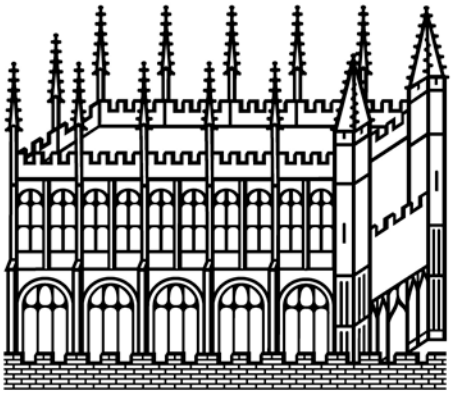

PRICE ONE SHILLING

PENNY READINGS

IN

PROSE & VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
J. E. CARPENTER

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

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LONDON:
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PENNY READINGS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DAVID HUME.

[David Hume, the historian, was born in Edinburgh, 1711; he was intended for the law, and received an education with that view; but his mind was bent on literature, and he returned to the Continent, residing some years in Paris. His first published work was his "Treatise on Human Nature," printed in 1738; it was followed by several others of a philosophical character, none of which had any success. In 1754 he issued the first volume of his "History of England," the merits of which were not fully admitted until several of the succeeding volumes appeared. He then took his position as the first historian of the age. Hume's work was brought down to the Revolution only. He died in Edinburgh 1776. In studying history, the bias of the author must always be considered, and Hume wrote much in justification of what the Stuarts had been blamed for, but his style is clear and calm, and his tone philosophical. The detail, which shows the character and life of a people, and which marks our modern historians, is not to be found in Hume.]

THERE are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also enjoyed their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious

factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversies had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished during her reign share the praises of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or mis-

tress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats, the gifted and the dreamy, was born in London 1796; he was intended for a surgeon, and published his mystical poem "Endymion" before he was twenty, a circumstance that ought to have procured for it a kindly consideration—but nothing was too young or too innocent for the savages of "The Quarterly." We have gone, in these later days, into the other extreme, and works are "noticed" now—seldom criticised. Gifford, who began life as a shoemaker, was "snob" enough to write that he saw nothing in Keats but "folly and fine words." It was thus that this Jefferys of the press, with his 300*l.* a year as master of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and his 600*l.* a year as Controller of Lotteries—this chairman of a legalised swindle—passed his judgment on young poets—hearing no evidence, weighing no case! And who reads Gifford himself now? Has anybody in her Majesty's dominions, during the last twenty years, opened a page of the "Baviad," mildewing away in old libraries on undusted shelves? while poor Keats has been often re-printed. Had the cheap press existed in Gifford's time, he would never have dared to do what he did do, knowing how impossible it is for the opinion of one man to make or mar a reputation.

In Keats's case the shot did not hit, for before the article appeared the young poet was taken to Italy to die; he could not outstrip that galloping consumption that had seized him. He was buried in "the strangers' ground" in Rome, where he died Dec. 27, 1820.

That Keats was frequently obscure is not to be denied; his ideas began to flow before he had acquired the method to arrange them in order. What could be expected from a boy of twenty? But there was displayed in his writings an immense amount of imagination both in "Endymion," and that fragment "Hyperion." "The Eve of St. John" is perhaps his most finished composition, and the "Robin Hood" is a fine lilt, as good as any of the many ballads that have been written on the subject.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

(*Keats's Poems, in "Smith's Standard Library."*)

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

ELIZA COOK.

HOME for the holidays, here we go;
Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow!
Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
And let us be off, with a puff and a scream!
We have two long hours to travel, you say;
Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away!
Two hours more! why, the sun will be down,
Before we reach dear old London town!
And then, what a number of fathers and mothers,
And uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers,
Will be there to meet us—oh! do make haste,
For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste!
Thank goodness, we shan't have to study and stammer,
Over Latin and sums, and that nasty French grammar;
Lectures, and classes, and lessons are done,
And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun.
Home for the holidays, here we go;
But this fast train is really exceedingly slow!

We shall have sport when Christmas comes,
When "snap-dragon" burns our fingers and thumbs;
We'll hang mistletoe over our dear little cousins,
And pull them beneath it, and kiss them by dozens:
We shall have games at "Blind-man's-buff,"
And noise and laughter and romping enough:
We'll crown the plum pudding with bunches of bay,
And roast all the chestnuts that come in our way:

And when Twelfth-night falls, we'll have such a cake,
That as we stand round it the table shall quake,
We'll draw "King and Queen," and be happy together,
And dance old "Sir Roger" with hearts like a feather.
Home for the holidays, here we go!
But this fast train is really exceedingly slow.

And we'll go and see Harlequin's wonderful feats,
Changing by magic whatever he meets;
And Columbine, too, with her beautiful tripping;
And Clown, with his tumbling and jumping and slipping;
Cramming all things in his pocket so big,
And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's wig.

The horses that danced, too, last year in the ring;
We remember the tune, it was sweet "Tink a Ting."
And their tails and their manes, and their sleek coats so bright,
Some cream and some piebald, some black and some white;
And how Mr. Merryman made us all shout,
When he fell from his horse, and went rolling about;
We'll be sure to go there—'tis such capital fun,
And we won't stir an inch till 'tis every bit done!

Mr. Punch, we'll have him too, our famous old friend;
One might see him for ever, and laugh till the end:
With his little dog Toby, so clever and wise,
And poor Mrs. Judy, with tears in her eyes;
With the constable taking him off to the bar,
And the gentleman talking his "Shalla-balla;"
With the flourishing stick that knocks all of them down;
For Punch's delight is in breaking a crown.

Home for the holidays, here we go!
But really this train is exceedingly slow;
Yet stay! I declare here is London at last!
The park is right over the tunnel just pass'd.

Huzza! huzza! I can see my papa!
I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma!
And Fred, there's your brother! look! look! there he
stands;
They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands;
Why don't the train stop, what are they about?
Now, now it is steady,—oh! pray let us out:
A cheer for old London, a kiss for mamma,
We're home for the holidays. Now, huzza!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[Michael Drayton, the poet, was born at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563. He was a very voluminous writer, and appears to have taken Spenser for his model—choosing pastoral subjects, and, like Spenser, personifying natural objects—as hills, rivers, woods, &c. Both Southey and Coleridge thought highly of his writings, but they are now little read. He appears, as was the fashion of poets of his period, to have depended upon patrons for his support, for we read that at the time of his death, in 1631, "he had found *final shelter* in the family of the Earl of Dorset." He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are a collection of Pastorals, 1593; "The Barons' Wars," and "England's Heroical Epistles," 1598; "The Polyolbion," first part, 1612; second, 1622. The latter is a work full of topographical and antiquarian details, but clothed in lively and harmonious verse; it is, perhaps, *unique* as a poem, and its perusal will well repay any one of antiquarian taste, the information it conveys being acknowledged to be very accurate.]

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay,
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
  Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
  Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
  By fame been raised.

And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
  Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
  Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
  No less our skill is,

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
  Lopp'd the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
  Amongst his hench-men.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
  Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
  Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their billows drew,
And on the French they flew,
  Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
  Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
  As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
  Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
  With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
  Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
  Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
  Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
  To England to carry;

O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry.

A SCENE FROM RIENZI.

MISS MITFORD.

[Mary Russell Mitford was born at Alresford, Hants, in 1789. Her father, Dr. Mitford, sometimes confounded with the author of "The History of Greece," was for many years chairman of the Reading bench of magistrates, and lived to the age of 82. His early career—though it is said "he encouraged his daughter's talents by all the appliances that wealth and taste could furnish," —appears to have been one of "irregularities and extravagances," and he soon ran through a sum of ten thousand pounds which his daughter, when *ten years of age*, gained as a prize in the lottery; but it seems more than probable that the doctor himself purchased the ticket in his *child's name* "for luck." Miss Mitford's first prose sketches appeared in the annuals, and she subsequently wrote those delightful rural *pictures* for "The Ladies' Magazine," which were afterwards published (in 1832) under the title of "Our Village." Her tragedies, the first of which appeared in 1823, all of which evince highly intellectual powers, are "Julian," "Foscari," "Charles I.," and "Rienzi," but the last only succeeded on the stage. In 1842 she received a pension from the Civil List, and lived in elegant retirement; frequently, however, visited by literary celebrities at her cottage in Berkshire. Her last work, "Recollections of a Literary Life," is very interesting and full of curious details anent "men, women, and books." She died in 1855, in her 77th year.]

CHARACTERS.

RIENZI AND ANGELO.

Rie. Son.
Methinks this high solemnity might well
Have claimed thy presence. A great ruler's heir
Should be familiar in the people's eyes;
Live on their tongues; take root within their hearts;
Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,
And force man's tardier praise by bold desert.
So, when the chief shall die, the general love
May hail his successor. But thou—where wast thou?
If with thy bride——

Ang. I have not seen her.—Tribune—!
Thou wav'st away the word with such a scorn
As I poured poison in thine ear.—Already
Dost weary of the title?
Rie. Wherefore should I?
Ang. Thou art ambitious.
Rie. Granted.
Ang. And wouldst be
A king.
Rie. There thou mistak'st.—A king!—Fair son,
Power dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands
Brighter than diadems. I might have been
Anointed, sceptred, crowned—have cast a blaze
Of glory round the old imperial wreath,
The laurel of the Cæsars: but I chose
To master kings, not be one; to direct
The royal puppets at my sovereign will,
And Rome—my Rome, decree!—Tribune! the Gracchi
Were called so.—Tribune! I will make that name
A word of fear to kings,
Ang. Rienzi!——Tribune!——
Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot
How thou didst shake the slumbering soul of Rome
With the brave sound of Freedom, till she rose,
And from her giant-limbs the shackles dropped,
Burst by one mighty throe? Hadst thou died then,
History had crowned thee with a glorious title—
Deliverer of thy country.
Rie. Well?
Ang. Alas!
When now thou fall'st, as fall thou must, 'twill be
The common tale of low ambition:—Tyrants
O'erthrown to form a wider tyranny;
Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house
May rise on nobler ruins.
Rie. Hast thou ended?
I fain would have mistaken thee—Hast done?
Ang. No; for, despite thy smothered wrath the voice
Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou to-day

Hast, by thy frantic sacrilege, drawn on thee
The thunders of the church, the mortal feud
Of either emperor. Here, at home, the barons
Hate thee, and the people shun thee. Seest thou not,
Even in this noon of pride, thy waning power
Fade, flicker, and wax dim? Thou art as one
Perched on some lofty steeple's dizzy height.
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air; too giddy to look down
Where all his safety lies; too proud to dare
The long descent, to the low depths from whence
The desperate climber rose.

Rie. Ay, there's the sting,—
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The reverend worm, nobility! Wouldst shame me
With my poor parentage?—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jew's quarter; my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire.—Canst thou say worse?

Ang. Can worse be said?

Rie. Add, that my boasted school-craft
Was gained from such base toil;—gained with such pain,
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, (the scoff of our poor street,
For tattered vestments and lean hungry looks,)
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorned and derided 'midst their ribald crew—
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells:
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a poor brother.
I seemed I was a base ignoble slave.
What am I?—peace, I say!—what am I now?

Head of this great republic, chief of Rome—
In all but name, her sovereign; last of all,
Thy father.
Ang. In an evil hour—
Rie. Darest thou
Say that? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia!
Thou shouldst have been an emperor's bride, my fairest.
In an evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,
By the form moulded as an antique god:
The gallant bearing, the feigned tale of love—
All false, all outward, simulated all.
Ang. But that I loved her, but that I do love her,
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder
Than thy ambition-hardened heart e'er dreamed of,
My sword should answer thee.
Rie. Go to, Lord Angelo;
Thou lov'st her not.—Men taunt not, nor defy
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around
The bosom's idol!—I have loved!—she loves thee;
And therefore thy proud father,—even the shrew,
Thy railing mother—in her eyes, are sacred.
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son—
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,
That her plebeian father mews not up,
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,
Beware! [*Going.*
Ang. Come back, Rienzi! Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth. (*Throws down his glove.*)
Rie. Once more,
Beware!
Ang. Take up the glove!
Rie. This time, for her— (*Takes up the glove.*)
For her dear sake—Come to thy bride! home! home!
Ang. Dost fear me, tribune of the people?
Rie. Fear!

Do I fear thee?—Tempt me no more.—This once
Home to thy bride! [*Exit.*
Ang. Now, Ursini, I come—
Fit partner of thy vengeance!

HER EYES ARE WILD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[William Wordsworth, some time poet-laureate, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 7, 1770. He received the rudiments of his education at Hawkshead School, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, 1787. After taking his degree he made the tour of France and Switzerland, at a time when the French revolution had attained its crisis. His first work, "Descriptive Sketches," was published in 1793. For a quarter of a century Wordsworth wrote and waited to be acknowledged. He was one of those whose light was thoroughly paled by the glare of Byron; but his time came—a sentimental age that had more compassion for a housebreaker than it had pity for the honest poor, recognised in Wordsworth a congenial, because a harmless, poet. He has many admirers still, but very few readers; he enjoys a sort of halfway-house fame, between the respectably moral and the strictly religious; he is respected for his philosophy and his virtuous tenets, but his works are not used as Cowper's are, as aids to religion. He was not like Robert Montgomery, a mere ranter in rhyme and the pet of a fanatical sect, but a thoughtful writer; consequently his writings will be more enduring, but with the million he will never be popular; he never mixed with them, he passed his time in Westmoreland, among the lakes, in the enjoyment of a moderate competence. He walked about, boated, went to church, and wrote. It has been said of him that he never read Shakspeare. We can well imagine it; he was wrapped up in self, and if ever he quoted a poem it was one of his own; indeed, we are told that he was very fond of quoting his own poems to any one who would listen to them—any of those stray visitors who occasionally obtained an introduction to him. One of these has said, "it would be nothing strange in him to leave the knife inserted in the wing of a chicken while he recited a stanza from 'Yarrow Revisited;'" and Walter Savage Landor asserted that, in examining as a grammarian the grammar of Wordsworth, he found in it but one personal pronoun, "I." It is undoubtedly a good thing to believe in oneself, and with Wordsworth poetry had its own reward, sweetened no doubt by the distributorship of stamps in addition to the 300*l.* a-year that he enjoyed as laureate.

Wordsworth attempted to set up a new theory in regard to

poetical composition, viz., that it should be expressed in the ordinary language of familiar conversation; but it was laughed down; indeed, except in a few instances, he was too much of a poet himself not to fall unconsciously into the elegancies of poetical diction.

A large amount of criticism has been written to prove and disprove Wordsworth's claim to be considered a great poet—to have been called by one recognised critic "the greatest poet since Milton," and by another "no poet at all," goes to prove how difficult it is to say what true poetry is; and yet, after all, it cannot be a mere matter of taste. For our own part, we cannot help thinking that the admirers of Wordsworth, in forming the great and just estimate they do of him as a philosopher, overlook his want of facility as a constructor of poetry,—with them this is a minor consideration; if this be so, would it not have been better that he had worked out his theories in prose, to which much of his poetry bears so close a resemblance? But we hazard these opinions very reservedly when we find such names as Wilson, Coleridge, Henry Taylor, and Archbishop Trench among his most ardent admirers.

Anyhow, Wordsworth does not deserve the neglect into which his works appear again to be falling. He died 1850.]

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone:
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:

To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh, joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;

And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love;
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'Tis well for me thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest things;
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:

If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried:
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade,
I know the earth-nuts fit for food:
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

THE PUNCH-BOWL.

O. W. Holmes.

This ancient silver bowl of mine,—it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers,—the men that fought and prayed,—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill;"
So John did drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's hill!

I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess;—hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers,—

Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow
moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its
brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to
me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the
sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—"My dear,
where *have* you been?"

MELTING MOMENTS.

(*New Orleans Picayune.*)

One winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when, while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within take half-a-pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper, at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"Stay, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit.

"Without it, you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders, and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the store-keeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he declared he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth: come, I've got a story to tell you, Seth; sit down now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's too hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come, sit down.

"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguey hurry," repeated the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a-goin," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in

Seth's present situation would have made the hair erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Very cold night this," said the grocer; "why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No!—I must go—let me out—I aint well—let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good-night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you *will* go;" adding, as Seth got out into the road, "Neighbour, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth sixpence; so I shan't charge you for that half-pound of butter."

THE CHAMPION'S BANNER.

J. M. Brindley.

There was joy in merry England, in the cottage, and the hall,
From where blue Teviot rippling flows to Dover's sea-girt wall;
When the high-soul'd Prince William came, the champion of our cause,
To defend our pure religion, our liberties, and laws.
There was joy when into Exeter the champion's army passed,
And banners from the housetops were floating in the blast;
The gazers throng'd the windows, and garlands deck'd the street,
The bells peal'd from the steeples, and the war drums wildly beat;
Whilst trumpets blared defiance, to all who dar'd gainsay
The good Prince William's right to wear old England's crown that day.
As thro' the densely-crowded street a goodly sight to see,
In glittering helms and corselets rode the hero's chivalry:
How shouted each bold Briton, as freely, widely spread,
The good Prince William's banner came towering over head,
Thrill'd at the bright words glowing, in rich embroidery there,
Shouts from ten thousand manly throats pealed upward thro' the air;

For in the champion's motto, the old land lives again,
Her pure faith and her "liberties" he sweareth to "maintain."
Lo! where the hero rideth, with lofty look and high:
No marvel, that for such a prince true men should bravely die.
See his old foeman Schomberg, in peace rides with him now,
O'er many a well-fought field hath beam'd his laurel-wreathèd brow.
There Bentinck, Solmes, and Mackey came, like brothers hand in hand,
And fill'd the rear, in warrior pride, lamented Ossory's band.
Gone is that glorious pageant, the sight is seen no more,
Save in the misty dreamland of the vanished days of yore.
Gone are those noble heroes to their last and holy rest,
Quenched is the fiery zeal which glowed in every patriot's breast.
Their battle blades and helmets are coated thick with rust,
And the strong right hands that grasped those swords have crumbled into dust.
And that bright and holy banner, hath that too passed away?
Or on its glorious motto doth still the sunlight play,
In some lofty Gothic minster, where many banners wave,
In grandeur, o'er the last long home of the mighty and the brave?
Hath mildew dimm'd the fiery words, once brightly blazon'd there?
Or hath oblivion's dull cold hand effaced the motto rare?
No! though the silk has perished, the words shall never die,
Still shall true voices ring them, like a pæan to the sky;

Whilst hearts shall glow and pulses beat, Oh! daughter
of the main,
Thy laws, thy liberties, thy creed, we nobly will
maintain:
And the good champion's motto, a legacy shall be
To us the brave free children of the Island of the
Sea;
And if ever foreign foemen assail our sea-girt strand,
We'll shout the champion's motto thro' all our native
land;
O'er crag and dell we'll send it forth, in all its pristine
might;
And with stout heart and mighty voice cry "God
Defend the Right!"

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE LOST HUNTER.

ALFRED B. STREET.

[Mr. Alfred B. Street takes rank among the foremost poets of America; he describes forest scenes with remarkable fidelity and minuteness, while his skill in narration is considerable, rendering his verses peculiarly adapted for reading aloud.

Mr. Street was born in 1811, was brought up to the law, and is now a member of the American bar. He resides in Albany.]

NUMB'D by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
The rifle he had shoulder'd late
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;
His pouch was void of food;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen, winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
  Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
  No human trace descry.
His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round;
  Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
  The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
  Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguiled
  Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd,
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
  By which he used to roam;
And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
And rugged mountain were between
  The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
  On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
  Athwart the thick grey air,
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
  Of glimmering motes was spread,
That tick'd against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
  Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
  Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
  Were white with powdering gems.

