Bodleian Libraries
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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

For more information see:

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

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

PRICE ONE SHILLING

PENNY READINGS
IN
PROSE & VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
J. E. CARPENTER

10

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

FREDERICK WARNE & Co.,

PUBLISHERS.

WARNE'S USEFUL BOOKS.

In foolscap 8vo, limp cloth or fancy boards, price One Shilling each (unless specified).

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

4. SEA-WEEDS. By Mrs. Lane Clarke. Including those of the various Tide-Pools, with 10 pages of original Plates printed in Tinted Litho.

6. FLOWERS AND THE FLOWER GARDEN. By Elizabeth Watts.

7. VEGETABLES: How to Grow Them. By Elizabeth Watts.

8. FONBLANQUE'S HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

9. FRIENDLY TRUTHS FOR WORKING HOMES.

10. KINDLY HINTS ON COTTAGE LIFE.

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

12. FISH: and How to Cook It. By Elizabeth Watts.

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

14. THE COMPANION LETTER WRITER, a complete Guide to Correspondence, with Commercial Forms, &c.

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

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

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

NEW READY REFERENCE BOOKS.

In crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d., cloth, Postage 2d.,

THE CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE.

BY HENRY WHITE, B.A.

With Directions for Candidates, Examination Papers, Standards of Qualification, Amount of Salaries, and all necessary Information for those seeking Government Employment.

The Seventh Edition, revised from the latest authorities, by ALEXANDER C. EWALD, Esq., of Her Majesty's Record Office, Author of "OUR HOME CIVIL SERVICE."

In crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth, Postage 4d.,

A

REFERENCE BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Containing Tables of Chronology and Genealogy, a Dictionary of Battles, Lines of Biography, and a Digest of the English Constitution, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to 1866.

BY ALEXANDER C. EWALD, ESQ., of Her Majesty's Record Office, and Editor of "THE CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE."

To Members of Parliament, Barristers, Journalists, or Debating Societies.

UNIFORM IN SIZE WITH THE "STATESMEN'S YEAR-BOOK."

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d., cloth extra,

THE ORATORICAL YEAR-BOOK FOR 1865.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE BEST COTEMPORARY SPEECHES DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AT THE BAR, AND ON THE PLATFORM.

Edited by ALSAGER HAY HILL, LL.B.

This compact volume, the majority of the contents of which have been revised by the original authors, or issued with their sanction, comprises all the public speeches of importance delivered in the year 1865. It is hoped that the Oratorical Year-Book will form a popular Hansard, and that its success will be such as to enable it to be issued as a yearly volume.

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 Symptoms.
The Methods Employed in the Removal of Disease.
Therapeutics.
The Practical Application of the Principles of the Healing Art.
The Management of Children, in Health and Disease.
Domestic Practice of Medicine and Surgery in the Adult.
Glossary and Index.

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.
1867.

2765

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

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Battle of Morgarten	*Mrs. Hemans*	1
The Death of Socrates	*Plato*	4
The Bridal of Andalla	*J. G. Lockhart*	8
Dover to Munich	*C. S. Calverley*	10
The One Thought	*Alexander Petöfi*	15
Mr. Tonks's Great Christmas Failure	*Albert Smith*	16
The Martyr's Bride	*James Hogg*	28
An Annual Treat	*Henry J. Byron*	34
The Attempted Baptism of King Radbod	*J. Hain Friswell*	38
Bob Sawyer's Evening Party	*Charles Dickens*	40
The Cataract of Lodore	*Robert Southey*	56
The Leap of Curtius	*Rev. Dr. George Aspinall*	59
The Fairy Millers	*By the Editor*	62
The Death of Oliver Cromwell	*Guizot*	65
Dr. Johnson	*Robert B. Brough*	73
The Bachelor's Thermometer	*James Smith*	80
The Old Grenadier's Story	*G. Walter Thornbury*	85
Broken Love	*William Blake*	87
The Smuggler's Leap	*The Rev. R. H. Barham.*	90
Scene from "The Road to Ruin"	*Thomas Holcroft*	97
The Ferry	*J. L. Peacock*	106
Opium Dreams	*Thomas de Quincey*	108
Modern Gallantry	*Charles Lamb*	113
The Sack of Baltimore	*Thomas Davis*	118
Ode to a Pig	*Robert Southey*	122
The Raven	*S. T. Coleridge*	123
The Ballad of the King's Daughter	*Bessy Rayner Parkes*	124
Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say-voyage	*Anonymous*	127
The Chronicle	*Abraham Cowley*	130
The Sword Song	*Theodore Korner*	133
Eliza's Escape	*Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe*	136
The Boat-race	*W. C. Bennett*	143
The Lincolnshire Labourer	*Samuel Wills*	148
Peter Klaus.	*Anonymous*	152
The Shadow on the Wall	*Anonymous*	155
Christmas is Coming	*J. R. Planché*	158
The Uncle	*H. G. Bell*	161
Does Fortune favour Fools?	*S. T. Coleridge.*	165

PAGE
Thrasymedes and Eunöe............ *Walter Savage Landor*... 169
The Stout Gentleman............... *Washington Irving*......... 173
Adventures of Parson Schmolke and the Schoolmaster Bakel..... *Langbein*..................... 184
Corinna at the Capitol....... .... *Mrs. Marie J. Fotherby (Marie J. Ewen)*........ 189
The Sarpint Lake..................... *George Bennett*............. 191
The Three Advices........... ...... *Thomas Crofton Croker*... 19
The Pleasures of Hope.............. *T. Campbell*................. 201
The Peacock.............................. *Anonymous*....... 204
Alonzo the Brave..................... *Matthew Gregory Lewis* 208
The Story of a disabled Soldier... *Oliver Goldsmith*........... 210
The Infant Bridal..................... *Mrs. Acton Tindal*......... 215
In a Maelstrom......................... *Edgar Allan Poe*........... 218
The Sicilian Vespers................. *J. G. Whittier*.............. 229
"Imph-m"............................. *James Nicholson*............ 231
"Six Feet by Two".................. *James Bruton*.............. 232
The Rescue—a Strange Yarn...... *Robert Dale Owen*......... 234
The Nightingale's Nest.............. *John Clare*.................. 241
Laugh and get Fat................... *W. M. Praed*............... 244
The Black Preacher................. *J. R. Lowell*................ 246

PENNY READINGS.

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

Mrs. Hemans.

["In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he 'would trample the audacious rustics under his feet;' and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

"The 15th October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tattnang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed."—Planta's *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

The wine-month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,

But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage-music, rung.
A sound, through vaulted cave,
A sound, through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
—'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest-glooms
Flash'd helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian pass'd;
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up 'midst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers, and lances tall,
Moved onwards in princely state.
They came with heavy chains,
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they enter'd the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood,

There was stillness, as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was fill'd with their serried power,
All helm'd and mail-array'd,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
In the rustling forest-shade.
There were prince and crested knight,
Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
—Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came like lauwine hurl'd
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rush'd from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They storm'd the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,

And many a warrior met his fate
  From a peasant's hand that day!
    And the empire's banner then
    From its place of waving free,
  Went down before the shepherd-men,
    The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
  The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake
  From the reapers of the field!
    The field—but not of sheaves—
    Proud crests and pennons lay,
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
    In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc view'd,
  When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
  Had a fearful death to die!
    And the leader of the war
    At eve unhelm'd was seen,
  With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
    And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
  Went back from the battle-toil,
To their cabin homes 'midst the deep green hills,
  All burden'd with royal spoil.
    There were songs and festal fires
    On the soaring Alps that night,
  When children sprung to greet their sires
    From the wild Morgarten fight.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

PLATO.

[Plato, one of the most distinguished philosophers of antiquity, and founder of the academic sect, was born B.C. 430. In his youth he applied himself to poetry and painting, both of which he relinquished to become a disciple of Socrates. He died at the age of 82, B.C. 348, and statues and altars were erected to his memory.]

Having talked awhile, he arose, and went into an inner room to wash himself: and Crito following him, enjoined us to stay and expect his return. We therefore expected, discoursing among ourselves of the things that had been commemorated by him, and conferring our judgments concerning them. And we frequently spake of the calamity that seemed to impend on us by his death: concluding, it would certainly come to pass, that as sons deprived of their father, so should we disconsolately spend the remainder of our life. After he had been washed, and his children were brought to him, (for he had two sons very young, and a third, almost a youth) and his wives also were come; he spake to them before Crito, and gave them his last commands: so he gave order to his wives and children to retire. Then he came back to us. By this time the day had declined almost to the setting of the sun; for he had staid long in the room where he washed himself. Which done, he returned, and sate to repose himself, not speaking much after that. Then came the Minister of the Eleven, the executioner; and addressing himself to him, "I do not believe, Socrates," said he, "that I shall reprehend that in you, which I am wont to reprehend in others: that they are angry with me, and curse me, when by command of the magistrates (whom I am by my office obliged to obey) I come and give notice to them, that they must now drink the poison; but I know you to be at all times, and chiefly at this, a man both generous, and most mild and civil, and the best of all men that ever came into this place: so that I may be assured that you will not be displeased with me, but (you know the authors) with them rather. Now therefore (for you know what message I come to bring) farewell, and endeavour to suffer as patiently and calmly as you can, what cannot be avoided:" then breaking forth into tears, he departed. And Socrates converting his eyes upon him, "And farewell thou too," saith he: "we will perform all things." Then turning to us again. "How civil this man is;" saith he, "all this time of my imprisonment, he came to me willingly, and sometimes talked with me respectfully, and hath been the best of all that belong to the prison; and now how generously doth he weep for me! But Crito, let us spare him, and let some other bring hither the deadly draught, if it be already bruised, if not, let him bruise it." Then said Crito, "I think the sun shines upon the tops of the mountains, and is not yet quite gone down; and I have seen some delay the drinking of the poison much longer; nay more, after notice had been given them that they ought to dispatch they have supped, and drank largely too, and talked a good while with their friends; be not then so hasty; you have yet time enough." "Those men of whom you speak, Crito," saith he, "did well; for they thought they gained so much more of life; but I will not follow their example, for I conceive I shall gain nothing by deferring my draught till it be later in the night; unless it be to expose myself to be derided, for being desirous, out of too great love of life, to prolong the short remainder of it. But well, get the poison prepared quickly, and do nothing else till that be dispatch'd." Crito hearing this, beckon'd to a boy that was present; and the boy going forth, and employing himself a while in bruising the poison, returned with him who was to give it, and who brought it ready bruised in a cup; upon whom Socrates casting his eye, "Be it so, good man," said he; "tell me (for thou art well skill'd in these matters) what is to be done?" "Nothing," saith he, "but after you have drank, to walk, until a heaviness comes upon your legs and thighs, and then to sit; and this you shall do." And with that he held forth the cup to Socrates, which he readily receiving, and being perfectly sedate, "O Echecrates," without trembling, without change either in the colour or in the air of his face, but with the same aspect, and countenance intent and stern, (as was usual to him,) looking upon the man; "what saist thou," saith he, "may not a man offer some of this liquor in sacrifice?" "We have bruised but so much, Socrates,' saith he, "as we thought would be sufficient." "I understand you," saith he; "but yet it is both lawful and our duty to pray to the gods, that our transmigration from hence to them may be happy and fortunate." Having spoke these words, and remained silent (for a minute or two) he easily and expeditely drank all that was in the cup. Then many of us endeavored what we could to contain our tears, but when we beheld him drinking the poison, and immediately after, no man was able longer to refrain from weeping; and while I put force upon myself to suppress my tears, they flowed down my cheeks drop after drop. So, covering my face, I wept in secret; deploring not his, but my own hard fortune, in the loss of so great a friend and so near a kinsman. But Crito, no longer able to contend with his grief, and to forbid his tears, rose up before me. And Apollodorus first breaking forth into showers of tears, and then into cries, howlings, and lamentations, left no man from whom he extorted not tears in abundance; Socrates himself only excepted, who said, "What do ye, my friends? truly I sent away the women for no other reason, but lest they should in this kind offend. For I have heard that we ought to die with good men's gratulation; but re-compose yourselves, and resume your courage and resolution." Hearing this, we blushed with shame, and suppressed our tears. But when he had walked awhile, and told us that his thighs had grown heavy and stupid; he lay down upon his back; for so he who had given him the poison had directed him to do. Who a little time after, returns, and feeling him, looked upon his legs and feet: then pinching his foot vehemently, he asked him if he felt it? and when he said no, he again pinched his legs; and turning to us, told us, that now Socrates was stiff with cold; and touching him, said he would die so soon as the poison came up to his heart; for the parts about his heart were already grown stiff. Then Socrates, putting aside the garment wherewith he was covered; "We owe," saith he, "a cock to Æsculapius; but do ye pay him, and neglect not to do it." And these were his last words. "It shall be done," saith Crito; "but see if you have any other command for us." To whom he gave no answer; but soon after fainting, he moved himself often [as in suffering convulsions]. Then the servant uncovered him; and his eyes stood wide open; which Crito perceiving, he closed both his mouth and his eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend and familiar, a man, as we in truth affirm, of all whom we have by use and experience known, the wisest, and most just.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

J. G. Lockhart.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air:
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

"Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace,
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth Bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely? never!

Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

" What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the Town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow;
Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the Town."—

The Zegri Lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the Town;—
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle press'd the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
One bonny rosebud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye.
"No—no," she sighs—" bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing Town."—

" Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing Town?

Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry.—
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why?"
——"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing Town."

◆

DOVER TO MUNICH.

C. S. Calverley.

Farewell, farewell! Before our prow
Leaps in white foam the noisy channel,
A tourist's cap is on my brow,
My legs are cased in tourist's flannel:

Around me gasp the invalids—
(The quantity to-night is fearful)—
I take a brace or so of weeds,
And feel (as yet) extremely cheerful.

The night wears on:—my thirst I quench
With one imperial pint of porter;
Then drop upon a casual bench—
(The bench is short, but I am shorter)—

Place 'neath my head the *havre-sac*
Which I have stowed my little all in,
And sleep, though moist about the back,
Serenely in an old tarpaulin.

Bed at Ostend at 5 A.M.
Breakfast at 6, and train 6.30.
Tickets to Königswinter (mem.
The seats objectionably dirty).

And onward through those dreary flats
We move, with scanty space to sit on,
Flanked by stout girls with steeple-hats,
And waists that paralyse a Briton;—

By many a tidy little town,
Where tidy little Fraus sit knitting;
(The men's pursuits are lying down,
Smoking perennial pipes, and spitting;)

And doze, and execrate the heat,
And wonder how far off Cologne is,
And if we shall get aught to eat,
Till we get there, save raw polonies:

Until at last the "grey old pile"
Is seen, is past, and three hours later
We're ordering steaks, and talking vile
Mock-German to an Austrian waiter.

Königswinter, hateful Königswinter!
Burying-place of all I loved so well!
Never did the most extensive printer
Print a tale so dark as thou couldst tell!

In the sapphire West the eve yet lingered,
Bathed in kindly light those hill-tops cold;
Fringed each cloud, and, stooping rosy-fingered,
Changed Rhine's waters into molten gold;—

While still nearer did his light waves splinter
Into silvery shafts the streaming light;
And I said I loved thee, Königswinter,
For the glory that was thine that night.

And we gazed, till slowly disappearing,
Like a day-dream, passed the pageant by,
And I saw but those lone hills, uprearing
Dull dark shapes against a hueless sky.

Then I turned, and on those bright hopes pondered
Whereof yon gay fancies were the type;
And my hand mechanically wandered
Towards my left-hand pocket for a pipe.

Ah! why starts each eyeball from its socket,
As, in Hamlet, start the guilty Queen's?
There, deep-hid in its accustomed pocket,
Lay my sole pipe, smashed to smithereens!

On, on the vessel steals;
Round go the paddle-wheels,
And now the tourist feels
As he should;
For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good.

From every crag we pass'll
Rise up some hoar old castle;
The hanging fir-groves tassel
Every slope;
And the vine her little arms stretches
O'er peasants singing catches—
And you'll make no end of sketches,
I should hope.

We've a nun here (called Therèse),
Two couriers out of place,
One Yankee, with a face
Like a ferret's:
And three youths in scarlet caps
Drinking chocolate and schnapps—
A diet which perhaps
Has its merits.

And day again declines:
In shadow sleep the vines,
And the last ray through the pines
Feebly glows,

Then sinks behind yon ridge;
And the usual evening midge
Is settling on the bridge
Of my nose.

And keen's the air and cold,
And the sheep are in the fold,
And Night walks sable-stoled
Through the trees;
And on the silent river
The floating starbeams quiver;—
And now, the saints deliver
Us from fleas.

Avenues of broad white houses,
Basking in the noontide glare;—
Streets, which foot of traveller shrinks from,
As on hot plates shrinks the bear;—

Elsewhere lawns, and vista'd gardens,
Statues white, and cool arcades,
Where at eve the German warrior
Winks upon the German maids;—

Such is Munich:—broad and stately,
Rich of hue, and fair of form;
But, towards the end of August,
Unequivocally *warm*.

There, the long dim galleries threading,
May the artist's eye behold,
Breathing from the "deathless canvas"
Records of the years of old:

Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno,
"Take" once more "their walks abroad,"
Under Titian's fiery woodlands
And the saffron skies of Claude:

There the Amazons of Rubens
Lift the failing arm to strike,
And the pale light falls in masses
On the horsemen of Vandyke;

And in Berghem's pools reflected
Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,
And Murillo's soft boy-faces
Laugh amid the Seville grapes;

And all the purest, loveliest fancies
That in poet's souls may dwell
Started into shape and substance
At the touch of Raphael.—

Lo! her wan arms folded meekly,
And the glory of her hair
Falling as a robe around her,
Kneels the Magdalene in prayer;

And the white-robed Virgin-mother
Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,
Half in gladness, half in wonder,
On the calm face of her Child:—

And that mighty Judgment-vision
Tells how man essayed to climb
Up the ladder of the ages,
Past the frontier-walls of Time;

Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
Through the phantom-peopled sky,
And the still voice bid this mortal
Put on immortality.

* * * *

Thence we turned, what time the blackbird
Pipes to vespers from his perch,
And from out the clattering city
Past into the silent church;

Marked the shower of sunlight breaking
Through the crimson panes o'erhead,

And on pictured wall and window
  Read the histories of the dead:

Till the kneelers round us, rising,
  Crossed their foreheads and were gone;
And o'er aisle and arch and cornice,
  Layer on layer the night came on.

(*From "Verses and Translations." Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. By permission of the Author.*)

THE ONE THOUGHT.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI,

(*The Magyar Poet.*)

One thought lies heavy on my heart,
  One only thought—that I,
On the soft bed of indolence,
  May pass away and die;
May fade as slowly fades the flower
  When wanes its little day,
A beauteous, but a useless life,
  To lead and then decay;—
May pale as pales the flickering light
  Of morning's latest star,
When comes the Day-God from the east
  In his triumphant car:
Great Father! grant this may not be,
  Let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a fate as this,
  With such a death of shame.
A rock torn from a mountain-brow,
  A storm-uprooted tree,
A lightning-struck and blasted trunk,
  No! rather let it be:
A death where meets a fettered race,
  Tired with its galling chain,
In mustered rank and serried line
  Upon the battle plain,

With red flag flashing to the breeze
  Its characters of gold,
The sacred signal there inscribed
  For despots to behold,—
The signal that sends far and wide
  The summons to be free,
To east to west, to north to south,
  "For the world's liberty!"
There would I fight the glorious fight,
  There in my heart's blood lie,
And, battling in a glorious cause,
  Be well content to die!

(*Copyright Translation—Contributed.*)

MR. TONKS'S GREAT CHRISTMAS FAILURE.

ALBERT SMITH.

[Albert Smith was born in 1812, and was educated with a view to his following the profession of a surgeon. He began life as the assistant in his father's medical practice at Chertsea, and subsequently commenced on his own account as a surgeon-dentist in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. He began his literary career by contributing to "The Mirror," a weekly periodical, which, under the editorship of Mr. John Timbs, had a long and successful career. On the establishment of "Bentley's Miscellany," he sent in his first prose sketch of any length, "A Rencontre with the Brigands," which was accepted. From this time forth he plied a busy pen, contributing to *Punch* in its earlier days (when *Punch* was hot and strong, and not a mere safety valve for the superfluous steam of the Times), "The Natural History of Evening Parties," and the "Physiology of the London Medical Student." He next contributed "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury" to "Bentley's," and took to writing for the stage, but it was during the last ten years of his life, when he started and continued that celebrated "Ascent of Mont Blanc," which everybody went to see, that Albert Smith may with truth be said to have become "the pet of the public." Enjoying a very numerous circle of acquaintances, authors, artists, and the like, and the idol of his Club, Mr. Smith did not, it is to be feared, allow himself all the repose necessary to his mental exertions. Shortly before his death, which took place, suddenly, in June, 1860, he married Miss Mary Keeley, daughter of the veteran comedian, who survives him.]

MR. TONKS was an eminent retail tea-dealer, as well known in the City as the Exchange grasshopper, the Bank beadle, or the generous gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion who used to do nothing all their lives but buy dressing-cases and penknives at the open auction in the Poultry. He was portly in his person, and spoke with an air of immutable reliance upon his own opinion. He was a smart tradesman, and very close-fisted, but his name was as good as any in London. In fine, Mr. Tonks was as much esteemed and disliked as any man in any kind of position—so long as it is a position—may expect to be.

The establishment in which Mr. Tonks daily amassed his wealth was something wonderful to behold; especially so to country visitors. There was tea enough shovelled about in the windows to make you believe that the four hundred and twenty millions of Chinese who made up the last census had been actively engaged, day and night, for a twelvemonth, without ever going to bed, in collecting it, and had not gone through their work even then. And the coffee-mill—there was a monster machine! It resembled one of those dreadful engines used in pantomimes to grind aged individuals into youths and maidens; and if the old man who was perpetually turning it had tumbled in by accident, nobody would have been at all surprised to have seen him come out a little boy, in a paper cap and shirt sleeves, at the spout, after a single revolution.

Well, in this sumptuous establishment, Tonks and Company—the "company" consisted of his wife and daughter—flourished several years; for they were well to do, and better each Christmas. Their notions expanded. Gravesend gave place to Margate, Margate to Ramsgate, and Ramsgate to the French coast. Miss Tonks was moved from the day-school in the Hackney-road to Miss Turnham's academy at Chiswick, and then to Miss Burton's "Pension" at Boulogne. Then, Mr. Tonks became various great things in the City; he used to talk a little and eat a great deal at Guildhall, and once went before the Queen; and at last retired from trade altogether, and bought a large estate in the lower part of Surrey, where he determined to reside, and for the rest of his life do the Old English Gentleman line of business.

The house he purchased was a fine old place; it had long been the home of one of the county families now extinct. It had tall twisted chimneys and heavy mullioned windows; a porch, a terrace, and a large hall; a staircase that you might have driven a coach-and-four up—if the horses had been Astley's platform ones, and didn't mind climbing—and weathercocks, my goodness, what a lot!

Mr. Tonks had money, which the extinct family who lived there before had not; and the house was soon put in order. Relics of Elizabethan furniture were manufactured for him by the old curiosity dealers, at a day's notice; and more ancestors took their departure from Wardour-street than had ever before migrated from that musty locality. The most important of these, Sir Humphrey de Tonkes, who fought at "Azincour," was put at the top of the staircase, and his armour was set up in the hall on a dummy, supposed to represent the warrior, which had a propensity to lean forward in rather a drunken attitude than otherwise, giving a notion of the knight as he might have been supposed to have appeared when trying to keep on his legs with the aid of his spear, in the lists, after violently indulging in strong drinks, according to the fashion of the dark ages.

The people in the neighbourhood soon began to call. First the doctor came, then the clergyman, and afterwards some of the families. These last were more tardy; for country aristocracy is cautious, having very little, in the abstract, to assume high ground upon, beyond conventional position, and consequently being fearful of more easily jeopardizing it. But old Lady Hawksy, who hunted up everybody from whom available advantages were to be pumped, or otherwise secured, called at last, and all the rest followed, like ducks going to water, or sheep through a hedge. And then Mr. Tonks made up his own mind, as well as his wife's and daughter's, that it was time for the Old English Gentleman to come out strong. Annie Tonks—it was not a very pretty name, but that could not be altogether considered as her fault—was very nice looking. Her father already calculated upon her making a good match—good, that is to say, in point of connexion—in return for which he would advance money. And, accordingly, he gave days of shooting to all eligible young men, and got them to his house afterwards. But Annie, though exceedingly courteous, never gave any of them the slightest encouragement, at which her father was first surprised, and then annoyed. Possibly he would have been more so, had he known that a certain young lawyer, whom his daughter had met at that paradise of autumnal philanderings, Ramsgate, stood a far better chance—in fact, the *affaire du cœur* had almost been put beyond one—of becoming Annie's future husband, than the son of the sheriff, or Lady Hawksy's nephew, or any other elder brothers that Mr. Tonks wished would enter his family. And this young lawyer, whose name was Frederick Walcot, was the most impudent fellow imaginable. He would come to the house, in spite of all Mr. Tonks's gruff receptions; and never took hints to go, or that he was not wanted; and always kept so close to Annie, that there was little room for anybody else to come near her. In fact, with him the young lady was as effectually guarded as the showman who, in describing his view of the battle of Trafalgar, points out Lord Nelson to have been " s'rounded by Captain Hardy." In former days, there was only one line of Old English Gentlemen to take up; now there are several. There is the virtuous-indignation Old English Gentleman, who makes speeches about the "wrongs of the poor man," and "nature's nobility," and maintains the right of the labourer to knock down fences, trespass on preserves, and steal game that he has no right to, whenever he pleases: the Old Gentleman in question not having any preserves of his own, of course. Then there is the Young England Old English Gentleman, who, being as proud as Lucifer, gives a ball once a year to his servants and tenants, and apes humility in a manner wonderful to behold, but keeps his own circle about him most religiously, with the silver forks and superior soup at the top cross-table, to show the common people, after all, that this is but condescension on his part, and that the clay of which they are formed is but crockery to the porcelain of his own set. Then there is the Squire Old English Gentleman, who can talk of nothing but dogs and horses, shouts and bawls whenever he speaks, makes his friends drink as much wine as he chooses to swill himself, and appears to put his children and pet animals all on the same level—a descendant of the Western genus still existing.

Mr. Tonks debated for a long time what sort of Old English Gentleman he should be, and at last thought an amalgamation of certain features from all these classes, with Young England uppermost, would be the best of all. And as the year was drawing to its close, he decided upon giving a Christmas entertainment to his neighbours in the old style at a great expenditure; and so assume a place with the best of them, and marry Annie to the son of the sheriff, or Lady Hawksy's nephew, or any other of the elder brothers.

By the assistance of "Hone's Every-Day Book," and the four-and-sixpenny edition of "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes," Mr. Tonks soon found out how Christmas ought to be kept. He determined upon having mummers, a fool, and a wassail-bowl; there would be also a yule-log, a hobby-horse, and a dragon; and he also decided upon a "wode-house," or a "salvage-man," who, according to the book, should "dysporte himself with fireworks" amongst the company. But this latter character was discarded at the express desire of Mrs. Tonks, who thought squibs and book-muslin dresses, "which as they kiss consume," would not go very well together; and that, although violent delights might be thereat produced, they would have equally violent ends, and die in their triumph.

Old Lady Hawksy was the first who accepted the invitation; in consequence of which, by a bold stroke of policy, the Tonkses put their carriage at her disposal for a week, that she might drive round to all her acquaintances and say she was going, whereby they would be induced to come. And this had its effect; for whether from curiosity, condescension, love of gaiety, or politeness, everybody "had great pleasure in accepting," &c., and the heart of Mr. Tonks swelled with pride, as that of his wife did with maternal speculation, when they thought of all their guests comprising all the gentry of the neighbourhood, and those designated in circulars merely as "inhabitants;" especially Lady Hawksy's nephew, who was in the Guards, and whom Mrs. Tonks hoped would bring some brother officers, and that they would all come in their soldiers' clothes, and look as ferocious and imposing as their partners would permit. No invitation was to be sent to Frederick Walcot; this was expressly insisted on, and yet, somehow or another, curiously enough, he contrived to know all about the party, as we shall see.

Mr. Tonks was determined for once to make a splash. The supper was to come down in light vans from Gunter's; the music from Chappell's; and the mummers and hobby-horse from Nathan's—at least, their outward gear.

The guests were to dance in the hall, and refect in the dining-room, whilst the fool was to say clever things everywhere all the evening. For this purpose, Mr. Tonks engaged a witty man at a salary of thirty shillings, who was an actor at one of the minor theatres, and used to conjure and show a magic lantern at his parties when Annie was a little girl. The frame of Sir

Humphrey de Tonkes was decked out with holly. His armour was polished up until it looked so new, that you would never have believed it had been worn at Agincourt; and the feathers from Mrs. Tonks's own bonnet were put in the helmet—handsome drooping ones, quite ready to go to court on the shortest notice. And so, at last, all was ready, and the evening arrived.

Frost and snow are no longer attributes of Christmas. They used to be, but fog and floods have long since taken their places, and did so more especially on the evening of Mr. Tonks's party. But most of those invited kept carriages—he sent his own for Lady Hawksy, but her nephew preferred driving over in a dog-cart from the barracks—and those who did not, got flys from the nearest town, so that all arrived pretty well. Mrs. Tonks received the guests in the drawing room. She had been at Guildhall on various Lord Mayor's days, and took her ideas of receptions generally from the ceremonies observed on that occasion, in consequence of which she exhibited much dignity; and when this was done they passed on to the hall, admired the pictures, made cutting remarks in a low tone, and waited for what came next. But the worst was that, for a long time, nothing did come. The young people had all got engaged—that is to say, only for the dances; and Annie was to open the ball—which is a ceremony we do not precisely understand, seeing that a ball is generally opened by twenty young ladies simultaneously, in the first quadrille—with old Lady Hawksy's nephew; but the music had not arrived. What could be the reason? Chappell was a man of his word, and he had, moreover, arranged that he should put the band in the hall gallery, where they might have crackers, double-barrelled guns, horsewhips, red fire, and a cat and a terrier in one hamper, to give the effects to Mellon's various quadrilles with proper force, as well as the garden engine for a new set called L'Orage, in the finale of which a real shower of rain was to fall on the heads the guests, to be followed by the Parapluie Polka.

What could have become of them? It was very odd! —so it was. However, something must be done, and accordingly the mummers were ordered into the hall to carry on time until the music came. But the entrance of mummers without music is in itself a slow proceeding, and not productive of much mirth. The young ladies looked at the odd dresses—mostly *moyen âge* costumes with large heads, which preserved that comical expression of stereotyped hilarity, perfectly uninfluenced by circumstances, we notice in pantomimes, and said, "How droll, to be sure!" and the great neighbours looked coldly at one another, as much as to ask, "What does all this mean?" and then the excitement caused by their entrance was over. The absence of the music was the death of everything. The polka could not be danced between the Stag and the Railway King, who was to be dressed with a tall hat like the chimney of a locomotive. The Hobby-horse capered about the hall, and hit the people on the head with a bladder tied to a stick, at which some laughed the first time, but voted it stupid the second; and the Dragon was very tame indeed. He kept in a corner of the room, close by Annie, all the evening, and appeared to be her own special Dragon-in-waiting.

