger!
    Assuredly that fellow's throat is

Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate;
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."
"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave:

"He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors;
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks,—
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus."
So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But march'd off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

THE RETORT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East,
Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
A Governor or General at least,
I have forgotten which,
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went to India in his patron's suite;
An unassuming body—and, in truth,
A lad of decent parts and good repute.
This youth had sense and spirit,
Yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.
One day at table, flush'd with pride and wine,
His Honour—proudly free, severely merry—
Conceiv'd it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his line was reckoned good."
"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
And pray, sir, why didn't your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"
Each parasite, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
"Sir, by your leave I fain would know
Your father's trade."
"My father's trade? Why, sir, that's too bad.
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"
"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take,"
With archness in his brow,
"Pray, sir, why did not then your father make
A *gentleman* of you?"

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

[To do a little, and to do it well, is the surest way to do something that will last. Thomas Gray "did" very little poetry, but what he did do has scarcely ever been surpassed for energetic diction, and the harmonious flow of its measures. His principal poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of Laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. Gray was born in London in 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge, and he entered himself at the Inner Temple for the purpose of studying for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." In 1768 he was ap-

pointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He died 1771.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

"PENNY READINGS'" RECORD.

OCTOBER, 1866.

(*From our own Correspondents and the Local Press.*)

WE intend next month, in accordance with previous announcement, and by the aid of our esteemed correspondents, to resume our monthly "PENNY READINGS'" RECORD. Our present volume is published in anticipation of the opening of the various Reading Societies, and therefore there is little to record. In the meantime we commend to our provincial friends the following judicious remarks from the *Sheerness Guardian*:—

WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO PENNY READINGS?

Why do people go to the Penny Readings? This question naturally admits of various answers. "Different men have different minds," says the old saw, still the answer, which applies in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, is this—People go to the Penny Readings for amusement. There are some cynical philosophers who would have us believe that amusement is a "luxury," a thing which every one would be as well without, if he only knew it. These political economists would reduce society, if they had their own way, into a community of "casuals," subsisting on periodical rations of "skilly" and "toke." There is another set who turn up their bilious eyes, and proclaim the "sinfulness and vanity" of all relaxation; the scruples of these we may well leave to be neutralized by the good sense of wiser men and better Christians, who are in a sufficient majority in the religious world to prevent true religion being confounded with the doctrine of these, too often, hypocritical ascetics. Not only do we disclaim the idea of recreation being a superfluous luxury, but we contend, on the other hand, that to maintain "a sound mind in a healthy body," amusement is a vital "necessity." No one can be healthy and happy without relaxation in some form. Just as "one man's food is another man's poison," so one man's relaxation may afford another man no pleasure at all. Still each, in his own form, chooses his favourite mode of recreation, or failing to find it, pines for the want of change, and suffers in body or mind, or both. Rest, without sleep, is as necessary as rest with sleep. Until those who rail at amusement can take human nature to pieces and put it together again on their own pet principles, they will never render man independent of recreation in some form or other. The universal instinct of humanity points to this conclusion, because we find every human being, savage or civilized, illiterate or educated, depraved or moral, craving after and finding for himself that species of amusement most easily attainable and best suited to his habits and tastes, cultivated or uncultivated, as they may happen to be. We must thus arrive at the conclusions that man naturally requires amusement, and that,

if he cannot obtain harmless and intellectual amusement, he will, in too many cases, have recourse to modes of relaxation which are more or less injurious, gross, and vicious.

Enough has, we trust, been said to establish the soundness of the theory that whoever can provide public amusement which shall be highly attractive, and at the same time have a tendency to elevate rather than debase those who share in it, is doing good to the community at large, and making proper provision for satisfying a want inherent in the nature of man. It is one of the most striking features of this Penny Reading movement, that the form of amusement thus provided appears to fit the tastes of a larger class of society than any other inexpensive form yet arranged. There is each night, where the management is judicious, a great range of variety; a range only limited by the unlimited stores of literature and music. That the thing would wear out, as the "lectures" in fashion some years since did, was the prophecy often heard at the beginning. That the popularity of this form of cheap and useful public amusement will one day wane before some yet uninvented novelty is likely enough; but both locally and generally the signs evident are those of a growing popularity, instead of a decreasing one.

There is an economical feature of this matter of no inconsiderable local importance; it is this—the cost to the community of this weekly night's amusement is next to nothing. Say the room gives an average of fifty shillings receipts at the door per night. Compare that with the average of ten pounds per night for a fortnight together, taken out of the local circulation by those disreputable impositions, the "giving away" exhibitions. If the "Penny Readings" have done no other good, they have banished for the time these pests to society. When these exhibitions were running, whole families of working people went, it is well known, even short of food to go night after night and speculate their shillings on "a *chance* of a prize." Of this many a tradesman's books bore unpleasant signs, showing "the way the money" had not come. A man may go and take his family to a reading for a few pence, and if he gets no "prize," he gets a good "penny-worth of amusement," some sound information, and two hours change of scene and recreation.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications respecting the publishing department must be addressed to Messrs. F. Warne and Co., Bedford-street, W.C. Those intended for the Editor may be forwarded to 53, Norland-square, Notting-hill, W.

Communications received after the 15th of the month cannot be noticed until the following volume. Secretaries and others will oblige by forwarding local newspapers containing notices of their "Readings," as soon after publication as possible.

RESUMPTION OF THE "PENNY READINGS."

On October 1st, fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 256 pages,

PRICE ONE SHILLING;

To be continued in Monthly Volumes during the season, Vol. 7 of

PENNY READINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

For the use of Members of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Recreation Societies, Mutual Improvement Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Societies, Working Men's Clubs, and all kindred Societies; and for

THE GENERAL READER.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

Twelve Years Public Lecturer at the principal Literary Institutions in Great Britain.

PROSPECTUS.

The aggregate sale of one hundred thousand copies of this popular work has amply testified to the appreciation by the public of the endeavours of the Editor and Publisher to supply a really useful book; and to justify, in accordance with previous announcement, its resumption. It will be the aim of both to render this in every way worthy of their patrons; the requirements of the public reader will again be specially studied; the volumes will be rich in choice extracts from standard and *scarce* works, and the readings, both pathetic and humorous, selected with a view to aid both managers and readers in the formation of programmes for that widely spread and now universally popular source of public recreation identical with the title of this work.

Biographical and critical sketches will accompany the readings from authors not previously quoted, and the monthly "Record of Penny Readings," paged separately from the work itself, will be continued as before. The volumes will be printed in a clear and distinct type, so that they can be easily read from, and will be bound in limp cloth, that they may rest firmly on the reading-desk. The low price at which they will be published will, it is hoped, render them equally available to the reader and his audience, while for home reading they will also form a source of endless amusement and instruction for everybody.

London: F. WARNE & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.