But, hark! afar a sullen moan
Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone,
  As surging near it pass'd,
And, bursting with a roar and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
  On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
  Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
  Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
  Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
  Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
  There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
  Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
As though to 'whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
  To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
  That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
  Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
  Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echo'd death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
  Spoil, rifle, dropp'd, and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
  He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,—
He deem'd that summer-hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—
He heard the deer's low bleat;
Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,
He drank the crystal of the brook
That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
Rafter, and wall, and chair,
Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
His child was prattling by,
The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,
And through the pane's frost-pictured haze
He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd;—before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound,
And a soft voice, with wild delight,
Proclaim the lost is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest's shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke;—away the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white,

Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
  Down bent the burden'd wood,
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
  Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
  A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
  A diamond blaze it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;
  Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
  But, oh, the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
  Soft suns and melting rains,
And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
  Earth bursts its winter-chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
  Some scatter'd bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild
  That there the lost had died.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

[Miss Rogers is favourably known to the public as the authoress of a very charming work, entitled "Domestic Life in Palestine," which is now in the second edition. The *Spectator* describes it as being "entertaining as a novel, and full of that rich flavour of personal knowledge which one finds only in books that record in a

volume the observation of years." Her other work, "My Vis-à-Vis, and other Poems," is a pleasant volume of light and sparkling verse, well calculated to while away a weary half-hour, and likely to divert many of her own sex by its thorough analyzation of the mysteries of courtship.]

I THINK if old Saint Valentine but knew
The way his fête-day's now commemorated,
And if the strange productions met his view,
That fill our picture-shops, at any rate he'd
Be much amused, and no doubt marvel too,
At fame he surely scarce anticipated;
A fame as great as any of the sages
Of Greece or Rome, or of the Middle Ages.

I wonder what his saintship had to do
With flaming hearts, or with the cooing dove,
With little bows and arrows, and the true
Entangled lover's knot (fit type of love),
With chubby flying cupids, peeping through
The leaves of roses, or through clouds above,
Daintily sketch'd on paper with lace edges,
To be perhaps of timid love the pledges.

The sacred Nine by many a youthful poet
Will be invoked, and many a wasted quire
Of cream-laid note paper will serve to show it,
Cover'd with scraps of wild poetic fire
And bursts of eloquence,—no doubt you know it
By observation or experience dire,
What crooked stanzas will be perpetrated
By bards and rhymesters uninitiated!

They'll scarce improve upon the doggrel verse
That tells of "*roses red and violets blue*,"
And ends by saying, in a style most terse,
That "*the carnation's sweet, and so are you*,"
I have seen modern rhymes that are much worse,
But then I have seen better, it is true,

Exquisite songs and sonnets, bright and pure,
The gems of minstrelsy and literature.

How many hearts are throbbing with emotion,
How many eyes are sparkling with love-light,
As loving words are read! and what commotion
When postmen knock! what ill-conceal'd delight,
When these mysterious tokens of devotion,
Tinted and scented, meet the dear one's sight!
But I'm on dangerous ground, and rather blundering,
So I'll return to where I left off wondering.

Wondering about Saint Valentine's connection
With all this sort of thing so unmonastic,
Suggesting something like a dereliction
From the prescribed high roads ecclesiastic;
'Twould seem his heart was in the wrong direction,
And for an ancient bishop far too plastic.
He's certainly the Cupid of theology,
Rivalling the rosy boy of old mythology.

Perhaps he had a taste for wedding-cake,
Or orange blossoms in a white chip bonnet;
Perhaps the marriage-fees he liked to take;
As least he never did, depend upon it,
Treat marriage like Saint Paul, who seem'd to make
A point of throwing ice-cold water on it.
I wonder if he ever wrote epistles,
Or spent his time illuminating missals!

If he did write at all, it was a lecture
On love, I think, or something of the kind,
And much less calculated to correct your
Follies and foibles, than distract your mind;
But this is only founded on conjecture,
For not a line of his can I yet find,
Though I have search'd through many darksome pages
Of the Church History of the Middle Ages.

And there I read, that in the eternal city,
Now nearly sixteen hundred years ago,
Saint Valentine, the subject of my ditty,
Was doom'd to death by Claudius Cæsar; so
Our saint was martyr'd,—what a dreadful pity!
What it was for I don't exactly know,
(He didn't know, perhaps)—indeed, his history
Remains to me a most intricate mystery.

Long live thy memory, great Saint Valentine!
Still lend thy ancient name to lovers' lays,
And with thy spirit animate each line;
And still may poets celebrate thy praise,
And yearly help to make that name of thine
"Familiar in our mouths," as Shakespeare says,
"As household words." This wish is loyal too,
For Valentines increase the revenue.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

OF BOLDNESS.*

LORD BACON.

[Francis Bacon was born in London, January 22, 1561. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was keeper of the Great Seal; and his mother a lady of distinguished literary attainments. Bacon was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, studied the law, and entered Parliament, where he soon distinguished himself. It was not until the accession of James that he obtained official appointment, but that attained his rise was rapid. In 1607 he was made Solicitor-General; 1613, Attorney-General; 1617, Lord Keeper; and in 1618, Lord Chancellor. In the same year he was created Lord Verulam, and in 1621 raised to the higher title of Viscount St. Albans.

He had scarcely arrived at this pinnacle of greatness when he

* This was one of the Essays added by Bacon in last edition, that of 1625.

was accused of corrupt practices—of selling justice. He confessed to Parliament; was stript of his honours; fined 40,000*l.*, and committed to the Tower. James set him at liberty in a few days and mitigated the fine. He then retired to his country seat, and devoted the rest of his life to literary pursuits. He died in 1626.

Bacon's most important works are his "Essays," first published in 1597, but enlarged in subsequent editions. "Advancement of Learning," 1605; "Wisdom of the Ancients," 1610; the "Novum Organum," 1620; and "The History of the Reign of Henry VII.," 1622. Strange that one whom posterity has agreed to hail as the father of modern philosophy, should by his own malpractices have shrunk to comparative littleness beneath the deserved reprobation of his contemporaries.]

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration: question was asked of Demosthenes, What was the chief part of an orator? He answered, Action. What next? Action. What next again? Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that the part of an orator, which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties, by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? Boldness. What second and third? Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more, ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action, than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks

for the politic body: men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again: and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters, and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also, boldness has somewhat of the ridiculous; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must, for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale * at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir; but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences; therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution, so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

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* *i.e.* what in modern language is called *stale mate.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

R. Southey.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sigh or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now, in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends in triumph were ringing his knell.

THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

OH! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err,
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

DECEMBER.

[From the "Poetical Calendar."]

Mr. William Hey.

As human life begins and ends with woe,
So doth the year with darkness and with storm;
Mute is each sound, and vanish'd each fair form
That wont to cheer us; yet a sacred glow—
A moral beauty,—to which autumn's show,
Or Spring's sweet blandishments, or summer's bloom,
Are but vain pageants,—mitigate the gloom,
What time December's angry tempests blow.
'Twas when the "Earth had doff'd her gaudy trim,
As if in awe," that she received her lord;
And angels jubilant attuned the hymn,
Which the Church echoes still in sweet accord,
And ever shall, while Time his course doth fill,
"Glory to God on high! to men peace and good will."

DIED AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

JAMES B. TOMALIN.

MR. COMBE MARKED THE SHEET OFF, "DIED AT THE STATION-HOUSE."—*Southwark police report.*

"DIED at the station-house." Ah, Mr. Combe!
You've marked off many a sorrowful doom,
But that dark record of sin and woe
Can hardly a sadder entry show.

"Drunk and incapable"—so it ran—
Shunned of woman and scorned of man;
Outcast hawker from bar to bar,
Where the poison-fire and the gas-lights are:

Thrust forth, "insensible," into the night,
When the time was come to put out the light;
Nameless and homeless—her last abode,
Save one, the pavement of Cornwall Road.

"Turned out drunk." Only think, Mr. Combe,
There's something worse than an "inn's worst room"—
The bleak outside of the closed inn-door,
And never a bench but the stony floor.

There she was found, alone with Death,
Listening close to the struggling breath:
"Her face was downwards"—so they say
Who gently raised and bore her away—

And, yet, we can fancy that face, Mr. Combe,
With an upward eye, and an innocent bloom
Of maiden honour and gladsome health,
Prodigal outlay of Nature's wealth,

So, taken off to the station, she
Was charged with due formality—
But the vaulted cell was tenanted too
By her grim friend Death, the sole and true,

Who disposed of the case, without delay,
In his own so merciful, summary way;
And, in place of hard labour, gave the boon
Of a rest which could hardly come too soon.

* * * *

"Fitful fever" of life o'ercast!
Poor downward face! Upturned at last,
Let us hope, to the dawn of a nightless day—
Even your hot tears may be wiped away.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

HOW MRS. GRIDDLES WENT TO SEE THE ILLUMINATIONS.

E. L. Blanchard.

Well, I didn't suspect, when I last sat down to my
tea, for which I am a stickler,
Which I buys close at hand, at a shop in the Strand,
where they know I am very partick'lar,
That the Lord Mayor's Day, which I saw, I may say,
in a style that I cries out shame of,
With all that I heerd, would have ever appeared in
print, for you folks to make game of;
But it's just like you, whatever we do, your own ends
you are still bent solely on—
I just wish that, instead of Martha Griddles, you had
to deal with Looey Napoleon,

If this, you confess, is the liberty of the press, why, all
I can say is, drat it!
I should like once to see you a-pressing of me—only
just let me catch you at it.
But that, I'm aware, isn't here nor there, so to come to
the point which you seek about,
And that's of the sight of last Monday night—well, I
say that it's nothing to speak about,
Not but I bless the Royal Princess, and the Prince who
has took for his bride, her,
And not but I mean her Majesty the Queen, and the
rest of the royal family beside her;
And I truly hope a good husband he'll make, and not
be like those indiwiddles
Who are all nice men till they marry, and then turn
rumbustical, just like Griddles,
Who came to a latch-key and joined a club, where he's
always, he said, the first man as stirs,
But 'twas often near four when he opened the door, and
came lumbering upstairs by the banisters.
So I hope, poor dear, that her husband will steer clear
of clubs, whether social or wooden,
For we've given a good round sum for the Prince, and
she ought to have got a good 'un.
Well, as I was a-saying, last Saturday night, I was
dealing at Clarke's, which it closer is,
For I'd just been doing my marketing then, and I'd got
to get in my groceries,
When who should come in but old Mrs. Jones, to buy
in her regular quantum,
And treat herself to some cough drops, beside, which,
thank Heaven, I don't want 'em,
And says she, "Mrs. Griddles," says she, "if this isn't
the curiousest thing to tell,
As ever I heerd on, to see you here, and I'd just been
giving you a ring at the bell—
And this makes out my dream, which I had last night,
and which now has come true as fate,
By the likes of which I knew a surprise would come to
me soon or late;

And seeing you wasn't at home, I thought, as you left
the light burning behind you,
You might have gone, p'raps, for the mangling things,
when, lo and behold, here I find you."
"Well," says I, "Mrs. Jones, it ain't to be thought that
I'm always at home for a fixture—"
And I then asked the shopman, who hands me the
black, for an ounce of his five-shilling mixture;
"I goes out sometimes," says I, "as you know—which,"
says I, "you ought well to remember."
"To be sure," says she, "there's the Lord Mayor's Day,
which happened last ninth of November;"
Then what did we do, but both on us two kept on so
a-laughing and sniggering,
That the grocer he looks right up from his books, and
says that it bothers his figgering.
Well, at last Mrs. Jones, in mysterious tones, says, "You
know, I suppose, that the wooings
Are going to take place on the Monday next, and the
marriage and all such fine doings?"
"What marriage?" says I. "What, Miss Biggs down the
court—has she made up her mind to the butcher?"
"Why, the Princess Royal," says she, "in course, and
the Prince Frederick William of Proocher.
But you never read one of the papers, I know, so it's
nat'ral in you for to doubt it,
And if the whole world went to pieces to day, you'd to-
morrow know nuffin about it.
But there's going to be such wonderful sights, and such
splendid illuminations,
That in all our born days, or in all our born nights, we
never saw such celebrations."
"Well," says I, "Mrs. Jones, if you mean for to say,
this to beat all the rest by chalks is,
Though the only thing that I care to go out to see is
the old Guy Fawkeses;
I don't mind making of one, and doing whatever may
seem to be proper,

And specially as all my lodgers are out, and I ain't got
a wash in the copper."
So we made up a meeting for Monday night, that
moment before we parted,
And the very next Monday as ever was, at seven o'clock,
off we started.
But there was such squeezing and crowding about, such
blaze of light all around us,
I felt if we missed each other but once, no one ever
again would have found us.
The first thing I saw was the letters in gas of "F. W."
standing together,
Which it's pleasant to know, as I told Mrs. Jones, was
a sign of it being Fine Weather.
And there was the flags a-waving about, above the
bewildered spectators,
And the stars, which I'm told you pay to behold engaged
at the different theatres.
And down Piccadilly, and all that way, such beautiful
bright gas thingummies,
You wondered where all the jets came from, and where
all the screws and the pipes for to bring 'em is—
At least, so I heerd the people say, and I daresay the
sight was splendid,
But I don't know myself, nor poor Mrs. Jones, where
the gas-pipes began or ended;
For what with sixteen people a-piece a-top of our toes,
in the thick of it,
And lots of tall people behind and before, in the mobbing,
we soon got sick of it.
But there we were fixed, and we couldn't get out, both
crammed, rammed, and jammed in a corner,
And there I lost sight of poor Mrs. Jones, though I did
all I could well to warn her;
For though I screeched out, at the top of my voice, not
to go and be lost and be silly,
She never turned up till the day after that, having
drifted right down Piccadilly.
Well, left in a mess, I just looked at my dress, and torn
into ribands I found it,

And a nice new bonnet I had on my head was as flat as
the ribands around it.
How, at last I got home, I never could tell, if you
downed on your knees to beseech me,
But if ever I go a sight-seeing again, this a valuable
lesson will teach me.
It's all very well for the folks who are tall, after every-
thing new to be gapers,
But I'll be content with the sixpence I've spent, to read
all that's done in the papers.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

SHAKSPEARE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(*Abridged for Reading.*)

[Mr. Emerson, one of the most original thinkers and distinguished lecturers of the United States, was born at Boston in 1803. His father was an Unitarian clergyman, and, after graduating at Havard College, in 1821, Ralph Waldo was ordained minister of the second Unitarian Church of Boston. He, however, abandoned his profession to pursue his favourite study—the nature of man, and his relation to the universe. In 1840 he commenced the "Dial," which stopped at the end of four years. His "Essays" were published—the first series in 1841, the second in 1844. They have been reprinted in this country. In 1846 he published a volume of poems, and in 1849 visited England to deliver a series of lectures, since published under the title of "Representative Men." Mr. Emerson follows literature as a profession, contributes largely to the American periodicals, and is very popular as a lecturer and orator.]

GREAT men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels, in finding clay, and making bricks, and building the house, no great men are original. Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and

sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost, and, because he says everything, saying, at last, something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. There is nothing whimsical and fantastic in his production, but sweet and sad earnest, freighted with the weightiest convictions, and pointed with the most determined aim which any man or class knows of in his times.

The Genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and will not have any individual great, except through the general. There is no choice to genius. A great man does not wake up on some fine morning, and say, "I am full of life, I will go to sea, and find an Antarctic continent: to-day I will square the circle: I will ransack botany, and find a new food for man: I have a new architecture in my mind: I foresee a new mechanic power:" no, but he finds himself in the river of the thoughts and events, forced onwards by the ideas and necessities of his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction in which he should go. The Church has reared him amidst rites and pomps, and he carries out the advice which her music gave him, and builds a cathedral needed by her chants and processions. He finds a war raging: it educates him, by trumpet, in barracks, and he betters the instruction. He finds two counties groping to bring coal, or flour, or fish, from the place of production to the place of consumption, and he hits on a railroad. Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation for the shortness of life! All is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labours. Choose any

other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself: his powers would be expended in the first preparations. Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.

Shakspeare's youth fell in a time when the English people were importunate for dramatic entertainments. The court took offence easily at political allusions, and attempted to suppress them. The Puritans, a growing and energetic party, and the religious among the Anglican church, would suppress them. But the people wanted them. Inn-yards, houses without roofs, and extemporaneous enclosures at country fairs, were the ready theatres of strolling players. The people had tasted this new joy; and, as we could not hope to suppress newspapers now,—no, not by the strongest party,—neither then could king, prelate, or puritan, alone or united, suppress an organ, which was ballad, epic, newspaper, caucus, lecture, punch, and library, at the same time. Probably king, prelate, and puritan, all found their own account in it. It had become, by all causes, a national interest,—by no means conspicuous, so that some great scholar would have thought of treating it in an English history,—but not a whit less considerable, because it was cheap, and of no account, like a baker's shop. The best proof of its vitality is the crowd of writers which suddenly broke into this field; Kyd, Marlowe, Greene, Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher.

The secure possession, by the stage, of the public mind, is of the first importance to the poet who works for it. He loses no time in idle experiments. Here is audience and expectation prepared. In the case of Shakspeare there is much more. At the time when he left Stratford, and went up to London, a great body of stage plays, of all dates and writers, existed in manu-

script, and were in turn produced on the boards. Here is the Tale of Troy, which the audience will bear hearing some part of every week; the Death of Julius Cæsar, and other stories of Plutarch, which they never tire of; a shelf full of English history, from the chronicles of Brut and Arthur, down to the royal Henries, which men hear eagerly; and a string of doleful tragedies, merry Italian tales, and Spanish voyages, which all the London 'prentices know. All the mass has been treated, with more or less skill, by every playwright, and the prompter has the soiled and tattered manuscripts. It is now no longer possible to say who wrote them first. They have been the property of the Theatre so long, and so many rising geniuses have enlarged or altered them, inserting a speech, or a whole scene, or adding a song, that no man can any longer claim copyright on this work of numbers. Happily, no man wishes to. They are not yet desired in that way. We have few readers, many spectators and hearers. They had best lie where they are.

Shakspeare, in common with his comrades, esteemed the mass of old plays waste stock, in which any experiment could be freely tried. Had the *prestige* which hedges about a modern tragedy existed, nothing could have been done. The rude warm blood of the living England circulated in the play, as in street-ballads, and gave body which he wanted to his airy and majestic fancy. The poet needs a ground in popular tradition on which he may work, and which, again, may restrain his art within the due temperance. It holds him to the people, supplies a foundation for his edifice; and, in furnishing so much work done to his hand, leaves him at leisure and in full strength for the audacities of his imagination. In short, the poet owes to his legend what sculpture owed to the temple. Sculpture in Egypt and in Greece grew up in subordination to architecture. It was the ornament of the temple wall: at first, a rude relief carved on pediments, then the relief became bolder, and a head or arm was projected from the wall, the groups being still arrayed with re-

ference to the building, which serves also as a frame to hold the figures; and when, at last, the greatest freedom of style and treatment was reached, the prevailing genius of architecture still enforced a certain calmness and continence in the statue. As soon as the statue was begun for itself, and with no reference to the temple or palace, the art began to decline: freak, extravagance, and exhibition, took the place of the old temperance. This balance-wheel, which the sculptor found in architecture, the perilous irritability of poetic talent found in the accumulated dramatic materials to which the people were already wonted, and which had a certain excellence which no single genius, however extraordinary, could hope to create.