Mr. Tonks got frantic; he despatched everybody available from his house in all directions with lanterns and keepers' fusees to look after the music. He ran in and out of the hall upon fictitious business, and was at one time found cowering in the passage, all by himself, fearing to face the yawning company, who were gradually relapsing into solemn silence; and, at last, gave orders that the Fool should go into the hall and be funny. But the Fool proved as great a failure as everything else. Nobody cared to say anything to him to draw him out, and, if they had, the chances are that he would not have come. For he had formed his character upon the models offered by Christmas clowns, and when he had said, "Here we are again!" and "I'm a looking at you!" or "Here's somebody coming!"

which were not witticisms productive of great merit upon frequent repetition, he could do nothing more but crow like a cock, a performance not altogether devoid of merit in its proper place—the House of Commons or the Opera omnibus-box, for example—but not calculated to throw people into convulsions in formal private society. Everything was now at a dead standstill. The yule-log, which had been hewn from the freshly-excavated trunk of a tree, would not burn anyhow, but sulked upon the hearth, splitting and spluttering as though it was hissing the failure of the entertainments, and filling the hall with smoke. It was too early for the wassail-bowl, for the company had barely finished tea; and, although Mrs. Tonks rushed about with packs of cards amongst the guests, entreating them to draw one and form a rubber, everybody declined except old Lady Hawksy's nephew, who laboured under the impression that the mistress of the house was about to exhibit some conjuring tricks, and having taken a card, expected to be asked to look at it and return it where he pleased, previous to its being discovered in an egg, or a workbox, or perhaps a pancake. But on finding that this process was merely a trap to bottle him up in a room, away from everything and everybody except two or three bits of quality tumbled into decay, who were to make up the rubbers with him, he returned it immediately without looking at it, with much alacrity, assuring Mrs. Tonks that he never played anything but skittles, adding, that he should be very happy to do so directly, if there were any that could be brought into the hall.

At length, in his agony of despair, Mr. Tonks assembled his retainers in the housekeeper's room, and asked if anybody could play any instrument whatever. Yes! one could: lucky thought! Tom the helper knew the fiddle. Tom the helper was the graceless ne'er-to-do-well of the village, and confined the sphere of his utility chiefly to the stables of "The Tonks' Arms," an hostelry adjoining the Hall, which had been promoted to an inn, *vice* the beershop of "The Crooked Billet." On this eventful evening, Tom had come to the house to assist, and had so proved the hospitality of the kitchen, that, in his present state of self-glorification, he would have offered to have played anything, even if it had been the sackbut, or any other defunct instrument with the nature of which even the most ancient subscribers to the "Ancient Concerts" were unacquainted. As it was, he went and got his fiddle, which was a marvellous thing to look at, having been made by himself out of tin, for the sole use of the benefit club in the village; and being arrayed in a spare livery-coat, was put up in the gallery with an enormous jack of strong beer—which, by some perversion of his comprehensive faculties, he called "his rossum"—and told to begin whatever he knew.

But Tom's knowledge was limited. In vain the company suggested the Chatsworth Quadrilles, the Princess Royal Waltz, the Annen or Mont Blanc Polka; they might as well have called for the particular air to which Dr. Faustus caused his scholars, under fear of the whip, to perform that remarkable dance from Scotland into France, and subsequently into the Peninsula, before he whipped them back again; although how they contrived to surmount the various engineering difficulties on the route is by no means satisfactorily proved. But this by the way. Tom did not know these, but he knew the "Tank" and "Money Musk," together with a mysterious air, which he termed "Hunches of puddun and lumps of fat," and which nobody was bold enough to call for, the name being an unpleasant one, not to say offensive. So the "Tank" it was obliged to be; and before it had been played one minute, Lady Hawksy's nephew found out it was a capital polka tune; whereupon he rushed up to Annie, and almost without asking her, he whirled her off in the back step across the hall, and was followed directly by a dozen couples, who had got wearied to death from inactivity, and went into it like mad. But in the second round, the Dragon, who had all this time sulked in the corner, crept into the circle, and in the most awkward manner contrived to get right in the way of Lady Hawksy's nephew, and trip him over, which feat being accomplished, he crept back again to the corner, and Annie, by some means or another, hurt her foot in this very round, and could not dance any more, retiring to her old seat, and begging her cavalier would find another partner.

The people went on dancing; and it was astonishing what they adapted the "Tank" to. It was played on continuously for the quadrilles, but for the waltz was rather difficult, until somebody proposed the Valse à deux temps, which, just come in, not depending upon any tune at all, but being danced at the will of the company, was a good introduction. But all this time the "rossum" was doing its work; and after gazing at the dancers for some time in bewildered surprise, Tom threw his fiddle down into the hall, through the chandelier, swearing "he'd be jiggered"—the precise meaning of the participle was not clearly understood—"if he played no more; they beat all the club people he ever know'd!"

There was terrible confusion, and it is said that some young ladies who had eligible partners fainted right off in their arms. Mr. and Mrs. Tonks were aghast; they stood at first speechless, and then each called for Annie at the same time in some vague desire to collect their home forces around them, as if they feared an attack from the indignant visitors. But Annie was nowhere to be found. She had suddenly disappeared; and the Dragon had disappeared also; and all was speechless amazement, until they learned from the lodge-keeper that the apocryphal monster and the young lady had entered the sheriff's own carriage, and gone off through the floods as fast as Mr. Tonks's own postilion could take them, the sheriff's retainers being drunk in the buttery (as Mr. Tonks would call the wash-house), in which state they forcibly took possession of the wassail-bowl and emptied it.

The following morning Mr. Chappell's band was discovered, like Spenser's allegory of February, sitting in an old waggon in the middle of the floods, in which state they had been left by the treachery of the man who was to meet them at the nearest railway station, and take them all over to the Hall; and there they would have been much longer, had not the principal cornet attracted the attention of the agricultural population—by a post-horn without the galop—to their plight. And, singular to say, this traitor went on straight to the Hall, and took the part of the Dragon, who spirited Annie away, changing again, when in the sheriff's carriage, to no less a person than young Walcot, who forthwith accompanied the lady of his heart by rail to Gretna—following the force of high example—and came back penitent and married, before Mr. and Mrs. Tonks had recovered from the anguish into which the failure of keeping Christmas in the old style had plunged them.

There was the usual business to go through: the anger, the pleadings, and the forgiveness; and then, Mr. Tonks thought that Annie had perhaps done better, after all, than if she had caught old Lady Hawksy's nephew. For subsequent little rudenesses on the part of his guests disgusted him with society above him, and he began to think that, however much money he spent, he was only sneered at covertly by those whom he attempted to equalize himself with, and that, if his notions of doing good and being benevolent were real, and not conventionally chivalric, they could be carried out as well by the retired London tradesman as the got-up-for-the-purpose Old English Gentleman, to which position he had no pretensions.

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

THE MARTYR'S BRIDE.

James Hogg.

"O where have you been, bonny Morley Reid?
For mony a long night and day
I have missed ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,
And the cave o' the Louther brae.

Our friends are waning fast away,
Baith frae the cliff and the wood;
They are tearing them frae us ilka day,
For there's naething will please but blood.

And O bonny Morley, I maun now
Gie your heart muckle pain,
For your bridegroom is a missing too
And 'tis feared that he is ta'en.

We have sought the caves o' the Enterkin,
And the dens of the Ballybough,
And a' the howes o' the Ganna linn,
And we wot not what to do."

"Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hope all for the best,
For the servants of God will find a place,
Their weary heads to rest.

There are better places, than we ken o',
And seemlier to be in,
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,
Or howes o' the Ganna linn.

But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,
And listen awhile to me,
For I have a tale to tell to you,
That will bring you to your knee.

I went to seek my own dear James
In the cave of the Louther brae,
For I had some things that of a' the world,
He best deserved to ha'e.

I had a kebbuck in my lap,
And a fadge o' the flower sae sma',
And a sark I had made for his boardly back,
As white as the new dri'en snaw.

I sought him over hill and dale,
Shouting by cave and tree,
But only the dell, with its eiry yell,
An answer returned to me.

I sought him up, and I sought him down,
And echoes returned his name,
Till the gloffs o' dread shot to my heart,
And dirled through a' my frame.

I sat me down by the Enterkin.
And saw, in a fearful line,
The red dragoons come up the path,
Wi' prisoners eight or nine,

And one of them was my dear, dear James,
The flower of a' his kin;
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And the blood ran frae his chin.

He was bound upon a weary hack,
Lashed both by hough and heel,
And his hands were bound behind his back,
Wi' the thumbikins of steel.

I kneeled before that popish band,
In the fervour of inward strife,
And I raised to heaven my trembling hand,
And begged my husband's life.

But all the troop laughed me to scorn,
Making my grief their game,
And the captain said some words to me,
Which I cannot tell you for shame.

And then he cursed our whiggish race
With a proud and a scornful brow,
And bade me look at my husband's face,
And say how I liked him now.

O, I like him weel, thou proud captain,
Though the blood runs to his knee,
And all the better for the grievous wrongs
He has suffered this day frae thee.

But can you feel within your heart,
That comely youth to slay;
For the hope you have in heaven, Captain,
Let him gang wi' me away.

Then the Captain swore a fearfu' oath,
With loathsome jest and mock,
That he thought no more of a whigamore's life,
Than the life of a noisome brock.

Then my poor James to the Captain called,
And he begged baith hard and sair,
To have one kiss of his bonny bride,
Ere we parted for evermair.

I'll do that for you, said the proud Captain,
And save you the toil to-day,
And, moreover, I'll take her little store,
To support you by the way.

He took my bountith from my lap,
And I saw with sorrow dumb,
That he parted it all among his men.
And gave not my love one crumb.

Now, fare you well, my very bonny bride,
Cried the Captain with disdain,
When I come back to the banks of Nith,
I shall kiss you sweetly then.

Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,
For what I have done to-day,
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven,
And short will be the way.

My love he gave me a parting look,
And blessed me ferventlye,
And the tears they mixed wi' his purple blood,
And ran down to his knee."

"What's this I hear, bonny Morley Reid?
How could these woes betide?
For, blither you could not look this day,
Were your husband by your side.

One of two things alone is left,
And dreadful the one to me,
For either your fair wits are reft,
Or else your husband's free."

"Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hear me out the rest,
You little ken what a bride will do,
For the youth she likes the best.

I hied me home to my father's ha',
And through a' my friends I ran,
And I gathered me up a purse o' goud,
To redeem my young good man.

For I ken'd the papish lowns would well
My fair intent approve,
For they'll do far mair for the good red goud,
Than they'll do for heaven above.

And away I ran to Edenburgh town,
Of my shining treasure vain,
To buy my James from the prison strong,
Or there with him remain.

I sought through a' the city jails,
I sought both long and sair,
But the guardsmen turned me frae their doors,
And swore that he was not there.

I went away to the popish duke,
Who was my love's judge to be,
And I proffered him a' my yellow store,
If he'd grant his life to me.

He counted the red goud slowly o'er,
By twenties and by tens,
And said I had taken the only means,
To attain my hopeful ends.

And now, said he, your husband's safe,
You may take this pledge of me,
And I'll tell you, fair one, where you'll go
To gain this certaintye.

Gang west the street and down the bow,
And through the market place,
And there you'll meet with a gentleman,
Of a tall and courteous grace.

He is clad in a livery of the green,
With a plume about his bree,
And armed with a halbert glittering sheen,
Your love he will let you see.

O Marjory never flew blithsome bird,
So light out through the sky,
As I flew up that stately street,
Weeping for very joy.

O, never flew lamb out o'er the lea,
When the sun gangs o'er the hill,
Wi' lighter blither steps than me,
Or skipped wi' sic good will.

And aye I blessed the precious ore,
My husband's life that wan,
And I even blessed the popish duke,
For a kind, good-hearted man.

The officer I soon found out,
For he could not be mistook,
But in all my life I never beheld
Sic a grim and gruesome look.

I asked him for my dear, dear James,
With throbs of wild delight,
And begged him in his master's name,
To take me to his sight.

He asked me for his true address,
  With a voice at which I shook,
For I saw that he was a popish knave
  By the terror of his look.

I named the name with a buoyant voice,
  That trembled with extasye,
But the savage brayed a hideous laugh,
  Then turned and grinned at me.

He pointed up to the city wall;
  One look benumbed my soul,
For there I saw my husband's head
  Fixed high upon a pole.

His yellow hair waved in the wind,
  And far behind did flee,
And his right hand hang beside his cheek,
  A waesome sight to see.

His chin hung down on open space,
  Yet comely was his brow,
And his een were open to the breeze,
  There was nane to close them now.

'What think you of your true love now?'
  The hideous porter said;
'Is not that a comely sight to see,
  And sweet to a whiggish maid!'

O, haud your tong, ye popish slave,
  For I downae answer you;
He was dear, dear to my heart before,
  But never sae dear as now.

I see a sight you cannot see,
  Which man cannot efface;
I see a ray of heavenly love
  Beaming on that dear face.

And weel I ken yon bonny brent brow,
  Will smile in the walks on high,
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stained now,
  Maun wave aboon the sky.

But can you trow me, Marjory dear,
In the might of heavenly grace,
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,
Nor a tear ran o'er my face.

But I blessed my God, who had thus seen meet,
To take him from my side,
To call him home to the courts above,
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alak, alak, bonny Morley Reid,
That sic days we hae lived to see,
For sickan a cruel and waefu' tale
Was never yet heard by me.

And all this time, I have trembling weened,
That your dear wits were gone,
For there is a joy in your countenance,
Which I never saw beam thereon.

Then let us kneel with humble hearts,
To the God whom we revere,
Who never yet laid that burden on,
Which he gave not strength to bear."

AN ANNUAL TREAT.

HENRY J. BYRON.

I HAVE some friends, some little friends, who live in Camden Town,
Their Christian names are John, and James, and Jane—their surname Brown—
Their father is a "City-man," of moderate renown.

Joe Brown's a hearty Hercules, as any one may see,
With a step as firm as friendship, though he's rising fifty-three—
He's bland and baldish-headed, as a merchant ought to be.

Joe Brown and I were schoolfellows—ye gods, how time doth pass!
It seems but yesterday he stood beside me up "in class."
And now I count the wrinkles as I look into the glass.

It seems but yesterday, I bought from Joe his cricket-bat—
That I was thrashed for putting stones into the usher's hat,
And Joe they threatened to expel for grumbling at the fat.

But stop—this is irrelevant—I was about to say,
That as the winter cometh round, on every Boxing-day,
I take Brown's little family all panting to the play.

I shall continue to do this, and see in it no crime,
Till John and James are grown up men, and talk about their time,
And little Jane shall see no fun in Christmas Pantomime.

The little ones count all the days till Christmas cometh round;
They love to feel the cold and see the snow upon ground:
They spell the coloured play-bills through, all breathless, I'll be bound.

I've had an early dinner, and I've had an early tea,
The hour-hand points at six o'clock, the time flies rapidlie,
And well I know those little Browns are looking out for me.

I hire a roomy one-horse fly, I have it every year,
The driver is a civil man, is careful, and not dear;
I never grudge that civil man a pint or so of beer.

I do not say where we are bound, no need is there to tell,
He's been there some half-dozen times, and knows the house right well,
He driveth bravely to the door, and pulleth at the bell.

Above the parlour blinds, the little anxious eyes I see,
Young John shouts madly in his joy, and Jane is wild with glee,
And James has flatten'd 'gainst the pane his nose since half-past three.

No tea have those three children had—no appetite had they;
Their tops and hoops neglected lie, untouched for many a day—
They have no wish for marbles now, or any kind of play.

A word or so and off we go, all jammed into the fly,
We drive up to the theatre—a bill or so we buy;
Young John cannot contain his joy, and wildly shouts "My eye!"

We quickly gain our places, and the overture commences,
We buy young James the Pantomime, 'tis printed and sixpence is,
Young James doth drop it in the pit, his pleasure so intense is.

The overture is over, and the Pantomime begins,
'Tis full of Ogres, Giants, Fairies, Demons, Dwarfs, and Djinns;
'Tis called "The King of Laughter and the Island of Broadgrins."

And very grand the children think that mighty King must be,
Who hath a speaking-trumpet voice and head enough for three,
Shakespeare to them's a charlatan, compared to "E. L. B."

Gods! how they shout where *Princess Pearl* gives
Goggle-eye a slap;
And how they shriek when *Slipperi* flies up the Vampyre trap—
Oh, how they stamp their little boots, and madly scream and clap!

And when the Transformation comes, and everything is dark,
The gong beats like a thunder clap, or cannons in the Park;
How John doth nudge his brother James, and cry "Now comes the lark!"

The King is banished from the stage, and quickly in his place;
Blithe Harlequin appeareth there all spangles and gold lace,
He standeth in an attitude of elegance and grace.

Then Columbine skips nimbly forth, and cuts an *entrechat;*
A youthful dandy in the stalls, breathes languidly "*Brava,*"
Young James is shot right through the heart, and faintly cries "Hurrah."

Then cometh trembling Pantaloon, who seemeth weak and old,
And yet by the unfeeling Clown's perpetually "sold—"
I ween to play old Pantaloon, one should be stout and bold.

To him, the Clown—the little folks all greet him with a roar,
They shout when he says "Here we are!" he says it as of yore;
We've laughed at it each Boxing-night—we'll laugh at it once more.

And from this moment ceaselessly, until the curtain falls,
Is nought but fights, and roars, and rows, and squabbling, shrieks, and squalls.
The fun is over—twelve o'clock is booming from St. Paul's.

The one-horse fly is at the door, the civil man is there ;
John muffles up his sister in her little cloak with care ;
Young James thinks of his Columbine, with bright and
waving hair.

John crowds up to his brother, and they keep each
other warm,
They dare not even whisper, for a word would break
the charm—
But little Jane is fast asleep, her head upon my arm.

What dreams, what golden dreams, my little friends
will have to night—
Of Fairy forms, of music, and of stars of dazzling
light ;
Oh ! may their waking visions be as beautiful and
bright.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE ATTEMPTED BAPTISM OF KING RADBOD.

J. Hain Friswell,

(*Author of " The Gentle Life."*)

["The Prince was standing at the baptismal font prepared for the ceremony—only one point remained, respecting which his curiosity was still unsatisfied. 'Tell me,' said he to the holy bishop, 'where is now the greater number of the kings and princes of the nation of the Frieslanders—are they in the paradise which you promise me, or in the hell with which you menace me?' 'Do not deceive yourself,' replied St. Vulfran, 'the princes, your predecessors, who have died without baptism, are most assuredly damned ; but whosoever shall believe henceforward and be baptized, shall be in joy eternal with Christ Jesus.' Upon this Radbod withdrew his foot from the font, and said, "I cannot resolve to relinquish the society of the kings, my predecessors, in order to live with a few poor people in the kingdom of Heaven. I cannot believe these novelties, and I will rather adhere to the ancient usages of my nation.' "—*Fleury*, l. xlix., s. 35.]

The banner of the holy Lord
Is floating fair to-day,

Borne by His priests who zealously
  Throng down the crowded way—
For 'tis now the holy Vulfran,
  Lord, aid him from on high!
Will baptize the King of Friesland,
  With his nobles standing by.

King Radbod at the holy font
  Standeth full closely now,
A golden cross hangs from his neck,
  And no crown is on his brow;
But his mien is cold and haughty,
  Unbefitting the pure faith
Of the meek and lowly Jesus,
  Who redeemèd us from death.

St. Vulfran now approacheth—
  And priests around are heard
Chanting aloud the praises
  Of their meek and blessed Lord.
Yet abôve their floating voices
  Is heard one high and loud,
Who speaketh thus to Vulfran,
  Amid the wond'ring crowd:—

"Tell me, thou holy Bishop"—
  Thus speaketh now the King—
"Are the brave who ruled before me,
  And of whom our poets sing,
Are they now in the Paradise,
  Whose joys ye Christians tell;
Or are they now a writhing
  In the torments of your Hell?"

The Bishop spake out boldly—
  "Radbod—be not deceived—
All those princes of your nation,
  Unbaptized and unshrieved,
Who held the throne before ye,
  And who reigned ill or well,
So they believed not in Christ,
  Are burning now in Hell."

Then the proud and haughty Radbod
  Drew his foot from out the font,
And placed the crown upon his brow,
  And looked as he was wont;
And his nobles gathered round him,
  While St. Vulfran stood alone,
And thus the King bespoke the Priest,
  In a deep and bitter tone:—

" I'll not believe such tidings;
  And, sooth, I'd rather dwell
With all my brave ancestral kings,
  E'en though it be in Hell—
Than with a few poor people
  Of your flock, the happy sheep,
Who live, for aye, in Paradise—
  So my ancient faith I'll keep."

Then with haughty step and measur'd tread
  He swept from out the fane,
And the clash of many martial feet
  Doth follow in his train:
While the holy Vulfran kneels in pray'r,
  And the priestly brothers sing
To God—to aid their holy faith,
  And turn the stubborn King.

(*Copyright—Contributed.*)

◆

BOB SAWYER'S EVENING PARTY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. BOB SAWYER embellished one side of the fire, in his first-floor front, early on the evening for which he had invited Mr. Pickwick; and Mr. Ben Allen the other. The preparations for the reception of visitors appeared to be completed. The umbrellas in the passage had been heaped into the little corner outside the back-parlour door; the bonnet and shawl of the landlady's servant had been removed from the bannisters; there were not more than two pairs of pattens on the street-door mat; and a kitchen candle, with a very long snuff, burnt cheerfully on the ledge of the staircase window. Mr. Bob Sawyer had himself purchased the spirits at a wine vaults in High Street, and had returned home preceding the bearer thereof, to preclude the possibility of their delivery at the wrong house. The punch was ready-made in a red pan in the bed-room; a little table covered with a green baize cloth, had been borrowed from the parlour, to play at cards on; and the glasses of the establishment, together with those which had been borrowed for the occasion from the public-house, were all drawn up in a tray which was deposited on the landing outside the door.

Notwithstanding the highly satisfactory nature of all these arrangements, there was a cloud on the countenance of Mr. Bob Sawyer, as he sat by the fire-side. There was a sympathizing expression, too, in the features of Mr. Ben Allen, as he gazed intently on the coals; and a tone of melancholy in his voice, as he said, after a long silence:—

"Well, it is unlucky she should have taken it into her head to turn sour, just on this occasion. She might at least have waited till to-morrow."

"That's her malevolence; that's her malevolence," returned Mr. Bob Sawyer, vehemently. "She says that if I can afford to give a party I ought to be able to afford to pay her confounded 'little bill.'"

"How long has it been running?" inquired Mr. Ben Allen. A bill, by-the-bye, is the most extraordinary locomotive engine that the genius of man ever produced. It would keep on running during the longest lifetime, without ever once stopping of its own accord.

"Only a quarter, and a month or so," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

Ben Allen coughed hopelessly, and directed a searching look between the two top bars of the stove.

"It'll be a deuced unpleasant thing if she takes it into her head to let out, when those fellows are here, wont it?" said Mr. Ben Allen, at length.

"Horrible," replied Bob Sawyer, "horrible."

A low tap was heard at the room door. Mr. Bob Sawyer looked expressively at his friend, and bade the tapper come in; whereupon a dirty, slipshod girl in black cotton stockings, who might have passed for the neglected daughter of a superannuated dustman in very reduced circumstances, thrust in her head and said,

"Please, Mister Sawyer, Missis Raddle wants to speak to you."

Before Mr. Bob Sawyer could return any answer, the girl suddenly disappeared with a jerk, as if somebody had given her a violent pull behind; this mysterious exit was no sooner accomplished, than there was another tap at the door—a smart pointed tap, which seemed to say, "Here I am, and in I'm coming."

Mr. Bob Sawyer glanced at his friend with a look of abject apprehension, and once more cried, "Come in."

The permission was not at all necessary, for, before Mr. Bob Sawyer had uttered the words, a little fierce woman bounced into the room, all in a tremble with passion, and pale with rage.

"Now, Mr. Sawyer," said the little fierce woman, trying to appear very calm, "if you'll have the kindness to settle that little bill of mine I'll thank you, because I've got my rent to pay this afternoon, and my landlord's a waiting below now." Here the little woman rubbed her hands, and looked steadily over Mr. Bob Sawyer's head, at the wall behind him.

"I am very sorry to put you to any inconvenience, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer deferentially, "but—"

"Oh, it isn't any inconvenience," replied the little woman, with a shrill titter. "I didn't want it particular before to-day; leastways, as it has to go to my landlord directly, it was as well for you to keep it, as me. You promised me this afternoon, Mr. Sawyer, and every gentleman as has ever lived here, has kept his word, sir, as of course anybody as calls himself a gentleman, does." Mrs. Raddle tossed her head, bit her lips, rubbed her hands harder, and looked at the wall more steadily than ever. It was plain to see, as Mr. Bob Sawyer remarked in a style of eastern allegory on a subsequent occasion, that she was "getting the steam up."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer, with all imaginable humility, "but the fact is, that I have been disappointed in the City to-day."—Extraornary place that city. An astonishing number of men always are getting disappointed there.

"Well, Mr. Sawyer," said Mrs. Raddle, planting herself firmly on a purple cauliflower in the Kidderminster carpet, "and what's that to me, sir?"

"I—I—have no doubt, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer, blinking this last question, "that before the middle of next week we shall be able to set ourselves quite square, and go on, on a better system afterwards."

This was all Mrs. Raddle wanted. She had bustled up to the apartment of the unlucky Bob Sawyer, so bent upon going into a passion, that, in all probability, payment would have rather disappointed her than otherwise. She was in excellent order for a little relaxation of the kind; having just exchanged a few introductory compliments with Mr. R. in the front kitchen.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Sawyer," said Mrs. Raddle, elevating her voice for the information of the neighbours, "do you suppose that I'm a-going day after day to let a fellar occupy my lodgings as never thinks of paying his rent, nor even the very money laid out for the fresh butter and lump sugar that's bought for his breakfast, and the very milk that's took in, at the street door? Do you suppose a hard-working and industrious woman as has lived in this street for twenty year (ten year over the way, and nine year and three quarter in this very house) has nothing else to do, but to work herself to death after a parcel of lazy idle fellars, that are always smoking and drinking, and lounging, when they ought to be glad to turn their hands to anything that would help 'em to pay their bills? Do you—"

"My good soul," interposed Mr. Benjamin Allen, soothingly.

"Have the goodness to keep your observashuns to yourself, sir, I beg," said Mrs. Raddle, suddenly arresting the rapid torrent of her speech, and addressing the third party with impressive slowness and solemnity. "I am not aweer, sir, that you have any right to address your conversation to me. I don't think I let these apartments to you, sir."

"No, you certainly did not," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Very good, sir," responded Mrs. Raddle, with lofty politeness. "Then p'raps, sir, you'll confine yourself to breaking the arms and legs of the poor people in the hospitals, and keep yourself *to* yourself, sir, or there may be some persons here as will make you, sir."

"But you are such an unreasonable woman," remonstrated Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"I beg your parding, young man," said Mrs. Raddle, in a cold perspiration of anger. "But will you have the goodness just to call me that, again, sir?"

"I didn't make use of the word in any invidious sense, ma'am," replied Mr. Benjamin Allen, growing somewhat uneasy on his own account.

"I beg your parding, young man," demanded Mrs. Raddle, in a louder and more imperative tone. "But who do you call a woman? Did you make that remark to me, sir?"

"Why, bless my heart!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Did you apply that name to me, I ask of you, sir?" interrupted Mrs. Raddle with intense fierceness, throwing the door wide open.

"Why, of course, I did," replied Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Yes, of course you did," said Mrs. Raddle, backing gradually to the door, and raising her voice to its loudest pitch for the special behoof of Mr. Raddle in the kitchen. "Yes, of course you did! And everybody knows that they may safely insult me in my own 'ouse while my husband sits sleeping down stairs, and taking no more notice than if I was a dog in the streets. He ought to be ashamed of himself (here Mrs. Raddle sobbed) to allow his wife to be treated in this way by a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies, that disgraces the lodgings (another sob), and leaving her exposed to all manner of abuse; a base faint-hearted, timorous wretch, that's afraid to come up stairs, and face the ruffianly creatures—that's afraid—that's afraid to come!" Mrs. Raddle paused to listen whether the repetition of the taunt had roused her better half; and, finding that it had not been successful proceeded to descend the stairs with sobs innumerable: when there came a loud double knock at the street door: whereupon she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping, accompanied with dismal moans, which was prolonged until the knock had been repeated six times, when, in an uncontrollable burst of mental agony, she threw down all the umbrellas, and disappeared into the back parlour, closing the door after her with an awful crash.

"Does Mr. Sawyer live here?" said Mr. Pickwick, when the door was opened.

"Yes," said the girl, "first floor. It's the door straight afore you, when you gets to the top of the stairs." Having given this instruction, the handmaid, who had been brought up among the aboriginal inhabitants of Southwark, disappeared, with the candle in her hand, down the kitchen stairs: perfectly satisfied that she had done everything that could possibly be required of her under the circumstances.

Mr. Snodgrass, who entered last, secured the street door, after several ineffectual efforts, by putting up the chain; and the friends stumbled up stairs, where they were received by Mr. Bob Sawyer, who had been afraid to go down, lest he should be waylaid by Mrs. Raddle.

"How are you?" said the discomfited student—"Glad to see you,—take care of the glasses." This caution was addressed to Mr. Pickwick, who had put his hat in the tray.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it," said Bob Sawyer. "I'm rather confined for room here, but you must put up with all that, when you come to see a young bachelor. Walk in. You've seen this gentleman before, I think?" Mr. Pickwick shook hands with Mr. Benjamin Allen, and his friends followed his example. They had scarcely taken their seats when there was another double knock.

"I hope that's Jack Hopkins!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer. "Hush. Yes, it is. Come up, Jack; come up."

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself. He wore a black velvet waistcoat, with thunder-and-lightning buttons; and a blue striped shirt, with a white false collar.

"You're late, Jack?" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Been detained at Bartholomew's," replied Hopkins.

"Anything new?"

"No, nothing particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward."

"What was that, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a man fallen out of a four-pair of stairs' window; but it's a very fair case—very fair case indeed."

"Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No," replied Hopkins, carelessly. "No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation though to-morrow — magnificent sight if Slasher does it."

"You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Best alive," replied Hopkins. "Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake—exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of; and he'd tell his mother if they didn't begin."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

"Pooh! that's nothing, that ain't," said Jack Hopkins. "Is it Bob?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in, who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once, you know, that would be too much—*you* couldn't swallow that, if the child did—eh, Mr. Pickwick, ha! ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued—"No, the way was this;—child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace,—common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

"Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time, he had got through the necklace—five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out, at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but, I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days afterwards, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and potatoes under it—the child, who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a devil of a noise, like a small hail-storm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a doin' nothing,' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father. There was a short silence.

and then the noise began again, worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed, in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, damme, it's *in* the child!' said the father, 'he's got the croup in the wrong place!' 'No, I haven't, father,' said the child beginning to cry, 'it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.'—The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting; and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars, to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now," said Jack Hopkins, "and he makes such a devil of a noise when he walks about, that they're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients."

"That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of," said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Jack Hopkins; "is it Bob?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you, sir," said Hopkins.

"So I should be disposed to imagine," replied Mr. Pickwick.

Another knock at the door, announced a large-headed young man in a black wig, who brought with him a scorbutic youth in a long stock. The next comer was a gentleman in a shirt emblazoned with pink anchors, who was closely followed by a pale youth with a plated watchguard. The arrival of a prim personage in clean linen and cloth boots rendered the party complete. The little table with the green baize cover was wheeled out; the first instalment of punch was brought in, in a white jug; and the succeeding three hours were devoted to *vingt-et-un* at sixpence a dozen, which was only once interrupted by a slight dispute between the scorbutic youth and the gentleman with the pink anchors; in the course of which, the scorbutic youth intimated a burning desire to pull the nose of the gentleman with the emblems of hope: in reply to which, that individual expressed his decided unwillingness to accept of any "sauce" on gratuitous terms, either from the irascible young gentleman with the scorbutic countenance or any other person who was ornamented with a head.

When the last "natural" had been declared, and the profit and loss account of fish and sixpences adjusted, to the satisfaction of all parties, Mr. Bob Sawyer rang for supper, and the visitors squeezed themselves into corners while it was getting ready.

It was not so easily got ready as some people may imagine. First of all, it was necessary to awaken the girl, who had fallen asleep with her face on the kitchen table; this took a little time, and, even when she did answer the bell, another quarter of an hour was consumed in fruitless endeavours to impart to her a faint and distant glimmering of reason. The man to whom the order for the oysters had been sent, had not been told to open them; it is a very difficult thing to open an oyster with a limp knife or a two-pronged fork; and very little was done in this way. Very little of the beef was done either; and the ham (which was also from the German sausage-shop round the corner) was in a similar predicament. However, there was plenty of porter in a tin can; and the cheese went a great way, for it was very strong. So upon the whole, perhaps, the supper was quite as good as such matters usually are.

After supper another jug of punch was put upon the table, together with a paper of cigars, and a couple of bottles of spirits. Then, there was an awful pause; and this awful pause was occasioned by a very common occurrence in these sort of places, but a very embarrassing one notwithstanding.

The fact is, the girl was washing the glasses. The establishment boasted four; we do not record the circumstance as at all derogatory to Mrs. Raddle, for there never was a lodging-house yet, that was not short of glasses. The landlady's glasses were little thin blown glass tumblers, and those which had been borrowed from the public-house were great, dropsical, bloated articles, each supported on a huge gouty leg. This would have been in itself sufficient to have possessed the company with the real state of affairs; but the young woman of all work had prevented the possibility of any misconception arising in the mind of any gentleman upon the subject, by forcibly dragging every man's glass away, long before he had finished his beer, and audibly stating, despite the winks and interruptions of Mr. Bob Sawyer, that it was to be conveyed down stairs, and washed forthwith.

It is a very ill wind that blows nobody any good. The prim man in the cloth boots, who had been unsuccessfully attempting to make a joke during the whole time the round game lasted, saw his opportunity, and availed himself of it. The instant the glasses disappeared, he commenced a long story about a great public character, whose name he had forgotten, making a particularly happy reply to another eminent and illustrious individual whom he had never been able to identify. He enlarged at some length and with great minuteness upon divers collateral circumstances, distantly connected with the anecdote in hand, but for the life of him he couldn't recollect at that precise moment what the anecdote was, although he had been in the habit of telling the story with great applause for the last ten years.

"Dear me," said the prim man in the cloth boots, "it is a very extraordinary circumstance."

"I am sorry you have forgotten it," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, glancing eagerly at the door, as he thought he heard the noise of glasses jingling—"very sorry."

"So am I," responded the prim man, "because I know it would have afforded so much amusement.

Never mind; I dare say I shall manage to recollect it, in the course of half an hour or so."

The prim man arrived at this point, just as the glasses came back, when Mr. Bob Sawyer, who had been absorbed in attention during the whole time, said he should very much like to hear the end of it, for, so far as it went, it was, without exception, the very best story he had ever heard.

The sight of the tumblers restored Bob Sawyer to a degree of equanimity which he had not possessed since his interview with his landlady. His face brightened up, and he began to feel quite convivial.

"Now, Betsy," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, with great suavity, and dispersing, at the same time, the tumultuous little mob of glasses the girl had collected in the centre of the table; "now, Betsy, the warm water: be brisk, there's a good girl."

"You can't have no warm water," replied Betsy.

"No warm water!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"No," said the girl, with a shake of the head which expressed a more decided negative than the most copious language could have conveyed. "Missis Raddle said you warn't to have none."

The surprise depicted on the countenances of his guests imparted new courage to the host.

"Bring up the warm water instantly—instantly!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer, with desperate sternness.

"No. I can't," replied the girl; "Missis Raddle raked out the kitchen fire afore she went to bed, and locked up the kittle."

"Oh, never mind; never mind. Pray don't disturb yourself about such a trifle," said Mr. Pickwick, observing the conflict of Bob Sawyer's passions as depicted on his countenance, "cold water will do very well."

"Oh, admirably," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"My landlady is subject to some slight attacks of mental derangement," remarked Bob Sawyer, with a ghastly smile; "I fear I must give her warning."

"No, don't," said Ben Allen.

"I fear I must," said Bob, with heroic firmness. "I'll pay her what I owe her, and give her warning to-morrow morning." Poor fellow! how devoutly he wished he could!

Mr. Bob Sawyer's heart-sickening attempts to rally under this last blow communicated a dispiriting influence to the company, the greater part of whom, with the view of raising their spirits, attached themselves with extra cordiality to the cold brandy and water, the first perceptible effects of which were displayed in a renewal of hostilities between the scorbutic youth and the gentleman in the shirt. The belligerents vented their feelings of mutual contempt, for some time, in a variety of frownings and snortings, until at last the scorbutic youth felt it necessary to come to a more explicit understanding on the matter; when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer," said the scorbutic youth in a loud voice.

"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at any friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer,—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And *I* should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken out of window."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favour me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct; on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father; to which Mr. Gunter replied that his father was to the full as respectable as Mr. Noddy's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Noddy, any day in the week. As this announcement seemed the prelude to a recommencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company; and a vast quantity of talking and clamouring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment towards Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother; on hearing which admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervour; and everybody said that the whole dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly honourable to both parties concerned.

"Now," said Jack Hopkins, "just to set us going again, Bob, I don't mind singing a song." And Hopkins, incited thereto, by tumultuous applause, plunged himself at once into "The King, God bless him," which he sang as loud as he could, to a novel air, compounded of the "Bay of Biscay," and "A Frog he would." The chorus was the essence of the song; and, as each gentleman sang it to the tune he knew best, the effect was very striking indeed.

It was at the end of the chorus to the first verse, that Mr. Pickwick held up his hand in a listening attitude, and said, as soon as silence was restored:

"Hush! I beg your pardon. I thought I heard somebody calling from up stairs.

A profound silence immediately ensued; and Mr. Bob Sawyer was observed to turn pale.

"I think I hear it now," said Mr. Pickwick. "Have the goodness to open the door."

The door was no sooner opened than all doubt on the subject was removed.

"Mr. Sawyer! Mr. Sawyer!" screamed a voice from the two-pair landing.

"It's my landlady," said Bob Sawyer, looking round him with great dismay. "Yes, Mrs. Raddle."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Sawyer?" replied the voice, with great shrillness and rapidity of utterance. "Ain't it enough to be swindled out of one's rent, and money lent out of pocket besides, and abused and insulted by your friends that dares to call themselves men: without having the house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here at two o'clock in the morning?—Turn them wretches away."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the voice of Mr. Raddle, which appeared to proceed from beneath some distant bed-clothes.

"Ashamed of themselves!" said Mrs. Raddle. "Why don't you go down and knock 'em every one down stairs? You would if you was a man."

"I should if I was a dozen men, my dear," replied Mr. Raddle, pacifically, "but they've the advantage of me in numbers, my dear."

"Ugh, you coward!" replied Mrs. Raddle, with supreme contempt. "*Do* you mean to turn them wretches out, or not, Mr. Sawyer?"

"They're going, Mrs. Raddle, they're going," said the miserable Bob. "I'm afraid you'd better go," said Mr. Bob Sawyer to his friends. "I *thought* you were making too much noise."

"It's a very unfortunate thing," said the prim man. "Just as we were getting so comfortable too!" The prim man was just beginning to have a dawning recollection of the story he had forgotten.

"It's hardly to be borne," said the prim man, looking round. "Hardly to be borne, is it?"

"Not to be endured," replied Jack Hopkins; "let's have the other verse, Bob; come, here goes!"

"No, no, Jack, don't," interposed Bob Sawyer; "it's a capital song, but I am afraid we had better not have the other verse. They are very violent people, the people of the house."

"Shall I step up stairs, and pitch into the landlord!" inquired Hopkins, "or keep on ringing the bell, or go and groan on the staircase? You may command me, Bob."

"I am very much indebted to you for your friendship and good nature, Hopkins," said the wretched Mr. Bob Sawyer, "but I think the best plan to avoid any further dispute is for us to break up at once."

"Now, Mr. Sawyer!" screamed the shrill voice of Mrs. Raddle, "*are* them brutes going?"

"They're only looking for their hats, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob; "they are going directly."

"Going!" said Mrs. Raddle, thrusting her night-cap over the banisters just as Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Tupman, emerged from the sitting room. "Going! What did they ever come for?"

"My dear ma'am," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, looking up.

"Get along with you, you old wretch!" replied Mrs. Raddle, hastily withdrawing the night-cap. "Old enough to be his grandfather, you villin! You're worse than any of 'em."

Mr. Pickwick found it in vain to protest his innocence, so hurried down stairs into the street, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

The visitors having all departed, in compliance with the rather pressing request of Mrs. Raddle, the luckless Mr. Bob Sawyer was left alone, to meditate on the probable events of the morrow, and the pleasures of the evening.

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

◆

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
  My little boy asked me thus, once on a time,
  Moreover, he task'd me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
  And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
  Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
  As many a time they had seen it before.
  So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.
And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For awhile, till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

THE LEAP OF CURTIUS.

Rev. Dr. George Aspinall.

Within Rome's Forum suddenly
  A wide gap open'd in a night,
Astounding those who gazed on it,
  A strange, terrific sight.

In Senate all their sages met,
  And seated in their chairs of state,
Their faces blanch'd with deadly fear,
  Debated long and late.

A sign inimical to Rome,
  They deem'd it a prognostic dire,
A visitation from the gods,
  In token of their ire.

Yet how to have their minds resolved,
  How ascertain in this their need,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt,
  If thus it were indeed.

In silence brooded they awhile,
  Unbroken by a single word,
While from the capital without
  The lightest sounds were heard.

Then rose the eldest magistrate,
  A tall old man with locks like snow,
Straight as a dart, and with an eye
  That oft had quell'd the foe.

And thus with ripe, sonòrous voice,
  No note or tone of which did shake,
Or indicate the wear of time,
  The aged Nestor spake :—

" Fathers, the Oracle is nigh,
  To it then let us promptly send,
And at the shrine inquire what this
  Dread marvel doth portend.

"And if to Rome it augurs ill,
Then ask we, ere it be too late,
How we may best avert the doom,
And save the sacred state:

"That state to every Roman dear,
As dear as brother, friend, or wife,
For which each true-born son would give,
If needful, even life.

"For what, O Fathers! what were life
Apart from altar, hearth, and home;
Yea, is not all our highest good,
Bound up with that of Rome?

"And now adjourn we for a space,
Till three full days have circled round,
And on the morning of the fourth,
Let each one here be found."

Then gat they up and gloomily
For such short interval did part,
For they were Romans staunch and tried,
And sad was every heart.

The fourth day dawn'd, and when they met,
The Oracle's response was known:
Something most precious in the chasm
To close it must be thrown.

But if *un*closed it shall remain,
Thereon shall follow Rome's decay,
And all the splendour of her state
Shall pale and pass away.

Something most precious! What the gift
That may prevent the pending fate,
What costly offering will the gods
Indeed propitiate?

While this they ponder'd, lo a sound
Of footsteps fell on every ear,
And in their midst a Roman youth
Did presently appear.

Apollo's brow, a mien like Mars,
  In Beauty's mould he seem'd new made,
As on his golden hair the sun
  With dazzling dalliance play'd.

'Tis Marcus Curtius! purer blood
  None there could boast, and none more brave:
There stands the youthful patriot, come,
  A Roman, Rome to save.

His own young life, he offers that,
  Yea, volunteers *himself* to throw
Within the cleft to make it close,
  And stay the heavy woe.

And now on horseback, fully arm'd,
  Behold him, for the hour hath come,
The Roman guards keep watch and ward,
  And beats the muffled drum.

The consuls, proctors, soothsayers,
  Within the Forum group around,
Young Curtius in the saddle sits,
  There yawns the sever'd ground.

Each pulse is stay'd, he lifts his helm,
  And bares his forehead to the sky,
And to the broad, blue heav'n above,
  Upturns his flashing eye.

"O Rome! O country best belov'd,
  Thou land in which I first drew breath,
I render back the life thou gav'st,
  To rescue thee from death."

Then spurring on his gallant steed,
  A last and brief farewell he said,
And leapt within the gaping gulf,
  Which closed above his head.

(*Copyright—Contributed.*)

THE FAIRY MILLERS.

A BELGIUM LEGEND.

By the Editor.

The Village of Gelrole in the valley of the Meuse,
There are excavated places—caves the fairies used to use;
Fairy grottos now they call them, though the fairies come no more,
Rendering services to mortals as they did in days of yore,
Washing linen for the housewife when she left it out at night,
Bleaching thread for Mechlin lace-makers so beautifully white,
Stitching shoes for honest shoemakers with stitches neat and fine,
Making ropes and mats for rope-makers when they found flax and twine,
Plaiting baskets with the rushes that were left outside to dry,
And always in, 'twas so believed, the twinkling of an eye;—
Expecting for their services a very slight reward
And not beyond what e'en the poorest peasant could afford:—
A slice of bread and butter and a simple glass of beer
To be left upon the dresser for their comfort and good cheer;
And they who this precaution ever niggardly omitted,
And expected they would work for them, were sure to be outwitted;
For not a thing the elves would do for those who used them badly,
And often, out of pure revenge, they'd come and use them sadly;
They'd knock the chairs and stools about and overturn the table,
And all the mischief they would do that ever they were able.

'Twas in this village on the Meuse a miller lived of old,
For whom the dwarfs would often work, for so the story's told;
They'd grind his corn, they'd sift his meal, and put it in his sack,
And every night they'd come again when he had turned his back.
The way he found it out was this: one night he left undone
Some work that, in the afternoon, he'd leisurely begun;
He from his supper left untouched some butter and some bread,
Besides a glass half full of beer, and then went home to bed;
Next morn he found the bread and beer were sensibly diminished,
But great was his surprise to find the job he'd left was finished.
He kept the secret to himself, and not a word he said,
But every night within his mill left butter, beer, and bread;
And every night the dwarfs would come, and well his flour would sift,
And often too in other ways be giving him a lift;
Thus things went on, at last he felt quite curious to know
What sort of labourers they were who had for him worked so,
And he resolved that he himself that very night would hide
To see the dwarfs, and how they did contrive to get inside.
He left the usual supper out, and then himself he hid
Inside a corn-bin, placing then a shovel 'neath the lid,
That he might breathe as well as see—a little open space—
Where he could watch them, as he thought, and they not see his face:
He waited and he waited till the clock was striking twelve,

And then he thought he did discern a tiny little elve
Creep through the key-hole, then undo the bolt upon the door,
And open it, and then let in about a dozen more.
One seemed to be the master-man—and then he counted ten
All dressed like millers, and in white—the miller and his men,
With little shovels in their hand, and little sieves as well,
And little measures that they might the proper measure tell.
They set the mill agoing—then they measured out the grain,
And fast as it fell through they filled their measures up again—
The miller never saw men work so rapidly as these—
He held his breath—but, sad to tell, he soon began to sneeze,
The dust inside the corn-bin it had got into his nose—
And then the fairy millers, once his friends, became his foes;
The sacks that in the morning he so carefully had filled
They soon untied, and on the ground the flour it was spilled;
The grindstones they put out of gear, the mill at once they stopped,
And they didn't stay to shut the door when from the mill they hopped.
The miller called them to come back, but they were out of sight,
And he was left inside the mill alone at dead of night;
He sadly turned him home again, and slowly shut the door—
He saw the fairy millers *once*—he never saw them more—
His fatal curiosity had been indeed his ban
And, as the poet says, "he rose next morn a wiser man."

(*Copyright.*)

THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

GUIZOT.

[François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot, the eminent French statesman and historian, was born in 1787. He was educated at Geneva, and at the age of twelve had made himself acquainted with the learned languages. German was to him a familiar tongue, and he knew English and Italian perfectly. He held, under both restorations of the Bourbons, important political posts, belonged to the liberal school under the Restoration, and fell with its heads. At the age of forty-two, M. Guizot was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies and joined in the celebrated address (1830) which provoked Charles X. to issue his famous *ordonnances* of July in that year. Upon the accession of Louis Philippe he was made Minister of the Interior. In the Cabinet of 1832, Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction, and from that period, except when filling the London Embassy, he continued to hold one of the leading offices until the close of the reign of Louis Philippe. Guizot's literary works are in themselves a library. They embrace, "Memoirs relative to the English Revolution," in 26 vols. 8vo.; "History of the English Revolution," in 2 vols.; "Lives of the French Poets;" "Lectures on Civilization," 3 vols.; "Life of Cromwell;" and scores of other, scarcely less important, works. M. Guizot's last work, a production of great force, on the history of Christianity, showing its development and immensely augmenting powers, has just been published by Mr. Murray, and is entitled, "Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the attacks that are now being made on it."]

FOR four years, from 1654 to 1658, the family of Oliver Cromwell was visited by no misfortune; it continued to enjoy unmixed happiness and prosperity. But during the winter of 1658, death entered it with unusual severity; three months after her marriage, his daughter Frances lost her husband, Robert Rich, at the early age of twenty-three; and three months later, Mr. Rich's grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, the most intimate of Cromwell's friends among the nobility, and a man who never failed to serve him with sound advice and true devotion, followed his grandson to the tomb. Cromwell felt these losses keenly; the one was premature, the other warned him of the approach of old age, and the irreparable voids which it creates. But ere many weeks had passed, he had to endure a still heavier blow. His beloved daughter, Lady Claypole, had long been weak and invalid; and he had sent her to reside at Hampton Court Palace, that she might have the benefit of country air and complete tranquillity. Finding that her illness increased, he went to reside there himself, that he might watch over her with tender and constant care. She possessed, in his mind, great and peculiar attractions; she was a person of noble and delicate sentiments, of an elegant and cultivated mind, faithful to her friends, generous to her enemies, and tenderly attached to her father, of whom she felt at once proud and anxious, and who rejoiced greatly in her affection. When fatigued, as he often was, not only by the men who surrounded him, but by his own agitated thoughts, Cromwell took pleasure in seeking repose in the society of a person so entirely a stranger to the brutal conflicts and violent actions which had occupied, and still continued to occupy, his life. But this pleasure was now changed into bitter sorrow; the complicated internal disease of Lady Claypole grew rapidly worse; she became subject to convulsion-fits, during which she gave utterance, in her father's presence, sometimes to her own cruel sufferings, and sometimes to the grief and pious anxiety which she felt regarding himself. Sitting constantly by his daughter's bedside, Cromwell had need of all his self-control to endure these painful impressions. On the 6th of August, 1658, Lady Claypole died. The Protector took a melancholy pleasure in surrounding his daughter's coffin with all the pomp which he could command; her body was conveyed to the Painted Chamber at Westminster, where it lay in state for twenty-four hours; after which it was taken to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and solemnly interred in a special vault, among the tombs of the kings.

When Lady Claypole fell ill, Cromwell himself was not in good health. Although he had successfully resisted the attacks of fever which he had suffered during his campaigns in Scotland and Ireland, his strong constitution had been shaken by them: he was subject to many painful maladies, which might at any time prove exceedingly dangerous. When he had any attack which prevented his attending to business, he grew impatient, and ordered his physicians to set him right again at any cost. At the time when Lady Claypole's illness assumed a dangerous character, he was suffering from an attack of gout; while giving audience to the Dutch ambassador, Nieuport, on the 30th of July, he felt so unwell, that he broke off the interview, and adjourned the business to the following week. After the death of Lady Claypole, the Protector made an effort to resume his labours: he held his council; he reviewed some troops; he terminated a commercial negotiation with Sweden; he grew alarmed at the sudden arrival of Ludlow in London, and ordered Fleetwood to make sure that he entertained no evil designs. But an intermittent fever broke out with great violence; he was obliged to remain in bed, and his physicians believed him to be in great danger. About the 20th of August, however, the fever ceased; he left his bed, and resumed his former occupations. George Fox, the Quaker, who was always sure to meet with a friendly reception from him, went to Hampton Court, and requested to speak with him "about the sufferings of Friends." "I met him riding into Hampton Court Park," says Fox; "and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house; and, the next day, I went up to Hampton Court to speak farther with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more."

The fever had greatly increased; his physicians prescribed change of air, and recommended him to leave Hampton Court for London. He returned to Whitehall on the 24th of August, 1658, and from that moment, notwithstanding some few intervals of respite, the disease and danger became more and more urgent. Cromwell ceased to attend to public business, and seemed not even to think of it. In his own soul, however, he had not yet given up all hope of life, and future worldly achievements. Having heard his physicians whisper that his pulse was intermittent, the words filled him with alarm: he turned pale, a cold perspiration covered his face, and, requesting to be placed in bed, he sent for a secretary, and executed his private will. On the following morning, one of his physicians entered his room. "Why do you look so sad?" said Cromwell to him. "How can I look otherwise," replied the physician, "when I have the responsibility of your life upon me?" "You doctors think I shall die," returned Cromwell; and he took the hand of his wife, who was sitting by his bedside, and said to her, "I tell thee I shall not die of this bout; I am sure I shall not." Observing the surprise of his physician at these words, he added: "Do not think that I am mad; I tell you the truth; I know it from better authority than any which you can have from Galen or Hippocrates. It is the answer of God himself to our prayers; not to mine alone, but those of others, who have a more intimate interest in Him than I have. Therefore, take courage; banish sorrow from your eyes, and treat me as you would treat a mere servant. You can do much by your science; but nature can do more than all the doctors in the world, and God is infinitely more powerful than nature." Finding him so strangely excited after an almost sleepless night, the physician ordered that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and left the room. As he was going away, he met one of his colleagues, and said to him, "I fear our patient is well nigh deranged," and he repeated what he had heard. "Are you so far a stranger here," replied the other, "that you do not know what took place last night? The Protector's chaplains, and all their friends the saints, engaged in prayers for his safety, in different parts of the palace, and they all heard the voice of God, saying, 'He will recover!' so they are all certain of it."

Not in Whitehall only, but in a multitude of churches and houses in London, fervent prayers were offered for the Protector's recovery; prayers at once sincere and interested—dictated alike by sympathy and fear. Independently of the men who were attached to his person and government, and whose fortune was dependent on his own, Cromwell was, to all those revolutionists and sectaries, whom republican fanaticism had not rendered his enemies, the representative of their cause, and the defender of their civil and religious liberties. What would be their fate if he should die? Under what yoke would they next fall? And their prayers were not, to them, cold and empty forms;—they had firm faith in their access to God, and they presumptuously believed that He revealed to them His designs. "O Lord," exclaimed Goodwin, one of the Protector's chaplains, "we pray not for his recovery—that Thou hast granted already; what we now beg is his speedy recovery." The politicians were not so sanguine—and yet they, too, had great hopes.

Cromwell was far from getting better; his fits became far more violent and frequent; and when they were over, he was left in a state of profound despondency. His family and his confidants were agitated by the utmost anxiety regarding the future. Who was to be his successor? By the terms of the Instrument of Government, he was himself to appoint him. After he fell ill, and before he left Hampton Court to return to London, Cromwell had given some thoughts to the matter, and had directed John Barrington, one of his secretaries, to fetch from his study-table at Whitehall, a sealed paper, in the form of a letter directed to Thurloe, in which, immediately after the second constitution of the Protectorate, he had nominated his successor, without communicating the secret to any other person. This paper could not be found, and Cromwell said no more about it. When his death seemed to be imminent, his children and sons-in-law, Lord Faulconbridge among others, urged Thurloe, the Protector's only real confidant, to put some question to him on this subject. Thurloe promised to do so, but delayed performing his promise. He had no certain knowledge of his master's intentions;—Cromwell had kept them perfectly secret, as he was unwilling to deprive any of those who aspired to succeed him, of the hope of doing so. Some persons affirmed that his choice would not rest on either of his sons, but on his son-in-law, Fleetwood, who was more popular with the army and with the republicans. Under these doubtful circumstances, Thurloe hesitated to undertake to demand a positive answer from the Protector, as he was unwilling to incur the enmity of any of the aspirants.

In these perplexities of those who surrounded him, Cromwell took no part; worldly affairs, political questions, even the interests of those persons who were dearest to him, retreated and disappeared in proportion as he drew nearer to the grave; his soul fell back upon itself, and, as it advanced towards the mysteries of the eternal future, it came in contact with other thoughts and other perplexities than those which agitated the mourners around his bed. Cromwell's religious faith had exercised but little influence over his conduct; the necessities, combinations, and passions of this world had more generally swayed him, and he had yielded to their mastery with cynical recklessness,—as he was determined to succeed, to become great, and to rule at any cost. The Christian had disappeared beneath the revolutionary politician and despot; but though it had disappeared, it had not altogether perished: Christian faith had survived in his soul, though overladen by so many falsehoods and crimes; and when the final time arrived, it re-asserted its power; and, to use the fine expression of Archbishop Tillotson, "Cromwell's religious enthusiasm gained the victory over his hypocrisy." On the 2nd of September, Cromwell, who had been delirious, had a lucid interval of some duration. His chaplains were standing around his bed. "Tell me," he said to one of them, "is it possible to fall from grace?" "It is not possible," replied the minister. "Then," exclaimed the dying man, "I am safe; for I know that I was once in grace." He then turned round, and prayed aloud. "Lord," he said, "though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace; and I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people! Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death; but, Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

This pious exercise was followed by a kind of stupor, which continued until evening. As the night closed in, Cromwell became greatly agitated; he spoke in low and broken tones, terminating neither his ideas nor his words. "Truly God is good," he said, "indeed He is . . . He will not . . . He will not leave me . . . I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His people . . . but my work is done . . . yet God will be with His people." One of his attendants offered him something to drink, and besought him to endeavour to sleep. "It is not my design," he answered, "to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." Day dawned at length; it was the 23rd of September, his FORTUNATE DAY, as he had often called it—the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. By a singular coincidence, the night which had just ended had been very stormy—a violent tempest had caused many disasters both on land and sea; Cromwell had relapsed into a state of utter insensibility, from which he did not again recover. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, as he lay still unconscious, he heaved a deep sigh; the attendants drew near his bed; he had just expired.

Cromwell died in the plenitude of his power and greatness. He had succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any other of those men has succeeded, who, by their genius, have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years that he had been an ever-victorious actor on the world's stage, he had alternately sown disorder and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored government in his country. At every moment, under all circumstances, he had distinguished with admirable sagacity the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them the instruments of his own rule,—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct, so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explaining the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendant unity of his power. He is, perhaps, the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for the most various destinies. And in the course of his violent and changeful career, incessantly exposed to all kinds of enemies and conspiracies, Cromwell experienced this crowning favour of fortune, that his life was never actually attacked; the sovereign against whom Killing had been declared to be No Murder, never found himself face to face with an assassin. The world has never known another example of success at once so constant and so various, or of fortune so invariably favourable, in the midst of such manifold conflicts and perils.

Yet Cromwell's death-bed was clouded with gloom. He was unwilling not only to die, but also, and most of all, to die without having attained his real and final object. However great his egotism may have been, his soul was too great to rest satisfied with the highest fortune, if it were merely personal, and like himself, of ephemeral earthly duration. Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government—the only government which was suited to its wants, a monarchy under the control of Parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition which extended beyond the grave, under the influence of that thirst for permanence which is the stamp of true greatness, he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne. He failed in both designs: his crimes had raised up obstacles against him, which neither his prudent genius nor his persevering will could surmount; and though covered, as far as he was himself concerned, with power and glory, he died with his dearest hopes frustrated, and leaving behind him, as his successors, the two enemies whom he had so ardently combated—anarchy and the Stuarts.

God does not grant to those great men, who have laid the foundations of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution, the power of regulating at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations.

(*By permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.*)

DR. JOHNSON:

A FAIRY TALE, TOLD TO MY DAUGHTER ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

Robert B. Brough.

What! a Christmas fairy rhyme
To the old familiar chime,
How that once upon a time
    Dwelt a King,

Who with daughters fair was blest,
Who was rich and all the rest—
Nay, you ought not to request
Such a thing!

There! reduce those staring eyes
To their customary size,
Do you think me over-wise,
Or an ass?
If the latter, you are right,
For there's mirth a-blaze to-night,
And we need not of its light,
Dim the glass.

With so much to hope from life;
With that mother there, and wife
Who of late has gained a strife
Over Death;
Looking happy, fair, and young;
Shining bright her guests among;
She whose flame of being hung
On a breath!

With such friends as now I see;
With a daughter such as thee,
Sitting fondly on my knee—
Love and Thought,
Heart and Intellect combined,
Fair and strong, in form as mind,
As to prove me not designed
To be naught!

And those boys with noble heads
(Though they're gaping for their beds)
With the healthy whites and reds
Of their cheeks—
Fruits from Fortune's garden wall,
I ne'er hoped she would let fall
In my lap—though versed in all
Of her freaks.

Many lips, I see, have smiled
At such language to a child,
Many tongues that language wild,
Doubtless call:
But my daughter does not laugh;
She can winnow grain from chaff,
And can understand me half,
If not all.

Well she knows, I mean to say,
That this trying New Year's Day,
Is a time to fast and pray,
And to toil;
But has also understood,
'Tis a time Faith's neighbourhood,
With the Wondrous and the Good
Not to spoil.

And would have me tell a tale,
How the Hero can prevail
O'er the Dragon's tooth and scale,
And defy
Ev'ry wicked fairy pow'r
That would give us weed for flow'r—
In the spirit of the hour,
Let me try.

* * * * *

I would have you, Miss, to know,
In a time, so long ago
That all classes, high or low,
Went about
In the funniest of "figs,"
Wearing cauliflower wigs,
Some with tails behind like pigs,
Some without.

When each gentleman or lord,
Who the weapon could afford,
Was obliged to wear a sword
To be smart;

When a lady, on her face,
Sticking-plaster used to place,
As an ornament and grace,
(What a start!)

In this funny age of yore,
At whose follies now we roar,
(I have told you, Miss, before,
'Twas long since!)
Truth's and Wisdom's flag to wave,
The oppressed and weak to save,
There was born a good and brave
Fairy Prince!

And the fairies at his birth,
Who preside o'er human worth,
Gave him gifts to visit earth
Good and bad;
An indomitable heart,
With a conscience prone to start,
And at Evil's slightest smart
To go mad;

A capacious searching brain,
A contempt for worldly gain,
And a princely true disdain
For a lie;
With a mighty love for all
Of God's creatures, great or small,
Whether sent on earth to crawl
Or to fly!

But they placed a cruel spell
(Who shall say it was not well?
For the fairies best can tell
What is best),
On the Fairy Prince's fate;
That should make him pine and wait,
For a chance of proving great,
By the test.

They decreed that he should wear
The appearance of a bear,
With a tendency to tear
And to growl;
With the roughness of a hound,
And at times to be spell-bound,
In the sulkiness profound
Of an owl.

While they pinched his giant frame,
With more pains than I can name,
And a pride that nought could tame,
Made him bear,
With a scorn for lordly gifts,
Through innumerable shifts,
Where, of wintry want, the drifts
Blind the air!

But the spell was to be moved,
When the Prince his work had proved,
And his claim to be beloved,
Clearly shown.
Shall I tell you how he wrought,
With what kind of arms he fought,
For the noble end he sought,
All alone?

Of his gallant deeds, but few,
I have time to tell to you,
But, attend to one or two—
Three or four;
He a humble dwelling stocked
Where the poorest suff'rers flocked,
To affliction never locked
Was the door.

An old dame—not over-kind
Or good-tempered—merely blind!
In his home could refuge find,
And respect;

With a simple negro clown,
And a druggist, broken down,
Whom he met in London town,
Sorely wrecked!

Though he kept them all by work,
Which the stoutest now would shirk,
On the wages of a clerk—
Less than that!
Ne'er the least complaining word
Was by these dependents heard:
He could e'en respect a bird,
Nay, a cat!