In point of fact, it appears that Shakspeare did owe debts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he found; and the amount of indebtedness may be inferred from Malone's laborious computations in regard to the First, Second, and Third Parts of Henry VI., in which, "out of 6043 lines, 1771 were written by some author preceding Shakspeare; 2373 by him, on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 were entirely his own." And the proceeding investigation hardly leaves a drama of his absolute invention. Malone's sentence is an important piece of external history. In Henry VIII., I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where,—instead of the metre of Shakspeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm,—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakspeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the bad rhythm.

Shakspeare knew that tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can. If he lost any credit of design, he augmented his resources; and, at that day, our petulant demand for originality was not so much pressed. There was no literature for the million. The universal reading, the cheap press, were unknown. A great poet, who appears in illiterate times, absorbs into his sphere all the light which is anywhere radiating. Every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment, it is his fine office to bring to his people; and he comes to value his memory equally with his invention. He is therefore little solicitous whence his thoughts have been derived; whether through translation, whether through tradition, whether by travels in distant countries, whether by inspiration; from whatever source, they are equally welcome to his uncritical audience. Nay, he borrows very near home. Other men say wise things as well as he; only they say a good many foolish things, and do not know when they have spoken wisely. He knows the sparkle of the true stone, and puts it in high place wherever he finds it. . . . . Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.

Thus, all originality is relative. Every thinker is retrospective. The learned member of the legislature at Westminster, or at Washington, speaks and votes for thousands. Show us the constituency, and the now invisible channels by which the senator is made aware of their wishes, the crowd of practical and knowing men, who, by correspondence or conversation, are feeding him with evidence, anecdotes, and estimates, and it will bereave his fine attitude and resistance of something of their impressiveness. As Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Webster vote, so Locke and Rousseau think for thousands; and so there were fountains all around Homer, Menu, Saadi, or Milton, from which they drew; friends, lovers, books, traditions, proverbs,—all perished,

—which, if seen, would go to reduce the wonder. Did the bard speak with authority? Did he feel himself overmatched by any companion? The appeal is to the consciousness of the writer. Is there at last in his breast a Delphi whereof to ask concerning any thought or thing, whether it be verily so, yea or nay? and to have answer, and to rely on that? All the debts which such a man could contract to other wit would never disturb his originality; for the ministrations of books, and of other minds, are a whiff of smoke to that most private reality with which he has conversed. . . .

There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams; and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player,—nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding for his times, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous; and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two.

If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakspeare's time should be capable of recognising it. Sir Henry Wotton was born four years after Shakspeare, and died twenty-three years after him; and I find, among his correspondents and acquaintances, the follow-

ing persons: Theodore Beza, Isaac Casaubon, Sir Philip Sydney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr. Donne, Abraham Cowley, Bellarmine, Charles Cotton, John Pym, John Hales, Kepler, Vieta, Albericus Gentilis, Paul Sarpi, Arminius; with all of whom exists some token of his having communicated, without enumerating many others, whom doubtless he saw,—Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, two Herberts, Marlowe, Chapman, and the rest. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; —yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You cannot see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed after his death did any criticism, which we think adequate, begin to appear. It was not possible to write the history of Shakspeare until now; for he is the father of German literature; it was on the introduction of Shakspeare into German, by Lessing, and the translation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of Hamlet could find such wondering readers. Now, literature, philosophy, and thought, are Shakspearized. His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to music by his rhythm. Coleridge and Goethe are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with any adequate fidelity; but there is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period.

Some able and appreciating critics think no criticism on Shakspeare valuable that does not rest purely on the dramatic merit; that he is falsely judged as a poet and philosopher. I think as highly as these critics of his

dramatic merit, but still think it secondary. He was a full man, who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoughts and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama next at hand. Had he been less, we should have had to consider how well he filled his place, how good a dramatist he was,—and he is the best in the world. But it turns out that what he has to say is of that weight as to withdraw some attention from the vehicle; and he is like some saint whose history is to be rendered in all languages, into verse and prose, into songs and pictures, and cut up into proverbs; so that the occasion which gave the saint's meaning the form of a conversation, or of a prayer, or of a code of laws, is immaterial, compared with the universality of its application. So it fares with the wise Shakspeare and his book of life. He wrote the airs for all our modern music: he wrote the text of modern life; the text of manners: he drew the man of England and Europe; the father of the man in America: he drew the man, and described the day, and what is done in it: he read the hearts of men and women, their probity, and their second thought, and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices slide into their contraries: he could divide the mother's part from the father's part in the face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of freedom and of fate: he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as softly as the landscape lies on the eye. And the importance of this wisdom of life sinks the form, as of Drama or Epic, out of notice. 'Tis like making a question concerning the paper on which a king's message is written.

Shakspeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakspeare's. We are still out of doors. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakspeare is unique. No man can imagine it better. He was the

farthest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual self,—the subtilest of authors, and only just within the possibility of authorship. With this wisdom of life is the equal endowment of imaginative and of lyric power. He clothed the creatures of his legend with form and sentiments, as if they were people who had lived under his roof; and few real men have left such distinct characters as these fictions. And they spoke in language as sweet as it was fit. Yet his talents never seduced him into an ostentation, nor did he harp on one string. An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties. Give a man of talents a story to tell, and his partiality will presently appear. He has certain observations, opinions, topics, which have some accidental prominence, and which he disposes all to exhibit. He crams this part, and starves that other part, consulting not the fitness of the thing, but his fitness and strength. But Shakspeare has no peculiarity, no importunate topic; but all is duly given; no veins, no curiosities: no cow-painter, no bird-fancier, no mannerist is he: he has no discoverable egotism: the great he tells greatly; the small, subordinately. He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This makes that equality of power in farce, tragedy, narrative, and love-songs; a merit so incessant, that each reader is incredulous of the perception of other readers.

This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse, makes him the type of the poet, and has added a new problem to metaphysics. This is that which throws him into natural history, as a main production of the globe, and as announcing new eras and ameliorations. Things were mirrored in his poetry without loss or blur: he could paint the fine with precision, the great with compass; the tragic and the comic indifferently, and without any distortion or favour. He carried his powerful execution

into minute details, to a hair point; finishes an eyelash or a dimple as firmly as he draws a mountain; and yet these, like nature's, will bear the scrutiny of the solar microscope.

In short, he is the chief example to prove that more or less of production, more or fewer pictures, is a thing indifferent. He had the power to make one picture. Daguerré learned how to let one flower etch its image on his plate of iodine; and then proceeds at leisure to etch a million. There are always objects; but there was never representation. Here is perfect representation at last; and now let the world of figures sit for their portraits. No recipe can be given for the making of a Shakspeare; but the possibility of the translation of things into song is demonstrated.

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace: he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe. Epicurus relates that poetry hath such charms that a lover might forsake his mistress to partake of them. And the true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect; and Saadi says, "It was rumoured abroad that I was penitent; but what had I to do with repentance?" Not less sovereign and cheerful—much more sovereign and cheerful—is the tone of Shakspeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of men. If he should appear in any company of human souls, who would not march in his troop? He touches nothing that does not borrow health and longevity from his festal style.

And now how stands the account of man with this bard and benefactor, when in solitude, shutting our ears to the reverberations of his fame, we seek to strike the balance? Solitude has austere lessons; it can

teach us to spare both heroes and poets; and it weighs Shakspeare also, and finds him to share the halfness and imperfection of humanity.

Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendour of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads: that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life. Shakspeare employed them as colours to compose his picture. He rested in their beauty; and never took the step which seemed inevitable to such genius, namely, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols, and imparts this power—what is that which they themselves say? He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments. He was master of the revels to mankind. Is it not as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns, "Very superior pyrotechny this evening?" Are the agents of nature, and the power to understand them, worth no more than a street serenade, or the breath of a cigar? One remembers again the trumpet-text in the Koran—"The heavens and the earth, and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?" As long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? What does it signify? It is but a "Twelfth Night," or a "Midsummer Night's Dream," or a "Winter Evening's Tale;" what signifies another picture more or less? The Egyptian verdict of the Shakspeare Societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some

sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common measure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate; but, that this man of men, he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos—that he should not be wise for himself—it must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.

Well, other men, priest and prophet, Israelite, German, and Swede, beheld the same objects: they also saw through them that which was contained. And to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanished; they read commandments, all-excluding mountainous duty; an obligation, a sadness, as of piled mountains, fell on them, and life became ghastly, joyless, a pilgrim's progress, a probation beleaguered round with doleful histories of Adam's fall and curse, behind us; with doomsdays and purgatorial and penal fires before us; and the heart of the seer and the heart of the listener sank in them.

It must be conceded that these are half views of half men. The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakspeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration. For knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

[William Carleton, the Irish poet and novelist, was born at Clogher, Tyrone, in 1798. His father was a peasant, but was said

to be "remarkable for his knowledge of the traditions of his native land;" while his mother was "skilled in the native music of her country." Carleton's first instructor was a "hedge" schoolmaster; but, as he gave early indications of that talent which, when ripened, raised him to celebrity, his parents found means to send him as "a poor scholar" to Munster, to complete his education. In his 17th year he went to assist a relation (a priest), who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, where he stopped but two years, and then obtained a precarious living as a private tutor; ultimately giving this up in despair, and proceeding to Dublin "to seek his fortune" with 2s. 9d. in his pocket. His first work, "Traits and Stories," 2 vols., was published in Dublin in 1830. It was well received, and a second series appeared in 1832. In 1839 he published a very powerful Irish story, "Fardorougha, the Miser," and since then, an acknowledged author, he has written and published numerous other tales. He appears to be endued with all the prejudices of the so-called national party, and this occasionally crops out in his writings. In 1855 the Crown bestowed a pension of 200*l.* a-year on him, but he emigrated to America some time since, "after," says one of his biographers, "taking leave of his 'ungrateful country' in a fierce poetical denunciation!"]

THE bride she bound her golden hair—
  Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
  By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danced so bright,
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;
"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"

A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke."

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
And his cheek became like the marble stone—
"Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!"

The keen is loud, it comes again,
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
When they fluttered all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade.

"Oh! go not yet—not yet away,
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long departed seem to say.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
And beneath each cold forgotten stone
The mouldering dead sleep all alone.

But who is he that lingereth yet?
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave?

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair:
"Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?"

There's charmèd music upon her tongue,
Such beauty—bright, and warm, and young—
Was never seen the maids among.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
She rests beneath that grassy pall.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh.

"To thee," the charmèd chief replied,
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide."

Again the funeral voice came o'er
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
Where lay thy bridal Eva's bier."

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
And his *banshee's* wail—now far and broken—
Murmured "Death," as he gave the token.

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride."

The leech groaned loud, "Come tell me this,
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along."

"Then the fatal kiss is given;—the last
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is sealed, his die is cast."

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain;
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain."

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
With pious shrift his soul released,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast.

The minstrels now are assembled all;
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall.

And there are trophy, banner, and plume;
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb.

The month is closed, and Green Truagha's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to Death—and, side by side,
He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,
By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

THOMAS OTWAY.

[Otway's career was one of those that are constantly pointed out as a warning to others, and instanced among the many records of the improvidence of men of genius. He was born at Trotting, Sussex, in 1651, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He made some ineffectual attempts to become an actor, and then commenced as a writer for the stage. In 1675 his first tragedy, "Alcibiades," was produced, followed in the next year by his "Don Carlos," which was very successful. He then served for a short time in a cavalry regiment in Flanders, but returned to resume his favourite occupation. His tragedy of "Venice Preserved" is a model for force and feeling, combined with the deep pathos that is always associated with scenes of domestic distress when touched by a master hand. He died at a public house in Tower-hill, where he had secreted himself from his creditors, and in a literally starving condition, in 1685, being then only in his 34th year.]

CHARACTERS.

THE DUKE OF VENICE. | PRIULI—*a Senator.*
JAFFIER. | PIERRE.
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.—*The* DUKE OF VENICE, PRIULI, *and other Senators, sitting.*

Duke. Anthony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?

Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heav'n:
Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more.

Duke. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning; but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the world, in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.

[*A noise without.*

Capt. Room, room, make room for some prisoners.

[*Without.*

Duke. Give 'em entrance.

Enter JAFFIER, *and* CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.

Well, who are you?

Jaf. A villain!
Would every man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a plot has been contriv'd
Against this state, and you've a share in't, too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

Jaf. Think not that I to save my life came hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:

Pri. Could words express the story I've to tell you,
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.
Duke. The slave capitulates;
Give him the tortures.
Jaf. That you dare not do;
Your fear wont let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of:
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings: boys are whipp'd
Into confessions; but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body's counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by heav'n I'll shut these lips for ever.
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at.
Duke. Name your conditions.
Jaf. For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two-and-twenty friends,
Whose names are here enroll'd. Nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promises of this reverend council,
That, in a full assembly of the senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.
Duke. Propose the oath.
Jaf. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear. Ye swear?
All Sen. We swear. (*All the Council bow.*)
Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be bless'd
Or curs'd for ever.
All Sen. Else be curs'd for ever. (*They bow again.*)
Jaf. Then here's the list, and with't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. (*Delivers a paper to the Officer, who gives it to the* DUKE.)
Now, fate, thou hast caught me.
Duke. Give order that all diligent search be made

To seize these men; their characters are public.
(*The Duke gives the first paper to the Officer.*)
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtezan,
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.
Jaf. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe, ere I had known this minute!
Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.
Jaf. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?
[*Exit, guarded.*
Offi. (*Without.*) More traitors; room, room! make room there!
Duke. How's this? guards!
Where are your guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer with PIERRE *in fetters.*

Offi. My lords, more traitors,
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation;
Furnish'd with arms, and instruments of mischief.
Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours?
Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.
Pier. Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you;

And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;
When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,
Like a lewd dame, by bolder prows than yours;
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way to greatness?
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base
And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jaffier?

Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings,
From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter JAFFIER, *guarded.*

Pier. My friend, too, bound! nay, then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
Call us traitors; art thou one, my brother?

Jaf. To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes which morning was t'have crown'd,
Has this curst tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then, all's over.
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more: farewell!

Duke. Say: will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

Pier. Curs'd be your senate! curs'd your constitution:
The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or death?
Pier. Death! honourable death!
Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.
[*The Captain takes off* JAFFIER'S *chains. The* DUKE *and Council go away. The Conspirators, all but* JAFFIER *and* PIERRE *go off, guarded.*
Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To do the senate service.
Jaf. Hold, one moment.
Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel! (*Strikes* JAFFIER.) On! (*To Officer.*)
Jaf. By heav'n, you stir not!
I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me;
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me:
And as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.
Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not:
Leave, hypocrite!
Jaf. Not know me, Pierre?
Pier. No, I know thee not. What art thou?
Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend; thy once-loved, valued friend;
Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.
Pier. Thou, Jaffier! thou, my once-loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest! the man so call'd, my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou,—a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaf. I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not.

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaf. All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!
And carry up and down this curs'd city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men, like thee, are fit to live in't.

Jaf. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaf. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me.
Jaf. No, thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet, and kiss 'em though they spurn me,
Till wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.
Pier. Art thou not——
Jaf. What?
Pier. A traitor?
Jaf. Yes.
Pier. A villain?
Jaf. Granted.
Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaf. All, all and more, much more: my faults are numberless.
Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base, as thou art false——
Jaf. No: 'tis to me that's granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Giv'n with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n:
So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years

Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it; farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf. Say, thou wilt live then.
Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.
Jaf. Oh, Pierre.
Pier. No more.
Jaf. My eyes wont lose sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me. Nay then, thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.
[*Exit guarded.*
Jaf. Amen.
He's gone, my father, friend, preserver!
And here's the portion he has left me:
(*Holds the dagger up.*)
This dagger. Well remember'd! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow, of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no farther:
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet they start not from each other.
So, now for thinking. A blow!—call'd a traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward! faugh!
Oh! for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it!

THE WIG.

Charles Dibdin the Younger.

[Charles Dibdin the younger was the second son of the celebrated naval song writer and dramatist; his elder brother was Thomas Dibdin, also celebrated as a dramatist and song-writer; and his mother was a Mrs. Davenet, a chorus singer at Covent Garden, for whom Dibdin deserted his lawful wife. Charles was born about the year 1772; he was some time lessee of Sadler's

Wells Theatre, for which favourite place of amusement he wrote many pieces, besides contributing some farces and operettas to the patent theatres. He is also the author of "Mirth and Metre," London: Ventnor, Hood and Sharp, 1807; and "Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies," Whittaker, 1825. He died about 1828.]

THERE was a Judge at *nisi prius*,
Who ne'er from common sense felt bias,
Nisi law *cause could show:*
For, some say, law (I know not whence)
Can *rule* or *o'errule* common sense,
As *equity* can show.

To Justice's entire content,
This learned Judge each circuit went
To *nonsuit* captious strife.
Judges (for state) *alone* should ride,
Yet, since but *one* are spouse and bride,
He ofttimes took his wife.

It chanced my lady—not that she
Was weakly prone to vanity—
She loved, as ladies do,
Smartness; but yet (a purpose wise),
Lovely to look in hubby's eyes—
As, ladies, practise you.

Hence in the chariot would be placed
Bandboxes fill'd with proofs of taste,
Till, almost smothered, he
Cried, "Madam, such things might be put,
In private, *coram nobis*, but
Non coram judice."

Said she, "Destruction they would find
If pack'd within the trunk behind—
They're *caps.*" "What then?" quo' he,
"No *rule of court* can *practice* show
That judges who on circuit go
Should go thus *cap-a-pied.*"

One time, for leave though she applied,
He vow'd no box with him should ride,
  Though many a *plea* she found.
Resolved no longer to be fool'd,
He every point and plea *o'erruled*,
  And *turn'd my lady round.*

They rode along, with little chat;
She fretting, he revolving, sat;
  When, in brown study, lo!
Against a box, while stretching out
His legs, to ease some twinge of gout,
  His lordship kick'd his toe.

"What's this?" he cried, and, looking down,
He saw a bandbox (from the town
  They sought 'twas miles a score).
"Hah, hah!" cried he, the glass he dropp'd,
"*We'll clear the court*," and out he popp'd
  The box, and said no more.

While nothing said his lady gay,
(She thought 'twas little use to say),
  Which caused him some surprise.
At length the carriage put them down
By sound of trumpet in the town
  Where held was the assize.

The Judge, as he to church must go,
Put on his scarlet, *comme il faut*,
  And look'd importance big.
"Humphrey," said he, "'tis getting late,
We mustn't make the parson wait:
  Go, Humphrey, fetch my wig."

Then Humphrey, like true serving-man,
To get the jasey quickly ran;
  But fortune deals in sport:
Removed each package small or big,
Non est inventus was the wig,
  In full *contempt of court.*

"A horse! a horse!" cried Richard Rex—
"A wig! a wig!" the Judge, "'twould vex
A saint this law's delay;"
When Humphrey cried—(a comic prig)—
"Without a *rule* your worship's wig
Has *traversed* term to-day."

"Not find my wig?" the Judge, and stared;
Foam'd at the mouth, his eyeballs glared;
When in came *sword* and *mace*.
"Will't please your lordship to proceed?
All's ready now, and we will lead,
As is our proper place."

The Judge. "Proceed? I cannot budge;
Without a wig, what is a Judge?
My wig! my wig!" he cries:
And cried his wife, with glad retort,
"Why, when your *ludship clear'd the court*,
You clear'd the wig likewise."