He could snatch from gaol a friend,
And his only guinea lend,
Glowing pages e'en he penned
For a thief
And a trickster, doomed to die:
Lines a monarch could not buy,
He could lavish, tears to dry,
Shed by grief.

But the greatest of his deeds,
That his loving student reads,
Over which the whole heart bleeds
Of mankind,
Is an act of courage grand,
Which you scarce can understand,
Till the truths of life expand
Your young mind.

Yet I'd have you know the fact
In its bearings all exact,
That the greatness of the act
You may grasp;
When the lessons, none may spurn,
You have been compelled to learn,
And amid the grapes discern
Where's the asp.

When this goodly man was old,
On a night so wet and cold,
As towards his home he strolled,
He espied,
In a bitter London street
Lying drenched with rain and sleet,
A poor girl with naked feet,
Who had died

Of the cruel, cruel cold,
If this sage, so worn and old,
Had by accident not strolled
Where she lay.
He was torn by illness' wrack,
His old joints were fit to crack,
But he bore her on his back
Safe away,

Through the streets without a fear—
You must understand, my dear,
That the girl I speak of here
Was not good:
And, for reasons strange to you,
'Twas a daring deed to do,
Bringing consequences few
Had withstood.

But the Doctor (so he's named),
Ne'er by deed of mercy shamed,
His true Christian heart proclaimed,
Scandal braved;
And his noble task performed,
While the bitter tempest stormed,
Till the girl was lodged and warmed,
Aye, and saved!

Shall I tell you the reward
Of this Christian Greatheart's sword?
'Twas that sovereign and lord,
Sage and fool,

At his bearing checked their mirth—
Grew to recognise his worth,
As a Prince upon the earth,
Fit to rule:

And beneath the bearish skin
Saw the lovely soul within,
And were proud to claim him kin—
Aye, the best!
In their hearts they made him room,
And shed tears above the tomb
Where he waits the crack of doom
With the blest.

Oh! my little fairy girl,
Of my household chain the pearl,
Of this gentle-hearted churl
Learn the life!
Learn, like him, to stand the test,
And the husband shall be blest,
Born to clasp thee to his breast
As a wife!

(*From " The Welcome Guest."*)

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

JAMES SMITH.

[James Smith was born in London, Feb. 10th, 1775; he was the son of Robert Smith, Esq., solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and elder brother of Horace Smith, the celebrated novelist. He was ultimately taken into partnership with his father, and succeeded to his official appointments. He was the joint author, with his brother Horace, of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," and wrote light articles for several periodicals of the day, as well as supplying the elder Mathews, the actor, with material for his popular "At Home." The literary ambition of James did not extend beyond middle life, while his brother continued a worker at the craft to the end of his career. He died in 1839, Horace surviving him ten years.]

ÆTATIS 30. Looked back through a vista of ten years. Remembered that, at twenty, I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "a fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the *Morning Chronicle*, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury-lane: saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said, I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well;

wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, and dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one: cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one: then young and foolish. Brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one: age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skaited on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skaits to Charles's eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? women require protectors; day settled; devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond-street. Some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up

Quadrilles. Waltzing certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Polkas stealing hither over the channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over*-growns. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. *Valse à deux temps* rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontine-ing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkies; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two schoolfellows at Pimlico; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age; what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried Hullah. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass: one chin too much. Looked in other new glass; chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Stomach not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days, much too small in

the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulency :" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Crystal Palace. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles's eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Kean: saw nothing in Phelps. Talked of Lord Melbourne. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at Inns "My dear." Listened to a howl from Capt. Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness."

47. Top of the head quite bald. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember, too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Madame Vestris.

48. Quite settled not to remember Madame Vestris. Thought that I certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for anything but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook!

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

G. Walter Thornbury.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,
It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mameluke's wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky;
Then comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries,
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

O never saw I sight like that,
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag,
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind pass'd.
Earth shook, and Heaven answered:
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He leaped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.

They hung a medal round his neck,
   And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, " The Forty-third
   Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
   The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy
   I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
   Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
   Teach me the way to die!"

(*By permission of the Author.*)

BROKEN LOVE.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[William Blake, painter, author, and engraver, was born in 1759, and died in 1827. He was a most original genius, though eccentric both as an artist and an author. " Living in the humblest manner, with little money, plain food, and shabby clothes," says his biographer, "his fame has been restricted to a few enthusiastic admirers; yet poor as he was, he was not unvisited by men of rank and genius. He ennobled poverty, and, by his conversation and by the influence of his genius, made two small rooms in Fountain Court more attractive than the threshold of princes." To the congenial such was Blake, and to a few whose genius or position made them independent. But to the middle class of artists who painted portraits of a gentleman, he was less than nobody. There is an anecdote of one of these, who had been near him in society a few evenings before, meeting him near his own door with a little jug of porter in his hand. Frugal and abstemious, he did not, in youth, indulge in this or any other similar luxury; but in his later years he thought that a pint of this stuff did him good, and, as he had nobody to send for it, he had to pay the penalty of carrying it himself. The popular painter was about to shake hands, but seeing the porter, drew up, and did not know him. Blake would tell the story very quietly and without sarcasm. Blake's principal works are "Europe, a Prophecy," "America, a Prophecy," and " Songs of Experience." His engravings are very numerous and are well known; his poems, for the most part very beautiful, are scarcely known at all, but we cannot help thinking that a "people's edition" would introduce them to a wide and appreciative audience. There is, published a few years ago by Messrs. Macmillan, a "Life of Blake," by the late Alexander Gilchrist; it is a most charming piece of biography; all artists would find their advantage in perusing it, while for lovers of art, we know not a more delightful or attractive book.]

An analysis of the following poem will render its meaning clearer to the reader or student. It is from the pen of Mr. D. G. Rosett, who wrote the introduction to "Blake's Life and Works."

"Never," he says, "perhaps, have the agony and perversity of sundered affections been more powerfully (however singularly) expressed than in the piece called *Broken Love.* The speaker is one whose whole soul has been intensified by pain to be his only world, among the scenes, figures, and events of which he moves as in a new state of being. The emotions have been quickened and isolated by conflicting torments, till each is a separate companion. There is a 'spectre,' the jealous pride which scents in the snow the footsteps of the beloved rejected woman, but is a wild beast to guard his way from reaching her; his 'emanation' which silently weeps within him, for has he not sinned? So they wander together in a 'fathomless and boundless deep,' the morn full of tempests and the night of fears. Let her weep, he says, not for his sins only, but for her own; nay, he will cast his sins upon her shoulders, too; they shall be more and more till she comes to him again. Also this woe of his can array itself in stately imagery. He can count separately how many of his soul's affections the knife she stabbed it with had slain; how many yet mourn over the tombs which he had built for these; he can tell, too, of some that will watch around his bed, bright sometimes with ecstatic passion of melancholy, and crowning his mournful head with vine. All these living forgive her transgressions: when will she look upon them that the dead may live again? Has she not pity to give for pardon? Nay, does he not need her pardon, too? He cannot seek her; but, oh! if she would return! Surely her place is ready for her, and bread and wine of forgiveness of sin."

MY spectre round me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way;
My emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;

On the hungry craving wind
My spectre follows thee behind.

He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go;
Through the wintry hail and rain,
When wilt thou return again?

Poor, pale, pitiable form,
That I follow in a storm;
From sin I never shall be free,
Till thou forgive and come to me.

A deep winter, dark and cold,
Within my heart thou dost unfold;
Iron tears, and groans of lead,
Thou bind'st around my aching head.

Dost thou not, in pride and scorn,
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears?
And fill my pleasant nights with tears?

O'er my sins thou dost sit and moan;
Hast thou no sins of thine own?
O'er my sins thou dost sit and weep,
And lull thine own sins fast asleep.

Thy weeping, then, shall ne'er give o'er;
I sin against thee more and more,
And never will from sin be free
Till thou forgive and come to me.

What transgressions I commit,
Are for thy transgressions fit;
They thy harlots, thou their slave,
And my bed becomes their grave.

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Hath bereaved of their life;
Their marble tombs I built with tears,
And with cold and shadowy fears.

Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay;
And seven more loves attend at night
Around my couch with torches bright.

And seven more loves are in my bed;
Crown with vine my mournful head;
Pitying and forgiving all,
Thy transgressions, great and small.

When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them in life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?

Throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me,
As our dear Redeemer said,
"This the wine, and this the bread."

◆

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

["Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of 'The Smuggler's Leap.' The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since."—See "Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M., Vicar of Gomersham." W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1795, p. 127.]

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand
That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what
would he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace,
In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now in a goodly row,
Away and away those smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn
Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!
—They were called Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as "Preventive men!"

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two;—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,

With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,
And the gin spirts out
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue and he has a smile
Trained the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas quite
To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer and make *him* her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
"Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need
Fodder his steed,

In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
—Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! ho!—ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask and he sips his fill,
And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chislett Lane, so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won—
Bill thinks it fun;
"Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"

Away, away
Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
"*I would give my soul*," quoth Exciseman Gill,
"For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
So I had but one!"
A voice cried "Done!"
"Ay, dun," said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A Custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-coloured hide.—
"*Devil take me*," again quoth Exciseman Gill,
"If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!"

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.
He was, it is true,
As bad as a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
—He'd just uttered the words which I've mention'd
to you,
When his horse coming slap on his knees with him,
threw

Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose
His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
Yet he screamed with passion, "I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
—"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,
He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go!*"
Exciseman Gill
Dash'd up the hill,
And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—"'Tis the Gauger again!"
Smuggler Bill
Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
"Now speed,—now speed,
My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, were good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!
For Manston Cave, away! away!
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey.
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,
(Of late they say
It's been taken away
That is, levell'd, and filled up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day),
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;
And the dapple-grey steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!
Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot!
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"
Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two!
Made by Nock;
He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd,—not blood,—but flame
—He changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flashed in the pan!

And Exciseman Gill with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler and all!!
        Below were found
        Next day on the ground
By an elderly gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd three mangled corses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's—
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the dun? that terrible dun?
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are, some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
        But the country-folks there,
        One and all declare,
When the "Crowner's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—
        —If in one of the trips
        Of the steam-boat *Eclipse*
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"
        You may hear old folks talk
        Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,

Which is call'd to this moment "The Smuggler's
Leap!"
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're "plucky," and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—if, bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace,—purchase what has paid
duty!
Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and
ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say, "Devil take me!"
Or "shake me!"—or "bake me!"
Or such-like expressions—remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, "Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you
Leap!"
Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!

(*From the "Ingoldsby Legends," by permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.*)

SCENE FROM "THE ROAD TO RUIN."

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

[Thomas Holcroft was born in London, 1745, his father being a shoemaker by trade, but more frequently by choice, "a collector of rags, a hardwareman, a dealer in buttons, buckles, and pewter spoons—in short, a trafficker in whatever could bring gain; but there was one thing which fixed his attention more than any other, which was the fetching the pottery from Staffordshire and the hawking it all through the north of England." In these journeys, as we learn from "The Life of Holcroft," which he began himself and which Hazlitt finished, his son, Thomas, accompanied him, driving his asses and doing other menial work. At ten years of age he found employment with a horse-trainer at Newmarket, and at sixteen, beginning to feel a craving for knowledge, he returned to London, where he found his father a cobbler, and took a spell himself at the shoemaking business. Tom's drawback, in the eyes of others, was his habit of *idling his time in reading;* but, liking it better than work, he took to teaching an evening school, and then kept a day school somewhere in the country, with such indifferent success that he had but one pupil. After living upon potatoes and buttermilk for three months, he tried authorship in a small way, creeping into newspapers and the smallest magazines, and at last joined a "spouting club." Astonished at his success, he became stage-struck, and applied to Foote for an engagement. He was received with kindness and the offer of a very subordinate position, but meeting with Macklin, was induced to try his fortunes in a theatre in Dublin. For the next seven years he was a strolling player, and often penniless. At the end of that time he got a footing in Drury Lane, but his *rôle* was walking in processions, and his first part the *dumb* steward in "Love for Love." In 1780 things began to mend, and he was employed by the booksellers to write the accounts of the riots in that year. All this time Holcroft was a quiet and unknown student. He became a translator of French and German books. His "Memoirs of Baron Trenck" and "Caroline de Litchfield," both translations, succeeded, and more literary work was the result. One of his translating feats was remarkable; he went to Paris to see and *hear* Beaumarchais' play of "Figaro," which was unpublished, and went every evening until he brought it away in his memory, and it was brought out immediately at Covent Garden under the title of "Follies of a Day;" it produced him six hundred pounds from the manager, besides a large sum for the copyright. He wrote more than thirty dramatic pieces, of which "The Road to Ruin" was the most popular. There is not on record a more remarkable instance of what an entirely self-educated man can do by perseverance. Many of his lyrics, including the well-known "Gaffer Gray," are very fine. He died on the 3rd of March, 1809.]

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Dornton	*A rich Banker.*
Harry Dornton . . .	*His Son.*
Mr. Milford	*A profligate Friend of Harry's.*
Mr. Sulky	*Dornton's Managing Clerk.*
Mr. Smith	*A Lawyer.*
Footman.	

SCENE—*An Apartment in* DORNTON'S *House. A Table, Chairs, &c.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, *and Footman.*

Footman. My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Harry. I know it.

Footman. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Harry. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Footman. I dare not, sir. He inquired who was with my young master.

Milford. Well.

Footman. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. [*Exit.*

Harry. All's well that ends well. This has been a losing voyage, Milford.

Milford. I am a hundred and fifty in.

Harry. And I ten thousand out.

Milford. I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

Harry. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Milford. And I, being in his debt, he conceives he may treat without ceremony.

Harry. Nay; Jack, do him justice. It is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Milford. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Harry. Yes; he has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times.

Milford. Oh! but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Harry. And me too.

Milford. You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

Harry. No.

Milford. What, not to see the grand match?

Harry. No.

Milford. Oh yes, you will.

Harry. No; I am determined.

Milford. Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

Harry. No; it is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Milford. Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

Harry. How will you get the money?

Milford. By calculation.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Milford. I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them.

Harry. And very honourably?

Milford. Who doubts it?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Nobody, nobody.

Milford. But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relict?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren?

Milford. She seems to think, and even reports, you are to marry her.

Harry. I would rather be a post-horse; nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined.

Milford. Then why are you so often there?

Harry. Because I can't keep away.

Milford. What, it is her daughter, Sophia?

Harry. Lovely, bewitching innocent!

Milford. The poor young thing is fond of you?

Harry. I should be half mad, if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not.

Milford. Why?

Harry. What a question. Am I not a profligate; and, in all probability, ruined? Not even my father can overlook this last affair.

Milford. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances.

Harry. In which the widow triumphs.

Milford. She refuses even to pay my debts.

Harry. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow. So, here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

Enter Mr. SULKY.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do!

Sulky. Very ill.

Harry. Indeed! I am very sorry. What's your disorder?

Sulky. You.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy.

Harry. The old story.

Sulky. To a new tune.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. You are——

Harry. What, my good cynic!

Sulky. A fashionable gentleman.

Harry. I know it.

Sulky. And fashionably ruined.

Harry. No; I have a father.

Sulky. Who is ruined likewise.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?

Sulky. I say ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

Harry. No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper, for me.

Sulky. Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you've been driving to ruin more furiously than——

Harry. An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

Sulky. Sir!

Harry. Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and jehus headlong on in the dark; Passion and Prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; Wisdom, Prudence, and Virtue, are overset and maimed, or murdered; and, at last, Repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

Sulky. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

Harry. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Your father is at last determined.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

Sulky. You'll find so. And what brought you here, sir? (*To* MILFORD).

Milford. A chaise and four.

Sulky. It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

Milford. When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice.

Sulky. And which way am I to prevail?

Milford. And which way am I to pay my debts?

Sulky. You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler; I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

Milford. My father died immensely rich; I ought not to starve.

Sulky. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

Milford. Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

Sulky. You would do the same now that you think yourself a man.

Milford. (*Firmly.*) Indeed I would not.

Sulky. Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pickpockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

Milford. Which way, sir?

Sulky. The will of your late father is found.

Milford. Found!

Sulky. I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

Milford. If it should have got into the hands of the widow?

Sulky. Which I suspect it has. You are a couple of pretty gentlemen. But beware! Misfortune is at your heels. Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He has not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Milford. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted. [*Exit.*

Sulky. Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Harry. Yes.

Sulky. Very well, sir. Your fame is increasing daily.

Harry. I am glad to hear it.

Sulky. Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

Harry. Paragraphed? What? Where?

Sulky. In the *St. James's Evening.*

Harry. Me?

Sulky. Stating the exact amount.

Harry. Of my loss?

Sulky. Yours. You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Harry. Well said. Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sulky. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

Harry. Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Mr. DORNTON, *with a newspaper in his hand.*

Dornton. So, sir!

Harry. (*Bowing.*) I am happy to see you, sir.

Dornton. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight; and you are here (*pointing to the paper*) after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality. Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir; I am only a fool.

Sulky. Good night to you, gentlemen. (*Going.*)

Dornton. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices.

Sulky. I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dornton. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say? (*To* HARRY.)

Harry. I am your son.

Dornton. (*Calling off.*) Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

Enter Mr. SMITH, *with papers.*

You will not deny that you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Harry. I will deny nothing.

Dornton. A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature?

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dornton. A redundancy; a negation; a besotted, sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others?

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dornton. Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked. Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense; and, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming.

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dornton. But here—give me that parchment! (*To* Mr. SMITH.) The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased.

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dornton. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city——

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true. (*Half aside.*)

Dornton. (*Passionately.*) If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. [*Exit* Mr. SMITH.] You are disinherited. Read.

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dornton. I'll not longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts.

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dornton. I taught you! What! Scoundrel! What!

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dornton. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely.

Dornton. (*Forgetting his passion.*) Why, can you say, Harry—rascal! I mean, that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dornton. Harry! Harry! (*Struggling with his feelings.*) No; confound me if I do! Sir, you are a vile——

Harry. I know I am.

Dornton. (*Going.*) And I'll never speak to you more!

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father! Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night. [*Exit.*

Harry. Come, sir——

Dornton. (*Struggling with passion.*) I wont. If I do——

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name; disinherit me; I deserve it all, and more; but say, "Good night, Harry!"

Dornton. I wont! I wont! I wont!

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off; but enmity——

Dornton. I will not.

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly? Come! good night.

Dornton. I wont! I wont. (*Runs off.*)

Harry. Say you so! Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel.

Re-enter Mr. DORNTON.

Dornton. Good night! [*Exit.*

Harry. Good night! [*Exit.*

THE FERRY.

J. L. PEACOCK.

[Mr. J. L. Peacock was born in 1786 and died in February last (1866). He is the author of some novels, very popular in their day, which were notable from their sarcastic dialogue and the ludicrous characters sketched therein, rather than from any elaborate development of plot and action. One of his tales, "Maid Marion" (1822), in which is embedded some charming lyrics, was long a standard favourite. His other works are "Headlong Hall" (1816), "Nightmare Abbey" (1818), "Crotchet Castle" (1831), "Medlincourt," and, more recently, "Gryll Grange." Most of his tales were reprinted by Mr. Bentley, in one volume, in 1837. Mr. Peacock was the friend and collaborator of Bentham, Mill, and Grote, and executor of Shelley.]

A DAMSEL came, in midnight rain,
And called across the ferry;
The weary wight she called in vain,
Whose senses sleep did bury.

At evening, from her father's door
  She turned to meet her lover;
At midnight, on the lonely shore,
  She shouted, " Over, over!"

She had not met him by the tree
  Of their accustomed meeting,
And sad and sick at heart was she,
  Her heart all wildly beating.
In chill suspense the hours went by,
  The wild storm burst above her:
She turned her to the river nigh,
  And shouted, " Over, over!"

A dim, discoloured, doubtful light
  The moon's dark veil permitted,
And thick before her troubled sight
  Fantastic shadows flitted.
Her lover's form appeared to glide
  And beckon o'er the water:
Alas! his blood that morn had dyed
  Her brother's sword with slaughter.

Upon a little rock she stood,
  To make her invocation:
She marked not that the rain-swoln flood
  Was islanding her station.
The tempest mocked her feeble cry;
  No saint his aid would give her:
The flood swelled high and yet more high,
  And swept her down the river.

Yet oft beneath the pale moonlight,
  When hollow winds are blowing,
The shadow of that maiden bright
  Glides by the dark stream's flowing.
And when the storms of midnight rave,
  White clouds the broad moon cover,
The wild gusts waft across the wave
  The cry of " Over, over!"

OPIUM DREAMS.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[Thomas de Quincey, better known as "The English Opium Eater," was the son of an English merchant; he was born at Manchester, in 1786, and educated at Rugby and Oxford. His acquirements, both literary and scholastic, were of the highest order, and he contributed largely to several of the first-class periodicals, including the "London Magazine," in which his "Confessions" first appeared, and latterly in "Blackwood." He is also the author of the memoirs of Shakspeare and Pope in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Like Coleridge he had become a slave to opium, but by a severe struggle and a strong mental effort he emancipated himself from its baneful influence. Mr. de Quincey's contributions to scientific literature were the "Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy" (1824), and "The Logic of Political Economy" (1844); in these treatises he has successfully combated the errors of Malthus and others of his school. A collected edition of his works, in nine volumes, has been published. He died 1859.]

I KNOW not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

* * * * * *

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sun-rise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sun-rise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open the garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited, but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

* * * * * *

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed, —and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'

◆

MODERN GALLANTRY.

Charles Lamb.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget that, in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer. Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite a sneer;—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood.* I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*,)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*

◆

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.*

THOMAS DAVIS.

[Thomas Davis was one of that band of advanced Irish patriots who thought that they could supersede, in Ireland, "Moore's Irish Melodies," because they did not go far enough for them; forgetting that Moore, in the language of Samuel Lever (as true an Irishman as ever lived), "did more for Ireland than all her other bards put together;" that "his winning lay insinuated a sympathy for Ireland into bosoms impervious to open assault—that the cold circle of prejudice that had hitherto guarded many a heart in high places, was opened by the magic of his song, and for the first time the harp of Ireland became more than an emblem of her fame—it was turned into an instrument for her good." Fortunately for Davis's chance of future fame, he did not confine his lyrics to political ones. We are told that he wrote the greater portion of them (they are published by Duffy, Dublin, in one volume) in a single year, 1844; and this, too, in addition to a great quantity of other writing for the journal with which he was connected—"The Nation." Apart from his political songs, which are of the fierce and fiery, cut-and-thrust order, he wrote with great tenderness. His love songs are unaffected and graceful. "Darling Nell," "Annie Dear," and "The Welcome," are all exquisite songs. He was born in 1814 and died in 1854.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred
  isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
  rough defiles—

---

* Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting
bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease
their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel
to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour
o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight
there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea,
or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious
of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the
ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them
to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street:
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently
gliding feet—

June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. i. p. 270. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengéd in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
They see not now the milking-maids—deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they
wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw
five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend
the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the
Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst
of his Serai;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they
bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of
Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is
seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there—
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the
Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

ODE TO A PIG.

(WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BEING BORED——.)

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HARK! hark! that pig! the hideous note,
More loud and dissonant, each moment grows,
Would one not think the knife was in his throat!
And yet they are only boring through his nose.

You foolish beast so rudely to withstand
Your master's will, to feel such foolish fears!
Why, pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ringed her ears.

Pig! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still,
And hold your nose to let the iron through!
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?
Rebellious swine! you know not what you do!

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth and never murmur more!
Would you rebel against the will of Heaven?
You impious beast, be still and let them bore.

The social pig resigns his natural rights
When first with man he covenants to live;
He barters them for safer stye delights,
For grains and wash, which man alone can give.

Sure is provision on the social plan
Secure the comforts that to each belong:
Oh, happy swine! the impartial sway of man
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist! you struggle now because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose!
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose.

Go to the forest, piggy, and deplore
The miserable lot of savage swine!
See how the young pigs fly from the great boar,
And see how coarse and scantily they dine!

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt, or snare, or seize them for his food!
O happy pig! whom none presume to kills
'Till your protecting master thinks it good!

And when, at last, the closing hour of life
Arrives (for pigs must die as well as man),
When in your throat you feel the long sharp knife,
And the blood trickles to the pudding pan,

And when, at last, the death wound yawning wide,
Fainter and fainter grows the expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your master's good you die?

THE RAVEN.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Underneath a huge oak tree
There was, of swine, a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast;
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high;
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly;
He belong'd, it was said, to the Witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He pick'd up the acorn and buried it strait
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.

Many autumns, many springs,
Travell'd he with wandering wings;
Many summers, many winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a she,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest on the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a woodman, in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an ax in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were kill'd, for they could not depart;
And their mother did die of a broken heart.
The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever—
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They saw'd it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship, it was launch'd; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast;
The old Raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the
blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thank'd him again and again for this treat,
They had taken his all, and revenge was sweet.
We must not think so, but forget and forgive,
And what heaven gives life to we'll still let it live.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

Bessy Rayner Parkes.

[Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, one of the most gifted of the fair sisterhood of song, was born 1829, and is the daughter of the late Joseph Parkes, Esq., of the Court of Chancery. Her poems indicate a close study of the imaginative school of Shelley (to whose memory one of her volumes is dedicated), and abound in fine thoughts and well-turned metaphors. Her works are "Poems" (1855), "Gabriel" (1856), "Essays on Woman's Work," and a prose story, full of fine fancies and quiet humour, "The History of our Cat, Aspasia" (1856), &c.]

[How the king's daughter, having married me, a peasant, for love, heareth of the death of her only brother, and taketh her little son to the king.]

I.

SHE twisted up her royal lengths
  Of fallen hair with a silver pin,
Her eyes were frowning, molten depths
  Which stirred to flame when I looked within:

Dressed in a gown of velvet black,
  With a diamond clasp, and a silver band,
She walked from the door with a stately step,
  And our young son held by his mother's hand.

Walter ran by his mother's side,
  More like in his eyes to her than me:
The queen would have bartered her ivory throne
  For such a blossom of royalty.

Heavily over the far hill-tops
  Booms the bell in the minster-tower,
From city to city between the hills
  Echo the bells at the burial hour:

"Amen!" saith the bough in the ten-mile forest;
  "Amen!" saith the sea from its cavernous bed;
"Amen!" saith the people, when bowed at the sorest:
  "Who is dead?" said the rooks, "who is dead? who
      is dead?"

The young man is dead, in his strength, in his beauty,
  His curls lie loose on his white-fringed pall;
Loud cry the people and priests at the altar;
  Soft wails the requiem over them all.

Low in the midst of the Church of the Merciful
  Lieth the young man, gone to his rest,
His sword is sheathed and his coronet broken,
  Flowers of yesterday cover his breast.

"Babe, child, brave youth!" wept the Queen, in her closet;
"Heir of my name!" sighed the King on his throne;
"Who leads us to battle?" cried they of the market;
"My lover!" looked one face as cold as a stone.

Slow tolled the bells from the north to the southern sea,
Winds caught them up with a desolate cry:
Solemn he lies under darkening arches,
The hand of eternity pressed on each eye.

II.

The market-cross with its sculptured Christ,
'Mid the crush and the trample stood steady and strong;
The welded masses of voiceless folk
As a sea at midnight rolled along.

Booming bells, as they struck the ear,
Died away in the silent skies;
Gossiping women were dumb with fear,
And each gabled house was alive with eyes.

But lo! in the distance a shadowy file,
They move to the beat of a muffled drum;
The waves recede as for Israel's march,
And the thick crowd mutters, "They come, they come!"

Where the bier was borne by the central fount,
She stood as still as the carven stone,
Saying, "O King, behold my boy:
His smile is the dead's, and his eye is your own."

"From my broad domain in one true man's heart,
From the home I chose of mine own free will,
I give you my jewel to wear in your crown."
Then snatching him back for one last long fill

Of his rippling smiles, they heard her say,
With a haughty glance at her marriage-ring,

"Well is my home by the forester's hearth,
   But Walter, my son, is the heir of a king."

When the shadows fell on our quiet pool,
   And the birds were asleep on the firs overhead,
She returned alone, but her face was white,
   And her step as the step of one waked from the dead.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

◆

PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY'S SAY-VOYAGE.

SURE now, ladies and gintlemen, if ye plase, I'll relate the great mistake I made when I come here to Naples—stop! aisy, Paudeen, and don't decaive the ladies and gintlemen; for bedad, I didn't come at all; they brought me in a ship—a grate big ship, with two big sticks standing out of it. Masts they call thim, bad luck to it, and the day I saw it! If I had been an ignorant fellow, and didn't know joggraphy and the likes, I'd be safe enough at home now, so I would, in my own cellar, on the Coal-Quay in Dublin. But divil fire me! I must be making a man of myself, showing me larnin', me knowledge of similitude, and the likes. You see, I wint over to England, on a bit of an agricultural speculation—hay-makin' and harvist-rapin'—and, the saison bein' good, I realized a fortune; so I did—a matter of thirty shillings or so.

So, says I to myself, says I, "Now I have got an indipindant competance, I'll go back to Ireland—I'll buy it out, and make meself imperor of it." So I axed one of the boys which was my nearest way to Bristol, to go be the say. So, says one of thim—(be the same token he was a cousin of mine—one Terry O'Rafferty—as dacint a boy as you could wish to meet, and as handy with a shillaly. Why, I've seen him clear a tint at Donnybrook fair in less than two minutes, with divil a won to help except his bit of a stick, and you know that's no aisy job).

"Well, says Terry to me, says he, "Go down to the quay," says he, "and you'll find out all about it while a cat'd be lickin' her ear."

Well, I wint to a man that was standin' be the dure of a public house—it was the sign of—the sign—— What the divil is this the sign was?—you see I like to be sarcumspectius in me joggraphy—it was the sign of the blind cow kicking the dead man's eyes out—or the dead man's cow kicking the blind——no—well, it was something that way anyhow.

So says I to the man, "Sir," says I, "I want a ship."

"There you are," says he.

"Where?" says I.

"There," says he.

"Thank you," says I. "Which of thim's for Ireland?"

"Oh, you're an ould countryman?" says he.

"How the divil did you find that out?" says I.

"I know it," says he.

"Who tould you?" says I.

"No matther," says he. "Come," says he.

"I will," says I.

Well, we wint in, and we had a half a pint of whisky. Oh, bedad it 'd have done your heart good to see the bade rise on the top of it. May-be my heart didn't warm to him, and his to me—ow murther!

"Erin go bragh!" says he.

"Ceadh mille failthe!" says I.

And there we wor like two sons of an Irish king in less than a minute.

Thin we got to discoorsing about Dublin and Naples, and other furrin parts that we wor acquainted with, and he began talking about how like the Bay of Naples was to the Bay of Dublin—for, you see, he was an ould soger, d'ye mind?—an' thim old sogers are always mighty 'cute chaps. He was a grate big chap that was off in the wars among the Frinch and the Spaniards and the Rushers, and other barbarians. So we got talking of similitude an' joggraphy, an' the likes, an' mixin'

Naples an' wather and Dublin an' whisky; and be me sowl, purty punch we made of it!

I was in the middle o' me glory, whin in walks the captain o' the ship.

"Any one here to go aboord?" says he.

"Here I am," says I.

And be the same token, me head was quite soft with the whisky, and talking about Dublin an' Naples, and Naples an' whisky, and wather an' Dublin, Dublin an' Naples, Naples an' Dublin—bad 'cess to me! but I said the one place instead of the other, whin they axed me where I was going, d'ye mind?

Well, they brought me aboord the ship as dhrunk as a lord, and threw me down in the cellar—the hould, they called it, and the divil's own hould it was—wid sacks, pigs, praties, an' other passengers, an' there they left me in lavendher, like Paddy Ward's pig.

I fell asleep the first week. Whin I woke up, didn't I heave a-head in me sthomatics enough to make me backbone an' me ribs strike fire!