The Judge, *nonsuited*, said—but what
He said, *deponent knoweth not*,
And what he *did*'s not certain;
But *Mace* to budge deem'd this his cue,
And *Sword* to shield himself withdrew,
And Humphrey—drew the curtain.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of

weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be

obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands

would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook

his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was

not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou

shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip

now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock wormeaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me

up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him,

invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches: or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of

the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed

through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England Pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who,

when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peels of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred

making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that instead of being a subject of his Majesty George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say

Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

FROM INDIA.

W. C. Bennett.

"O come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer."

"O I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell."

"And do you know my Robert, now? O tell me, tell me true,
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one!
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."

"O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
O bless'd be God, that turned from him the sword and shot away!
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him, I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue. O husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed, and tann'd, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune,
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."

"O is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when will it be?

Did you say soon?"—"Well, he is home; keep cool, old dame; he's here."
"O Robert, my own blessèd boy!"—"O mother—mother dear!"

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE WIND ON A WINTER NIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.

[Included in Wordsworth's poems, and inscribed "By a Female Friend of the Author."]

WHAT way does the Wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum;—but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
—But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
—Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

T. Hood.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

(From "Friends in Council.")

Our modern system of division of labour divides wits also. The more necessity there is, therefore, for finding in recreation something to expand men's intelligence. There are intellectual pursuits almost as much divided as pin-making: and many a man goes through some intellectual process, for the greater part of his working hours, which corresponds with the making of a pin's-head. Must there not be some danger of a general contraction of mind from this convergence of attention upon something very small, for so considerable a portion of man's life?

I have seen it quoted in Aristotle, that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature, of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most in-

dustrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing, by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour.

The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points, of being a man and not a machine.

MODERN LOGIC.

ANONYMOUS.

AN Eton stripling, training for the Law,
A Dunce at Syntax, but a Dab at Taw,
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,

With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's?"
Inquiries of old friends, and College news—
"Well, Tom, the road, what saw you worth discerning,
And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning?
"Oh, Logic, Sir—but not the worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic—thus, d'ye see,
I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it,
Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed!"—"Let's try it.
An eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Agreed."
"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Well, proceed."
"A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done,
For every John-pie must be a pi-ge-on!"
"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "Logic for ever!
It beats my grandmother—and she was clever!
But zounds, my boy—it surely would be hard,
That wit and learning should have no reward!
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give you"—"What?"—"My chestnut-horse."
"A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!
Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"

He went to bed and wept for downright sorrow
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches,
Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches;
Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
And dragged his Uncle, fasting, through the park:—
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like a chestnut horse:
But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;

Took a bough—then shook it—and down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell—
"There, Tom, take that,"—"Well, Sir, and what beside?"
"Why, since you're booted, saddle it and ride!"
"Ride what?—A chestnut!" "Ay; come, get across.
I tell you, Tom, the chestnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get; for I can show,
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own.*
Since you have prov'd to me, I don't deny,
That a pie-John's the same as a John-pie;
What follows then, but as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?"

THE DEAD.

Ludovic Colquhoun.

[Mr. Colquhoun, a cadet of the family of Colquhoun of Luss, was born about 1806. He was educated at Edinburgh, and became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He died when little more than thirty.]

"As the cloud is consumed, and vanishes away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—*Job.*

Arise! arise, ye dead!
Unseal your closèd eyes;
Ye have lingered long in your narrow bed,
From the sleep of death arise!

Would ye not look upon
The things ye loved while here?
O brightly gleams the glorious sun
In the ocean's mirror clear!

The gorgeous sky is loud
With the ringing voice of mirth,
And the sounds of joy have overflowed
This fair and fruitful earth:

Would ye not look once more
On the scene of bliss and bloom
Ye left for a land where joy is o'er,
The dark and dreary tomb?

Ye answer not! The flowers
Of spring are glancing fair,
Nursed by the warm and welcome showers
That southern breezes bear;

The wild bird's mellow song,
From her leafy solitude,
Pours in a rapturous flood along
The green and sunlit wood;

All, all around us seems
Without a taint of woe,
Bright as the lovely clime his dreams
To the sinless hermit show:

Joy is over the earth,
Joy is over the sky,
Would ye not mix with the sons of mirth,
And the festal revelry?

What, silent still? May none
Of these things win your praise?
Not the smiling earth, nor the glittering sun,
Nor the wild birds' sweetest lays?

The friends ye prized of old,
May not they your greeting crave;
Or waxeth the hand of friendship cold
In the chill and cheerless grave?

Long ye not yet to press
To your hearts each once loved form,
Or reck ye less of love's embrace
Than the clasp of the slimy worm?

Arise! arise! for they
Invite to the banquet hall;
Rend, then, your mouldering shrouds away,
And burst the charnel's thrall!

Ye linger! Sleep ye yet
In the narrow house of fear?
The feast is spread, and the guests are met,
But still ye come not here!

The young, the fair, are sped
To the banquet in their pride;
The wine is sparkling ruby red,
O'er the goblet's jewelled side;

The song of pleasure rings
From joyous hearts on high,
And the minstrel wakes the golden strings
Of his lyre to melody;

Would ye not know the mirth
That lights each burning soul?
Then shake off the weary weight of earth,
And spurn the grave's control!

Still silent! Then 'tis vain
For man to call ye back
To pass the bourne of death again,
And retrace life's shining track.

As the rainbow is consumed,
And vanisheth away,
So were ye in your spring-time doomed
To fade from the light of day;

To sink in that dark sea,
When fear and hope are o'er,
And a breathless calm eternally
Broods o'er a tideless shore:

Slumber then, yet, ye dead!
Till the hour when earth and sky
Shall echo the angel's voice of dread,
And the tyrant Death must die!

PROGRESS.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PROGRESS! progress! all things cry;
Progress, Nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
Learn in Nature's wondrous school:
Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow,
Insects, labouring, build in time
Mighty islands from below;
Press we on thro' good and ill,
Progress be our watchword still.

Rough may be the mountain-road
Leading to the heights of Mind;
Climb, and reach Truth's bright abode:
Dull the souls that grope behind.
Science, learning, yield their prize;
Faint not in the noble chase,
He who aims not to be wise
Sinks unworthy of his race;
He who fights shall vanquish ill;
Progress be our watchword still.

Broad the tract that lies before us;
Never mourn the days of old,
Time will not tombed years restore us,
Past is iron—future gold!
Savage! learn till civilized;
Slave! your fetters shake till free;
Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
Work your own high destiny:
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still,

Onward!—Orient nations know
Nothing of that magic word;
'Tis the trump that giants blow—
'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!
'Tis the electric, mystic fire
Which should flash around the earth,
Making every heart a wire—
'Tis a word of heavenly birth;
Onward! at the sound we thrill;
Progress be our watchword still.

THE FAIRY THORN.

SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

[Mr. Samuel Ferguson is a native of Belfast, a Queen's counsel, and one of the leaders of the Irish North East Circuit. His reputation as a poet of the very highest order has long been established; his poetry is distinguished for its vigour and tenderness, the truthful minuteness of its descriptive passages, the fertility of its imagery, and its exquisite finish generally. As a translator he is known most favourably for the efficient way in which he has cast the rude materials of Irish historical and romantic story into forms not unworthy of their really heroic character. About twenty years since Mr. Ferguson contributed pretty largely to "Blackwood" and "The Dublin University Magazine," and he still contributes occasional papers on archæological subjects to the transactions and proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he is a member. The University of Dublin has lately conferred on him the honorary degree

of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Ferguson is now a resident of Dublin. We are glad to find that a new edition of his collected writings has recently been published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, London.]

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan-trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim,
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan-stem;
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go—
Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes, and the old white-thorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws,
They feel her sliding arms from their trancèd arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain;
They pined away and died within the year and day—
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

A SCENE FROM DOUGLAS.

THE REV. JOHN HOME.

[John Home was born in Roxburghshire in 1724. He was educated for the Church, but in the rebellion of 1745, entered the Royal army, and was taken prisoner at the Battle of Falkirk. He contrived to escape, and was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, 1750. His tragedy of "Douglas" was performed with great success in Edinburgh; but the fact of a clergyman writing a play at all so offended the presbytery, that he was compelled to resign his living. He wrote four other plays, none of which attracted, and "A History of the Rebellion of 1745-6," which was also considered a failure. He died, aged 85, 1808.]

CHARACTERS.

LORD RANDOLPH. | GLENALVON. | NORVAL.

Glen. His port I love: he's in a proper mood [*Aside.*
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared.
Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun

With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, talks of glorious war.
Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir, your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for me,
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus; but such as thee—
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am—
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speak the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth; thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord Rand. Hold! I command you both! The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

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

COLUMBUS'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

DR. ROBERTSON.

[William Robertson, D.D., was born at Bothwick, 1721. On the completion of his theological studies at Edinburgh, he was presented (1743) to the living of Gladsmuir, in East Lothian. He soon became distinguished as a preacher, and on the appearance of his "History of Scotland," in 1759, at once took his place among the famous historians of his country. The fame of this work led to rapid preferment and to his being appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer Royal of Scotland. His "History of Charles V." (1777), and his still more celebrated "History of America," constitute his other principal works. His style is singularly perspicuous, his descriptions graphic; and he has always been admired for the skilful arrangement of his plan. He died 1793.]

ON Friday the 3rd of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion; but in a voyage of such expectation and importance every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* * broke loose the day after she left the harbour, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill-appointed as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th day of September.

* The second in point of size of the three vessels which composed the fleet of Columbus—the largest being the *Santa Maria*, and the smallest the *Nina*.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with the assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole autho-

rity; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they run eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the voyage. By the 14th of September the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west, and as they proceeded this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course

they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them, that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed

now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had hitherto been so favourable to their course must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation

and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behaviour they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no

avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they

should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

ANNABEL LEE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who are older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

HORATIUS KEEPS THE BRIDGE.

LORD MACAULAY.

THEN out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
  And the temples of his gods?

"And for the tender mother
  Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
  His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
  Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
  With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
  Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
  May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
  And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartiüs;
  A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
  Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
  And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
  "As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers,
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

* * * * *

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home:
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE QUAKER AND THE ROBBER.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colours—except on his nose:
And he met with a lady, the story goes.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
And the traveller was nothing loth, I think!
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the quaker he grinn'd, for he'd very good teeth;
And he asked, "Art thou going to ride on the heath?"

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over I am sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't for anything I should be found:
For between you and me I have five hundred pound."

"If that is thine own, dear," the Quaker said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow:
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"

The maiden she smiled, and the rein she drew,
"Your offer I'll take, though I'll not take you!"
A pistol she held to the Quaker's head—
"Now give me your gold, or I'll give you my lead:
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."

And the damsel ripp'd up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was ne'er a quaker till now;
And he saw by the fair one he wish'd for a bride,
His purse drawn away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that looked tender now only defied.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee;
For mammon deceives, and beauty is fleeting.
Accept from thy *maiden* a right loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this happy meeting.

"And hark, jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a lass in your eye;
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one you met on the heath:
Her name's Jimmy Barlow—I tell to your teeth."

"Friend James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favour, d'ye see!
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's—and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend.

"So fire a few shots through my coat here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desperate affair."
So Jim he popp'd first through the skirts of his coat,
And then through his collar, quite close to his throat;
"Now once through my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim,
"I vote."

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."
"Then," said Ephraim, producing his pistols," "just give
My five hundred pounds back, or, as sure as you live,
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."

Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that the thieves were no match for the Quakers.

THE DISH WITH A COVER.

MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

[Formerly Isabella Varley, was born in Manchester, 1821, and married to Mr. G. Linnæus Banks, 1846. Was for many years an active contributor to the local periodical literature, in conjunction with Charles Swain, John Critchley Prince, Samuel Bamford, and others, and is eulogized in glowing terms in "Evans's Lancashire Authors and Orators." Mrs. Banks's first work, "Ivy Leaves" (Simpkin and Marshall), a collection of poems, was published in 1844, and very favourably received by the critics. For many years all traces of her pen disappeared from public view; latterly, however, she has resumed the use of it, and with signal effect. Her "God's Providence House, a Story of 1791," in three vols. issued by Bentley during the past summer, and now running through a second edition, is entitled to rank amongst the most genuinely meritorious and successful novels of the year. Mrs. Banks is, in addition, a contributor to "Temple Bar," and other first-class serials.]

I SING a song of an earthenware dish,
But whether it held or fowl or fish,
Or something not so daintyish,
Was a secret hid by the cover.

'Twas held by a hand, with a glove of kid,
Was that earthenware dish with the friendly lid,
But what that dish or drapery hid
Could not be seen through the cover.

A footman opened the mansion gate
To let out the lady, who carried in state
That *something* to put on a cottager's plate,
Which was hid by the friendly cover.

By the longest path, in the open day,
That lady and dish went their public way;
But was it charity or display
Brought round that dish with the cover?

That lady-like hand must needs be strong,
Since she carried the dish so far and long,
That the something meant for spoon or prong
Went cold underneath the cover.

If the hearts that beat in a cottage home
Have pulses like those 'neath a lordly dome,
Pain, as well as a dinner, might come
On that dish beneath the cover.

Kindness of heart might prompt the deed,
To help the sick or the poor in their need,
But one article in our Christian creed
Says—"Do thine alms under cover!"

The mantle wide to cover our sin,
Is not to flaunt o'er the highways in,
But to wear unseen by kith or kin
When we carry a dish with a cover.

That lady's gift might be great or small,
But coming in state, as it did, from the Hall,
It seemed to come with a trumpet call
For the passers to gaze at the cover.

But here let us spread the mantle wide,
And hope that the dish contained inside
A dinner without a spice of pride
To poison it under a cover.

And be it by each and all confest,
There are secret motives in every breast,
Acts do not always the heart attest—
Each carries a dish with a cover.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

M. Victor Hugo.

[Marie-Victor, Vicomte Hugo, was born at Besançon, Feb. 26, 1802: his father was a colonel in the army of Napoleon. He commenced his literary career, as a poet, in 1819. In 1827 he produced a drama called "Cromwell," and in 1829 his singular work, "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal," in which the anti-

cipated tortures of a man condemned to execution were worked up to sensation point, and which caused it to be a great success. M. Hugo introduced political allusions into the dramas he subsequently wrote, and was long at war with the authorities. In January, 1832, his play "Le Roi s'amuse," was produced at the Théâtre Français, and next day interdicted by the Government. He then went still deeper into politics; was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and elected President of the Peace Congress in 1849. His celebrated novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," has been translated into most European languages.

Since 1852 Victor Hugo, exiled from France, has resided in Jersey and Guernsey, where he completed his works, "Napoleon le Petit," and "Les Châtimens." He is much respected in his exile-home, and is very charitable to the poor of the island.]

"GENTLEMEN,—My emotion cannot be expressed. You will be indulgent if words fail me. If I had only to reply to the honourable chief magistrate of Brussels, my task would be easy; I would only have to repeat what is in all your minds. I need only be an echo, but how can I thank the other eloquent and cordial voices which have spoken of me? By the side of those great publishers to whom we owe the fruitful idea of a universal publishing house—a kind of preparatory bond between nations—I see journalists, philosophers, eminent writers, the honour of literature, the honour of the civilized continent. I am troubled and confused at finding myself the centre of such a fête of intellect, and at seeing so much honour reflected upon me, who am but a conscience accepting a duty, a heart resigned to sacrifice. How can I thank you? how shake hands with you all together? The means are simple. What do you all—writers, journalists, publishers, printers, publicists, thinkers—represent? All the energy of intelligence, all the forms of publicity; you are mind—Legion—you are the new organ of a new society—you are the press. I propose a toast to the press—to the press of all nations—to a free press—to a press powerful, glorious, and fertile. Gentlemen, the press is the light of the social world, and wherever there is light there is something of Providence. Thought is something more than a right; it is the very breath of

man. He who fetters thought strikes at man himself. To speak, to write, to print, to publish are in point of right identical things. They are circles constantly enlarging themselves from intelligence into action. They are the sounding waves of thought. Of all these circles —of all these rays of the human mind—the widest is the press. The diameter of the press is the diameter of civilization itself. With every diminution of the liberty of the press there is a corresponding diminution of civilization. When the free press is checked we may say that the nutrition of the human family is withheld. Gentlemen, the mission of our time is to change the old bases of society, to create true order, and to substitute everywhere realities for fictions. During this transition of social bases, which is the colossal work of our time, nothing can resist the press, applying its power of traction to catholicism, to militaryism, to absolutism, to the dense blocks of facts and ideas. The press is force. Why? Because it is intelligence. It is the living clarion; it sounds the *réveille* of nations; it loudly announces the advent of justice; it holds no account of night, except to salute the dawn; it becomes day and warms the world. Sometimes, however, strange occurrence! it is it that gets warnings. This is like the owl reprimanding the crow of the cock. Yes, in certain countries the press is oppressed. Is it a slave? No, an enslaved press is an impossible junction of words. Besides, there are two modes of being enslaved—that of Spartacus and that of Epictetus. The one breaks his chains; the other shows his soul. When the fettered writer cannot have recourse to the first method, the second remains for him. No; let despots do what they will; I call on all those free men who hear me to witness—there is no slavery for the mind. Gentlemen, in the age in which we live there is no salvation without liberty of the press, but, on the contrary, misdirection, shipwreck, disaster everywhere. There are at present certain questions which are the questions of the age, which are before us, and are

inevitable. There is no medium; we must break upon them or take refuge in them. Society is irresistibly sailing on this stream. These questions are the subject of the painful book of which such splendid mention has been made just now. Pauperism, parasitism, the production and distribution of wealth, money, credit, labour, wages, the extinction of proletarianism, the progressive decrease of punishments, the right of women, who constitute half the human race, the right of a child who demands—I say demands—gratuitous and compulsory education, the right of soul, which implies religious liberty—these are the problems. With a free press they have light thrown upon them; they are practicable; we see the precipices about them, and the issues from them; we may attack them and solve them. Attacked and solved they will save the world. Without the press there is profound darkness. All these problems become immediately formidable. We can only distinguish sharp outlines; we may fail of finding the entrance, and society may founder. Quench the pharos, and the port becomes a rock. Gentlemen, with a free press error is not possible; there is no vacillation, no groping about in the progress of man. In the midst of social problems, of the dark cross-paths, the press is the indicating finger. There is no uncertainty. Advance to the ideal, to justice and to truth; for it is not enough to walk, you must walk forward. How are you going? That is the whole question. To counterfeit movement is not to accomplish progress. To make a footprint without advancing may do for passive obedience. To walk about for ever in the path is but a mechanical movement, unworthy of man. Let us have an aim. Let us know where we are going. Let us proportion the effort to the result. Let an idea guide us in each step we take. Let every step be logically connected with the other. Let the solution come after the idea, and let the victory come after the right. Never step backwards. Indecision in movement shows emptiness of the brain. What is more

wretched than to wish and not to wish? He who hesitates, falls back, and totters, does not think. Gentlemen, who are the auxiliaries of the patriot? The press. What is the terror of the coward and the traitor? The press. I know it; the press is hated, and this is a great reason for loving it. Every indignity, every persecution, every fanaticism, denounces, insults, and wounds it as far as they can. I recollect a celebrated encyclical, some remarkable words of which have remained on my memory. In this encyclical a Pope, our contemporary Gregory XVI., the enemy of his age, which is somewhat the misfortune of Popes—and having ever present in his mind the old dragon and beast of the Apocalypse, thus described the press in his monkish and barbarous Latin—*gula ignea, caligo, impetus immanis cum strepitu horrendo*—(a fiery throat, darkness, a fierce rush with a horrid noise). I dispute nothing of the description. The portrait is striking. A mouth of fire, smoke, prodigious rapidity, formidable noise. Just so. It is a locomotive which is passing; it is the press, the mighty and holy locomotive of progress. Where is it going? Where is it dragging civilization? Where is this powerful pilot engine carrying nations? The tunnel is long, obscure, and terrible, for we may say that humanity is yet underground, so much matter envelopes and crushes it, so many superstitions, prejudices, and tyrannies form a thick vault around it, and so much darkness is above it. Alas! since man's birth the whole of history has been subterranean. We see nowhere the divine ray; but in the 19th century, after the French revolution, there is hope, there is certainty. Yonder, far in a distance, a luminous point appears. It increases; it increases every moment; it is the future; it is realization; it is the end of woe, the dawn of joy; it is the Canaan, the future land where we shall only have around us brethren and above us Heaven. Strength to the sacred locomotive! Courage to thought; courage to science; courage to philosophy. Courage to the press; courage to all of

you writers! The hour is drawing nigh when mind, delivered at last from this dismal tunnel of 6000 years, will suddenly burst forth in all its dazzling brightness. I drink to the press, to its power, to its glory, to its efficiency, to its liberty in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain, in England, in America, and to its emancipation elsewhere."