"Arrah," says I to meself, says I, "are they ever going to take me home?"

Just thin I h'ard a voice sing out—

"There's the Bay!"

That was enough for me. I scrambled upstairs till I got on the roof—the deck they call it—as fast as my legs could carry me.

"Land-ho!" says one of the chaps.

"Where?" says I.

"There it is," says he.

"For the love of glory, show me where!" says I.

"There, over the cat's-head," says he.

I looked around, but the divil recaive the cat's-head or dog's tail aither I could see! The blaggard stared at me as if I was a banshee or a fairy. I gev another look, and there was the Bay, sure enough, afore me.

"Arrah, good luck to you!" says I, "but you warm the cockles of me heart. But what's come over the Hill of Howth?" says I. "It used to be a civil, paice-able soort of a mountain; but now it's splutthering an' smokin' away like a grate big lime-kiln. Sure the boys must have lit a big bone-fire on top of it, to welcome me!"

With that, a vagabone that was listenin' to me, cries out, in a horse-laugh—

"Hill of Howth?" says he. "You're a Grecian—that's not the Hill of Howth."

"Not the Hill of Howth?" says I.

"No," says he. "That's Mount Vesuvius."

"Aisy, aisy," says I. "Isn't Mount Vesulpherous in Italy?"

"Yis," says he.

"An' isn't Italy in France?" says I.

"Of coorse," says he.

"An' isn't France in Gibberalther?" says I.

"To be sure," says he.

"An' isn't Gibberalther in Russia?" says I.

"Maybe so," says he. "But we're in Italy, anyhow—this is the Bay of Naples, and that is Mount Vesuvius."

"Are you sure?" says I.

"I am," says he.

And, be me sowl, it was thrue for him. *The ship made a big blundher* in takin' me to Naples, whin I wanted to go to Dublin, d'ye mind?"

◆

THE CHRONICLE.

Abraham Cowley.

[Abraham Cowley was one of that glorious band of poets who, living in the "troublous times" of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, sank or swam as, by turns, their party came uppermost. Born in 1618, he was educated as a King's Scholar at Westminster, and in the seventeenth year of his age published a volume of poems entitled "Poetical Blossoms," which procured for him considerable reputation. In 1636 he was elected a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he produced two comedies (one of them in Latin), which were performed by the members of his college. In

1643 he was ejected by the Puritan visitors and became a partisan of the Royal cause, going abroad and managing the correspondence between the King and Queen. In 1656 he returned and published a collected edition of his works, when, being suspected by the party in power, he was thrown into prison, but released on bail. After the Restoration he was for some time neglected, but by the interest of the Duke of Buckingham he obtained the lease of a farm at Chertsey, which produced him about 300*l.* a year. Died 1667.]

"The Chronicle" was written two hundred years ago. "Ladies, dear ladies, if one could be sure that no man would open this book, if we were altogether in (female) parliament assembled, without a single male creature in hearing, might we not acknowledge that the sex, especially that part of it formerly called "coquette," and now known by the name of "flirt," is very little altered since the days of the Merry Monarch? and that a similar list compiled by some gay bachelor of Belgravia might, allowing for differences of custom and of costume, serve very well as a companion to Master Cowley's catalogue? I would not have a man read this admission for the world."—MISS MITFORD'S *Recollections of a Literary Life.* Just so, but what a capital chance for a lady reader at one of our Penny Readings!—ED. P. R.

MARGARITA first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
    Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid,
With my restless heart had play'd,
    Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine:
    Beauteous Catherine gave place,
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
    To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
    Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
    And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
    Alternately they swayed,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown die wear,
    And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
Who did rigorous laws impose,
    A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptered queen,
    Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me,
    But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
    And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the sovereign power:
    Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
    And so Susannah took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame;
    By the artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
    She beat out Susan, by-the-bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,
    To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast—
    Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long et cetera.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines.

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow,
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befell,
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me:
A higher and a nobler strain
My present empress doth claim,
Heleonora, first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

THE SWORD SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

[Theodore Körner, the eminent German poet, was born at Dresden in 1791. After studying at Leipsic he became secretary to the Court Theatre of Vienna, and commenced as a dramatist. In 1812 he entered the Prussian army and signalized himself equally by his bravery and his martial songs. For his conduct at the battle at Lützen he was promoted, and afterwards, having been twice wounded, was made a lieutenant. He was killed in a skirmish with the French at Mecklenburg, August 26th, 1813. His lyrical poems were published after his death under the appropriate title of "The Lyre and the Sword," and his dramas, poems, and literary remains have since been published in Germany. Many of his writings have been translated into English and met with due appreciation.]

THOU sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polished crest!
Thou seem'st within my glowing breast
To raise a flame—Hurrah!

"A Horseman brave supports my blade,
The weapon of a freeman made;
For him I shine, for him I'll wade
Through blood and death—Hurrah!"

Yes, my good sword, behold me free,
I fond affection bear to thee.
As though thou wert betrothed to me
My earliest bride—Hurrah!

"Soldier of Fortune, I am thine,
For thee alone my blade shall shine—
When, Soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field—Hurrah!"

Soon as our bridal morn shall rise,
While the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
And the red cannon rends the skies,
We'll join our hands—Hurrah!

"O sacred union!—haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay—
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To be thy bride—Hurrah!"

Why cling'st thou in the scabbard—why?
Thou iron fair of destiny,
So wild—so fond of battle-cry,
Why cling'st thou so—Hurrah!

"I hold myself in dread reserve,
Fierce—fond in battle-fields to serve,
The cause of freedom to preserve—
For this I wait—Hurrah!"

Rest—still in narow compass rest—
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp comprest—
Ready for fight—Hurrah!

"Oh let me not too long await—
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses glow elate
In bloody bloom—Hurrah!"

Come forth! quick from thy scabbard fly,
Thou pleasure of the Soldier's eye—
Now to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy native home—Hurrah!

"O glorious thus in nuptial tie,
To join beneath heaven's canopy—
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride—Hurrah!"

Then out, thou messenger of strife,
Thou German soldier's plighted wife—
Who feels not renovated life
When clasping thee?—Hurrah!

When in thy scabbard on my side,
I seldom glanced on thee, my bride;
Now Heaven has bid us ne'er divide,
For ever joined—Hurrah!

Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess—
O cursed be he, without redress,
Who thee forsakes—Hurrah!

Let joy sit in thy polished eyes,
While radiant sparkles flashing rise—
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My Bride of Steel—Hurrah!

ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MR. Shelby, a planter, in Kentucky, having sold his slave, Eliza Harris, to Haley, a slave-dealer, Eliza contrives during the night to escape with her infant child.

Shelby, having taken the money for his slave, feels bound to render what assistance he can to his customer; he, therefore, mounts two of his "niggers" on fleet horses to assist him in her re-capture.

Mrs. Shelby is desirous that every obstacle shall be thrown in the way of the pursuit, to give Eliza time, and in this laudable object she is assisted by Sam and Andy, the two "niggers" referred to. The scene, which is one of the most exciting in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," opens in the morning, after breakfast, after the discovery of the escape, and continues :—

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in re-capturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She, therefore, graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock, Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "fairly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs?" said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur' or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered,—

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers?"

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round considerable sharp. I 'spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up, now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a serious busines, Andy. Yer musn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin, said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river—de dirt road and der pike—which mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizzy'd take de dirt road, bein' it's the least travelled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars now!" he said, contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "mas'r can do as he'd ruther; go de straight road, if mas'r thinks best—it's all one to us. Now, when I study 'pon it, I think de straight road de best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar a'nt no sayin'," said Sam; "gals is pecular. They never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin cou'd better go t'other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizzy took dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece a-head," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy, with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and, he added, gravely, "but I've studded on de matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way—whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar; an't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain, he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favour of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first; and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying; on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well; indeed, the road had been so long closed up, that Andy had never heard of it. He, therefore, rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that "'twas desp't rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer wont get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin'—so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits; professed to keep a very brisk look-out—at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar wasn't Lizzy down in the hollow"—always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barn-yard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Wan't dat ar what I tell'd mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen 'spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I know'd, and yer wouldn't believe me? I tell'd mas'r it was all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't 'spect we could get through—Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once, she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank, and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after deer. In that dizzy moment, her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with such strength as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tant Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you are a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he, "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do, is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you—they're up to all that sort o'thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And, oh, surely, sir, you wont tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe, wont think this yer the most neighbourly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow, I never could see no kind o' critter a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin' 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and, consequently, was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look, on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolerable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe," said Haley. "How like a wild cat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope mas'r 'll 'cuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless you, mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight in his soul. "She looked so curi's, a leapin' and springin', ice a crackin', and only to hear her—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!" And Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I'll make ye laugh the 'tother side yer mouths!" said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good evening, mas'r," said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much 'spect missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley wont want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizzy's bridge to-night;" and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed, their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

THE BOAT-RACE.

W. C. Bennett.

"There, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!
Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!
I'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength
To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
Both for your own, and for your mother's sake;
So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her." With a broad, loud laugh,

A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
He left the subject; and, across the wine,
We talked,—or rather, all the talk was his,—
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast
Of Jesus',—and young Edmonds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,
There was young Chester might be named with them;
"Why, boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups
Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;
Small chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh,
With its broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;
But yet I mask'd my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths
Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all its roses, and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There, in the orchard's greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbrier hedge-row, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep'd at through blossoms,—that the summer airs
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass'd; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought?) my murmur'd "Kate"
Shock'd up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east

Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams,
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine,)
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,
I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me book-worm; all that day, my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight,
Its by-laid cunning back; so, day by day,
From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops, till the moon
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came; how well I mind that day!
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,

Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
One, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness! yearning with what love!
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine!
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?
There was a murmur in my heart of "Yes,"
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and at the gun we went,
As in a horse-race, all at first a-crowd;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,
Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
Held on, enduring,—mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,

Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?
The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst: "Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"
"Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win,"
He answered: "Faith! my boy, I pity you."
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—
What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!" O thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; one only look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foil'd at last!"
O how I turn'd to him! with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE LINCOLNSHIRE LABOURER.

SAMUEL WILLS.

[Mr. Wills is the Master of the Sailors' Orphans' School in the Port of Hull, and was formerly the master of a Wesleyan school; he is the author of two volumes of verse, "Devonia," and "The British Chief," of which the local press speak in very favourable terms. In his preface to the latter, the author complains that "there are persons to be found who do not admire the verse-making habit of a schoolmaster, and consider his scribbling to be a grave offence," and finds it necessary to explain that he "never allowed himself to be diverted by a love of poetry from the most unceasing attention, during the proper hours, to the necessary employment of teaching." Mr. Wills's employers must have been a set of narrow-minded Stigginses: that the cultivation of any branch of literature should be considered to unfit a man for an intellectual pursuit only goes to prove that the schoolmaster is indeed wanted in a neighbourhood where such an absurd and unjust feeling could find expression. The poem of the "Lincolnshire Labourer" was probably suggested by Tennyson's "Northern Farmer;" it is a capital dialect reading, and as it is thoroughly well understood in the county to which it relates (and where our READINGS circulate very extensively), we have pleasure in giving it additional publicity.]

MY Teddy stays up late a' neets, an ligs i' bed i' the morn,
But a moänt hev that, a'm sewer, 'e mun be sawin' the
corn:
Fir if 'e 'addles nowt, sivver, 'e weänt hev no money t'
ware;
An' a oftens hev telled 'im so, but 'e 'allust says "a
doänt care."

One mornin' a fetch'd my kindlin' in, an' a got my
breäkfast mysen;
A gev 'im an hour to dress in, an' a left 'im to 'issèn:
Quite long en if an' all; sin' 'e war not clear ready then,
A tied my herse t' the steel, an' ran hoäm thruff the
closins ageän.

A wembled a sheep trough o' my way, beside the hoäm
cloäs' pad,
An' hugged a noggin to put i' the grate, an' kep yaupin'
to my lad.

But a met 'is mother i' the door-darns an' sheä look'd rayther clung,
An' said—" Thou'rt tew'd sewer-ly, remember the bai'n is nobbut young;

" 'E's nivver been but wankle, an' 'e is our recklin' lad,
So let 'im lig a bit longer, fir the maister weänt be mad.
Nah doant be sich a nazzle, yow mud see 'tis a houry day,
An' 'e adn't foäst to get up while afe past seven o'clock a say."

So a went to my wurk once more, but a thowt my patience tried,
To hev sich an a serry, unheppen lad, an' 'is mother o' his side.
But soon a 'eerd the ga'thman a-rippin' to meck owr Ted cum out,
Yit my wife war slape—sheä knew how to megger't—an' tell'd 'im to look about.

At last 'e fun 'im ditherin', close agin the stable door,
When 'e called out, " 'Tis a solid shame you hevent been down afoor;
Maybe if your butty 'ad said that the slurr o'the dayke war glib,
A uphold it, yow'd soon a been slitherin', steäd o' fillin' the crib.

" Yow mun teck this furk fra me, an' remble the kids by the trays,
An' fettle the yard an' look heppen, fir these are very shirt days.
Go up the lether to the loft, an' finnd me the fower stun weight,
Underneän the skep, or among the wots a skeli'd last neet at eight."

If a ad foäst to wait o' my lad a-cummin to the cloäs' while now,
'Twould be a very great chanch if we a'd ivver got off to plow.

But sin' my herse would crounch an' crear, a stopped my wurk that day,
Fir a 'eerd the owd church clock strike two, thof the thick end o' a mile away.

A stubb'd the five aäcre wheer a kill'd a foumard an' moudy-warp;
An' sin' it war near the darklins, a unpied some tätes an' sharp.
A went to see if the lad ad wheeled the manner fra out o' the crew,
But 'e dacker'd, an' a thowt it a very nïste gam, so gev 'im more to do.

A towd 'im to chop the billetin, an' to put the bronkus up,
To fasten the stable sneck an' hesp, or a was sewer 'e wouldn't stop;
To see if 'is rabbit a'd werried, to count up the chickens o' the latest cletch,
An to go t' the gainest shop, a panshan an' blether o' same to fetch.

A scraped up the squad an' the sluther mysen, an' med the yard look feät;
Then a called to my wife i' the ramper to git me summut to yeät.
Nah doänt be in a stütle," sheä said, "yower quite colly-wessen to-day,
When a've milked the cows an' fed the cauves, we'll hev a cup o' tây.

' I' swaulin' the house a' tumpoked o'er the tub, an wetted both my feet,
So bring in a yule-clog an' kid, fir we'll hev a good fire ta-neet."
A took off my sliver all clatty an' clagg'd, an' put o' my toggery soon,
Expectin' the butcher woe promised to call a' three i' the efternoon.

A've nobbut kep two pigs ta-year, a oftens hev fed fower,
One a' kill'd but yesterday an' its mattler the day afoor;
An' toner a' mun sell, but which on 'em a hardlins knaw,
Th' one that's hangin' o' the stee, or that o' the cratch belaw.

We soon got agait a' talking o' the pläces an' towns we'ad seen,
Ayther o' woalds, i' fens, or marshes, wheerivver we'ad been.
A hev flitted fra Conam to Sallaby, but at Randle a war born,
An' it was at Wattam, wheer my lass fost seed the light o' morn.

A once went fra Freshney Fen, wi' my fayther, to Louath fair,
To see an owd uncle, woe lived up a smootin at the back o' Eastgate theer,
Woe 'ad sich a curious hype, and took great strinds as 'e mov'd along,
That a tried to get shut on 'im, when a wur tired, fir a warn't tiff when young.

My wife took Patty to sarvice, to a lady at Cawtrup Manor last week,
An' said, "No gress, mum, grows under 'er foot, sheä moves about so quick;
That house is a cosher wheer 'er sister lives, by the brig i' Gantrup town,
An 'er brother is a confined labourer at Eärby wi' a farmer Brown.

One wottle-day a took owr Bill fra Nor Cotes to Lurbur an' back,
But a pagged 'im a deal, so a'm sartin-sewer, the next time a'll teck Jack.

Owr Joe 'as been playin' at pick an' hotch, or 'awmin' about o' apiece;
An' 'steäd o' usin' the gablic is ridin' that frangy funnel o' his.

By the spurrin's i' the gatrum, a guess 'e 's off to Hogstrup fur the maister's spur.
Yet if it warn't fir fear o' a mäleck a'd giv 'im a nap o' the knurr.
A gev ower talkin', an' chuck'd a bone o'the cobbles fir the dog to nag,
When a seed the bai'ns 'ad broken the band, or brusted the miller's bag.

Those bai'ns, i' their clammux aa' play, 'ad slapped a pitcher o' creäm,
As Tommy war raävin' Jaäne's tidy about, an' meckin' on 'er screäm.
My wife clammed Tom an' spanked 'im, then lugged 'is tab an' 'ad 'm undress'd,
When I said—That's rayt, nah wire in a boster, an' put 'em all to rest.

Bu Liz 'ad to kill all the clocks, an' to syle the loppered milk out o' the soh;
Then a said to my wife, when a suppered up, an' 'ad no more to do,—
'Tis roaky ta-neet, an' cazzlety weather, but to-morrow a 'd foäst to boon,
So let us be off to bed my lass, fir a mun git up soon.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

PETER KLAUS.

(A GERMAN LEGEND.)

[This legend has a peculiar interest as being the source from whence Washington Irving obtained the idea for his "Rip Van Winkle."]

PETER KLAUS was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon the smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses, too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here, too, he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?"

"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!"—And your father's?—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried; "I am Peter Klaus, and none else; and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—welcome, after twenty years!"

◆

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

THERE is a shadow on the wall,
Which comes between my rest and me;
No sound upon mine ear doth fall,
There is no living form to see;
But there's the shadow in my way,
Which never leaves me night or day.

I strive to shut it from my sight,
But Conscience tells me it is there;
I kneel beside my bed at night—
Nor heart—nor tongue—can utter prayer;
For there's the shadow in my way,
Which will not let me sleep or pray.

I wander, listless, through the street,
I sit upon this lowly tomb:
There, many a well-known face I meet—
Here, all is solitude and gloom;
But there and here, by night and day,
That shadow rises pale and grey.

It is *her* shadow that I see.
Her shadow! Oh, so young and fair!
She was too angel-pure for me,
My heart too black for her to share;
But yet I strove her love to win,
And striving, steeped my soul in sin.

How many years! how many years!
(I dare not count them if I could)
Has the remembrance of her tears
Come up before me like a flood!
But ah! nor dove, nor brightening sky,
Brings peace or promise from on high.

* * * * *

We stood upon the river's edge,
He, she, and I—we three alone;
A lily blossom'd near the sedge,
The sunlight on its petals shone;
He forward stepp'd—the dazzling light,
The treach'rous sedge, deceived his sight.

He slipp'd and fell: he could not swim:
And thus, entangled by the weeds
Which grew all round and under him,
He snatch'd in vain the bending reeds:
Then deeper—deeper—deeper sank,
While she stood helpless on the bank.

I might have rushed into the flood—
I'd breasted many a deeper tide;
I might have saved him if I would:
Saved him—that *she* might be his bride?
A demon whisper'd passing by,
"SHE MAY BE THINE, IF HE BUT DIE!"

I turn'd from her appealing eyes,
  But saw her shadow in the wave:
With arms uplifted to the skies
  She called on Heaven and me to save:
I heard her dismal, piercing cry,
"Oh! do not leave him there to die!

"I come to thee, belov'd, I come—
  Since other aid has been denied—
To save thee, or to share thy doom:
  Life is not life, but by thy side!—
Nay, let me leave this cheerless place:
'Tis worse than death to miss *his* face!"

I know not how I drew her out,
  For I was maddened by my grief;
A moment more, I heard a shout,
  And others came to my relief.
They bore her silently away,
And left me in my mute dismay.

All night I linger'd near her door,
  While pale forms flitted to and fro;
I questioned each one o'er and o'er,
  And met their looks of silent woe:
Yes—she was dying—close to heaven,
And I was living—unforgiven!

Oh, how I longed that voice to hear,
  If only for a moment's space!
Though bitter words I well might fear,
  And scorn and hatred in her face.
I thought 'twere better bear *that* pain,
Than never look on her again.

When weary night withdrew her shroud,
  And careless grief left doors unlock'd,
I stole amid the tearful crowd,
  That near the loved one's chamber flock'd:
How could I dare to stand among
Those bleeding hearts—that stricken throng?

They let me pass without a word,
  As if unconscious I was there;
To warn me backward no one stirred;
  They did not see, or did not care.
I came and stood beside her bed—
Sorrow of sorrows!—she was dead!

But there's her shadow evermore,
  Just as I saw it in the wave;
With arms uplifted to implore
  Her lover's rescue from the grave:
And still I hear her mournful cry—
"Oh! do not leave him there to die!"

It rings for ever in my ear,
  'Twill haunt me downward to the grave:
Oh! welcome death!—if death be near—
  As freedom to the tortured slave—
Welcome to me, as friend to friend,
So let this weary struggle end.

But when I've left this world of strife—
  When all things earthly fade away—
Will the dark shadow of my life
  Dissolve before the Eternal Day?
That day whose light is bright as seven?
NO SHADE OF SIN CAN ENTER HEAVEN.

◆

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

FAREWELL to the lilies and roses,
  Adieu to green leaves and bright skies,
Prepare for red hands and blue noses,
  Fogs, chilblains, sore throats, and old guys:

The sun, Sagittarius nearing,
Begins to look blousy and queer;
And winds sing, in accents uncheering,
The last dying speech of the year.

The days they grow shorter and shorter—
You can't see the town for its smoke—
Invention, Necessity's daughter,
How long must we blacken and choke?
Contract with some wholesale perfumer,
To wash off the soot as it falls;
Or let a gigantic consumer
Be placed on the top of St. Paul's.

Contrive by some channel to turn it,
Ere down our poor throttles it rolls;
Why can't the gas company burn it?
'Twould save them a fortune in coals!
Much longer we cannot endure it:
The smother each residence crams;—
Unless something's soon done to cure it,
'Twill cure us, like so many hams.

The cit, now from Thanet's fair island,
Steams back to Bartholomew Lane;
The peer hurries over the dry land,
To pace Brighton's chain-pier again;
The Lord Mayor, by mud, not by water,
Divulges his draggle-tail'd show;
And the judges to dinner besought, are
Too good judges e'er to say "no."

Each Englishman, now at his hope's end,
The national taste to denote,
Swings out of the world at a rope's end,
Or cuts all his cares with his throat.
With thy fogs, all so thick and so yellow,
The most approved tint for *ennui*,
Oh! when shall a man see thy fellow,
November, for *felo de se?*

But lo! through this dark cloud of evils
A ray is beginning to peer,
Which startles the host of blue-devils,
As though 'twere Ithuriel's spear:
The pulses again freely play; for
Though faster may fall the snow flakes,
Merry Christmas is coming, and hey for
Romps, turkeys, mince-pies, and twelfth-cakes!

A fig for each cynical railer—
We'll keep it up early and late:
I shall have a long bill from my tailor,
No matter, the rascal must wait!
Come, what shall it be, pretty lasses,
Hot cockles? pope-joan? blindman's-buff?
It's no matter how the time passes,
So you do but make racket enough!

Though Fashion such sports has exploded,
Her firman ne'er think upon now;
But bring, with its pretty pearls loaded,
The mistletoe's mystical bough:
Oh, why should we part with our blisses,
To follow the taste of a few?
Though some people may not like kisses,
I honestly own that I do.

Of course, there'll be some little tussling—
The fluster is half of the fun;
And what's a few yards of book-muslin,
Compared to the prize that is won?
Would some one but set it a going,
Quadrilles would be soon out of date;
For who would be seen dos-à-dos-ing,
When they could be thus tête-à-tête?

Round a large wassail-bowl of rich fluids,
Would quench e'en a Tantalus' thirst,
Libations then pour to the Druids,
Who gathered the mistletoe first:

And next to the sweet girls who've blest it,
  Wherever the pretty rogues be,
And who, though they must seem to detest it,
  Would live and die under the tree!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE UNCLE.

H. G. Bell.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
  Of threescore years and three;—
And when my reason's dawn began,
  He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
  Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
  And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
  His conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye,
  Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
  Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
  Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
  And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—
  My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
  Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
  The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
  'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
  Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
  Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;—
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found:—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,—
Thou wert her only child;—
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed;—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"By heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
For ever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea;—
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy,—
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy!

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child !—
He died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,—
No—not his death alone:
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;—
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
What see you, that you groan
So heavily?—That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backwards gave,—
"Oh God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

◆

DOES FORTUNE FAVOUR FOOLS?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"DOES Fortune favour fools? Or how do you explain the origin of the proverb, which, differently worded, is to be found in all the languages of Europe?"

This proverb admits of various explanations, according to the mood of mind in which it is used. It may arise from pity, and the soothing persuasion that Providence is eminently watchful over the helpless, and extends an especial care to those who are not capable of caring for themselves. So used, it breathes the same feeling as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—or the more sportive adage, that "the fairies take care of children and tipsy folk." The persuasion itself, in addition to the general religious feeling of mankind, and the scarcely less general love of the marvellous, may be accounted for from our tendency to exaggerate all effects that seem disproportionate to their visible cause, and all circumstances that are in any way strongly contrasted with our notions of the persons under them. Secondly, it arises from the safety and success which an ignorance of danger and difficulty sometimes actually assists in procuring; inasmuch as it precludes the despondence which might have kept the more farsighted from undertaking the enterprise, the depression which would retard its progress, and those overwhelming influences of terror in cases where the vivid perception of the danger constitutes the greater part of the danger itself. Thus men are said to have swooned and even died at the sight of a narrow bridge, over which they had ridden, the night before, in perfect safety; or at tracing the footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darkness had concealed from them. A more obscure cause, yet not wholly to be omitted, is afforded by the undoubted fact, that the exertion of the reasoning faculties tends to extinguish or bedim those mysterious instincts of skill, which, though for the most part latent, we nevertheless possess in common with other animals.

Or the proverb may be used invidiously; and folly in the vocabulary of envy or baseness may signify courage and magnanimity. Hardihood and fool-hardiness are indeed as different as green and yellow, yet will appear the same to the jaundiced eye. Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes making opportunities, and always availing itself of them: and in this sense Fortune may be said to favour fools by those who, however prudent in their own opinion, are deficient in valour and enterprise. Again: an eminently good and wise man, for whom the praises of the judicious have procured a high reputation even with the world at large, proposes to himself certain objects, and adapting the right means to the right end attains them: but his objects not being what the world calls fortune, neither money nor artificial rank, his admitted inferiors in moral and intellectual worth, but more prosperous in their worldly concerns, are said to have been favoured by Fortune, and he slighted; although the fools did the same in their line as the wise man in his; they adapted the appropriate means to the desired end, and so succeeded. In this sense the proverb is current by a misuse, or a catachresis at least, of both the words, fortune and fools.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
  Honour and wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
  Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPLY.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain;
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

But, lastly, there is doubtless a true meaning attached to fortune, distinct both from prudence and from courage; and distinct too from that absence of depressing or bewildering passions, which (according to my favourite proverb, "extremes meet,") the fool not seldom obtains in as great perfection by his ignorance, as the wise man by the highest energies of thought and self-discipline. Luck has a real existence in human affairs, from the infinite number of powers that are in action at the same time, and from the co-existence of things contingent and accidental (such as to *us* at least are accidental) with the regular appearances and general laws of nature. A familiar instance will make these words intelligible. The moon waxes and wanes according to a necessary law. The clouds likewise, and all the manifold appearances connected with them, are governed by certain laws no less than the phases of the moon. But the laws which determine the latter are known and calculable, while those of the former are hidden from us. At all events, the number and variety of their effects baffle our powers of calculation; and that the sky is clear or obscured at any particular time, we speak of, in common language, as a matter of accident. Well! at the time of the full moon, but when the sky is completely covered with black clouds, I am walking on in the dark, aware of no particular danger: a sudden gust of wind rends the cloud for a moment, and the moon emerging discloses to me a chasm or precipice, to the very brink of which I had advanced my foot. This is what is meant by luck, and according to the more or less serious mood or habit of our mind we exclaim, how lucky! or, how providential! The co-presence of numberless phænomena, which from the complexity or subtlety of their determining causes are called contingencies, and the co-existence of these with any regular or necessary phænomenon (as the clouds with the moon, for instance), occasion coincidences, which, when they are attended by any advantage or injury, and are at the same time incapable of being calculated or foreseen by human prudence, form good or ill-luck. On a hot sunshiny afternoon came on a sudden storm and spoilt the farmer's hay; and this is called ill-luck. We will suppose the same event to take place, when meteorology shall have been perfected into a science, provided with unerring instruments; but which the farmer had neglected to examine. This is no longer ill-luck, but imprudence. Now apply this to our proverb. Unforeseen coincidences may have greatly helped a man, yet if they have done for him only what possibly from his own abilities he might have effected for himself, his good luck will excite less attention and the instances be less remembered. That clever men should attain their objects seems natural, and we neglect the circumstances that perhaps produced that success of themselves without the intervention of skill or foresight; but we dwell on the fact and remember it as something strange, when the same happens to a weak or ignorant man. So too, though the latter should fail in his undertakings from concurrences that might have happened to the wisest man, yet his failure being no more than might have been expected and accounted for from his folly, it lays no hold on our attention, but fleets away among the other undistinguished waves in which the stream of ordinary life murmurs by us, and is forgotten. Had it been as true as it was notoriously false, that those all-embracing discoveries which have shed a dawn of science on the art of chemistry, and give no obscure promise of some one great constitutive law, in the light of which dwell dominion and the power of prophecy; if these discoveries, instead of having been as they really were, preconcerted by meditation, and evolved out of his own intellect, had occurred by a set of lucky accidents to the illustrious father and founder of philosophic alchemy; if they had presented themselves to Sir Humphry Davy exclusively in consequence of his luck in possessing a particular galvanic battery; if this battery, as far as Davy was concerned, had itself been an accident, and not (as in point of fact it was) devised and obtained by him for the purpose of insuring the testimony of experience to his principles, and in order to bind down material nature under the inquisition of reason, and force from her, as by torture, unequivocal answers to prepared and preconceived questions—yet still they would not have been talked of or described as instances of *luck*, but as the natural results of his admitted genius and known skill. But should an accident have disclosed similar discoveries to a mechanic at Birmingham or Sheffield, and if the man should grow rich in consequence, and partly by the envy of his neighbours, and partly with good reason, be considered by them as a man below par in the general powers of his understanding; then, " O what a lucky fellow!—Well, Fortune does favour fools—that's certain!—It is always so!"—And forthwith the exclaimer relates half a dozen similar instances. Thus accumulating the one sort of facts and never collecting the other, we do, as poets in their diction, and quacks of all denominations do in their reasoning, put a part for the whole, and at once soothe our envy and gratify our love of the marvellous, by the sweeping proverb, " Fortune favours fools."

◆

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[Walter Savage Landor, the representative of an ancient family, was born in Warwickshire, in 1775, and educated at Rugby and afterwards at Trinity College, Oxford, which he quitted without taking a degree. He then travelled for some time, and, after getting into difficulties connected with his estate, he raised, in 1808, at his own expense, a body of troops in aid of the Spanish patriots. After his marriage in 1811, he resided for many years abroad, but ultimately returned to England and settled at Bath. Of a rash and impulsive disposition, Mr. Landor was for ever "in hot water." He refused an allowance from his father of 400*l.* a-year rather than follow the law. Once in possession of his estate he became exasperated with his tenants, sold his possessions, and pulled down a handsome house he had built. The same unsettled disposition and love of litigation pervaded his literary career. An epigram which we remember to have once read, thus summed him up :—

"In a freak of Dame Nature's, her malice to show it,
She resolved to combine critic, pedant, and poet;
And true to her word, we've that book-Salamander
That was properly named at the font, *Savage* Landor!"