USE THE PEN.

J. E. Carpenter.

Use the pen! there's magic in it,
Never let it lag behind;
Write thy thought, the pen can win it
From the chaos of the mind;
Many a gem is lost for ever
By the careless passer by,
But the gems of thought should never
On the mental pathway lie.

Use the pen! reck not that others
Take a higher flight than thine,
Many an ocean cave still smothers
Pearls of price beneath the brine;
But the diver finds the treasure,
And the gem to light is brought;
So thy mind's unbounded measure
May give up some pearl of thought.

Use the pen! the day's departed
When the sword alone held sway,
Wielded by the lion-hearted,
Strong in battle. Where are they?
All unknown the deeds of glory
Done of old by mighty men—
Save the few who live in story,
Chronicled by sages' pen.

Use the pen! the sun above us
By whose light the chemist's art
Stamps the forms of those who love us,
Showing us their counterpart,
Cannot hold so high a power
As within the pen enshrined,
When, with genius for its dower,
It daguerreotypes the mind.

Use the pen! but let it never
Slander write, with death-black ink;
Let it be thy best endeavour
But to pen what good men think;
So thy words and thoughts, securing
Honest praise from wisdom's tongue,
May, in time, be as enduring
As the strains which Homer sung.

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[William Motherwell, though he died in his 37th year, has left behind him an unfading wreath of sibylline leaves, tinted, it may be, by the effects of early frost, but breathing a pathos that has seldom or ever been surpassed. He was born in Glasgow in 1798. When a youth he obtained a situation in the Sheriff Clerk's Office at Paisley, which he continued to hold until a few years before his death. He was editor of the "Paisley Advertiser," and afterwards of the "Glasgow Courier." An edition of his collected poems was published in 1833, when he was acknowledged on all sides to be a genuine poet. He died 1835.]

THE eagle hearts of all the North have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth to choose another land!
Again their long keels shear the wave, their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again the reckless and the brave ride lords of weltering seas.

Nor swifter from the well-bent bow can feathered shaft
be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow their snoring galleys
tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip, and smite each sound-
ing shield;
Wassaile! to every dark-ribbed ship, to every battle-
field!
So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosomed
billow.

Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag streams onward to the land;
Well may the taint of slaughter lag on yonder glorious
strand.
The waters of the mighty deep, the wild birds of the
sky,
Hear it, like vengeance, shoreward sweep, where moody
men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—the clouds
above us lower;
They know the battle-sign, and feel all its resistless
power!
"Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag, nor shuns an early
tomb?
Who shoreward, through the swelling surge, shall bear
the scroll of doom?"
So shout the Scalds as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

Silent the Self-devoted stood beside the massive tree;
His image mirrored in the flood was terrible to see!
As, leaning on his gleaming axe, and gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up the death-rune of the
brave.
Upheaving then his giant form upon the brown bark's
prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm of hair from his
broad brow,

The lips of song burst open, and the words of fire rushed
out,
And thundering through that martial crew pealed
Harald's battle shout;—
(It is Harald the dauntless that lifteth his great
voice,
As the Northmen roll on with their Doom-written
banner.)

"I bear Sigurdir's battle-flag through sunshine or
through gloom;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand I plant the
scroll of doom!
On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste, beneath a starless
sky,
The shadowy Three like meteors passed, and bade young
Harald die;
They sang the war-deeds of his sires, and pointed to
their tomb:
They told him that this glory-flag was his by right of
doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been, but where
Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen that raged on
land or sea!"
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden
banner.

"Mine own death's in this clenchèd hand! I know the
noble trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand—these lips must
lick its dust:
But shall this dusky standard quail in the red slaughter
day;
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—this arm forget to
slay?
I trample down such idle doubt; Harald's high blood
hath sprung

From sires whose hands in martial bout have ne'er belied
their tongue;
Nor keener from their castle rock rush eagles on their
prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock, young Harald leads
the way."
It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty
Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of heroes.

"The ship-borne warriors of the North, the sons of
Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth, with stern and changeless
face;
And I, the last of a great line, the Self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Runic sign which gives my name to
song.
In battle-field young Harald falls amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears this flag, while streams to
ocean flow;
On, on above the crowded dead this Runic scroll shall
flare,
And round it shall the lightnings spread from swords
that never spare."
So rush the hero-words from the Death-doomed
one,
While Scalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

* * * * *

"Green lie those thickly-timbered shores fair sloping
to the sea;
They're cumbered with the harvest-stores that wave
but for the free:
Our sickle is the gleaming sword, our garner the broad
shield,
Let peasants sow, but still he's lord who's master of the
field;
Let them come on, the bastard-born, each soil-stain'd
churl!—alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull, a sod for their
base back?

They sow for us these goodly lands, we reap them in
our might,
Scorning all title but the brands that triumph in the
fight!"
It was thus the land-winners of old gained their
glory,
And grey stones voiced their praise in the bays of
far isles.

"The rivers of yon island low glance redly in the sun,
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow, and deeper
shall they run;
The torrent of proud life shall swell each river to the
brim,
And in that spate of blood how well the headless corpse
will swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot curls from each
peopled glen;
And, hark! the song of maidens mild, the shout of
joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree, the other shape the
shroud;
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea sweeps like a tempest
cloud."
So shouteth fierce Harald—so echo the Northmen.
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are
careering.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead are trooping grimly
by;
The spirit-heralds rush before Harald's destroying
brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore and death-devoted
band.
Marshal, stout Jarls, your battle fast! and fire each
beacon height;
Our galleys anchor in the sound, our banner heaves in
sight!

And through the surge and arrowy shower that rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power which rules the battle-field!"
So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

On rolled the Northmen's war—above the Raven Standard flew;
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove with vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm the flag of Doom doth rear.
"On, on!" the tall Death-seeker cries, "these earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice on ribs ot stubborn steel!"
Hurrah! hurrah! their whirlwinds sweep, and Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep with the life-scorning dead.
Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit.

SCENE FROM THE IRON CHEST.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

[The play of "The Iron Chest," though now frequently revived, was condemned on its first production in 1796. It is founded on Godwin's novel of "Caleb Williams." Colman added "the younger" to his name when he published the drama, "lest my father's memory," he says, "may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after-time the translator of 'Terence,' and the author of 'The Jealous Wife,' should be supposed guilty of 'The Iron Chest;' I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman *the younger*."]

CHARACTERS.

WILFORD. | SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life?—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?
Wilf. I! Oh, Sir!——
Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!
Wilf. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you:—and I—I owe you all!
I am most bound to bless you.
Sir E. Mark me, Wilford:—
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;
I feel, to merit these and obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating Angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessèd souls that enter Heaven.
I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood!—and yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life.—Oh! I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures,—pangs!—But I can end them;
End them as far as appertains to thee.——
I have resolved it.—Fearful struggles tear me:
But I have pondered on't,—and I must trust thee.
Wilf. Your confidence shall not be——
Sir E. You must swear.
Wilf. Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath, then——
Sir E. Listen.
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn

Most lazar-like and loathsome; and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days! while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burden, and your death a fear!

Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee:——swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven or earth
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betrayest me.

Wilf. Well, I—— (*Hesitating.*)

Sir E. No retreating.

Wilf. (*After a pause.*) I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human,——never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret:—Yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that——O, torture!

Wilf. Dearest sir!
Collect yourself, This shakes you horribly:
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is——Her uncle——

Wilf. Her uncle

Sir E. Him. She knows it not;—none know it—
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am——his murderer!

Wilf. O horror!

Sir E. His assassin.

Wilf. What! you that—mur—the murderer——
I am choked!
Sir E. Honour, thou blood-stained god! at whose
red altar
Sit war and homicide: O! to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries. In truth,
In the world's range, there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me—Oh, death and shame!—the world looked
on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down,
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my brain, cried Vengeance!
I left the room which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street——
I stabbed him to the heart——and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless at my foot.
Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be covered?
Sir E. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import and communication.
We met—and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on——
'Twas meant to clear my fame.——How clear it then?
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a lie—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie,
This tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale,

Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'erthronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finished.
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me.
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wilf. Heaven forgive you! It may be wrong
Indeed I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity.—
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again!
My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all,
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it.——
Should Slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead, in the churchyard. Boy, I would not kill thee;
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger!
To check them, there was no way left but this——
Save one—your death:—you shall not be my victim.

Wilf. My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop
This empty honour?

Sir E. Empty? Grovelling fool!

Wilf. I am your servant, Sir, child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply: 'tis the fault of youth—
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:
Could you then have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not—should not.

Sir E. How!
Wilf. You dare not.
Sir E. Dare not?
Wilf. Some hours ago, you durst not. Passion moved you,
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levelled at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would show the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.

HORACE SMITH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY was a man
" Of an unbounded stomach," Shakspeare says,
Meaning (in metaphor) for ever puffing
To swell beyond his size and span.
But had he seen a player of our days,
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
Equalled not that within the bounds
This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic kraken,
Although his wishes
Must not in this proceeding be mistaken;
For he went out professionally bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed, time flies:
He counted up his profits in the skies,
  Until the moon began to shine,
  On which he gazed awhile, and then
  Pulled out his watch, and cried, "Past nine!
  Why, zounds, they shut the gates at ten!"
Backward he turned his steps instanter,
  Stumping along with might and main;
  And though 'tis plain
He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter
(Those who had seen him would confess it), he
Marched well for one of such obesity.

Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
He puffed and blew along the road,
Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping;
When in his path he met a clown
Returning from the town:
  "Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
  "Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"
"Get in," replied the hesitating loon,
Measuring with his eye our bulky wight—
"Why—yes, sir—I should think you might,
A load of hay went in this afternoon."

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NELSON having despatched his business at Portsmouth, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way

to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him

up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They

shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himslf. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh! no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for

twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never

till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times —was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from their chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age.

Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHO is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
  Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains, but her silence implies
  The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
  Cold and hunger awake not her care.
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
  Has the deathy pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
  Poor Mary the maniac has been.
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
  As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd her guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile.
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager, and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent.
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear:
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd,—naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed; "Nay, come on here,
and hide
The dead body," his comrade replied.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no
more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—O God! what cold horror then thrill'd through
her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveller beholds them, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

A "PENNY READINGS" PROLOGUE.

WILLIAM GASPEY.

To add a zest to home delights,
To occupy long winter nights
With profit and with pleasure;
To call together friend and neighbour,
When evening, respite brings to labour,
And sacred is to leisure,

Are the chief aims we have in view,
While introducing something new
Which needs no special pleadings,
Since by your presence may be traced
That in accordance with your taste
Are these, our Penny Readings.

We'll do our best—who more can do?
To render welcome unto you
Of dawning thought this movement,
And hope so well to act our parts,
That you'll pronounce it, in your hearts,
Of time a vast improvement.

The programme's contents will declare
How versatile the bill of fare
Of this, our "feast of reason,"
Where nothing on you will be pressed
You cannot "inwardly digest,"
Quite sure it is in season.

Tale, legend, poem, *jeu d'esprit*,
Before you will recited be,
In fashion histrionic,
And music, too, will lend its aid
(Songs warbled, dulcet strains be played)
To make the night harmonic.

As critics, do not worthless deem
Efforts which may unfinished seem,
And void of inspiration;—
Remember we are Volunteers—
Extend our hopes, abate our fears,
And smile your approbation.

Sustained by you, what we have planned,
The palm of triumph will command,
Our object many heeding;
And goodly companies, ere long,
From town and villages will throng
To every Penny Reading!

VAT YOU PLEASE.

J. R. Planché.

Some years ago, when civil faction
Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul,
And children, in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall;
When common-sense in common folks was dead,
And murder show'd a love of nationality,
And France, determined not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class,
To put folks more on an equality;
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty, in *bonnet-rouge*, might pass
For Mother Red-cap up at Camden Town;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
Bidding *soup-maigre* an abrupt farewell,
And hither came, *pell-mell*,
Sans cash, *sans* clothes, and almost *sans* everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,
Half-starved, but *toujours gai*
(No weasels e'er were thinner),
Trudged up to town from Dover;
Their slender store exhausted in the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition;
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve,
Stomach and pocket in the same condition!
At length by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

This happen'd on a day most dear
To epicures, when general use
Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose.
Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer;

While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in,
That from the kitchen window was exhaling.
He instant set to work his busy brain,
And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.
Necessity's the mother of invention,
(A proverb I've heard many mention);
So now one moment saw his plan completed,
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
"Sir, will you favour me with your commands?
"We've roast and boil'd, sir; choose you those or these?"
"Sare! you are very good, Sare! *Vat you please.*"

Quick at the word,
Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird.
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounced pell-mell upon it;
Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
Exulting in the merry thought that won it.
Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese—
"Stilton or Cheshire, Sir?"—"Ah! *vat you please.*"

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill."
"Ah, vat you're *Bill!* Vell, Mr. Bill, good day!
"*Bon jour*, good Villiam."—"No, Sir, stay;
"My name is Tom, Sir—you've this bill to pay."
"Pay, pay, *ma foi!*
"I call for noting, Sare—*pardonnez-moi!*
"You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
"You ask-a-me to eat; I tell you, *Vat you please!*"
Down came the master, each explain'd the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace;
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it),
And finding nothing could be done (you know,
That when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny),
Of a bad bargain made the best,

Acknowledged much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
Laughed heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanced to meet!
To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told him how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in!
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks the shop of shops.
Entering, he seats himself, just at his ease,
"What will you take, Sir?"—"*Vat you please.*"
The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster,
And, upstairs running, thus addressed his master:
"These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs;
"Sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' downstairs."
This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty.
Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,
But when a *second* time they tried the treason,
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason,
You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twould strike you, presently—a stout horsewhip.
This instrument our *Maître d'Hôte*
Most carefully concealed beneath his coat;
And seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Addressed him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determined while the iron's hot to strike it,
Pat with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!"

But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip;
"Sare, sare! ah, *misericorde, parbleu!*
"Oh dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so?
"Vat call you dis?" "Oh, don't you know?
"That's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?
"Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning,
"Deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning;
"But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
"Are *goose* enough and only wanted *basting*."

THE FAMILY MEETING.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Mr. Charles Sprague is a native of Boston, U.S., where he was born October 26, 1791. He was educated in the schools of his native town, but early placed in a mercantile house, and at the age of twenty-one commenced business as a merchant on his own account. He was ultimately appointed cashier to one of the principal banks in Massachusetts, which office we believe he still holds.

Mr. Sprague has contributed much to the American Magazines. He is represented to be of a retiring disposition, mixing but little in society, and passing his leisure hours among books and a few old and tried friends. His poems show the strength of his domestic and social affections, while they breathe the true poetic fervour.]

WE are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is fill'd—we're all at home;
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found:
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:
Some like a night-flash pass'd away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share—
We're not all here.

We are all here!
E'en they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old—
We are all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gather'd dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh! then, may we that wisdom know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

THE COMPLETE COOKERY BOOK.*

A Cookery Book complete!
What a glorious announcement!
"Complete"—is that the word
Without a bit of bounce meant?

"A Cookery Book complete!"
The idea is too delicious;—
What! with every dish out of which
The others are wont to dish us?

In our hospitality now
We may grow, then, free and bolder,
And act with commendable grace
In giving a friend the cold shoulder.

Each man may cook his own goose,
And to Sybarite tastes may pander,
With the sauce that is good for the goose,
And equally so for the gander.

It will add to our old cuisine
Rare tid-bits, there's no doubt of;
We shall know how to get and to dress
The "joint" the times are out of.

With luxuries even the poor
May be henceforward surrounded,
And be eating their humble pie
By the proper receipt compounded.

We shall get, too, the ancient art,
Long lost in darkness utter,
By which, with soft words alone,
A man may his parsnips butter.

* Vide advertisements in daily papers.

Though we've no cannibal tastes,
'Tis as well to know how to enjoy, too,
A man "in a stew" or "done brown,"
With a taste of the "broth of a boy," too.

We can get with boyhood's tastes—
Old tastes are your real invincibles—
Cold pig and apple-pie bed
On gastronomical principles.

Yes, this Cookery Book complete,
Of all things pleasant and nice is;
We should call it priceless, indeed,
But—they tell us what the price is.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE PROVERBS.