In truth Landor was a mocker throughout, but he was a ripe scholar, and in classical knowledge he outstripped most of his contemporaries. His earliest poetical works were collected and republished in 1831. They consist of "Gebir," an epic poem (originally written in Latin), "Count Julian," a tragedy, and miscellaneous poems. The work in which his acquirements and genius were most displayed was his "Imaginary Conversations," published at intervals between 1824 and 1846, by which time they had numbered one hundred and twenty-five, and ranged over the history, poetry, and all subjects of all periods. It was in his nervous prose that Landor's greatest strength lay. Mr. Landor continued to write until he was turned eighty. In 1851 he contributed largely to the columns of the *Examiner*. In 1853 he issued a volume of essays, "Last Fruit off an Old Tree;" and in 1858 another volume entitled "Dry Sticks." For some grossly indecent slanders on a lady in Bath, this poor old man who, with all his vast store of wit had not enough to control his own vindictive spirit, underwent the indignity of a trial for defamation, was amerced in damages to the amount of 1000*l.*, and once more became an exile from his native land; dying abroad, with the regret of no one, for his friends who could and would have pitied him had not survived him, in 1864.]

WHO will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flowers
Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail,
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste

From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

"Brother! O brother Hippias! Oh, if love,
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst thou not, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walked up to the Parthenon
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god withheld

The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seethed slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder and spoke thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have asked thyself
That question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peiræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed to think
He had retained it there, in sight of rude
Irreverent men; he led her forth nor spake.
Hippias walked silent too, until they reached
The mansion of Peisistratos, her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."
"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe my daughter?"
"Nothing, Sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! Shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;

I know how much that is when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people, and before the goddess,
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile, this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaimed,
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people
All who beheld thy trespasses behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

◆

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers'-room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and a coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hotel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers'-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread-and-butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with their petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant, vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and everything about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half-a-dozen times. Good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the "Lady's Magazine." I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steam of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the Almanack, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, 'expect—much—rain—about—this—time.'

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after, I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: 'The Stout Gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread-and-butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done.'

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself; and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest upstairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as 'the gentleman in No. 13,' it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but 'The Stout Gentleman!' the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt, a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance—'well to do in the world;' accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; 'perhaps,' thought I, 'he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?'

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. 'Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!' The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt:—the

Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers'-room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The Stout Gentleman wanted the *Times* or the *Chronicle* newspapers. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or, rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information; nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By-and-bye I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man, from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The "Lady's Magazine" had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping upstairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way when they were about their work,—that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm; the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamour, for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile in her face, adjusting her cap which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs, I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool."—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly, either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touzle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect; I was getting a fit of the fidgets. Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the travellers'-room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery! He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog.? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the travellers'-room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats;—others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew around the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy-and-water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church-bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves.—These ghastly great coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber-candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large broad bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a *Times*, newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully strong of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired.—I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his waxed-top boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13." I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman!

THE ADVENTURES OF PARSON SCHMOLKE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER BAKEL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.)

[Augustus Frederick Ernest Langbein, a very popular German author, was born at Nadeberg, near Dresden, in 1759. He studied the law at Leipsic, and in 1795 became an Advocate at Dresden, and Clerk of the Archives (1796). From a love of poetry he gave up his practice and his appointments, and proceeded to Dresden to continue his literary career, dying at the latter place in 1835.]

"WHERE are we now? See nought appears
But cattle on the hill;
I told you oft to shun the left,
But you would have your will.
You've brought us here;—now save us both
From rock, and pit, and rill."

"'*Hic hæret aqua*,' honoured sir,
Trust now no more to me;
But mark! I tremble not, although
We thieves and wolves may see.
Says Horace—'*Purus sceleris*
Non eget Mauri jaculis.'

"O that you and your Latin were
In Styx, and I—in bed.
Is this a time to laugh and jest
With my distress and dread?
But see! low in the valley gleams
A light; O let us seek its beams!"

"'*Cur non, mi Domine*,' for there
A *mortal* must abide;
In such a place the cloven feet
And tail would ne'er reside.
On, quickly on! for now I think
How sweet their potent ale will drink."

Then, reeling for the light, they steer,
These heroes of my strain;
But whence they came, I, with your leave,
In one word may explain—
They staggered from a bridal feast
With all they could contain.

The hut is reach'd; a man appears
All clad in sullied brown,
Who eyes our two benighted friends
With dark suspicious frown.
They begg'd for beds, till rising day
Should dawn to light them on their way.

"Indeed, to tell your honours true,
Of beds I've none to spare,
But solace such as straw may yield
You're welcome here to share.
If that can please you, soon you'll find
A truss and chamber to your mind.

Most piteously upon his paunch
The parson cast his eye;
"How now, thou fat rotundity,
On straw couch wilt thou lie?"—
"'*Sub sole nil perfectum est,*'"
Said Bakel—"here I'll take my rest."

He said, and soon was fast asleep.
The parson look'd around
For peg to hang his wig upon,
But no one could be found;
Himself upon the straw he cast,
His wig upon the ground.

Between the guests and host alone
A thin partition stood:
They heard him sing an evening hymn,
Then pray for faith and food;
And now the godly service done,
Unto his spouse he thus began—

"My dear, as soon as morning dawns,
The *black ones* I shall slay;
They will be, when I think again,
Much fatter than I say.
Oh, how that bullet-round one will—
He makes my very chops distil!"

"Ah, Bakel! do you sleep? or hear
These cannibals declare
That, when the morning sun ascends,
On us they mean to fare?
Oh, from this horrid murderous den
Were I but out alive again!"

"*Proh dolor*, Sir; but still there's hope,
We're not in Charon's barge;
Still may some good *Convivia*
Your little paunch enlarge.
Nay, ope your eyes,—look here, and see
A window; from it leap with me."

"Yea! such a goose-quill thing as you
May leap, and dread no harm;
But were I such a leap to take,
I'd die with pure alarm;
This ponderous body would but drop
Into Death's open arm."

Now Bakel used his eloquence
To urge his friend to fly;
He painted dangers great and dread
If they should longer lie;
Till he took courage from despair,
The unknown dreadful leap to dare.

But still there was a point to fix,
Which first the leap should try;
Each urged the other, and again
Replied, "Oh no, not I."
At last our friend the pedagogue
Down like a bird did fly.

He lighted *salva venia*,.
  Upon a hill of dung,
And bounding from the dirt unhurt
  Like dunghill cock he sprung;
But like a cliff from mountain cast,
  Fell the fat parson, and stuck fast!

He sank up to the waist, nor could
  Move on a single hair;
While Bakel cursed and scampered round,
  In impotent despair;
Meantime the roof poured torrents down
  On the poor parson's naked crown.

Now Bakel found all efforts vain
  To ope the dunghill's side;
And though his friend there still had lain,
  No help could he provide.
At last a powerful lever's found;
  With it he heaves him from the ground.

But ah, how adverse is their fate!
  For now they found a court,
Whose towering walls and barred gate
  Cut further egress short:
Thus fruitless all these dangers run
  The dreadful cannibals to shun!

Now they prepare their hearts to sing
  A "*valet*" ere they die,
And only seek a sheltering roof,
  Till then to keep them dry.
Experience tells we best may claim
  Success, if *humble* be our aim.

So found the candidates for death
  A shelter in their need;
It was a hovel near a shade
  Where cattle used to feed.
It chanced that in that hole, his swine
  Our host, while feeding, did confine.

But *they* had burst their little door,
And so had stole away,
And in the garden with their snouts
Did hold their merry play;
While in their place our pious friends
Most fervently did pray.

"Oh think, dear Bakel, that the grave
Is but the gate of life;
There beggars equal mighty kings;
There ends all mortal strife;
The injured slave feels not the thong,
Nor drags his weary chain along."

"Ah, yes, how truly says the bard,
Si hora mortis ruit
Is fit Irus subito,
Qui modo Crœsus fuit."
Thus spent they all the hours of night
Till dawn the little court did light.

Now hideously the door did creak,
From which came out the man,
Whose eye beam'd murder: and he straight
To whet his knife began;
And mutter'd as he rubb'd away,
"Ye *black ones*, ye shall die to-day!"

The host a *Flesher* was by trade,
And spoke still of his swine,
While all these dreadful thoughts beset
The Teacher and Divine;
Who fell into the odd mistake,
That he their lives design'd to take.

So forth he stretch'd his hand to draw
The swine from out their hole:—
The first thing that he seized upon
Was Bakel's thickened sole;
He cried in terror and affright,
"The Devil! oh, ye powers of light!"

Now was their foolish blunder clear;
They show'd themselves in day;
And soon the *Flesher's* deadly fears
And dread were chased away.
A hearty breakfast crown'd the board,
And laughter loudly at it roar'd.

At parting all swore solemnly
The blunder to conceal,
But lately when I made a feast
Of venison and veal,
The parson in a merry mood
The whole truth did reveal.

◆

CORINNA AT THE CAPITOL.

Mrs. Marie J. Fotherby (Marie J. Ewen).

There were footsteps on the Corso before the purple dawn,
And gatherings in the Forum ere the rosy blush of morn,
Loud voices round the Capitol, and on the marble stair
A breathless crowd assembled, as for a triumph there.
The chimes of San Giovanni, how merrily they ring!
As if to all the city round a soul of joy to bring;
There's noise of many chariots, and sounds of tramping feet,
And horses well caparisôn'd, and minstrels in the street.
What mean the balconies, all hung with tapestry so fine?
And why are garlands wreathed around the Arch of Constantine?
What mean those banners streaming bright, o'er tower and glittering dome,
Ye ladies fair, and gentlemen, that throng the streets of Rome!
It is a day of triumph, and the brightest of its kind,
The victory of genius—the "triumph of the mind."

Corinne, the pride of Italy, descends the flow'r-wreathed way,
For at the proud old Capitol she will be crown'd to-day.
Right nobly prance her snow-white steeds—behold! the chariots come!
Room, room for her, the star of all! ye citizens of Rome.
Off with your hats, brave gentlemen, for genius is divine;
And never hath she made her home in such a lovely shrine.
She comes! the fair Corinna comes! 'mid thunders of acclaim,
That rush unto the lips of all when murmur breathes her name.
Scatter sweet roses all around! fling perfumes to the air!
And strew her path with all that breathes of beautiful and fair.
Her car hath gain'd the Capitol—her foot is on the stair;
She stands, a form of matchless grace, the queen of thousands there.
Bring forth the wreath that threw afresh a lustre round his name,
Whose genius burned, a vestal fire, with never-dying flame;
Whose vision pierced the mantling mists that circle round the tomb,
Where bitter groans resound for aye amid the starless gloom;
Who saw the cities of the blest, and with as fearless tread,
Paced through the ebony halls of hell, the mansions of the dead—
The crown that might have cast a ray to light sad Tasso's gloom,
But only droop'd a fun'ral wreath to wither on his tomb.
Ay, reach it down, that laurel crown, it never hath been given
To one more rich in beauty's grace and all the gifts of Heaven.

Oh! it is grand, a nation's love! a people's benison!
The homage of ten thousand hearts flung at the feet of one!
The rapturous glow that fires the soul, and thrills through every frame,
At mention of the worshipp'd one, the echo of her name.
Corinna at the Capitol! Oh! what a spell comes o'er me,
As I view the gorgeous pageantry that passes now before me!
But I would know the meaning of the tears which starting rise
In pearly drops, to dim the joy which lights her rapturous eyes.
Though laurel wreath surrounds her brow, and glory lights her name,
There is a chamber in her heart can ne'er be fill'd by fame.
Lonely, amid adoring crowds, she dreams, as well she may,
The faithful love of one true heart were better worth than they.
And when the crowd is parted, and the festival is o'er,
The many voices silent, and the music heard no more,
She will think upon the triumph, the splendour that is gone,
As the shadow of a dream, or the echo of a tone.

◆

THE SARPINT LAKE.

George Bennett.

[One of the Lakes of Killarney is called the "Sarpint Lake," or the "Last Sarpint's Lake," and the *faithful* guides believe the legend here versified—which, by the way, they aver is no *legend* at all—and regard it as one of the greatest feats of their Patron Saint.]

It's thrue as the day, and no legend, I'll swear
By St. Patrick himself, if you plaise;

For 'twas he, as they tell, by lake, mountain, or fell,
Was the praste could repel magic, witchcraft, or spell,
With the greatest of pleasure and aise.

If the damons or imps were as deep as the say,
He'd be down to them sure in a wink;
And he'd do it so nate, that 'twas almost a thrate
To be rayther too late, or to know they were bate
Ere they'd time to consither or think.

Oh, St. Pathrick!—the pride of ould Ireland is he—
Was the saint that no other could match;
He was down at the wakes of Killarney, i' faix;
So a ramble he takes by the beautiful lakes,
Just a glimpse of their glory to snatch.

As he wanthered along, soon he came to the place
Where a cunnin' ould sarpint was hid;
He could just see the thrail of his arrowy tail,
And the links of his mail, which no sword could assail,
Where down the deep banks he had slid.

" He's the last of his race," says the sturthy old praste,
" But he's subtile almost as the first,
And he knows what is right, if he don't do it quite,
So I'll just be purlite, for I owe him no spite—
It's a thrick of desait at the worst.

So the saint he bent down o'er the green ferny banks,
And shouted, " Good morning, Sir Snake!
Sure it's dark now and could in that foul slimy hould,
As you need not be tould." Says the sarpint, " You're bould
So early my slumbers to break.

" But it's civil you are, and it's civil I'll be;
So the top of the morning to you!
And if friendly you be, you'll discoorse now with me:
I'm alone, as you see, so I hope you'll make free,
While you rest and enjoy the sweet view.

" You can sit on that nate little box at your back,
Full of goold, or why clasped with such care?"

Says St. Pathrick, "Begor, but I'd wish for no more,
If I had to the fore, but a purse of bright ore.
But this box! why, 'twould hould you, I swear."

"Hould me!" says the sarpint, "and thy tunder and turf!
It's my head now would scarcely be hid."
Says St. Pathrick so sly, "You may think it's my eye,
But now just have a thry, ere I wish you good-bye,
And sure now I'll open the lid."

Up leaps with a hiss of derision the snake,
Head and shoulthers thrusts into the thrap,
And he snuffles about like a pig with his snout.
But the saint gave a shout, "Sure your tail's hanging out!"
And he bangs down the lid with a clap.

"Och, my tail! tare an' ouns! you are smashing my tail!"
"Then take your tail in wid you now,
Or by this and by that," says the good Father Pat,
"I will squeeze it as flat as the wing of a bat,
Or the ear of a Donnybrook sow."

So he drew in his tail quick—to save it, of coorse,
And coiled it all round like a rope.
Says St. Pathrick, "All right, sure I'll lock you up tight;
As you haven't got a light, I may say, too, Good night,
And your dhrames 'ill be pleasant, I hope."

Then into the lake's deepest, murkiest hole,
He dasht down the iron-bound snake;
With a stifled "Och hone!" with a screech and a groan,
Down it sank like a stone, and to this day is known
To the thrav'ler the "Last Sarpint's Lake."

And whenever a sthorm dashes over its breast,
With a howl of demoniac rage;
In Killarney they say, "There's, there's the divil to pay;
For the sarpint to-day makes the lake like the say,
As he sthriekes 'gainst his dark iron cage."

(*Copyright—Contributed.*)

THE THREE ADVICES.

Thomas Crofton Croker.

There once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time, a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England to try if he could get work, and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate—and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants: he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John; "you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely—the wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over in place of your wages, but you shall have your choice; will you take what I offer, on my word!"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him or was insincere in making the offer; and therefore, after slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take, as his wages, whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First, I would teach you this: 'Never to take a bye-road when you have the highway.'

"Secondly—'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

"And thirdly—'Remember that honesty is the best policy.'

"These are the Three Advices I would pay you with, and they are, in value, far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself, until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was however so strong that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far before he overtook two pedlars who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now, it happened towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood, but he refused to leave the highway, telling them at the same time he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this, but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him at the same time a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. "He is the landlord," said the servant, "and Heaven help him! a dog's life he has had since he married his last wife."

"What," says John, with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see, I must not remain in this house to-night." And tired as he was he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if possible, and so returned to attend their trial.

On going into the court he saw the two men at the bar, and the young woman and the man swearing their innocent lives away. But the Judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the Judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country seeking food from door to door of a starving population, and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and told him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick, *ma bohil* (my boy), find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the hal-penny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John, "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months' wages, seeing I never as yet found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise; but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and everything in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the road side; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant. "Aye, its all right, I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting, and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it, and when he took the other cake and broke it he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day as John was standing near his cabin door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honour had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it, for, if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honour last night after taking it from Nancy—she's my wife, your honour—and telling her it was all right?"

"Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire. "Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?"

"I can't tell his name rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nancy's eyes again if she can't point him out to your honour, if so your honour is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nancy, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed, "Oh, go!—go—what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying. "There," said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he firmly, "right is right, and I'll see the end of it." So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and as it happened it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in," and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately, he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire without making further words—"which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?" But there was no answer. "Well, I suppose she must be mistaken unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "there he is," said she, if all the world were to the fore—*clargyman*, magistrate, judge, jury and all—there he is, and I'm ready to take my bible-oath to him; there he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said the master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month John Carson was settled in a nice new-slated house which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his death-bed he gave his children the very Three Advices which his master had given him on parting:—

"Never to take a bye-road when you could follow the highway.

"Never to lodge in the house where an old man was married to a young woman.

"And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy."

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

T. Campbell.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes; let each rapture, dear to nature, flee:
Close not the light of fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, music, friendship, love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs and fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of wisdom's worldly school,

Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To friendship, weeping at the couch of woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,

Shall beam on joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

◆

THE PEACOCK.

ANONYMOUS.

"MAN wants but little here below,"
'Twas thus the poet rightly sung of yore
That littled gained, experience serves to show,
Man always wants—*a little more.*

Who likes vexation? a queer question, isn't it?
But look, good folks, around,
And many, many may be found,
Of either sex,
(I take the liberty to hint it,)
Who, tho' they've nothing to perplex,
Or tease 'em,
So perverse are,
They'll growl and grumble night and day,
And whatsoe'er you do, or say,
To please 'em,
Makes 'em *worser!*

Sir Easy Lovewell chanc'd to fall in love,—
(His heart by nature form'd to catch like tinder,)—
With a fair maiden, hight Miss Dolly Dove,
And stole her from a Boarding-school back window.
Stole her—heyday!
Well, Madam, where's the wonder?
He meant the lady
To be his *Rib*—and so he *bon'd her!*

He bought a little country seat—
A most delightful rural box,
'Midst woods, and vales, and rocks,
On which were grazing pretty little flocks,
In short, a paradise complete—
And here, some time, they lived in clover;
But—ere the honeymoon was quite, quite over,
The sweet diversity of hill and dale,
My Lady thought, grew rather stale!
She didn't like the hills and rocks,
She found—how strange—that they were steepish;
She couldn't bear the pretty little *flocks*,
Because she thought the little flocks look'd *sheepish!*

Sir Easy, you must know, was fond of farming;
He had been planning new canals and drains,
And ta'en a monstrous deal of pains:—
One day, when he had been explaining
His fine improvement, he the question put—
Of—"How d'ye like 'em?"—"Very well, Love—but"——
"*But!*" cries the Knight—"but what! why ar'n't they charming?"—
For this exception put him in a fright;
There was an end of all his Cuts,
His new Canals and Draining;
In that one word he saw his project's ruin;
And well enough he might,
For when a man hears talk of *butts*,
He naturally thinks there's something *brewing*.

"My dear," exclaims his spouse,
"The house is much too small,
'Tis scarce an habitation for a mouse—
And though the country's very well,
Yet I am sure I could not dwell
In it for good and all."

Now good Sir Easy, at the best,
Was never very fond of ranging,

And nothing did he more detest
  Than habitation-changing;
However, to oblige his spouse,
  As she, alas! had weary grown,
He sold his pretty little house,
And took a spacious mansion up in town.

She came, she saw, but still it was not right,
Such suits of rooms, of stairs too, such a train;
"My dear, Sir Easy, we must move again!"

He moved again, house after house he tried,
But still my lady was not satisfied;
One was too light, another was too dark,
This had no grounds, and that too large a park!
At length our knight, quite weary of his life,
Began to argue with his wife.

He once was fat, but now so thin was grown,
  His waist, a lady might have spann'd it;
(So wonderful was the disparity—)
He lit'rally was nought but skin and bone,
  He told her that his spirits could not stand it;
Quite to a skeleton this roving wore him,
  And certainly for one who loved hilarity,
Events like these were quite too moving for him;
  "Besides," says he,
  "What other husband in the world would be
  Sent like a card of compliments about
From house to house? I say 'tis plaguy hard!
  And if you mean to keep up this vagary,
Drat me, ma'am, but I'd rather be a *card!*
  And then, ma'am, if I were sent out,
  At least, I should be *stationary!*"

Thus, having given his passion vent,
  He soon grew cool;
And two hours after, forth he went
  Like a good natur'd fool,

And bought another house,
To make a final trial of his spouse.
He pitched on one i' the outskirts of the City,
On which he placed a firm reliance;
You couldn't point out one more neat and pretty,
'Twas not too large, 'twas not too small;
'Twas not too low, 'twas not too tall;
Neither in country, nor in town,
But set in happy medium down,
Just like St Dunstan's bells between the giants.

My lady viewed it round and round,
And not a fault was to be found;
The knight exults, his cares are past,
And he shall happy live at last.
Alas! how blind is man,
Of disappointments how unwitting!

One morn, at breakfast sitting,
The conversation on *contentment* ran:—
"My dear," exclaims the knight, in pleasant strain,
"You've nothing now of which you can complain."

"No, nothing, love—but—" "*But* again!
Madam, I plainly see
You want to make a *butt* of me!"
"Good Lord! Sir Easy, how you bawl!
Pray hear me out—I like it all:
But just upon that garden wall
A Peacock comes, my ears appalling
Each morn with his continual squalling;
And all the servants do, wont scare it—
I fear my nerves will never bear it!"
Forth rush'd Sir Easy in a roar,
And dashed his tea-cup on the floor;
"Confound the peacock and his squall!
Now hear me, madam, once for all;
The house I've got, the house I love,
And hang me, madam, if I move!

So take it well or take it ill;
For let me choose what house I will,
In town or country, great or small,
You'll find—*a Peacock on the wall!*"

ALONZO THE BRAVE.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid was the fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions!" fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
For if you be living or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hastened the warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold!
A baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun,
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—ONE!

'Twas then, with amazement, fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent, the stranger complies,
And his vizor he slowly unclosed—
O gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in and the worms they crept ou;
And sported his eyes and his temples about
While the spectre addressed Imogene—

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Behold thy Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shrieked with dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

No observation is more common, and at the same time, more true, than "that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half live." The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. The great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity. But he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity,—who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference,—is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier,—for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit,—scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:—

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank heaven! it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet: and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the Evil One put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't?—I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of myself. But, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London, to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, you may be sure. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters; and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time had expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice; and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a cor poral. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money. But the Government wanted men; and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I wanted to be idle. But I knew nothing of sea-business; and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest; and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he; 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen.

"Though we had no arms, we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out ot the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand; and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life. But that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty, and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content. Nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

◆

THE INFANT BRIDAL.

Mrs. Acton Tindal.

[Richard Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., was married to Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk in her own right. The bridegroom was not five years old, and the bride scarcely three. The ceremony was performed in St. Stephen's Chapel, A.D. 1477.]

The sunbeams of the early day
  Streamed through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisle's pillared way
  Swelled loud the nuptial hymn;

And passed along a gorgeous band
Of courtly dames and fair,
Of belted barons of the land
The bravest best were there.

But slowly moved the bright array,
For gently at its head
Two blooming children led the way
With short and doubtful tread;
The fair boy-bridegroom and the bride,
(Like Cupid's train in eld),
Meekly and loving, side by side,
Each other's hands they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seemed,
For in each kindred eye
Love mixed with pity fondly gleamed,
And mournful gravity.
A fear, for them who knew no fear,
On each heart darkly fell;
They view life's future through a tear
Who know the past too well.

The bridegroom bore a royal crown
Amid the shining hair,
That like a golden veil fell down
In tresses soft and fair.
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told,
Beneath that brow so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors rolled.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,
Yet oft with simple grace,
She raised, soft-stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face.
And playfellows who loved her well
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after years to tell
The infant bridal o'er.

Then words of import strange and deep
  The hoary prelate said,
And some had turned away to weep
  And many bowed the head.
Their steady gaze those children meek
  Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
  The solemn words' intent.

Calm in the blest simplicity
  That never woke to doubt;
Calm in the holy purity
  Whose presence bars shame out!
Then turned they from each troubled brow
  And many a downcast eye,
And gazed upon each other now
  In wondering sympathy;

And nestled close, with looks of love,
  Upon the altar's stone;
Such ties as seraphs bind above
  These little ones might own.
And sweetly was the babe-bride's cheek
  Against the fair boy pressed,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
  As kneeling to be blest.

Then smiled they on their grand array
  And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
  Amid that gorgeous band.
Alas! for those that early wed
  With such prophetic gloom,
For sadly fell on each young head
  The shadow of the tomb.

Scarce had the blossoms died away
  Of the rose-wreaths they wore,
When to her mouldering ancestry
  The little bride they bore.

Her marriage garlands o'er her bier,
Bedewed with tears, were cast;
And still she smiled as though no fear
O'erclouded her at last.

A life as short, and darker doom,
The gentle boy befel:
He slept not in his father's tomb,
For him was heard no knell!
One stifling pang amid his sleep
And the dark vale was passed!
He woke with those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er o'ercast.

A garland floats around the throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of such fair earth-buds, newly blown,
Culled from a thousand lands.
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy seat,
The loved babe-angels fling!

IN A MAELSTROM.

Edgar Allan Poe.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget; for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P.M., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before; and I began to feel a little uneasy without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-coloured cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime, the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-strom!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us.

"You perceive that in crossing the Strom *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that;' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness; but, O! what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, '*Listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury.*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us in the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity; and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean; and this latter now towered above us a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam; with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun round, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between time and eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house-furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant-ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been.* It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horrors. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you;* and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

J. G. Whittier.

Silence o'er sea and earth
 With the veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth
 The chime of its vesper bell.
One moment, and that solemn sound
 Fell heavily on the ear;
But a sterner echo pass'd around;
 Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks throng'd up,
 In the torchlight cold and dim;
And the priest let fall his incense cup,
 And the virgin hush'd her hymn;
For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
 And a summoning voice were heard,
And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,
 To the fearful echo stirr'd.

The peasant heard the sound,
 As he sat beside his hearth;
And the song and the dance were hush'd around,
 With the fireside tale of mirth.

The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,
As the sound of war drew nigh;
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe, to the stranger, then;
At the feast and flow of wine,
In the red array of mailed men,
Or bow'd at the holy shrine;
For the waken'd pride of an injured land
Had burst its iron thrall;
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band;
Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings tell that hour,
With the young and passing fair,
And the flame went up from dome and tower,
The avenger's arm was there!
The stranger priest at the altar stood,
And clasp'd his beads in prayer,
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood;
The avenger found him there!

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul;
To the serf and mailed lord;
They were gather'd darkly, one and all,
To the harvest of the sword;
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,
Shone out o'er hill and glen,
On ruin'd temple and mouldering pile,
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,
As its early glance came forth;
It had no sympathy with the wild
And terrible things of earth;
And the man of blood that day might read,
In a language freely given,
How ill his dark and midnight deed
Became the light of heaven.

"IMPH—M."

JAMES NICHOLSON.

YE'VE heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried out, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph—m,"
That usefu' word "Imph—m;"
Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say, A—y—e!

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For a' that he said, I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie! haud out yer han'!"
Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph—m,"
I glunch'd, and said "Imph—m;"
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say, A—y—e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo' I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word gif ye'll spell me anither:
Let's hear ye spell 'Imph—m,'
That common word 'Imph—m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph—m,' ye ken it means—A—y—e?"

Had ye seen hoo he glower'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff tae yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"
But I only said "Imph—m,"
That common word "Imph—m,"
That auld-farran' "Imph—m," that stan's for an—A—y—e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I spiered in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,
She blush'd, an' said "Imph—m,"
That charming word "Imph—m,"
A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A—y—e!

An' noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—
A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
But the warst o't is this—when a question I spier,
They pit on a luik sae auld farran an' queer,
But only say "Imph—m,"
That daft-like word "Imph—m,"
That vulgar word "Imph—m"—they winna say—A—y—e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph—m"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper, its perfect absurd;
An' gif ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Jist haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
But never say "Imph—m,"
That daft-like word "Imph—m,"
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A—y—e!

From a volume entitled "Kilwuddie; and other Poems;" published by the Scottish Temperance Society.

"SIX FEET BY TWO."

JAMES BRUTON.

FOOL! fool!
Prithee, be cool—
All thy writhing will nothing do!
Though thou'rt dressed in a lordling guise,
Making heads bow, and hats to rise!

Thou'st but ten fingers, and just ten toes,
And thy meanest slaves have as many as those!
Though coarser their food, their drink, and clothes,
Say, is thy appetite keёner than theirs?
And is thy velvet couch free from cares?
Ample thy land is: its value vast—
But look thee, man, it dwindles at last
To "Six feet by two!"

Fool! fool!
Lay down no rule—
Each man's equal in Heaven's view!
Learn Nature's truth: when thou wert born,
Not one single gem did thy body adorn!
Thy heir unborn thou canst leave wealth to—
But say, will it be his own well-earned *due?*
And more—did God give it to *him* and YOU?
At any one moment is stopt thy breath!
Look not to thy BIRTH! but look to thy death!
Rich man! the worm is *thy* lord at last—
And *all* that is left thee of ALL the past
Is "Six feet by two!"

Fool! fool!
In this world's rule
The law is false, as Heaven is true!
Can there be love or can there be bliss—
When *that* clod will not speak to *this?*
Out on man's pride! it rankles to find
That human clay, with God-given mind—
Than the valley-clod is far less kind!
The knoll on which the daisies nod—
As the sculptur'd tomb is as fair to God!
Nor rises the cherub, with marble wings,
So near to Heaven as the robin who sings
O'er "Six feet by two!"

(*Copyright—Contributed.*)

◆

THE RESCUE—A STRANGE YARN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

[The following story is a very exciting and singular one, and, as a narrative, is told with Defoe-like reality. It will be necessary, however, to caution young English readers that it is taken from an American publication.—ED. P. R.]

MR. ROBERT BRUCE, originally descended from some branch of Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1828, he was first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state room. The desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round—

"I make our latitude and longitude so-and-so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose; and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there is a stranger there."

"A stranger? Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him? Whom?"

"Heaven knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated.

"I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing colour; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the nor'-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it towards Bruce, he said—

"Write down, 'Steer to the nor'-west.'"

The mate complied: and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said—

"Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came: and at the captain's request he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled in any degree the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought.

"Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity,—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor'-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept, in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce,' replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate,—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the nor'-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely: then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him again with the other up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman" (pointing to the passenger), "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig: and to

Up this green woodland ride let's softly rove
And list the Nightingale ; she dwells just here.
Hush ! let the wood-gate softly clap, for fear
The noise might drive her from her home of love ;
For here I've heard her many a merry year,
At morn, at eve, nay, all the livelong day,
As though she lived on song. This very spot
Just where that old man's-beard all wildly trails
Rude arbours o'er the road, and stops the way ;
And where the child its blue-bell flowers hath got,
Laughing and creeping through the mossy rails ;
There have I hunted like a very boy,
Creeping on hands and knees through matted thorn,
To find her nest, and see her feed her young.
And vainly did I many hours employ :
All seemed as hidden as a thought unborn.
And where those crumpling fern-leaves ramp among
The hazel's under boughs, I've nestled down
And watched her while she sang ; and her renown
Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird
Should have no better dress than russet brown.
Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,
And feathers stand on end, as 'twere with joy,
And mouth wide open to release her heart
Of its out-sobbing songs. The happiest part
Of Summer's fame she shared, for so to me
Did happy fancies shapen her employ.
But if I touched a bush, or scarcely stirred,
All in a moment stopt. I watched in vain :
The timid bird had left the hazel bush,
And oft in distance hid to sing again.
Lost in a wilderness of listening leaves,
Rich ecstasy would pour its luscious strain,
Till envy spurred the emulating Thrush
To start less wild and scarce inferior songs ;
For while of half the year Care him bereaves,
To damp the ardour of his speckled breast,
The Nightingale to Summer's life belongs,

And naked trees and Winter's nipping wrongs
Are strangers to her music and her rest.
Her joys are ever green, her world is wide!
Hark! there she is, as usual. Let's be hush;
For in this blackthorn clump, if rightly guessed,
Her curious house is hidden. Part aside
Those hazel branches in a gentle way,
And stoop right cautious 'neath the rustling boughs,
For we will have another search to-day,
And hunt this fern-strewn thorn-clump round and round,
And where this reeded wood-grass idly bows
We'll wade right through; it is a likely nook.
In such like spots, and often on the ground
They'll build where rude boys never think to look;—
Ay, as I live! her secret nest is here
Upon this whitethorn stümp! I've searched about
For hours in vain. There, put that bramble by,—
Nay, trample on its branches, and get near.
How subtle is the bird! She started out,
And raised a plaintive note of danger nigh
Ere we were past the brambles; and now, near
Her nest, she sudden stops, as choking fear
That might betray her home. So even now
We'll leave it as we found it; safety's guard
Of pathless solitudes shall keep it still.
We will not plunder music of its dower,
Nor turn this spot of happiness to thrall,
For melody seems hid in every flower
That blossoms near thy home. These bluebells all
Seem bowing with the beautiful in song;
And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
Seems blushing at the singing it has heard.
How curious is the nest! No other bird
Uses such loose materials, or weaves
Its dwelling in such spots! Dead oaken leaves
Are placed without, and velvet moss within.

And little scraps of grass, and scant and spare,
What hardly seem materials down and hair ;
For from men's haunts she nothing seems to win.
Snug lie her curious eggs, in number five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive-brown,
And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,
As the old woodland's legacy of song.

◆

LAUGH AND GET FAT.

W. M. Praed.

There's nothing here on earth deserves
One half the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do as well without it.
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run,
And when he'll leave us altogether.
Now, matters it a pebble-stone,
Whether he dines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed and laughed at for his labours;
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet:
And praise is pleasanter than honey—
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed
And raved all day and night about her!
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
Yet sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the gazer's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But, as I'm not particular,
Please God! *I*'ll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Ah! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain and half a pleasure;

And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never cry while you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

THE BLACK PREACHER.

J. R. Lowell.

At Carnac, in Brittany, close on the bay,
They show you a church, or rather the grey
Ribs of a dead one, left there to bleach
With the wreck lying near on the crest of the beach;
Roofless and splintered with thunder-stone,
'Mid lichen-blurred gravestones all alone,
'Tis the kind of ruin strange sights to see
That may have their teaching for you and me.

Something like this, then, my guide had to tell,
Perched on a saint cracked across when he fell.
But since I might chance give his meaning a wrench,
He talking his *patois* and I English-French,
I'll put what he told me, preserving the tone,
In a rhymed prose that makes it half his, half my own.

An abbey-church stood here, once on a time,
Built as a death-bed atonement for crime;
'Twas for somebody's sins, I know not whose;
But sinners are plenty, and you can choose.
Though a cloister now of the dusk-winged bat,
'Twas rich enough once, and the brothers grew fat,
Looser in girdle and purpler in jowl,
Singing good rest to the founder's lost soul.
But one day came Northmen, and lithe tongues of fire
Lapped up the chapter-house, licked off the spire,

And left all a rubbish-heap, black and dreary,
Where only the wind sings *miserere.*
Of what the monks came by no legend runs,
At least they were lucky in not being nuns.

No priest has kneeled since at the altar's foot,
Whose crannies are searched by the nightshade's root,
Nor sound of service is ever heard,
Except from throat of the unclean bird,
Hooting to unassoiled shapes as they pass
In midnights unholy his witches' mass,
Or shouting "Ho! ho!" from the belfry high
As the Devil's Sabbath-train whirls by;
But once a year, on the eve of All-Souls,
Through these arches dishallowed the organ rolls,
Fingers long fleshless the bell-ropes work,
The chimes peal muffled with sea mists mirk,
The skeleton windows are traced anew
On the baleful flicker of corpse-lights blue,
And the ghosts must come, so the legend saith,
To a preaching of Reverend Doctor Death.

Abbots, monks, barons, and ladies fair,
Hear the dull summons and gather there:
No rustle of silk now, no clink of mail,
Nor ever a one greets his church-mate pale;
No knight whispers love in the *châtelaine's* ear,
His next-door neighbour this five hundred year;
No monk has a sleek *benedicite*
For the great lord shadowy now as he;
Nor needeth any to hold his breath,
Lest he lose the least word of Doctor Death.

He chooses his text in the Book Divine,
Tenth verse of the Preacher in chapter nine:—
"'Whatsoever, thy hand shall find thee to do,
That do with thy whole might, or thou shalt rue;'
For no man is wealthy or wise or brave
In that quencher of might-bes and would-bes, the grave.

Bid by the Bridegroom, 'To-morrow,' ye said,
And To-morrow was digging a trench for your bed;
Ye said, 'God can wait; let us finish our wine;'
Ye had wearied Him, fools, and the last knock was mine!"

But I can't pretend to give you the sermon,
Or say if the tongue were French, Latin, or German;
Whatever he preached in, I give you my word
The meaning was easy to all that heard;
Famous preachers there have been and be,
But never was one so convincing as he;
So blunt was never a begging friar,
No Jesuit's tongue so barbed with fire,
Cameronian never, nor Methodist,
Wrung gall out of Scripture with such a twist.

And would you know who his hearers must be?
I tell you just what my guide told me:
Excellent teaching men have, day and night,
From two earnest friars, a black and a white,
The Dominican Death and the Carmelite Life;
And between these two there is never strife,
For each has his separate office and station,
And each his own work in the congregation;
Who so to the white brother deafens his ears,
And cannot be wrought on by blessings or tears,
Awake in his coffin must wait and wait,
In that blackness of darkness that means *too late*,
And come once a year, when the ghost-bell tolls,
As till Doomsday it shall on the eve of All-Souls,
To hear Doctor Death, whose words smart with the brine
Of the Preacher, the tenth verse of chapter nine.

◆

"PENNY READINGS'" RECORD.

JANUARY, 1867.

(From our own Correspondents and the Local Press.)

WILTON (near Salisbury).—A file of programmes of these Readings is to hand. The selections, on the whole, are well made. Among them, "The Field of Waterloo" (Byron), read by Mr. W. Allen; "The Dream of Eugene Aram" (Hood), Rev. T. B. Buchanan; "Bob Sawyer's Party" (Dickens), Mr. Allen; "A Caudle Lecture" (Jerrold), Mr. Dyke; "Hubert and Arthur" (Shakspeare), Rev. J. H. Penruddocke; "The Four Geese," Mr. Green; "The Spanish Armada" (Macaulay), Rev. G. P. Howes; "Mazeppa's Death-ride" (Byron), Mr. Harnett; Scene from "Adam Bede" (Miss Evans), Mr. Harnett; &c. &c. But what are the directors of these readings about to permit such low tap-room comic songs as "I'm Costermonger Joe," "I'd like to be a Swell, "I'm not to be sneezed at," &c., to be introduced? Surely, an audience that could listen to the literary gems above enumerated must feel themselves insulted by being bored with such unmitigated trash!

NOTTING DALE.—These pleasant gatherings have been re-commenced with great spirit and success. On a recent Thursday evening the chair was occupied by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, the esteemed pastor of Cornwall-road Chapel. The programme for the evening was varied and good; of the music it would be almost impossible to speak too highly.

INCHTURE.—The first of a series of Penny Readings, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Honey, the parish minister, took place in the Parish School-room, Inchture, and proved a great success. Lord Kinnaird took the chair on the occasion. The evening's entertainment was opened by the performance of a number of airs on the pianoforte by Mrs. Duncan, Inchture, accompanied by Mr. Donaldson, farmer, Ballindean, on the violin. Major Ogilvy then read the stirring passage from Macaulay's "History of England," descriptive of the "Massacre of Glencoe," and was followed by Lady Kinnaird on the piano, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Ogilvy, the Misses Honey, the Misses M'Laren, Melville, and a number of other female voices, who sung "Hard Times come again no more," and several other songs, which were frequently applauded. Her ladyship also accompanied on the piano Mr. Salmond, who sung "Auld Robin Gray," "Mary Morrison," &c. Mr. M'Kenzie, farmer, Unthank, gave recitations from Shakspeare's "Hamlet," which were admirably received. Lord Kinnaird then closed the proceedings in a neat address, at the close of which he proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Honey.

NOTTING HILL (Stormont House).—A most successful performance was patronized at the above place by a very numerous attendance, apparently to the enjoyment of all present. Mr. H. V. Lewis presided at the pianoforte, playing two splendid solos; he also sang "God bless the Friends we love." Mr. Rowbotham read an Irish sketch. Mr. G. Brown's comic song, "Miss Wobbinson," was very well received. Mr. J. A. Kingham recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," in a very spirited style, and sang "Garibaldi's Hymn," both being highly applauded. Mr. Davidson sang the "Death of Nelson," and "Lovely Clouds," and was much praised. Mr. J. Musgrove read "The Soldier's Return." Mr. Lewis, jun., sang "A Motto for every Man." Mr. J. Akhurst's reading, "The Cane-bottomed Chair," was most amusing, being much relished by the auditory. Mr. J. B. McDonald's song, "Ye Blighted Barber," called forth immense applause. Mr. J. Reeves read the tragic story of "Virginia." J. E. Gray, Esq., occupied the chair.

NOTTING HILL (Portobello-road).—A very creditable entertainment was given at the Workmen's Hall, Portobello-road. The chief features of attraction were:—"The Prisoner of Chillon" (Lord Byron), well read by J. Grives, Esq.; Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," admirably delivered by Mr. T. H. Williamson; and "The Balaklava Charge" (Tennyson), effectively given by Mr. J. C. Hukins.

CRAIL.—The Readings here were resumed on the 27th ult., with success.

BROMPTON.—The Readings are given in the National Schoolroom. Among the pieces read, "Mr. Pickwick at Rochester" (Dickens), by Mr. H. Hoare; "The Black Veil," by Mr. Whitmore; "The Doctor and his Apples," by Mr. Hicks; "The Showman's Courtship" (Artemus Ward), Mr. Owen; "Mr. Caudle lends an Umbrella" (Jerrold), Mr. Candler; and an "Original Epilogue," by Mr. C. Lines, deserve special mention.

TAUNTON.—Entertainments, consisting of readings, recitations, and music, have now been held here for three seasons, and have increased in attraction: on a recent Thursday over 1200 persons were present, and hundreds could not obtain admittance. The chair was taken by E. W. Cox, Esq. The programme commenced with an overture from Auber, given by a full band; after which the chairman read from a volume of the "Penny Readings," "Good News from Ghent" (Browning); the glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn," followed. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was recited in a most masterly manner by Mr. Tasker. H. J. Alford, Esq., next read "Relics of General Chasse" (Trollope), and created great laughter. A solo on the cornet was given with precision. Miss Collihole sung with great sweetness, "Come where my Love lies dreaming," and "The captive Greek Girl." The remainder of the programme consisted of instrumental music, glees, and a reading from "Pickwick" by the chairman, and concluded with "God save the Queen," given by the full band.

The getting up of these entertainments was undertaken by a committee of tradesmen's assistants, who, after having formed among themselves an Early Closing Association, and having achieved their principal object, that of inducing the employers to close their shops at seven o'clock during the winter months, set themselves to work to provide rational recreation for their *confrères*, to confute the statement made by the opposers of the Early Closing Movement, to the effect that the assistants would spend their additional leisure hours in the public-house.

The success of their project has been beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine. They have been helped in their work by numerous gentlemen of the town and neighbourbood, they themselves undertaking the work of ticket-collectors, door-keepers, &c. Mr. C. Hare (the secretary) handed over to the treasurer of the Taunton and Somerset Hospital the sum of 30*l.* from the proceeds, which are all devoted, after payment of incidental expenses, to charitable objects.

SHEERNESS.—The entertainment here was attended by upwards of six hundred persons. The Rev. G. Bryant, M.A., president, read an extract from Hallam. Mr. Elliott's reading, "The Shadow on the Blind," was received with great attention. Mr. Brenchley's mock-heroic recitation, "The Ambitious Amateur Actor," elicited roars of laughter. Mr. Meaden's reading from Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," the "Legend of Horatius," was good as a maiden effort. The attention and orderly bearing of the large audience is a proof that they have been educated up to a much higher standard than once obtained, or this reading would not have been heard through. Mr. Macartney read a highly humorous Irish fairy tale, in rhyme, "The Piper and the Changeable Fairy" (J. E. Carpenter), which was well read and diverted much. We must say the whole evening was another success.

STROOD, KENT.—The Penny Readings here were instituted by the Rev. J. G. Bailey, and they are now continued by the Rev. F. O. Mayne, with unabated success. The room in which they are held holds from 400 to 500; it is *always crowded*, and hundreds are unable to get admission. This is remarkable, as the room is at the extreme end of Strood, in a situation by no means advantageous.

NEWPORT (Forfar).—The Newport Literary Society has established an entertainment founded upon the Penny Readings, which have been so popular elsewhere. The novelty of the programme caused the Free-Church Schoolroom to be almost inconveniently crowded. Every reading, song, duet, and glee was received with rounds of well-deserved applause. The readings, which were interspersed with music, were selections from "Reminiscences" (Dean Ramsay), "The Raven" (E. A. Poe), "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (Browning), and "Sam Weller's Valentine" (Dickens). The Rev. D. Thomson of Forgan presided, and votes of thanks to him and the amateurs for enabling the inhabitants of Newport to spend a most delightful evening together, were warmly accorded.

BRECHIN. — PENNY READINGS.—An effort is being made at present by the Rev. Mr. Crabb and some others to get these readings, which have proved so beneficial in other places, set agoing here, and a meeting has been held in the Court-room to consider what steps are to be taken in the matter.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

⁂ The necessity of going to press early this month compels us to postpone communications received after the 10th.

All communications respecting the publishing department must be addressed to Messrs. F. Warne and Co., Bedford-street, W.C. Those intended for the Editor may be forwarded to 53, Norland-square, Notting-hill, W.

Communications received after the 15th of the month cannot be noticed until the following volume. Secretaries and others will oblige by forwarding local newspapers containing notices of their "Readings," as soon after publication as possible.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor of "Penny Readings in Prose and Verse," having been requested "not to forget his young friends at Christmas," has great pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. are preparing for immediate publication a volume specially devoted to their amusement, to be entitled

FAIRY RHYMES

FOR

YOUNG READERS.

BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

It will be elegantly printed in small 4to, price 5s., beautifully illustrated, with Portrait of the Author, new initial letters, &c., and adapted for Christmas and New Year's Gifts, and for Birthday Presents.

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

Vol.Page

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672—1719).
Cato and Decius . . . . . ix. 172

AITKEN, WILLIAM (Living).
The Little Half-worn Shoe . vii. 158

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN
(1805—Living).
The Girl who Trod upon Bread . . . . ix. 157

ANONYMOUS.
Alone in the World . . . . . ix. 221
A Sea-Dirge . . . . vii. 59
Before and After Marriage . ix. 145
Dr. Dobbs and his Nag Nobbs vii. 221
Elegy in a London Theatre . ix. 126
Misconception . . . . vii. 198
Monsieur Tonson . . . . . . viii. 226
Mrs. Lofty and I . . . . . . viii. 162
Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say-voyage . . . . x. 127
Peter Klaus . . . . x. 152
Richard and Betty . . . . . vii. 159
Satan Fishing . . . . viii. 183
Speculation . . . . viii. 187
Tact *versus* Talent . . . . . vii. 227
The Bachelor . . . . vii. 204
The Bachelor's Soliloquy . . vii. 27
The Basket Maker . . . . . vii. 103
The Dean of Santiago . . . ix. 136
The Ladies' Petition to Dr. Moyes. . . . . vii. 25
The Legend of the Forget-me-not . . . . ix. 212
The Maid of Saragossa . . . viii. 89
The Magic Candlestick . . . vii. 71
The Party-coloured Shield . vii. 11
The Peacock . . . . x. 204
The Ploughman and the Poser ix. 168
The Power of Eloquence . . vii. 149
The Retort . . . . vii. 245
The Royal Charter . . . . . vii. 54
The Shadow on the Wall . . x. 155
The Ae Thing . . . . vii. 125
The Wolf and the Fox . . . vii. 242
Web Spinner . . . . vii. 183
Windows in Men's Breasts . ix. 122
Wit at a Pinch . . . . viii. 143

ASPINALL, REV. DR. GEORGE
(Living).
The Wife's Dream . . . . vii. 130
Leonidas . . . . ix. 51
The Leap of Curtius . . . . x. 59

BARHAM, REV. RICHARD HARRIS
(1789—1845).
The Smuggler's Leap. . . . x. 90

Vol.Page

BARNES, WILLIAM (Living).
John Bloom in Lon'on . . . viii. 235

BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762-1851).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 32
The Kitten . . . . viii. 33

BAMFORD, SAMUEL.
God help the Poor . . . . viii. 249

BENNETT, W. C. (1820—Living).
The Dressmaker's Thrush . . vii. 83
The Deeds of Wellington . . viii. 58
The Boat-race . . . . . . x. 143

BENNETT, GEORGE (Living).
The Sarpint Lake . . . . . x. 191

BELL, HENRY GLASSFORD
(Living).
Mynheer von Wodenblock . ix. 113
The Uncle . . . . x. 161

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1759—1827).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 87
Broken Love . . . . x. 88

BLANCHARD, E. L.
(1820—Living).
Mrs. Griddles on Lord Mayor's Day . . . . viii. 231

BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT
(1766—1823).
Richard and Kate . . . . . ix. 131

BOCCACCIO (1313—1375).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 70
The Falcon . . . . ix. 70

BOKER, G. H. (Living).
Before Vicksburg . . . . . vii. 132

BRADDON, MISS E. M.
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 134
The Secretary . . . . . . viii. 135

BRADBURY, S. H. (1826—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 107
The Miser and his Gold . . vii. 108

BROUGH, ROBERT B. (1828—1860).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 86
French and English . . . . viii. 87
Dr. Johnson . . . . x. 73

BROWNING, ROBERT
(1812—Living).
Incident in the French Camp vii. 129

BRUTON, JAMES (1815—Living).
Lord Nelson . . . . viii. 92
Six Feet by Two . . . . . . x. 232

Vol. Page

BROWN, FRANCES (1816—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 151
The Rabb.'s Vision . . . . vii. 152

BRYANT, W. C. (1794—Living).
The Planting of the Apple-tree . . . . vii. 45

BUCHANAN, ROBERT (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 55
Liz. . . . . vii. 55
Barbara Gray . . . . . . vii. 234
January Wind . . . . ix. 25

BULWER, HON. HENRY LYTTON (" Owen Meredith," Living.)
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 231
Under Canvas—Wounded . . ix. 232

BURNS, ROBERT (1759—1796).
Tam O'Shanter . . . . ix. 105

BYRON, LORD (1788—1824).
Greece . . . . vii. 212
Darkness . . . . ix. 129

BYRON, HENRY J. (Living).
An Annual Treat . . . . . x. 34

BYROM, JOHN (1691—1762).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 216
The Three Black Crows . . ix. 217

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777—1844).
The Child and Hind . . . . ix. 143
The Pleasures of Hope . . . x. 201

CARLTON, WILLIAM (1798—Living).
The Hedge Schoolmaster . . viii. 48

CALVERLEY, C. S. (Living).
Gemini and Virgo . . . . viii. 125
Dover to Munich . . . . . x. 10

CANNING, THE RT. HON. GEORGE (1770—1827).
Biographical Sketch . . . . . viii. 207
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . . . viii. 207

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795—Living).
Inaugural Address . . . . vii. 28

CHANNING, REV. W. E., D.D. (1780—1842).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 83
Poetry . . . . viii. 84

CHADWICK, SHELDON (Living).
Little Lizzie . . . . . . ix. 174

CLARE, JOHN (1793—1864).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 241
The Nightingale's Nest . . . x. 241

COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618—1667).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 130
The Chronicle . . . . . . x. 130

COLERIDGE, S. T. (1772—1834).
Does Fortune favour Fools ? . x. 165

Vol. Page

COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER (1762—1836).
Scene from John Bull . . . vii. 61

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON (1798—1854).
The Three Advices . . . . . x. 195

DAVIS, THOMAS (1814—1854).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 118
The Sack of Baltimore . . . x. 118

DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY (1778—1829).
Biographical Sketch. . . . viii. 238
The Operations of Nature . . viii. 238

DE FRAINE, JOHN (Living).
Childhood . . . . vii. 181

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS (1786—1859).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 108
Opium Dreams . . . . . . x. 108

DICKENS, CHARLES (1812—Living).
Fanny Squeers's Courtship . . viii. 166
Bob Sawyer's Evening Party. x. 40

DOUBLEDAY, THOMAS.
Ode to a Steamboat . . . . vii. 140

ECCLES, J. H. (1824—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 219
A Lock of Flaxen Hair . . . vii. 220

EDITOR, THE
Biographical Sketches (see the respective Authors).
The Piper and the Changeable Fairy . . . . vii. 5
The Breach of Trust . . . . vii. 87
Jack Pebble's First Offence . vii. 237
The Black Hole of Knockfierna viii. 35
Have Faith in One Another . viii. 79
The Neck and the Priest's Sons viii. 137
The Washing Day. . . . . . viii. 194
The Peri and the Merchant's Son . . . . ix. 56
Cunning Tom and the Leprechaun . . . . ix. 75
The Fairy Millers . . . . . . x. 62

FARQUHAR, MRS. B. H. (Living.)
Fairy Land . . . . viii. 240

FIELDING, HENRY, (1707—1754.)
Partridge at the Play . . . viii. 94

FONTAINE (1621—1695)
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 229
The Horse and the Wolf . . ix. 230

FOTHERBY, MRS. MARIE J. (Living).
Corinna at the Capitol . . . x. 189

FRISWELL, J. HAIN (1827—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 97
Francis Spira . . . . viii. 98
The attempted Baptism of King Radbob . . . . x. 38

Vol.Page
GARMAN, STEPHEN (Living).
John Maynard . . . . ix. 178
GASKELL, MRS. (about 1800—1865).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 101
The Long Strike . . . . . viii. 101
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728—1774).
Moses at the Fair. . . . . . vii. 143
The Story of a Disabled Soldier . . . . x. 210
GREENWOOD, FREDERICK (Living).
Ode to a Female Mummy . . viii. 191
GRAY, FRED. B. (Living).
Enoch Arden's Vow . . . . . ix. 167
GRAY, THOMAS (1716—1771).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 246
Elegy in a Country Churchyard vii. 246
GUIZOT (1787—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 65
The Death of Oliver Cromwell x. 65
HALLAM, HENRY (1778—1859).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 4
Magna Charta . . . . viii. 5
HALL, ROBERT (1764—1831).
Peroration on War . . . . viii. 185
HALL, REV. NEWMAN
The Dignity of Labour . . . ix. 240
HALLIDAY, ANDREW
(1830—Living.)
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 201
My Account with Her Majesty ix. 201
HERAUD, JOHN A. (1799—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 119
An Autumnal Benediction . vii. 119
HERVEY, T. K.
The Convict Ship . . . . . . vii. 240
HEMANS, MRS. (1793—1835).
Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father . . . . viii. 23
The Battle of Morgarten . . x. 1
HOOD, THOMAS (1798—1845).
Number One . . . . vii. 199
HOLLINGSHEAD, JOHN (Living).
A Counterfeit Presentment . viii. 129
HOLCROFT, THOMAS (1745—1809).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 97
Scene from the "Road to Ruin" . . . . x. 98
HOME, REV. JAMES (1724—1808).
Norval and Glenalvon . . . vii. 155
HOGG, JAMES (1772—1835).
The Martyr's Bride . . . . x. 28
HOOK, THEODORE (1788—1841).
The Practical Joker . . . . viii. 11
HOWITT, MARY (Living).
The Sunshine . . . . viii. 61

Vol.Page
HUME, MARY (MRS. HUME ROTHERY) (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 230
Sebastopol . . . . vii. 231
HUNT, LEIGH (1784—1859).
Jaffar . . . . viii. 74
Mahmoud . . . . viii. 99
INGELOW, JEAN (Living).
The Maid with the Milking-Pail . . . . vii. 165
IRVING, WASHINGTON
(1783—1859).
The Stout Gentleman . . . x. 173
JERROLD, DOUGLAS (1803—1857).
Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture . . . . vii. 172
JONSON, BEN (1574—1637).
Scene from Every Man in his Humour . . . . ix. 236
JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL
(1709—1784).
The Vanity of Human Wishes ix. 13
JONES, JACOB.
A Plea for the Ten Hours' Factory Bill . . . . vii. 229
KENDALL, HENRY (Living).
The Ghost Glen . . . . . . vii. 114
KINGSLEY, REV. CHARLES
(1819—Living).
The Last Buccaneer . . . . vii. 85
KÖRNER, THEODORE (1791—1813).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 133
The Sword Song . . . . . x. 134
LAMB, CHARLES (1775—1835).
Modern Gallantry . . . . . . x. 113
LAMARTINE (1790—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 26
The Deity . . . . viii. 26
LARCOM, LUCY.
Skipper Ben . . . . vii. 43
LANGBEIN (1759—1835).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 184
The Adventures of Parson Schmolke and the Schoolmaster Bakel . . . . . . x. 184
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE
(1775—1865).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 169
Thrasymedes and Enöe . . . x. 170
LEMON, MARK.
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 101
The Don and the Bandit . . vii. 102
LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY
(1773—1818).
Bill Jones : a Sailor's Story . ix. 151
Alonzo the Brave . . . . . . x. 208

Vol. Page

LOCKE, JOHN (1632—1704).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 108
Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings . . . . viii. 108

LOCKHART, J. G. (1793—1854).
Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa . . . . viii. 41
The Bridal of Andalla . . . x. 8

LONGFELLOW, H. W. (1807—Living).
Killed at the Ford . . . . . vii. 4
The Ropewalk . . . . viii. 81

LOVER, SAMUEL (1797—Living).
The Gridiron . . . . viii. 145

LOWELL, J. R. (Living).
The Black Preacher . . . . x. 246

LYTTON, LORD (1805—Living).
Description of Lake Como . vii. 224

MARSTON, WESTLAND, LL.D. (1820—Living).
Scene from the Patrician's Daughter . . . . vii. 15

MASSEY, GERALD (1828—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 13
To-day and To-morrow . . . vii. 14

MACKENZIE, HENRY (1745—1831).
The Bashful Man . . . . . vii. 133

MELVILLE, WHYTE (1821—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 158
Dark John of the Glen . . . viii. 158

MERY AND BARTHELEMY.
Napoleon's Midnight Review. ix. 120

MERRICK, REV. JAMES (1720—1769).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 168
The Camelion . . . . vii. 168

MILLS, JOHN (Living).
Corporal Crump's Narrative. ix. 84

MILTON, JOHN (1608—1674).
Evening in Paradise . . . . vii. 10

MICHELL, NICHOLAS (Living).
Early Morning in Regent's Park . . . . viii. 211

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM (1797—1835).
Jeanie Morrison . . . . . viii. 112

MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771—1854).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 218
The Desolation of Greenland. ix. 219

NAIRN, THE BARONESS (1766-1845).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 164
The Laird of Cockpen . . . vii. 164

NACK, JAMES.
Here She Goes—and there She Goes . . . . vii. 78

NICHOLSON, JAMES (Living).
Imph-m. . . . . x. 231

NOEL, THOMAS.
The Pauper's Drive . . . . ix. 68

NORTON, HON. CAROLINE (1808—Living).
The Arab's Farewell to his Horse . . . . vii. 187
The King of Denmark's Ride ix. 112

OTWAY, THOMAS (1651—1685).
Priuli and Jaffier . . . . . ix. 149

OWEN, ROBERT DALE.
The Rescue . . . . x. 234

OXENFORD, JOHN (Living).
Wake not the Dead . . . . ix. 234

PATMORE, COVENTRY (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 115
The Chase . . . . viii. 115

PORDEN, W.
The Wise Men of Gotham. . ix. 47

PARKER, FRANCES S. (Living).
The Battle of the Bonnets. . viii. 242

PARKES, BESSIE RAYNER (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 124
The Ballad of the King's Daughter . . . . x. 124

PEACOCK, J. L. (1786—1866).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 106
The Ferry . . . . x. 106

PETÖFI, ALEXANDER.
The One Thought . . . . . x. 15

PLATO (B.C. 430—B.C. 348).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 4
The Death of Socrates . . . x. 4

PLANCHE, J. R. (1796—Living).
Christmas is Coming . . . x. 158

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1811—1849).
In a Maelstrom. . . . . . . x. 218

POPE, ALEXANDER (1688—1744).
Man—the Noble . . . . . . vii. 24
Messiah . . . . viii. 223
The Town and Country Mice ix. 176

POULTER, REV. B.
The Siege of Belgrade . . . vii. 142

PRAED, W. M. (1802—1839).
Waterloo . . . . vii. 123
Quince . . . . viii. 8
Laugh and Grow Fat. . . . x. 244

PRINCE, JOHN CRITCHLEY (1808—1866).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 161
What is Glory—what is Fame? vii. 162

PRIOR, MATTHEW (1664—1721).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 209
The Careless Couple. . . . viii. 210

Vol.Page

PROCTOR, BRYAN WALLER (1790—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 197
The Modern Cymon . . . . ix. 198

PROCTOR, ADELAIDE ANN (1830—1864).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 137
Give me thy Heart. . . . . vii. 137

PRINGLE, THOMAS (1788—1834).
The Lion Hunt. . . . . . . vii. 214

READE, JOHN EDMUND (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 35
The Death of Richard Cœur de Lion . . . . ix. 35

REALF, RICHARD (Living).
An Old Man's Idyl . . . . ix. 223

ROGERSON, JOHN BOLTON (1809—Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 153
Fire Fancies . . . . viii. 154

RUSKIN, JOHN, M.A. (1819—Living.)
Man's Use and Functions . . vii. 1

SAWYER, MRS. (Living).
Too Long . . . . vii. 147

SAWYER, WILLIAM (Living).
Amy's Secret . . . . vii. 225
Told at the Inn . . . . ix. 64

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY (Living).
The Proud Miss MacBride . viii. 118

SCHILLER (1759—1805).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 156
Joan of Arc's Farewell . . . viii. 156

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771—1832).
Caledonia . . . . vii. 170
The Battle of Preston-Pans . ix. 1

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792—1822).
The Sensitive Plant . . . . vii. 194

SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM (1564—1616).
Falstaff on his Recruits . . vii. 207
Hotspur Reading a Letter . vii. 211
Brutus's Harangue . . . . vii. 223
Absence . . . . viii. 1
Scene from Love's Labour's Lost viii. 63
Prince Arthur and Hubert . ix. 43

SHERIDAN, THOMAS (1721—1788).
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 170
"Britannia Rules the Waves" ix. 170

SIMMONS, B.
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 175
Cape Ushant . . . . vii. 175

Vol.Page

SMITH, ALBERT (1812—1860).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 16
Mr. Tonks's Great Christmas Failure . . . . x. 17

SMITH, JAMES (1775—1839).
Biographical Sketch . . . . x. 80
The Bachelor's Thermometer x. 80
Goody Grim *versus* Lapstone vii. 190

SMITH, HORACE (1779—1849).
The Gouty Merchant . . . vii. 244
The Surgeon and the House Painters . . . . ix. 192

SMITH, JAMES, of Edinburgh (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 140
The Soldier's Pardon . . . . viii. 141

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774—1843).
The Cataract of Lodore . . . x. 56
Ode to a Pig . . . . x. 122

SPRAGUE, CHARLES J. (1791—Living).
Tied to a Rope . . . . vii. 47

STRAFFORD, Earl of (......—1641).
A Last Farewell . . . . . ix. 195

STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER. (......—1784).
Law; or Bullum *versus* Boatum . . . . vii. 116

STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER (Living).
Eliza's Escape . . . . x. 136

TAYLOR, JEREMY (1613—1667)
Biographical Sketch . . . . ix. 66
Wealth *versus* Enjoyment . . ix. 66

TAYLOR, JANE (Living).
The Discontented Pendulum . viii. 245

THORNBURY, G. WALTER (1828—Living)
The Old Grenadier's Story . x. 85

TICKELL, THOMAS (1686—1740).
Biographical Sketch . . . . viii. 163
Colin and Lucy . . . . . . viii. 164

TINDAL, MRS. ACTON.
The Infant Bridal . . . . . x. 215

T. H. S.
The Temptations of Saint Anthony. . . . . ix. 18

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG (1787—......).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 178
The Goldsmith's Daughter. . vii. 178

WALCOT, DR. JOHN (1738—1819).
The Tinker and Miller's Daughter . . . . vii. 111

Vol Page

WARE, J. R. (Living).
The Dead Light-house Keeper . . . viii. 75

"WARD, ARTEMUS" (Living).
Visit to the Prince of Wales . . ix. 225

WAUGH, EDWIN (Living).
Come Whoam to thy Childer an' Me . . . . viii. 80

WEBSTER, DANIEL (1782—1852).
The Slave Trade . . . . . . ix. 54

WHITTIER, J. G. (1808—Living).
The Changeling . . . . vii. 216
The Two Pictures . . . . . . ix. 184
The Sicilian Vespers . . . . . x. 229

Vol. Page

WILSON, PROFESSOR JOHN (1785—1854).
Biographical Sketch . . . . vii. 201
The Snow Storm . . . . . . vii. 201
The Eagle and Child . . . . viii. 213
The Flower of the Forest . . ix. 26

WILCOX, WILLIAM E. (Living).
A Night with a Stork . . . . ix. 188

WILLS, SAMUEL (Living).
Biographical Sketch . . . . . x. 148
The Lincolnshire Labourer . . x. 148

INDEX

TO

THE FOUR *(CONCLUDING)* VOLUMES.