I SHALL read in one Newspapier—spose one year, dat will be, before dis one dat is now—de relation from one Emigré, what say it shall find much difficulte of know so many significations, dat de word Box was make—I den talk dis to myself, he is *jeu d'esprit*,—he was shoke me, and is all in my eye; but I find him now one fact! Mais attendez!—I wash you to tell him, as de English provarbe say, "*What is goods for a-guess, shall be goods for de glanders.*" I was get many much more provarbe by my heart, for I shall make better understand myself to all de oder English peepel by dem. When I was come once before de second time, to dis countree, de word DRAW shall bothare me too much; for de provarbe say, "*Too much of nothing is good for every ting.*" But you shall hear:—

One morning, my friend say, "I go for sale dis day, you shall go wis me?" I say, "Wis plaisir!" so I tink he was go, for make buy sometin; mais—he shall mean a sail in one boat. Den we shall meet one ver drunk man in liqueur. My friend say, "He is ver *fresh*. When we shall go on watare, he say, "De wind is ver

fresh!" We eat of de fish, and den he say, "Dey are ver *fresh!*" Den I am astonish to my friend, and tink how I shall "*hit de right nail upon his head.*" We have sail ver pleasant. He look up, and say, "Ah, ha! de sail *draw* ver well." I tink myself to remember dat "draw," de next time I was hear him; because I no like for say, I shall not understand what it was mean. So I say, "*One odd is as good as one wink from a behind horse.*" Den we shall went on a shore, my friend say, "to see de fisherman, and *draw* de seine." It shall make me much surprise to hear him said, because de Seine was in Paris; so I shakes my head, for make him tink I was believe dere shall be noting in it. He was not smile—but he say, "Ah, ha! you shall s'pose I was *draw* de long bow?" I tink of myself to see him play ver well on de top of de violin, and I am glad for know what is dat *draw*—so I say, "I nevare shall see one person dat draw de long bow so ver much." Den he was littel enrage, and I find as de provarbe shall say, dat I was "*out of a flying pan into a fryer.*"

I say, I was not mean. He say, "I shall be satisfaction! it was not insult me; but from your mannare, I was led to *draw* de inference." When we shall come backward from de sail, I was saw two men in de Broadstreet, fighting. I nevare was find two men dat put so much punch in de odares estomac. My friend cry, "Dat is right, littel one, *draw* his claret for him, and den he shall *draw* in his horns." I look round—I see no bottel—I see no horn—and I tink de peepel are "*as mad as one marching hair.*"

When day was finis, I want know who de victor shall be. My friend say, "It is a *draw* battel; dey are so much fight, dey can hardly *draw* their breath." Den I laugh so, I shall be ready to split all my sides, when I tink how much was de same *draw*, dat shall be more different always. My friend was ver much delighted for see dat fight—but to me, it shall be dreadfool! so as de provarbe say, "*What is some meat for one man, is somebody else poisson.*"

Den my friend take me for see some furniture. I ask him what he was buy? He say, "A chest of *drawers.*" We will come to de bridge, but dey put one stop to us: I ask for why? My friend say, "De *draw* is up. As I have some engagement at two of de clock, and time *draws* near, you come take some tea with my wife, and we shall go for de theatre to-night." Den he was call to a coachman, and say to it,—"You must *draw* up closer." I tink I was never see to de finish of de *draws!* but de provarbe say, "*He is long lain dat vas never turn himself.*"

When it shall be after de day time, and before de night, I make inquire for my friend his wife. Dey tell me, I was see her in de *drawing*-room. I go—I see no colour—no pencil of artiste! She tell me my friend was sure he shall catch a cold at de water. I was see him catch noting but fish. After I shall take one cup tea, she say, "I was take anoder when de tea shall *draw.*" So as de provarbe was be, "*Dere is many sleep between de cup and his lip.*" To laugh I was a great inclination; but I tink, "*De least dat is said shall be mended directly.*"

I go for see my sick friend, to one pear of stairs. His sheek was swell more large I ever shall see, wis de ake of his tooth. He say, "I have do much tings for *draw* de cold out, but I was have to-morrow de Dentiste for *draw* my tooth; I have been obliged to myself for put blistare behind my ear." Den she say, "De blistare *draw* nicely." Everyting was *draw!* as de provarbe say, "*It never pains but it roars.*"

I am glad for go—so I take my watch, come down stair, and say, "I am sorry, but tink for go to the theatre—and I '*must take time by his doorlock.*'" She laugh; and I make to myself one opinion—dat she was "*cast a ship's eye at me.*" So before I was went, I see de chest of *drawers* my friend was buy—so I tink to say someting of de *draw* myself—and pay over to her one compliment. So I say, "Madame, I shall find much plaisir to see de *drawers* of your chest." Den I find I

was "*put one cart by four horses*," and I clear myself out in noting of time.

At de theatre, I see one gentleman what I shall know; and he say, "Dis is ver bad house." He was make me to astonish, because it was not tell to me, what it shall be to make one bad house. Den he say, "De play does not *draw*. In littel time de curtain will *draw* up. We shall see a dance when de scene *draw*. Now de play *draw* to one end, and we will *withdraw!*" Because he was know what all dem *draws* shall means, he s'pose I was know all-so. I tink as de provarbe, "*He measures oder peepel's corns by de bushel.*"

It shall not be ver soon, when de playhouse was go out; so as I come to de hotel, where I shall take my boards and lodgings, de door was lock! and so I was ver much put out, because I tink, I "*may go with my father and fare not so well.*"

Den I was go a small tavern—a leetel house—in de street, where dey shall not go to bed so quick. I ask dem for some sup; dey give me leetel bit of bread and cheese. I say, I was hope I shall be put to bed agreeable: dey put me in garret! and all de night twenty-eleven rats shall run 'bout, as if to play at a blindman's buff.

When de morning shall come to me, everybody see I was blow up very much to de landlord, and I say, "I pay you, and take de leaves of your house, in one minuet." He say, "Ver well, I shall *draw* your bill out." I den tink of de provarbe, "*Short reckonings make friends ver long.*" I look my bill—begar! he was five pounds! He tink I was not up to his snuff. I say he was one imposition. "You sharge me five pounds for dat bread, and sheese, and garret, and rats, ah!" He say, "Yes, and dey was sheep enough, too. It shall not be my fault dat sometin *draws* dem rascal rats to my garret. I shall give ten pounds for nevare have dem come to my house."

I was not in hurry for pay de five pounds—so I say to him, "I know sometin what shall make dem not

come nevare to your house." He say, "If you shall tell him for me, I no sharge you five pounds, and give you five pounds to boots—dat shall be ten pounds for you, ha?" I tell him, "Yes," but I tink wid de provarbe, "*He was shoot wis a piejohn and kill a crow-bar.*" Den I take de five pounds, and say, "Sare, you first will take one leetle bit bread and sheese; ver well, put dem in your garret! ver well—de rat shall come for eat dem! ver well—you say to dem rat, 'I sharge five pounds for dat bread and sheese.' I be hang if ever you see dem again!" So I learn ver well what it is to *draw* him in, and I say wid de provarbe, "*It is a sick wind dat nobody blows good.*"

CHRISTMAS AND ITS EMBLEMS

(The Box, the Laurel, and the Holly).

Mrs. Wm. Hey.

[Mrs. Hey is the wife of William Hey, Esquire, of Leeds, one of a family eminent for works on surgery and theology. She is the authoress of "The Month of Flowers," "The Spirit of the Woods," "Recollections of the Lakes," and "Holy Places," all works which display high poetic powers combined with feminine grace and tenderness. The poem now printed is the concluding one of "The Spirit of the Woods." London: Longmans, 1839.]

'Tis Christmas! Holy season, hail!
What though the sun be dim and pale?
What though through leafless trees the gale
Makes sullen moan,
And not a flower is left to tell
Of summer gone?

Yet, for the memories thou dost bring,
The blessed hopes thou bid'st upspring,
I'll greet with gladlier welcoming
Thy gloomy hours
Than those bright months which round them fling
Sunshine and flowers.

Nor wak'st thou solemn thoughts alone,
Thy spell the social virtues own:
Who has not felt how sweet the tone,
The smile how bland,
When thou dost knit again in one
The household band?

Now stir the fire, and let its glow
Shame the inhospitable snow;
With all that nature yet can show
From winter's wreck,
Laurel and box, and holly bough,
The casement deck.

'Tis joy to hear the sullen north
Summon the rushing tempest forth;
For then around the social hearth
Friend meeteth friend,
And kindly words and looks of mirth
Sweet influence lend.

But is't in mirth they always meet?
Alas! sometimes a vacant seat
Bespeaks the circle incomplete;
Some voice is mute,
Whose welcome was aforetime sweet
As evening lute.

Then, then indeed, a tear will stray,
As they the lessened group survey,
That group with other smiles once gay;
And who would blame
The tear affection well may pay
To Memory's claim?

But whilst from Friendship's silken string
Each year some pearl is scattering,
We're taught by each lost year to cling
More firm and true
To those yet spared by Time's rude wing—
The cherish'd few.

The cherish'd few! Ah! who may tell
What pathos in those words doth dwell?
A voice of meeting and farewell
Blends in the sound,
Weaving a monitory spell
The heart around.

But hush, my harp!—such plaintive lay
Unseemly greets this blessed day;
How often, when I would be gay,
Thought backward steers
Her course, then joy to grief gives way,
And hopes to fears.

Yet, whilst I muse on change and death,
Till earth seems cleft my feet beneath,
Oh! may this storm-surviving wreath
A thought supply,
That they who live the life of faith
"Shall never die!"

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man,) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not,
Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break:
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods!
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?——
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me,
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I *durst* not?——
Bru. No.
Cas. What! *durst* not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for,
Bru. You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heavens! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me! Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him in pieces.
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come Antony! and young Octavius, come:
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth!
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger,
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a man
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. (*Embracing.*)
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius: and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

GEORGE BENNETT.

OH, how I wish that crochet work
Had never been invented!
No ease I find for heart or mind,
I seem like one demented.
My home is not the same home now;
Where ease and quiet cheer?
My pretty wife is not the "life"
Whose love would once endear.

I get home weary, business-worn,
She scarce my presence heeds:
O'er patterns bent, with gaze intent,
Her mystic scroll she reads.
In vain I murmur my complaints,
And at such treatment quibble,
She says again, "one plain, six-chain,
Long stitch, and then three treble."

On sofa or on easy-chair,
I never dare recline me,
Like fish in net, I fast am set,
And meshes strong confine me.

And hark! "That Gorgon head of thine—
Anti-macassar's ruin—
Why, I shall faint, 'twould try a saint
To bear with such a bruin."

My wardrobe has no warder now,
Vests, socks, and ties all droop;
And if to mend she condescend,
The rent is "crosier'd" up.
While, one by one, like falling leaves,
The buttons leave each shirt—
She never heard that horrid word
But she was "so much hurt!"

But, oh! my bedroom, what a scene
Of covers, doylies, spreads:
The counterpane is double-chain,
The hangings open threads;
The window curtains, wove as fine
As fair Titania's veil;
The toilet things like insects' wings,
Transparent, filmy, frail.

All this might suit some gentle youths,
Of the lily-handed type:
Who'd pause and gaze, select and praise,
With taste matured and ripe;
But I, a toiling scribbler, need
To rub off ink and dust,
My "mortal coil" will stain and soil,
And wash, alas! I must.

Thus day by day with galling links
My crochet chain is wove;
I'm looped, and bound, and netted round,
And crossed in life and love:
My pattern wife has used me up,
I've neither hope nor pride;
Her needles crook'd have drawn and hook'd
Dead stitches in my side.

(*Contributed.*)

THE PICKET OF THE POTOMAC.

[Said to have been found in the pocket of a Confederate soldier shot on picket duty.]

ALL quiet along the Potomac they say,
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot as he walks to and fro
By a rifleman hid in a thicket:
'Tis nothing; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the tale of the battle:
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Breathing out all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming!
Their tents in the ray of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of the watch-fires gleaming.
A tremulous sigh from the gentle night-winds
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
And the stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep watch while the army is sleeping.

There is not a sound, save the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the three on the truckle bed
Far away in the hut on the mountain.
His rifle falls slack, and his face, grim and dark,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
And he breathes a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to smile as serenely as then,
The night when the love yet unspoken
Broke forth from his lips, and when low murmur'd vows
Were pledged never more to be broken;

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his side,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he glides through the broad belt of light
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary;
Hark! Was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle. No—Mary, good-night;—
His life-blood is ebbing and dashing!

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
But the dew falls unseen on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty—for ever!

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and, while the House lent him its deepest attention, spoke as follows:—

"The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful, but a noble duty. It has to recognize, in the face of the country, and of the civilized world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us was born in an age more fertile of great events than any period of recorded time. Of those vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed with the smallest

means, and in defiance of the greatest obstacles. He was, therefore, not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century there rose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtile genius, and at the head of all the power of Europe he denounced destruction to the only land which dared to be free. The Providential superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest than in the dispensation which ordained that the French Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of distant islands, they should both have sought their military education in that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. During the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our existence, Wellesley fought and won fifteen pitched battles, all of the highest class—concluding with one of those crowning victories which give a colour and aspect to history. During this period that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain—that he captured three thousand cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun. The greatness of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he overcame. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble Government, a factious opposition, and a distrustful people, scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in the world. He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on sieges without tools; and, as if to complete the fatality which in this sense always awaited him, when he had succeeded in creating an army worthy of Roman legions, and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies, and discomfited allies.

"But the star of Wellesley never paled. He has

been called fortunate, for fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are alike sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. It was his character that created his career. This alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a minister of state, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge, and he must do all these things at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow—of his flanks and of his reserves; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or laurel. But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader, for he must think —and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment, more or less, depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment, more or less, depends glory or shame. Doubtless, all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State, successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the

recess of a Cabinet is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties. Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon-shot on the field of battle scarcely twenty years can be counted. After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and, if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. Thrice was he the Ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief; and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours for his country lasted to the end. A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese War, expressed in a state paper characterized by all his sagacity and experience; and he died the active chieftain of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory.

"There was one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which should hardly be passed unnoticed on such an occasion, and in such a scene as this. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves; it is our pride that Sir Arthur Wellesley sat upon these benches. Tested by the ambition and the success of ordinary men, his career here, though brief, was distinguished. He entered Royal Councils and held a high ministerial post. But his House of Commons success must not be measured by his seat at the Privy Council and his Irish Secretaryship. He achieved a success here which the greatest ministers and the most brilliant orators can never hope to rival. That was a parliamentary success unequalled when he rose in his seat to receive the

thanks of Mr. Speaker for a glorious victory; or, later still, when he appeared at the bar of this House, and received, sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable language, the thanks of a grateful country for accumulated triumphs. There is one consolation which all Englishmen must feel under this bereavement. It is, that they were so well and so completely acquainted with this great man. Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye.

"To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of this sovereign master of duty in all his manifold offices, he himself gave us a collection of administrative and military literature which no age and no country can rival; and, fortunate in all things, Wellesley found in his lifetime an historian whose immortal page already ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved. The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I would not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that, among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society to those who perform the humblest duties, I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the duke and found in his example support and solace.

"Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a space he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the

greatest of men; in an age of utility the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—we who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a Senate mourning a Hero!"

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

[Sir Henry Wotton, one of the Elizabethan poets, was born in Kent, 1568. He was not a voluminous writer, but devoted most of his time to politics. For awhile he attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, but forseeing the downfall of that nobleman he withdrew from the kingdom. When James I. ascended the throne Wotton went as his ambassador to Venice. Ultimately he took orders to qualify himself to be Provost of Eton, for which his learning rendered him eminently fitted, and in which situation he died in 1639. A memoir of his life and career has been published by Izaak Walton, and forms a curious and amusing book.]

How happy is he born and taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
  Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

AN ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hod-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen? what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence,
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke

my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE EDITOR.

[Portion of a lecture on "The Lyric Poets of the present Century," delivered at various Literary Institutions.]

ROBERT NICOLL is a name very little known this side of the Tweed—is it likely to become better known? Well, in these days of Sensational Novels, Sensational Dramas, Sensational Exhibitions, Tumblers, Jugglers, Spiritualists and Nigger Minstrels, it is somewhat doubtful—but we ought not to despair. There is a large class of young men at the present day who are studiously inclined, who attend evening classes, and who seek for their amusements in places devoid of those demoralising influences which surround so many of our places of public recreation. I don't want a youth to be a mere bookworm; I think, if he has to push his way in the world, he should know something of the crowd *through* which he will have to struggle—and I want him to so inform his mind that he may be able to balance his actions, and to see that there is before him a gulf, in which to plunge is debasement irretrievable. No doubt we shall always have monied fools, "fast men," "jolly dogs," as we shall have those with the inclination to imitate them, without their means—but I think there are signs of a better class growing up amongst us, the general low tone of our public amusements notwithstanding. It should never be forgotten that the caterers for the million follow and do not lead the public taste—let public taste improve and the natural result will follow, and it is to the better appreciation of literature and the arts by the rising generation, that I think we may confidently turn to effect this consummation.

Robert Nicoll, as I have said, is a name little known on this side of the Tweed, but it is *a name* in the north—else I should not have before me his "Poems and Lyrics," Blackie and Co., London and Edinburgh, 1852. *Fourth*

Edition. "What has Nicoll done?" asks one of my young friends. It was said of him by Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law rhymer, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him."

If you ask me what Nicoll might have done? I think, had he been spared, he might have been a second Burns, but he died at 23! I must, however, qualify this opinion by saying that though he might have equalled Burns in pathos, he gave no indications that he would have matched him in those scenes of Scottish character, so full of rollicking fun, which Burns has given us—he would not have attempted them. You will see why when I give you, as briefly as I can, some particulars of his life.

Nicoll was born in Perthshire in 1814; his father, a farmer, was ruined by becoming security for a connexion by marriage, who failed and absconded.

The old man had to turn field labourer on the land he had himself leased.

Robert Nicoll was sent, when very young, to serve behind a storekeeper's counter in Perth. A gentleman lent him his right to the Perth Library—should there not be an available public library in every town and village of the kingdom—for may there not be there a Nicoll, a Burns, a Bloomfield, or a Clare? Well, there Nicoll first read, and then wrote, sending his rhymes to a provincial newspaper, to which he also contributed scraps of parish news. This was his first connexion with the press.

When out of his apprenticeship at the Perth grocer's, he opened, with some friendly aid, a small circulating library in Dundee. This again enabled him to increase his mental store, but did not contribute much to his worldly means; however, he became a sort of magnate among the young mechanics and manufacturers of the place—he wrote largely for the liberal newspapers, delivered lectures and made speeches; and, finally, published his volume of "Poems and Lyrics."

He had previously attracted the attention and obtained

the friendship, such as it was, of Mr. Robert Chambers, Gilfillan, the poet, and Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, the latter gentleman being his publisher. The volume was warmly received by friends and connexions, and highly praised by the local press.

The Dundee Library was then given up, and Nicoll resolved to try his fortune as a literary worker in London.

Mr. Tait offered him some temporary employment in his warehouse until something turned up.

What did turn up was not employment in London, but the editorship of the *Leeds Times*—the salary 100*l.* a year.

The paper was at a very low ebb when Nicoll went on to it, but it rose in a few weeks, under his management, at the rate of 200 copies a week, and soon reached an impression of 3000 copies.

Oh, the drudgery of a provincial paper! No organized staff of reporters and writers, each having his separate department; but one reporter at most—for even provincial editors cannot be in two places at once. And then the horror of having to write column upon column of "copy" that is of no earthly use two days after publication. I have had some few years of it in my lifetime, and I know what it is. I have been so wide awake by having to keep my eyes open for twenty-four hours at a stretch, on the day and night previous to publication, that when I have gone home in the broad daylight, I have been obliged to take opiates to obtain sleep and rest. And then the sacrifice of work. A column of advertisements taken in after hours by a greedy proprietor, and a column of your own hard work knocked out to make room for it. Robert Nicoll, on the *Leeds Times*, a paper of large size, had *no assistant;* he had to report, condense, write original articles, correct proofs, and to maintain a wide correspondence with the political connexions of the paper. And amidst all this work poetry was not neglected.

What wonder that he broke down under it! "The finishing blow to his health," says his biographer, "was given by the general election when the town of Leeds was contested by Sir William Molesworth and Sir John Beckett. Into this contest the Liberal editor threw himself with his whole heart and soul. The Liberal cause triumphed in Leeds, but it left poor Nicoll in a state of utter exhaustion."

He was destined to live only a few more months of patient suffering. He returned to his home, to Leith —but only to die.

Mr. Tait informed Sir William Molesworth of the state of the poet's health, and—must it be said ?—of his destitution. Sir William at once sent him 50*l.*, accompanied by a letter, remarkable for delicacy and kindness.

Nicoll died in his twenty-fourth year, and, as Elliott said of him, "added another victim to the hundreds of thousands who are 'not dead but gone before,' to bear witness against the merciless."

Yet Nicoll lived long enough to leave behind him about one hundred and fifty exquisite lyrics. The majority of them being written in the Scottish dialect, will probably account for his being so little known in the South. They even are more intensely Scottish than many of Burns's. But Nicoll had thoroughly conquered the English idiom. He loved his native hill and heather-clad mountains, his fondest recollections were of Scotland, and he thought and wrote in "Scotch."