		Vol.	Page
ABSENCE	Shakspeare	viii.	1
Adventures of Parson Schmolke and the Schoolmaster Bakel	Langbein	x.	184
Ae Thing, The	Anonymous	vii.	125
Alone in the World	R. Realf	ix.	217
Alonzo the Brave	M. G. Lewis	x.	208
Amy's Secret	William Sawyer	vii.	225
Annual Treat, An	H. J. Byron	x.	34
Arab's Farewell to his Horse	Hon. Mrs. Norton	vii.	187
Attempted Baptism of King Radbob	J. Hain Friswell	x.	38
Autumnal Benediction, An	J. A. Heraud	vii.	119
Aw' niver can call her my Wife.	B. Preston.	vii.	69

Bachelor's Soliloquy, The	Anonymous	vii.	27
Bachelor, The	Anonymous	vii.	204
Bachelor's Thermometer	James Smith	x.	80
Bashful Man, The	H. Makenzie	vii.	133
Basket Maker, The	Anonymous	vii.	103
Barbara Gray	R. Buchanan	vii.	234
Battle of the Bonnets, The	Frances S. Parker	viii.	242
Battle of Preston Pans, The	Sir W. Scott	ix.	1
Battle of Morgarten, The	Mrs. Hemans	x.	1
Ballad of the King's Daughter, The	Miss Parkes	x.	124
Before Vicksburg	G. H. Boker	vii.	132
Before and after Marriage.	Anonymous	ix.	145
Bill Jones	M. G. Lewis	ix.	151
Black Preacher, The	J. R. Lowell	x.	246
Black Hole of Knockfierna, The	J. E. Carpenter.	viii.	35
Bob Sawyer's Evening Party	Charles Dickens	x.	40
Boat Race, The	W. C. Bennett	x.	143
Breach of Trust, The	J. E. Carpenter.	vii.	87
Bridal of Andalla	J. G. Lockhart	x.	8
Britannia Rules the Waves	T. Sheridan	ix.	166
Brutus's Harangue	Shakspeare	vii.	223
Broken Love	William Blake	x.	87

Caledonia	Sir W. Scott	vii.	170
Cape Ushant	B. Simmons	vii.	175
Causes of Weakness in Men's Understanding.	Locke	viii.	108

		Vol.	Page
Careless Couple, The	Prior	viii.	209
Cato and Decius	Addison	ix.	168
Cataract of Lodore, The	Southey	x.	56
Camelion, The	Merrick	vii.	168
Childhood	John de Fraine	vii.	181
Changeling, The	J. G. Whittier	vii.	216
Chace, The	Coventry Patmore	viii.	115
Child and Hind, The	T. Campbell	ix.	143
Chronicle, The	Cowley	x.	130
Christmas is coming	J. R. Planché	x.	158
Cloud, The	Shelley	ix.	82
Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father	Mrs. Hemans	viii.	23
Convict Ship, The	T. K. Hervey	vii.	240
Count Alarcos and Infanta Solisa	J. G. Lockhart	viii.	41
Come whoam to thy childer an' me	E. Waugh	viii.	80
Counterfeit Presentment, A	J. Hollingshead	viii.	129
Colin and Lucy	Thomas Tickell	viii.	163
Corporal Crump's Narrative	John Mills	ix.	84
Corinna at the Capitol	Mrs. Fotherby	x.	189
Cunning Tom and the Leprechaun	J. E. Carpenter	ix.	75

Dark John of the Glen	Whyte Melville	viii.	158
Darkness	Lord Byron	ix.	129
Deity, The	Lamartine	viii.	26
Dead Lighthouse-keeper, The	J. R. Ware	viii.	75
Death of Richard Cœur de Lion	J. E. Reade	ix.	35
Death of Socrates, The	Plato	x.	4
Death of Oliver Cromwell, The	Guizot	x.	65
Deeds of Wellington, The	W. C. Bennett	viii.	58
Dean of Santiago, The	Anonymous	ix.	136
Desolation of Greenland, The	James Montgomery	ix.	214
Description of Lake Como	Lord Lytton	vii.	224
Dignity of Labour, The	Rev. Newman Hall	ix.	240
Discontented Pendulum, The	Jane Taylor	viii.	245
Don and the Bandit, The	Mark Lemon	vii.	101
Dover to Munich	C. S. Calverley	x.	10
Dr. Dobbs and his Nag Nobbs	Anonymous	vii.	221
Dr. Johnson	R. B. Brough	x.	73
Dressmaker's Thrush, The	W. C. Bennett	vii.	83
Does Fortune favour Fools?	S. T. Coleridge	x.	165

Eagle and Child, The	Professor Wilson	viii.	213
Early Morning in Regent's Park	N. Michell	viii.	211
Elegy in a Country Churchyard	Gray	vii.	246
Elegy in a London Theatre	Bentley Ballads	ix.	127
Eliza's Escape	Mrs. H. B. Stowe	x.	136
Enoch Arden's Vow	F. B. Gray	ix.	163
"Every Man in his Humour", Scene from	Ben Johnson	ix.	236
Evening in Paradise	Milton	vii.	10

Falstaff on his Recruits	Shakspeare	vii.	207
Fairy Land	Mrs. Farquhar	viii.	240

		Vol.	Page
Fairy Millers, The	J. E. Carpenter.	x.	62
Fanny Squeers's Courtship	Charles Dickens	viii.	166
Falcon, The	Boccaccio	ix.	70
Ferry, The	J. L. Peacock	x.	106
Fire Fancies	J. B. Rogerson	viii.	153
Flower of the Forest, The	Professor Wilson	ix.	26
French and English	R. B. Brough	viii.	86
Francis Spira	J. Hain Friswell	vii.	97
Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder, The	Canning	viii.	207
Gemini and Virgo	C. S. Calverley	viii.	125
Ghost Glen, The	H. Kendal	vii.	114
Give me thy Heart	Miss Proctor	vii.	137
Girl who trod upon Bread, The	H. C. Andersen	ix.	153
Goldsmith's Daughter, The	Uhland	vii.	178
Goody Grim *versus* Lapstone	James Smith	vii.	190
Gouty Merchant, The	Horace Smith	vii.	244
God help the Poor	Samuel Bamford	viii.	249
Greece	Lord Byron	vii.	212
Gridiron	Samuel Lover	viii.	145
Have Faith in one another	J. E. Carpenter	viii.	79
Here she goes—and there she goes	James Nack	vii.	78
Hedge Schoolmaster, The	W. Carleton	viii.	48
Hotspur reading a Letter	Shakspeare	vii.	211
Horse and the Wolf, The	La Fontaine	ix.	229
Hymn before Sunrise	S. T. Coleridge	vii.	208
Imph-m	J. Nicholson	x.	231
Infant Bridal, The	Mrs. Acton Tindal	x.	215
Inaugural Address	Thomas Carlyle	vii.	28
Incident in the French Camp	Robert Browning	vii.	129
In a Maelstrom	E. A. Poe	x.	218
Jack Pebble's first Offence.	J. E. Carpenter	vii.	237
Jaffar	Leigh Hunt	viii.	74
January Wind	R. Buchanan	ix.	25
Jeanie Morrison	Wm. Motherwell	viii.	112
John Bloom in Lon'on	Wm. Barnes	viii.	235
John Maynard	S. Garman	ix.	174
John Bull, Scene from	G. Colman the younger	vii.	61
Joan of Arc's Farewell	Schiller	viii.	156
Killed at the Ford	H. W. Longfellow	vii.	4
Kitten, The	Joanna Baillie	viii.	32
King of Denmark's Ride	Hon. Mrs. Norton	ix.	112
Ladies' Petition to Dr. Moyes, The	Anonymous	vii.	25
Law; or, Bullam *versus* Boatum	James Smith	vii.	116
Last Buccaneer	Rev. C. Kingsley	vii.	85
Last Farewell, A	Earl of Strafford	ix.	195
Laugh and Grow Fat	M. W. Praed	x.	244

		Vol.	Page
Laird of Cockpen, The	Baroness Nairn	vii.	164
Leap of Curtius, The	Rev. Dr. Aspinall	x.	59
Legend of the Forget-me-not, The	Anonymous	ix.	208
Leonidas	Rev. Dr. Aspinall	ix.	51
Little Lizzie	Sheldon Chadwick	ix.	170
Lincolnshire Labourer, The	Samuel Wills	x.	148
Lion Hunt, The	Thomas Pringle	vii.	214
Little Half-worn Shoe, The	W. Aitkin	vii.	158
Liz	R. Buchanan	vii.	55
Lock of Flaxen Hair, The	J. H. Eccles	vii.	219
Love's Labour's Lost, Scene from	Shakspeare	viii.	63
Lord Nelson	J. Bruton	viii.	92
Long Strike, The	Mrs. Gaskell	viii.	101
London Churches	Lord Houghton	ix.	152
Man's Use and Function	John Ruskin	vii.	1
Man—the Noble	Pope	vii.	24
Magic Candlestick, The	Anonymous	vii.	71
Maid with the Milking Pail	Jean Ingelow	vii.	165
Magna Charta	Henry Hallam	viii.	4
Maid of Saragossa	Anonymous	viii.	89
Mahmoud	Leigh Hunt	viii.	99
Martyr's Bride, The	James Hogg	x.	28
Messiah	Pope	viii.	233
Misconception	Anonymous	vii.	198
Miser and his Gold	S. H. Bradbury	vii.	107
Modern Gallantry	Charles Lamb	x.	113
Modern Cymon, The	B. W. Proctor	ix.	193
Monsieur Tonson	Anonymous	viii.	226
Moses at the Fair	O. Goldsmith	vii.	143
Mr. Tonks's Great Christmas Failure	Albert Smith	x.	16
Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture	D. Jerrold	vii.	172
Mrs. Lofty and I	Anonymous	viii.	162
Mrs. Griddles on Lord Mayor's Day	E. L. Blanchard	viii.	231
Mynheer Von Wodenblock	H. G. Bell	viii.	113
My Account with Her Majesty	A. Halliday	ix.	197
Napoleon's Midnight Review	Méry and Barthélemy	ix.	120
Neck and the Priest's Sons	J. E. Carpenter	viii.	137
Nightingales's Nest, The	John Clare	x.	241
Night with a Stork	W. E. Wilcox	ix.	184
Number One	T. Hood	vii.	199
Norval and Glenalvon	Rev. J. Home	vii.	155
Ode to a Pig	Southey	x.	122
Ode to a Steamboat	T. Doubleday	vii.	140
Ode to a Female Mummy	Fred. Greenwood	viii.	191
Old Man's Idyll	R. Realf	ix.	219
Old Grenadier's Story, The	G. W. Thornbury	x.	85
One Thought, The	Petöfi	x.	15
Opium Dreams	Thos. De Quincey	x.	108
Operations of Nature, The	Davy	viii.	238

		Vol.	Page
Patrician's Daughter, The — Scene from	Dr. Westland Marston	vii.	15
Partridge at the Play	Fielding	viii.	94
Pauper's Drive, The	Thos. Noel	ix.	68
Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say-voyage	Anonymous	x.	127
Party-coloured Shield, The	Anonymous	vii.	11
Peacock, The	Anonymous	x.	204
Peroration on War	Robert Hall	viii.	185
Peter Klaus	Anonymous	x.	152
Peri and the Merchant's Son, The	J. E. Carpenter	ix.	56
Piper and the changeable Fairy, The	J. E. Carpenter	vii.	5
Planting of the Apple Tree, The	W. C. Bryant	vii.	45
Plea for the Ten Hours' Bill	Jacob Jones	vii.	229
Ploughman and the Poser, The	Anonymous	ix.	164
Pleasures of Hope, The	Thomas Campbell	x.	201
Power of Eloquence, The	Anonymous	vii.	149
Poetry	Channing	viii.	83
Practical Joker, The	Theodore Hook	viii.	11
Priuli and Jaffier	T. Otway	ix.	149
Prince Arthur and Hubert	Shakspeare	ix.	43
Proud Miss Mac Bride, The	J. G. Saxe	viii.	118
Quince	W. M. Praed	viii.	8
Rabbi's Vision, The	Frances Brown	vii.	151
Raven, The	S. T. Coleridge	x.	123
Rescue, The	R. D. Owen	x.	234
Retort, The	Anonymous	vii.	245
Richard and Betty	Anonymous	vii.	159
Richard and Kate	Bloomfield	ix.	131
Ropewalk, The	H. W. Longfellow	viii.	81
Road to Ruin, The, Scene from	T. Holcroft	x.	97
Royal Charter, The	Anonymous	vii.	54
Sack of Baltimore, The	Thomas Davis	x.	118
Satan Fishing	Anonymous	viii.	183
Sarpint Lake, The	G. Bennett	x.	191
Sea-Dirge, A	Anonymous	vii.	59
Sebastapol	Mrs. Hume-Rothery	vii.	230
Sensitive Plant, The	P. B. Shelley	vii.	194
Secretary, The	Miss M. E. Braddon	viii.	134
Shadow on the Wall, The	Anonymous	x.	155
Sicilian Vespers, The	J. G. Whittier	x.	229
Six Feet by Two	J. Bruton	x.	232
Siege of Belgrade, The	Rev. B. Poulter	vii.	142
Skipper Ben	Lucy Larcom	vii.	43
Slave Trade, The	Danl. Webster	ix.	54
Smuggler's Leap	Rev. R. H. Barham	x.	90
Snow Storm, The	Professor Wilson	vii.	201
Soldier's Pardon, The	J. Smith	viii.	140
Speculation	Anonymous	viii.	187
Stout Gentleman, The	Washington Irving	x.	173
Story of a Disabled Soldier, The	O. Goldsmith	x.	210

		Vol.	Page
Sunshine, The	Mary Howitt	viii.	61
Surgeon and the House Painters, The	Horace Smith	ix	188
Sword Song, The	Körner	x.	133
Tam O'Shanter	Robert Burns	ix.	105
Tact *versus* Talent	Anonymous	vii.	227
Temptation of St. Anthony	T. H. S.	ix.	18
Three Black Crows, The	Dr. Byrom	ix.	212
Three Advices, The	T. C. Croker	x.	195
Thrasymedes and Ennöe	W. S. Landor	x.	169
Tied to a Rope	C. J. Sprague	vii.	47
Tinker and the Miller's Daughter, The	Walcot	vii.	111
To-day and To-morrow	Gerald Massey	vii.	13
Too Long	Mrs. W. Sawyer	vii.	147
Told at the Inn	William Sawyer	ix.	64
Town and Country Mice, The	Pope	ix.	172
Two Pictures, The	J. G. Whittier	ix.	180
Uncle, The	H. G. Bell	x.	161
Under Canvas—Wounded	Owen Meredith	ix.	231
Vanity of Human Wishes, The	Dr Johnson	ix.	13
Visit to the Prince of Wales	Artemus Ward	ix.	225
Washing Day, The	J. E. Carpenter	viii.	194
Waterloo	W. M. Praed	vii.	123
Wake not the Dead	John Oxenford	ix.	234
Wealth *versus* Enjoyment	Jeremy Taylor	ix.	66
Web Spinner	Anonymous	vii.	183
What is Glory—what is Fame?	J. C. Prince	vii.	161
Wife's Dream, The	Rev. Dr. Geo. Aspinall	vii.	130
Wit at a Pinch	Anonymous	viii.	143
Wise Men of Gotham	W. Porden	ix.	47
Windows in Men's Hearts	Anonymous	ix.	122
Wolf and the Fox, The	From the German	vii.	242

⁂ *The Authors of the Original Articles in "Penny Readings in Prose and Verse" reserve the right of re-publication.*

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

A COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In 4 vols. crown 8vo, price 21s. cloth, new style, beautifully printed by BALLANTYNE & Co., with New Steel Illustrations.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

A LIBRARY EDITION.

Remodelled throughout by its original Editor, CHARLES KNIGHT, with selections from authors added, whose works have placed them amongst the "Best Authors" since the publication of the First Edition.

⁂ This book contains Three Hundred Extracts of the best efforts of our great Standard Authors, whether they be poets or historians, essayists or divines, travellers or philosophers, arranged so as to form half an hour's reading for every day of the year. The student finds a taste of every quality, and a specimen of every style. Should he grow weary of one author, he can turn to another; and if inclined to be critical, he can weigh the merits of one writer against those of his fellow. It gives us a glimpse of the celebrities assembled within its portals. At a glance the student can obtain some idea of the subject. *Such books as these are the true foundations of that knowledge which renders men celebrated and famous.*

A COMPANION TO THE "PENNY READINGS."

In fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, price 1s. each, 256 pages.
Two Volumes (each sold separately).

Sunday Readings in Prose and Verse.

Edited and Arranged by J. E. CARPENTER.

Devoted in the main to Sacred Literature, but blended with Moral and Instructive Pieces of a Secular Character, all by Eminent Authors.

A COMPLETE COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each (550 pp.)

Handsomely printed, and in a new style of inlaid cloth binding, bevelled boards.

Popular Readings in Prose and Verse.

Edited by J. E. CARPENTER.

Three distinct volumes, each complete, and paged throughout, with Index.

THE ELDER DISRAELI'S WORKS.

THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AND COMPLETE EDITION,
WITH NOTES.

In 3 vols. crown 8vo, price 12s. cloth, new style,

With Steel Portraits,

THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Revised and Edited, with Memoir and Life,

BY HIS SON,

THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Beyond all question *the very best edition* that has ever made its appearance,"—*Sun*, May 24, 1866.

"*The Notes* supplied in these volumes by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, the author's son, are replete with interest, and greatly enhance the value of this new edition."—*Observer*, May 27, 1866.

"We cannot withhold our thanks and gratitude to the publisher for his spirit and energy displayed in placing in the hands of the million, for the small cost of a few shillings, a work of universal interest and amusement."—*Era*, May 26, 1866.

Uniform in every respect with the above.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 5s.

THE AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 4s.

THE CALAMITIES AND QUARRELS OF AUTHORS.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 4s.

THE LITERARY CHARACTERS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

The Complete Edition in six vols. price 25s.

NEW READY REFERENCE BOOKS.

In crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth,

THE CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE.

By HENRY WHITE, B.A.

With Directions for Candidates, Examination Papers, Standards of Qualification, Amount of Salaries, and all necessary Information for those seeking Government Employment.

The Eighth Edition, revised from the latest authorities, by ALEXANDER C. EWALD, Esq., of Her Majesty's Record Office, Author of "OUR HOME CIVIL SERVICE."

In crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth,

A

REFERENCE BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Containing Tables of Chronology and Genealogy, a Dictionary of Battles, Lines of Biography, and a Digest of the English Constitution, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to 1866.

By ALEXANDER C. EWALD, Esq., of Her Majesty's Record Office, and Editor of "THE CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE."

To Members of Parliament, Barristers, Journalists, or Debating Societies.

UNIFORM IN SIZE WITH THE "STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK."

In 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d., cloth extra.

THE ORATORICAL YEAR-BOOK.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE BEST COTEMPORARY SPEECHES DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AT THE BAR, AND ON THE PLATFORM.

Edited by ALSAGER HILL, LL.B.

This compact volume, the majority of the contents of which have been revised by the original authors, or issued with their sanction, comprises all the public speeches of importance delivered in the year 1865. It is hoped that the Oratorical Year-Book will form a popular Hansard, and that its success will be such as to enable it to be issued as a yearly volume.

Warne's Popular Gift-Books.

In crown 8vo, price 5s. each, cloth gilt; or with gilt edges, 6s.,

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. A completely new and elegant Edition, revised throughout, with Notes by the Rev. George Fyler Townsend. 640 pages, beautifully printed, in a new type, by **Ballantyne, Roberts**, and Co., and Illustrated with Sixteen Page Plates by **Houghton, Dalziel**, &c.

A TOUR ROUND MY GARDEN. By **Alphonse Karr.** Revised and Edited by the Rev. J. G. **Wood.** The Third Edition, finely printed on tinted paper. With upwards of 117 Illustrations, from designs by W. **Harvey.**

THE EVERY-DAY BOOK of NATURAL HISTORY. Comprising a Note for Every Day on the Flowers, Insects, Birds, Animals, &c., most commonly found on Rambles into the Country throughout the Year. By J. C. With Six Pages of Illustrations.

THE BOOK OF NURSERY TALES. Splendidly Illustrated by **Franklin, Selous, John Gilbert**, &c., and printed in first-class style by **Clay.**

Or, with the Plates fully Coloured, 7s. 6d.

TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS. By Mrs. S. C. **Hall.** Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings by **Paton, Topham, John Gilbert**, &c. &c.; elegantly printed.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Translated into English by **Samuel Croxall**, D.D.; with New Instructive Applications, Morals, &c., by the Rev. George Fyler Townsend. Elegantly printed, with 110 Pictures engraved in the finest style of Wood Illustrations, and numerous Ornamentations.

ANDERSEN'S (HANS) FAIRY TALES. A new Translation from the German, by Mrs. **Paull**, with a special Adaptation and Arrangement for the Young. Illustrated by Mrs. **Kemp** and Miss **Runciman.** 680 pp.; elegantly printed.

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Frederick Warne & Co., Publishers.

NEW POPULAR SERIES OF BOOKS.

In fcap. 8vo, price ONE SHILLING each, 256 pp.,

PENNY READINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

SIX DISTINCT VOLUMES,

For the use of Members of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Recreation Societies, Mutual Improvement Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Societies, Working Men's Clubs, and all kindred Societies, and for the General Reader.

Compiled and Edited by J. E. CARPENTER,

TWELVE YEARS PUBLIC READER, LECTURER, AND ENTERTAINER AT THE PRINCIPAL LITERARY INSTITUTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A COMPANION TO THE "PENNY READINGS."

In fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, price ONE SHILLING each, 256 pages.
Two Volumes (each sold separately).

Sunday Readings, in Prose and Verse,

Edited and Arranged by J. E. CARPENTER.

Devoted in the main to Sacred Literature, but blended with Moral and Instructive Pieces of a Secular Character, all by Eminent Authors.

Price ONE SHILLING, boards,

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED;

OR,

The Crown, the Senate, and the Bench.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

REVISED TO THE PRESENT DATE BY W. A. HOLDSWORTH, ESQ.

This "masterly treatise," should be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land, and generally used in all Schools and Colleges. In 160 concisely written pages it gives information which every man should know who has the interest of the Government of the People of Great Britain and her Colonies at heart. Its diffusion everywhere must be the means of eventual good to all who carefully read the book.

Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

In royal 32mo, price One Shilling,

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS:

A CARD PACKET IN ENVELOPE.

Twelve Specimens of Flowers, with Motto, beautifully printed in Colours.

"Worth its weight in Gold. Excellent."—*The Press.*

In cloth, 1*s.*; leather, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 288 pp.,

THE MODEL READY RECKONER.

Commences at 1-16th and extends to 30,000 Number.

This Ready Reckoner contains the greatest quantity of calculations ever given in a book of its size and price. A complete Census of all Towns and Cities in England, Ireland, or Scotland (above 3,000); Interest, Commission, and Wages Tables, Commercial Forms, and the Bank of England rate of Discount for Thirty Years.

WARNE'S CHEAP LETTER WRITERS.

In fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, price One Shilling,

THE

COMPANION LETTER WRITER:

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO CORRESPONDENCE
ON ALL SUBJECTS.

And, price Sixpence each, cloth limp,

THE BUSINESS LETTER WRITER.
THE LOVERS' CORRESPONDENT.
THE JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT

In 48mo, price Sixpence, cloth gilt, and gilt edges, with Coloured Plates,

THE MODEL LETTER WRITER.

WITH ALL FORMS, DIRECTIONS, &c.

A VALUABLE WORK FOR EVERY AGRICULTURIST.

In demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d. half-bound, 640 pp.,

THE

FARMER'S CALENDAR.

BY J. CHALMERS MORTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARMS," "THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF AGRICULTURE," "FARMER'S ALMANACK," ETC.

A systematic Work on Farm Practice, accompanied by Explanations and References to Theory when necessary; but mainly and intentionally descriptive of actual Experience and Work in Field, Fold, and Farmery. It is fully illustrated with Wood Engravings of Buildings, Land Drainage, Machinery, and Plants.

Mr. J. CHALMERS MORTON, from whose pen it comes, has long been well known as an agricultural writer, and by the description of Farm Practice in all parts of the country, which, during the last eighteen years, has been given in his paper, "*The Weekly Agricultural Gazette.*" There is thus ample guarantee that the readers of this volume have not only the most trustworthy, but the latest agricultural experience laid before them in its pages.

Amongst the GENERAL CONTENTS *will be found—*

1. The whole work of all kinds of Farms is described in monthly succession, as step by step it occupies the attention of the Farmer throughout the year.

2. The Cultivation of all kinds of Soil—their Drainage, Tillage, and Manuring.

3. The Cultivation of all Farm Crops—food for man or beast—including the lesson of actual experience on the different varieties of each, and on the cultivation proper for each.

4. The Breeding, Rearing, and Feeding of all the Live Stock of the Farm, including a full account of the several breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs; of their respective peculiarities and merits; of the Management required by each; the value of the different foods and processes employed in the meat manufacture; with information on Marketing, Localities, and Prices.

5. The Use of all kinds of Agricultural Tools and Machines—for Hand-work, Horse-labour, and Steam-power respectively; and the Economy of their employment.

6. The relation of the Farmer to the Landowner, the Labourer, and the Soil, including all questions of Rent, Lease, Tenant's Rights, Wages, Permanent Improvements of Land by Buildings, Roads, Drains, Fences, &c.; and its Current Cultivation by Implements, Plants, and Animals, receives full and systematic narration.

7. The Influence of Weather, which overrides and influences all, is given in great detail, month by month, in reference to 30 or 40 stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Now Ready, Price One Shilling,

PENNY READINGS,

VOLUME THE NINTH.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

Twelve Years Public Lecturer at the principal Literary Institutions in Great Britain.

GENERAL CONTENTS.

The Battle of Preston-Pans (*Sir Walter Scott*); The Vanity of Human Wishes (*Dr. Samuel Johnson*); The Temptations of St. Anthony (*T. H. S.*); January Wind (*Robert Buchanan*); The Flower of the Forest (*Professor Wilson*); The Death of Richard Cœur de Lion (*John Edmund Reade*); Prince Arthur and Hubert (*Shakspeare*); The Wise Men of Gotham (*W. Pardon*); Leonidas (*Rev. Dr. George Aspinall*); The Slave Trade (*Daniel Webster*); The Peri and the Merchant's Son—Cunning Tom and the Leprechaun (*By the Editor*); Told at the Inn (*William E. Sawyer*); Wealth *versus* Enjoyment (*Jeremy Taylor*); The Pauper's Drive (*Thomas Noel*); The Falcon (*Boccaccio*); The Cloud (*Percy Bysshe Shelley*); Corporal Crump's Narrative (*John Mills*); Tam o' Shanter (*Robert Burns*); The King of Denmark's Ride (*Hon. Mrs. C. Norton*); Mynheer Von Wodenblock (*Henry Glassford Bell*); Napoleon's Midnight Review (*Méry and Barthélemy*); Elegy in a London Theatre (*Not by Gray*); Darkness (*Lord Byron*); Richard and Kate (*Robert Bloomfield*); The Child and Hind (*Thomas Campbell*); Priuli and Jaffier (*Thomas Otway*); Bill Jones: a Sailor's Story (*Matthew Gregory Lewis*); London Churches (*Lord Houghton, D.C.L.*); The Girl who Trod upon Bread (*Hans Christian Andersen*); Enoch Arden's Vow (*Fred. B. Gray*); "Britannia Rules the Waves" (*Thomas Sheridan*); Cato and Decius (*Joseph Addison*); Little Lizzie (*Sheldon Chadwick*); The Town and Country Mice (*Alexander Pope*); John Maynard (*Stephen Garman*); The Two Pictures (*J. G. Whittier*); A Night with a Stork (*William E. Wilcox*); The Surgeon and the House Painters (*Horace Smith*); A Last Farewell (*Thomas, Earl of Strafford*); The Modern Cymon (*Bryan Waller Proctor*); My Account with Her Majesty (*Andrew Halliday*). The Three Black Crows (*Dr. Byrom*); The Desolation of Greenland (*James Montgomery*); An Old Man's Idyl (*Richard Realf*); Visit to the Prince of Wales (*Artemus Ward*); The Horse and the Wolf (*La Fontaine*); Under Canvas—Wounded (*Owen Meredith*); Wake not the Dead (*John Oxenford*); Scene from "Every Man in his Humour" (*Ben Jonson*); The Dignity of Labour (*Rev. Newman Hall*); Windows in Men's Breasts—The Dean of Santiago—Before and After Marriage—The Ploughman and the Poser—The Legend of the Forget-Me-Not—Alone in the World (*Anonymous*).

London: FREDK. WARNE & CO., Bedford St., Covent Garden.