I fear I shall only mar it by attempting to quote one of his Scotch songs, but to justify the high place I claim for Nicoll I must make the attempt:—

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha,'
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do falsely by woman or man;
I haud by the right, aye, as well as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane, hie an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame!—O, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail, shakin' Auld Age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creepin' alang at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

Here is his song to "Alice," his wife—the only other I shall have time to quote. He wrote his heart

in his poems if ever poet did—he wrote the story of human life.

Alice.

My breast is press'd to thine, Alice,
My arm is round thee twined;
Thy breath dwells on my lip, Alice,
Like clover-scented wind:
Love glistens in thy sunny e'e,
And blushes on thy brow;
Earth's heaven is here to thee and me,
For we are happy now!

Thy cheek is warm and saft, Alice,
As the summer laverock's breast;
And peace sleeps in thy soul, Alice,
Like the laverock on its nest!
Sweet! lay thy heart aboon my heart,
For it is a' thine ain;
That morning love it gi'es to thee,
Which kens nae guile or stain!

Ilk starn in yonder lift, Alice,
Is a love-lighted e'e,
Fill'd fu' o' gladsome tears, Alice,
While watching thee and me.
This twilight hour the thoughts run back,
Like moonlight on the streams,
Till the o'erladen heart grows grit
Wi' a' its early dreams!

Langsyne amang the hills, Alice,
Where waves the breckans green,
I wander'd by the burn, Alice,
Where fairy feet had been,—
While o'er me hung a vision sweet,
My heart will ne'er forget—
A dream o' summer-twilight times
When flowers wi' dew were wet!

I thought on a' the tales, Alice,
O' woman's love and faith;
Of truth that smiled at fear, Alice,
And love that conquer'd death;
Affection blessing hearts and homes,
When joy was far awa'
And fear and hate; but love, O love!
Aboon and over a'!

And then I thought wi' me, Alice,
Ane walk'd in beauty there—
A being made for love, Alice,
So pure, and good, and fair—
Who shared my soul—my every hour
O' sorrow and o' mirth;
And when that dream was gone, my heart
Was lonely on the earth!

Ay, lonely grew the world, Alice—
A dreary hame to me;
Without a bush or bield, Alice,
Or leafy sheltering tree;
And aye as sough'd life's raging storm,
Wi' keen and eerie blaw,
My soul grew sad, and cold my heart,
I wish'd to be awa'.

But light came o'er my way, Alice,
And life grew joy to me;
The daisy in my path, Alice,
Unclosed its gentle e'e;
Love breath'd in ilka wind that blew,
And in ilk birdie's sang;
Wi' sunny thoughts o' summer time
The blithesome heart grew thrang.

My dreams o' youth and love, Alice,
Were a' brought back again;
And hope upraised its head, Alice,
Like the violet after rain:

A sweeter maid was by my side
  Than things of dreams can be,
First, precious love to her I gave,
  And, Alice thou wert she!

Nae lip can ever speak, Alice,
  Nae tongue can ever tell
The sumless love for thee, Alice,
  With which my heart doth swell!
Pure as the thoughts of infants' souls,
  And innocent and young,
Sic love was never tauld in sangs,
  Sic sangs were never sung!

My hand is on thy heart, Alice,
  Sae place thy hand on mine;
Now, welcome weal and woe, Alice,
  Our love we canna tine.
Ae kiss! let others gather gowd
  Frae ilka land and sea;
My treasure is the richest yet,
  For, Alice, I ha'e thee!

If you are pleased with Nicoll, buy his book; it contains all his lyrics and a beautifully-written memoir. Make his acquaintance and you will thank me for the introduction.

THE OLD STONE-BREAKER.

EDWARD CAPERN.

[Mr. Capern was until very latély the postman of Bideford, Devon, and studied nature as he "ran about the country lanes for 10s. 6d. a week." He is a real poet, and will take his place hereafter by the side of Robert Bloomfield and John Clare, though he is in some respects superior to either, the difference being easily accounted for in the diffusion of cheap and wholesome literature among the class to which he belongs—a boon denied to it at the period when Bloomfield and Clare wrote. One of Lord Palmer-

ston's last acts was to raise the pension which was bestowed on Edward Capern from 40*l.* to 60*l.* a-year; a comfortable thing, doubtless, to a poor provincial postman; but as a pension to *a poet*, a paltry stipend, and below what any nobleman would bestow upon his superannuated butler.]

CHRIST befriend thee, poor old man,
With misty eye, and fleshless bone,
Dripping and shivering there alone,
Wrapped in a rag on that cold, cold stone;
Feeble and toothless, haggard and wan,
My heart aches for thee, poor old Dan.

A stranded wreck by life's rough sea,
The old man raised his eyes and said,
"'Tis a sin to wish that one were dead;
But days together I want for bread;
And, sir, oh, sir, the wretch you see,
Ne'er dreamt he should so aged be."

"Yonder's the union-house," said I,
"And one so poor and very old
Should seek its shelter from the cold."
"No gaol for me, were it built of gold—
I who have loved the fields and sky,
Would rather sit by this hedge and die.

"When I was young, my sturdy prime
I sold for very nought a week—
A shilling a day—the truth I speak,
And my wife and little ones oft were sick;
And now, with my head all white with rime,
You see a victim of ill-paid time.

"'Tis hard to starve; I sought 'the board;'
They chided me much for being poor;
My memory called up days of yore,
When I made the wood ring and threshing-floor;
And I thought of many a golden hoard,
These shrivelled hands for them had stored.

"My spirit was broken; I turned to go,
When a gruff voice thundered, 'Pauper, stay!
There's a shilling a week!' Now list, I pray:
Out of that I have sixpence for lodging to pay;
That's a penny a day for the six, sir, you know,
And the seventh I feast on the thoughts of my woe."

"And what is thy pittance, poor old Dan?
The price of thy toil on that stubborn stone,
That crack, crack, crack, and constant groan?"
"Twopence a day," quoth he, with a moan.
Down o'er my cheeks the big tear ran,
And I pitied the fate of that poor old man.

Ye who are wealthy, a lesson learn—
Hear what the blessed Jesus said,
"Give us each day our daily bread;"
And drive out want from the poor man's shed:
Work him, but love him, and pay him in turn,
And the aged for hunger shall cease to mourn.

Would you have England without a brand?
Would you have Devon the merry shire?
See that each poor old withered sire,
Doomed on its bosom soon to expire,
Dies not an outcast, hammer in hand,
While there's corn in your garner and gold in the land.

(*From "Ballads and Songs." By permission of the Author.*)

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

[Richard Steele, though a native of Dublin, was of English parents. He was born 1675. His father, who was secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, had influence enough to get his son placed in the Charterhouse, London. Here he first met Addison, with whom he was subsequently associated in the *Spectator*, and

they were again together at Oxford. At the end of three years Steele left the University without taking a degree, and enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards. In consequence of taking this step he was disinherited by a rich relative, but he became a favourite in the army, and being made secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, he rose to the rank of captain. He then plunged into all the gaieties of the town, and became "familiar with duns and bailiffs, misery, folly, and repentance." To obtain funds he commenced authorship, and published, in 1701, a treatise called "The Christian Hero." He next produced a comedy, "The Funeral; or, Grief à-la-Mode," which was performed at Drury Lane, 1704, with great success. He was now a popular man, and got appointed Gazetteer and Gentleman-Usher to Prince George. He married, and inherited from his wife, who soon died, a fortune derived from an estate in Barbadoes: a second marriage added to his income, but he was always extravagant and always in debt. His connexion with the *Tatler*, *Spectator* (in which Steele wrote 240 of the papers), and *Guardian*, extending from 1709 to 1714, is too well known to require repetition. He started some other periodicals on the same plan, but the famous "essays" had had their day, and they slept for awhile, but only to be revived and incorporated with all that is imperishable in English literature.

At the death of Queen Anne, Steele was made a magistrate, surveyor of the royal stables, and was knighted by George I. He also entered Parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and made some show as an orator and debater; but amid all his honours and literary successes his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he ultimately retired to his country seat in Wales, where he lived almost forgotten by his contemporaries, and died Sept. 1, 1729.]

I HAVE often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack;" it does not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without

proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once, and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly introduced provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because by that means you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer

more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time and end smartly, so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all!"

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone! —was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch, that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man,

he broke off, and gave us his history and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged by their bargain to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, "Old Friend, you have your infirmity and I have mine."

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another in great numbers is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly after supper entertained with the "Glastonbury Thorn." When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but father," saith the son, "let us have the 'Spirit in the Wood.'" After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber." "Alack-a-day," saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure." Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day." "How so, Sir Harry?" replies my lady. "Madam," says he, "I have lost an excellent appetite." At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the

thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them if they are pertinent and innocent, in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain everything but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift everything with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, and cock their hats and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, "Well, and what then?" Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

A COUNTRY BALL ON THE ALMACK'S PLAN.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

OH! joy to her, who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Hogsnorton's queen she walks erect;
The ball exclusive and select:
Four Ladies Patronesses sit,
From morn to night arranging it;
And when you hear the names of all,
You'll guess the merits of the ball.
Plebeian persons they reject,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

The squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
Her sister (quite a stylish girl),
And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
(Churchwarden, and a man of law),

And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
Related on the mother's side
To Mr. Biggs (who was, you know,
Lord Mayor of London long ago!)
By these, all upstart claims are check'd,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

They've quite excluded Mr. Squills,
Who makes the antibilious pills;
Not 'cause he makes 'em, but they say
He sells 'em in a retail way;
But Mr. Squills declares his wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsnorton people low,
So if she could, she wouldn't go—
A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

And then you know there's Mr. Flinn,
The rich old mercer, can't get in;
And Sweet the grocer has applied!
But Sweet the grocer was denied;
And both appear to think it hard
That Slush the brewer has a card;
And say, "Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for hops than we?"
But Slush of course is quite correct,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Of course, all those they wont admit
Discuss the ball, and censure it;
And strange opinion they express
About each Lady Patroness;
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
"I wash my hands of the *élite*;"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
"For all the world I'd not go in!"
Here envious feelings we detect;
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Says Mrs. Squills, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an earl!
So high and mighty! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married; and I knew
That people said—('tis *entre nous*)
She was a *leetle* indiscreet—
So much, my dear, for the *élite!*"
"Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!"

Woe, woe to her who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down;
And, what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps;
Indeed we hear, from one and all,
As much of bullets as the ball!
Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreck'd?
Because her balls were *so* select!

ON VISITING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,

1841.

THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.

THERE's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap—
The stirring of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies thickening as they come—
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum—
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace—
The passion, and the prowess of our race—

The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—
The unresisted sweep of Roman power—
Britannia's trident on the azure sea—
America's young shout of Liberty!
Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps
There spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling steeps,
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

SOMETHING CHEAP.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year;
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent
For mortals to increase:
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay—
Spread gladness everywhere:
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his housekeeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy housekeeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,*
For spending of my own true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie."

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

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* Deere—*hurt.*

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about.
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot: did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have bin told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be done so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what do I thinke."

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Nowe naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For, alacke, I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a weeke then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

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* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

THE TWO PARROTS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WE are told by Comte de Buffon, that his sister had a parrot which would frequently speak to himself, and seemed to fancy that some one addressed him. He often asked for his paw, and answered by holding it up. Though he liked to hear the voice of children, he seemed to have an antipathy to them, and bit them till he drew blood. He had also his objects of attachment, and though his choice was not very nice, it was constant. He was excessively fond of the cook-maid; followed her everywhere, sought for her when absent, and seldom missed finding her. If she had been some time out of his sight, the bird climbed with his bill and claws to her shoulders, and lavished on her his caresses. His fondness had all the marks of close and warm friendship. The girl happened to have a sore finger, which was tedious in healing, and so painful as to make her scream. While she uttered her moans, the parrot never left her chamber. The first thing he did every day was to pay her a visit; and this tender condolence lasted the whole time of her confinement, when he returned to his former calm and settled attachment.

Yet all this strong predilection for the girl, would seem to have been more directed to her office in the kitchen, than to her person; for when another cook-maid succeeded her, the parrot showed the same degree of fondness to the new comer the very first day.

Willoughby mentions a parrot which, when a person said to it—"Laugh, Poll, laugh," it laughed accordingly, and immediately after screamed out—"What a fool; to make me laugh."

A parrot which had grown old with his master, shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear scarcely anything but the words, "I am sick," when a person asked it "How do you do?" "I

am sick," it replied with a doleful tone, stretching itself along; "I am sick."

A gentleman who resided at Gosport in Hampshire, and had frequent business across the water to Portsmouth, was astonished one day on going to the beach to look for a boat, and finding none, to hear the words distinctly repeated — "Over, master? Going over?" (which is the manner that watermen are in the habit of accosting people when they are waiting for passengers). The cry still assailing his ears, he looked earnestly around him to discover from whence the voice came, when to his great surprise, he beheld the parrot in a cage, suspended from a public-house window on the beach, vociferating the boatman's expressions.

The following curious instance of limited loquacity occurred with a brace of parrots in London. A tradesman who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots for the inconvenience of his neighbours, a green disturber and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door; the grey put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a-piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these "Thebans" lived had a projecting old-fashioned front, so that the first-floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day when they were left at home by themselves, hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street-door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was "Oh, ho!" The door not being opened immediately, as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again. "Away with your who's there," said the man with the leather, "why don't you come down?" to which the parrot again made the same answer, "Oh, ho!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker and rang furi-

ously at the house-bell; but this proceeding brought the grey parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate." "To the gate?" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "New-gate," responded the grey parrot, just at the moment when his species was discovered.

CHRISTMAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HEAP on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still!
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
E'en heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile
They make such barbarous mirth the while
As best might to the mind recal
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd her pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord underogating share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell.
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribands, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports agen!
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year!

THE SPARTAN LAD.

REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

THE Grecian mother took the shield,
Her features stern and sad,
And plac'd it firmly on the arm
Of her young Spartan Lad!

"*With* it or *on* it, son, return,"
With calm voice then she said;
"*With* it, the laurel round thy brow,
Or *on* it, stark and dead!"

The stripling clutched it with the strength
Of manhood in his grip,
While flash'd and flam'd his eye of fire,
And proudly curl'd his lip!

And "Mother," quoth that soldier boy,
As rose and fell his breath,
"I'll *with* it come, or *on* it lie,
Subdued alone by death!"

Forth went he then, his young cheek flush'd
With glorious, god-like hope,
To war in Lacedæmon's ranks,
And with the Persian cope!

He went, he fought, and in the lines
Of Sparta's phalanx band
His scythe-like blade mow'd men like corn,
Held by his red right hand!

Where spears most bristled, and where blood
In purple streams was spent,
There fought he like a lion's whelp,
On deeds of daring bent!

Like bolts of thunder fell the dints,
Thick on his batter'd shield,
But yet his ardent spirit scorn'd
An inch of ground to yield!

And still, as avalanchs of foes
That well-worn shield defied,
The Spartan Lad, his mother's words,
"*With* it or *on* it," cried!

At length the day is gain'd, but lo!
As Parthia's horsemen fly,
The poison'd arrows from their bows,
Becloud the crimson sky:

And one, with aim unerring shot,
More cruel than the rest,
Strikes through the stripling's coat of mail,
And lodges in his breast.

Alack! the tide of life wells out,
The film is on his eyes,
As with last breath the Spartan youth,
"*On* it, not *with* it," cries!

'Tis done! they place him *on* the shield—
Place his cold *body* there,
For ah! his brave young *soul* is now
Pluming Elysian air.

They lay, then, on the shield his corpse,
Slain in an evil hour;
That bud of valour, that seem'd form'd
To bloom a perfect flow'r.

On the broad buckler set they it,
And back to Sparta go,
Calm and unruffl'd ev'ry face,
But big each heart with woe!

And at his Spartan mother's feet,
Her boy, but now so strong,
They lay—*not* with his shield *in hand*,
But *on* it *stretch'd along!*

(*Contributed by the Author.*)

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

[Mr. Greene was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 10th, 1802. He was educated at Brown University, in that city, and graduated 1820. He was admitted a member of the American

bar, and followed his profession until 1834, when he obtained official employment.

His poems were chiefly written for periodicals and for delivering at various literary institutions, for which they are well adapted.]

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
  Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
  A dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron RUDIGER,
  Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
  Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
  My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
  And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
  To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—
  That I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft
  Before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
  Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him,
  When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power;
  Defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—
  And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
  Call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall,—
  The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
  And bring my armour there!"

A hundred hands were busy then,—
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mail'd retainers pour'd,
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And throng'd around the board.
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved oaken chair of state,
Arm'd cap-a-pie, stern RUDIGER,
With girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
Mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see ye not.
Draw forth each trusty sword,—
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board.
I hear it faintly:—Louder yet!—
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all,—and shout for RUDIGER,
'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl,—steel clang'd to steel,
—And rose a deafening cry
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:—

"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—
Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone!

"But *I* defy him:—let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing halfway up;
And with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark carved oaken chair,
Old RUDIGER sat, *dead*.

MY CHILD.

JOHN PIERPONT.

[John Pierpont is an American poet, born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785. On the completion of his education he was an assistant master at a large school, and afterwards a private tutor. He subsequently studied for the bar, and was admitted in 1812. Finding but few clients, he abandoned his profession and became interested in mercantile transactions, but these resulting disastrously he sought solace in literary pursuits, and in 1816 published the "Airs of Palestine," a poem of some 800 lines, which is justly admired for the beauty of its language and the finish of its versification. Mr. Pierpont next studied theology, and was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Church in Boston, 1819. He visited England, France, Italy, and the East, 1835-6, and has since written many hymns, odes, and other brief poems, which are distinguished alike for energy of thought and moral precept.]

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

JAMES N. BARKER.

[Mr. Barker is a native of Philadelphia, and is, or was, in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department at Washington. He is the author of several dramatic pieces acted in the United States.]

"SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,
So meek, so modest! What a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf."

"The wolf, indeed!
You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though in the time of Æsop, or before."

"Was't not a wolf, then? I have read the story
A hundred times; and heard it told: nay, told it
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank
Together in the sheets from very terror,
And with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
Last winter in the city, I and my schoolmates,
With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely.
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,
That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood?"

"Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral."

"Hidden: nay,
I'm not so young but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves."

"Tut! wolves again! Wilt listen to me, child?"

"Say on, dear grandma."

"Thus, then, dear my daughter:
In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds."

"Nay, none but children
Could gather buttercups and May-weed, mother;
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there."

"You die, indeed!
At your years die!"

"Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,
As you did yesterday in that sweet spot

Down by the fountain, where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call't—
The 'Prairie,' was it not?"

"It was, my love,
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillow'd my aged head; 'twas irksome, sure,
To your young limbs and spirit."

"No, believe me,
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lull'd."

"You're a dear child!"

"And then
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each tint.
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake, Innocence;
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel
Blushing so lowly red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dress'd
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries."

"Did you see all those flowers? I mark'd them not."

"Oh, many more, whose names I have not learn'd!
And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee.
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,

Where the white blossom of the dogwood met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh-springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leap'd joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then pass'd prattling on,
Between the flowery banks then bent to kiss them."

"I dream'd not of these sights or sounds."

"Then just
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enamell'd meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crowned with rose-bay. Halfway down there stood,
Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine
As ready to leap down unto her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson."

"Tut! enough, enough,
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.
We must shut up your books of botany,
And give you graver studies."

"Will you shut
The book of Nature, too?—for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer—
Oh!—let me hold communion here with Nature."

"Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture."

"Poor Red Riding Hood!
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now the hidden moral."

"Thus it is:
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE."

"I thought love was an infant; 'toujours enfant.'"

"The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas! time changes all things."

"True, I remember, love is now a man,
And, the song says, 'a very saucy one,'—
But how a wolf?"

"In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence."

"I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him."

"You'll do wisely."

"Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me."

"That's my child."

"Nor in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin."

"Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson."

"Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me."

"Say what, my love—
I will explain."

"This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam, and ate her up:
What is the moral here? Have all our grandams
Been first devour'd by love?"

"Let us go in;
The air grows cold; you are a forward chit."

LENORE.

E. A. Poe.

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now, or never more!
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral song be sung;
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,—
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth, and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health ye blessed her, that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read—the requiem how be sung,
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slanderous tongue,
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus; and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong;
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride;
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes,—
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days.
Let *no* bell toll; lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven;
From hell unto a high estate far up within the heaven;
From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the King of Heaven."

THE BASHFUL WOOER.

JEAN INGELOW.

My neighbour White—we met to-day—
He always had a cheerful way,
  As if he breathed at ease;
My neighbour White lives down the glade,
And I live higher, in the shade
  Of my old walnut-trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
To feed them all, to clothe them all,
  Must surely tax his wit;
I see his thatch when I look out,
His branching roses creep about,
  And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves,
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
  And milky filberts hoard;
And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skilful hands
  Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
  She makes her labour light;
So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
Oh, she is much too good for me,
  That lovely Lettice White!

'Tis hard to feel oneself a fool!
With that same lass I went to school—
  I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I—I never cared to look
  Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there,
Sweet eyes, behind those lashes fair,
  That will not raise their rim:
If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
  Why then the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had,
  And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
  "He beats the country round!

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
Weak praise, but fondly sung!
"Oh mother! scholars sometimes fail—
And what can foot and leg avail
To him that wants a tongue?"

When by her ironing-board I sit,
Her little sisters round me flit,
And bring me forth their store;
Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples bright of hue
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair,
All shaded by her flaxen hair
The blushes come and go;
I look, and no more can I speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine-leaves from her thatch
Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
The shyly uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight,
When we two were apart.
Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
"Maiden, thou hast my heart."

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing board!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE MANAGER'S PIG.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

ARISTIDES TINFOIL, it is our fixed belief, was intended by nature either for lawn sleeves or ermined robes: he was, we doubt it not, sent into this world as an embryo bishop, or a lord chief-justice *in posse*. Such, we are convinced, was the benignant purpose of nature: but the cruel despotism of worldly circumstance relentlessly crossed the fair design; and Tinfoil, with a heart of honey and a head of iron, was only a player—or, we should rather say, a master among players. Tinfoil might have preached charity sermons till tears should have flowed and flowed again: no matter; he acted the benevolent old men to the sobs and spasms of a crowded audience. He might, with singular efficacy, have passed sentence of death on coiners and sheep-stealers; circumstances, however, confined his mild reproof to scene-shifters, bill stickers, Cupids at one shilling per night, and white muslin Graces.

"Where is Mr. Moriturus?" asked Tinfoil, chagrined at the untoward absence of his retainer. "Where is he?"

"Ill, sir," was the melancholy answer; "very ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed Tinfoil, in a tone of anger, quickly subsiding into mild remonstrance. "Ill!—why—why doesn't the good man *die at once!*"

A pretty budding girl had, unhappily, listened to the silvery tongue of a rival manager. "Take her from the villain!" exclaimed Tinfoil, to the sorrowing parent; "bring her here, and then—then I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Dear, kind Mr. Tinfoil, what will you do?"

"I'll bring her out, sir—bring her out in—" and here the manager named a play in which the horrors of seduction are painted in bold colours for the indignant virtuous: "I'll bring her out in that, sir, as a particu-

lar favour to you, and sympathizing as I must with the affliction you suffer, I—I myself will play the injured father, sir."

These, however, are but faint lines in the strongly marked character of Tinfoil, and as we are merely displaying them to awaken the attention of the reader to what we consider a most triumphant piece of casuistry on the part of our hero—to an incident which admits of so many hundred worldly illustrations—we shall proceed to the pig. The subject, we own, may appear unpromising from its extreme homeliness; yet, as the precious bezoar is sought for in deer and goats, so may a pearl of price be found even in a pig.

It is our fervent wish to be most exact in every point of this little history; yet cannot we remember the exact year in which Tinfoil, revolving in his managerial mind the very many experiments made under his government on the curiosity and sensibilities of the public, determined, in a golden moment, upon the introduction of a pig in a drama to be expressly written for the animal's capacities. In the slang of the craft, the pig was to be measured for his part.

We cannot take it upon ourselves to avow, that an accident of late occurrence to a brother actor did not, at least remotely, influence the choice of Tinfoil. The mishap was this: A few miles from London—for the sake of unborn generations we conceal the name of the town—the dullard denizens had manifested an extraordinary apathy to the delights of the drama. In the despairing words of one of the sufferers, "nothing could move 'em." However, another of more sanguine temperament resolved to make a last bold effort on their stubborn souls; and to such high end set a pig at them. Mingling the blandishments of the lottery with the witcheries of the drama, he caused it to be printed in the boldest type to the townspeople of ——, that a shower of little bits of paper would take place between the play and farce, and, amidst this shower, a prize would descend, conveying to the lucky possessor the

entire property of a real China-bred porker! Inconceivable as to us it is, the scheme failed—the pig remained live stock upon the hands of the projector, who, the next morning, walked to town; and recounting his adverse fortune to the calculating Tinfoil, supplicated any employment.

"And you still possess the pig? Humph!" mused Tinfoil; "perhaps we may come to some arrangement."

In few words, the applicant was admitted among Tinfoil's troop; the pig, at a nominal price, passing into the hands of the manager.

The pig was no sooner a member of the company, than the household author was summoned by Tinfoil, who, introducing the man of letters to the porker, shortly intimated that "he must write a part for him."

"For a pig!" exclaimed the author.

"Measure him," said Tinfoil, not condescending to notice the astonishment of the dramatist.

"But, my dear sir, it is impossible that——"

"Sir! impossible is a word which I cannot allow in my establishment. By this time, sir, you ought to know that my will, sir, is sufficient for all things, sir—that, in a word, sir, there is a great deal of Napoleon about me, sir."

We must admit that the dramatist ought not to have forgotten this last interesting circumstance, Mr. Tinfoil himself very frequently recurring to it. Indeed it was only an hour before that he had censured the charwoman for having squandered a whole sack of saw-dust on the floor when half a sack was the allotted quantity. "He, Mr. Tinfoil, had said half a sack; and the woman knew, or ought to know, there was a good deal of Napoleon about him!" To return to the pig.

"Measure him, sir," cried Mr. Tinfoil, the deepening tones growling through his teeth and his finger pointing still more emphatically downwards to the pig.

"Why," observed the author, "if it could be measured, perhaps——"

"*If* it could, sir," and Mr. Tinfoil, when at all excited, trolled the monosyllable with peculiar energy—"Sir, I wouldn't give a straw for a dramatist who couldn't measure the cholera-morbus."

"Much may be done for an actor by measuring," remarked the dramatist, gradually falling into the opinion of his employer.

"Everything, sir! Good heavens! what might I not have been had I condescended to be measured? Human nature, sir—the divine and glorious characteristic of our common being, sir—that is the thing, sir, by heavens! sir, when I think of that great creature, Shakspeare, sir, and think that he never measured actors—no, sir——"

"No, sir," acquiesced the dramatist.

"Notwithstanding, sir, we live in other times, sir; and you must write a part for the pig, sir."

"Very well, sir; if he must be measured, sir, he must," said the author.

"It's a melancholy thing to be obliged to succumb to the folly of the day," remarked Mr. Tinfoil; "and yet, sir, I could name certain people, sir, who, by heavens! sir, would not have a part to their backs, sir, if they had not been measured for it, sir. Let me see: it is now three o'clock—well, some time to-night, you'll let me have the piece for the pig, sir."

Now, whether the writer addressed was by his "so potent art" enabled to measure a pig—to write a perfect swinish drama in a few hours—or whether, knowing the Buonapartean self-will of the manager, the dramatist thought it wise to make no remonstrance, we cannot truly discover: certain it is, with no objection made, he took his leave.

"An extraordinary young man, sir!—I have brought him out, sir—a wonderful young man, sir," observed Mr. Tinfoil to a friend and neighbour, a dealer in marine stores. "Only wants working, sir—requires nothing but being kept at it, sir."

"Well, it must be a puzzling trade," remarked the dealer.

"Puzzling, sir! By heavens! sir, my heart bleeds for men of letters, sir—they are great creatures, sir—wonderful natures, sir—we cannot think too highly of them, sir—cannot sufficiently reward them, sir! Now, sir, it is perfectly unknown my liberality towards that young man! But then, sir—it is my delight, sir, when I find real genius, sir—when I meet with a man of original mind, sir—by heavens! sir," again cried Mr. Tinfoil, resorting to the exclamation as an outlet for his overcharged feelings.

The pig was duly measured—the piece prepared—and, having been produced at an enormous expense, was sealed with the unqualified approbation of a discerning public.

The pig-drama had been represented about twenty nights, when the author of the piece, in friendly converse with his patron manager, remarked "that the porker had been a most profitable venture."

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Tinfoil, "tolerably well; but the fact is, I am obliged to bolster him. He has had the advantage of three new afterpieces, and therefore can't complain that he has been let down. Still, the pig has done very well, and perhaps may run a fortnight more." Saying this, Tinfoil quaffed from a brimming glass of his chosen fluid.

"At all events," remarked the author, "the pig possesses one advantage, not to be found in any other of your actors."

"And what, sir," asked Mr. Tinfoil, "what may that be?"

"Why, after the pig has done his work, and the piece is put by, you may eat the pig."

The manager started from the inhuman man of letters with a look of mingled horror, disgust, and pity. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he asked, with evident loathing—

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said," replied the insensible author, "that when the pig has played out his part, you might eat him."

Mr. Tinfoil, gently stirring his brandy-and-water, fixed an eye, like that of death-darting cockatrice, upon the author, and after swallowing the liquor, and thereby somewhat regaining his self-possession, he addressed the thoughtless dramatist in words and tones that, as he has since declared, can never cease to vibrate in his memory.

"Sir!" thus spoke Mr. Tinfoil; "I regret—much regret, sir, that anything in my conduct could have induced you, sir, to think so uncharitably of my disposition, sir."

"I assure you, sir——"

"Hear me out, sir. What, sir! think me capable of feeding upon an animal that I have played with—a creature, whose sagacity has almost made it my humble friend—a pig that has eaten from my hand—that knows my voice—that I—I eat that pig—good heavens, sir!"

"I'm sure I didn't mean——"

"No, sir," cried Tinfoil, "not were I starving, sir—not were I famishing, sir, could I be brought to taste that pig."

Much more did Mr. Tinfoil deliver declaratory of his horror at the bare idea of setting his teeth in the flesh of his quadruped actor; and the rebuked man of letters quitted the manager with an exalted notion of his sensibility.

The pig-drama continued to be played to the increasing satisfaction of the public; the audience, however, only being admitted to view the professional abilities of the animal, his suppers—from some extraordinary omission of Tinfoil—not being eaten before the curtain. Great, however, as was the success of the pig, at about the fortieth night his prosperity began to wane—he was withdrawn, and passed into oblivion.

A few weeks had elapsed, and the author was summoned to the dwelling of his manager, to write a play for a stud of horses. Tinfoil was at dinner; whereto he cordially invited his household scribe.

"You oughtn't to refuse," said one of the diners; "for this," and the speaker pointed to some pickled pork in the dish—"this is an old friend of yours."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the dramatist, looking reproachfully at Tinfoil. "Why, not the pig?"

Tinfoil, somewhat abashed, coughed and nodded.

"Why, you said that nothing on earth would tempt you to eat that pig?"

"No more it could, sir," cried the assured manager; "no, sir—no more it could—*unless salted!*"

Of how many applications is this casuistry of the manager susceptible!

"When, sir," cried the pensioned patriot, "I swore that no power in the universal world could make me accept a favour at the hands of such men—I meant——"

"*Unless salted!*"

How often is it with men's principles, as with the manager's pig; things inviolable, immutable—*unless salted!*

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

THE LEGEND OF THE BELL.

J. E. Carpenter.

In a very old room of one of the most antiquated buildings in one of the most ancient towns in England, sat five old men. It was in the olden time, but even then the spot of which we are writing was looked upon by the antiquaries of the time, men who have long since gone down into their graves, with inquiring eyes; and many were the old legends, landmarks of history, with which it was associated. The old room was one of those in which the solid beams which supported the upper apartments

projected low down from the ceiling—itself so low that a man of moderate height could touch it with the palm of his hand; its floor was of red tile, and its huge fire-place, or rather hearth—for fire-place there was none, in the modern acceptation of the term—afforded ample space for a dozen individuals to sit beside it, while the crackling log burned at their feet. The building, of which this room formed a portion, was an ancient hostelry, or inn, and, although it was in the main thoroughfare, or street, as we should now call it, there was a wide open space in front of it, about which stood rude benches where the guests were wont to regale themselves in summer. The locality of the town we need not mention, it has since become a city, and would not now be recognised. The five old men, and they were all very old, were the bell-ringers of the venerable church which stood a stone's throw from the hostelry. They were seated in the deep chimney-corner, for it was in the holly-time, and were enjoying themselves in inhaling the smoke of the fragrant Indian weed. For some time they smoked on, apparently buried in their own reflections. At length the eldest, whose long, thin, and silvery locks, and spare visage, proclaimed him to be almost a centenarian, drew a long whiff, and squeaked out half-musingly:—

"I shall live to see it yet!"

"Never, Jansen!" observed the youngest of the party, a hale old man of three-score and ten—"never; 'tis nineteen years last Candlemas, and she looks younger and stronger than ever. What is she? A girl, a very chit, to you or I? And do you think, Jansen, that you, who have already one foot in the grave, can hope to outlive her?"

"I tell you it will come to pass, Willy; the same thing has happened twice before, since I have been bell-ringer at St. Margaret's, and I tell you again that it will come to pass."

"Tell us about it, Jansen," said a third of the party; "you have a wonderful memory, and belike it

will become our turn to tell the old stories of the bells when you are gone."

"When I am gone! I tell thee, Mat, the old scythe-man has passed my door and forgot me; here am I to drink a health to King George the Third, whom heaven grant a life as long as my own! and I tolled yon bell on the death of the merry Charlie. Ay! they were rare times—big Bess was the only bell that then swung in St. Margaret's steeple, and she narrowly escaped being cast into another shape a few years before, in the civil wars. Yes! I have a rare memory."

"And you were a ringer in King Charles's time?" echoed Mat, for they loved to get the old man to tell his odd stories about the bells, though they had heard them scores of times before.

"Yes," replied Jansen, "I was born in his reign; but I was a man when he died, and I have tolled Big Bess for William and Anne, and two Georges since then."

"Few men, as you, Jansen," observed another of the ringers, in the tone of flattery which seemed to please the garrulous old man, "can boast of having lived in six reigns."

"Seven, boy, seven!" continued old Jansen, peevishly, "but no English bell tolled the knell of the last King Jammie."

"Truth! but you have a rare memory!"

"Oh, rare!" ejaculated the others; "but tell us about the bells—the wedding bells."

"The first wedding peal that was rung on those bells was for the marriage of old Simon Plumtree, the vintner; a sour, miserly beggar, as ever palmed off the thin wines of the Cape for the true Malmsey. Well, he refused the ringers their fees—but I followed him home and again demanded them. He turned me out of the house as he would turn out a strange dog. So I told him I would ring a knell he would little like to hear. In three months after that his wife died—but he paid the dues he begrudged at his wedding—ha! ha!"

"Probably he gained more by the burial than by the bridal," suggested old Matthew.

"Yes," answered Jansen, "his wife brought him three thousand pounds; but his avarice led him to embark that, as well as his own gains, in the South-Sea scheme, and he was buried as a pauper at last."

"The curse of the bell-ringer was on him!" interposed the old ringer who had been addressed as Willy.

"No," said Jansen, "though people had heard the story and chose to say so—it was only his own avarice working out its end—so with the death of his wife, a doctor might have saved her, but old Plumtree saved his guinea and lost his helpmate."

"And the second one——"

"Was Luke Bradshaw, the mason—his wife lived six years after her marriage—he was sexton of the parish, and refused to fee the ringers, because, he said, he was free of the church—being the servant of it, like ourselves."

"A paltry subterfuge, that couldn't save his wife!" chimed in Matthew; "but your prophecy will hardly come true again. It's twenty years come Candlemas since Peter Shaw married the miller's daughter."

"Ay! twenty years—the time is almost up. Peter made a compact with me—we shall see how well he keeps it."

"And the compact was——"

"This: Peter was a poorer man then, though he had a fair share of trade, and the little money that the miller could give him was to enable him to increase it; he was the last man who ever refused to pay the ringers—for the fate of the two brides became a sort of village gossip, and grew into a superstition. To prove the folly of these old wives' stories, as Peter called them, he also refused to pay the ringers on his wedding-day; but he said, when I paid the customary visit, 'Come to me this day twenty years, and if I do not repent of my bargain I will pay you with interest."

"And the twenty years will be up next Candlemas."

"I shall live to do it yet," was the only remark that

the old man made; nor could all the persuasion of his fellows induce him to discourse further of the stories of the bells.

From the above conversation the reader will gather nearly all we have to communicate respecting this singular compact. It was not through parsimony that Peter had refused the customary fees to the ringers on his wedding-day, but to prove he was above the vulgar prejudices of the time. Matters had thrived with him since he married; the old miller had died and left him a considerable sum, and in his own trade he had been equally successful. He had not forgotten his compact with Jansen, and had frequently wondered at the prolonged life of the bell-ringer, never imagining, from his age, that he would ever live to remind him of it, if indeed he had any recollection of the circumstance; which, although Peter doubted, he was determined not to take advantage of. In spite of a strong and well-constituted mind, the Pewterer could not help feeling some anxiety as the termination of the twenty years approached, and it was with great delight that on the eventful Candlemas-day he found his wife in her usual health. "At least," he said, "the old churl shall see that I have *not* repented of my bargain," and going into his counting-house, he was about to send for Jansen when the old man came hobbling up to the door.

"Well, Jansen, I'm glad to see you. I was about to send for you, to prove to you that I have not repented my choice, and to express a hope that you, who have been spared so long, will not go down into the grave without feeling that with the great Disposer of Events rests the fiat of life and death. Here are the ringers' fees, and with such interest as even your scruples will be satisfied," and he placed in the hands of Jansen five little packets, each of which contained ten golden guineas.

The old ringer mumbled out his thanks and sought his companions at the inn.

"The charm is broken," they said, "Jansen will never toll the bell for another funeral!"

"For one more—for one more!" said Jansen, feebly; even the event of the day could not root out the superstition from his mind.

"I dreamt, last night, that I was tolling Big Bess for the last time—and that I was a ghost tolling a bell for my own funeral."

The day following an event occurred that long after afforded a theme for the gossips of the town. It was the Sabbath, and Peter and his wife attended service in their usual seats. During the sermon Mrs. Shaw was seized with apoplexy and carried out of the church a corpse.

On the day of the funeral, Jansen, who, since he had become feeble, had usually taken his grandson, a man bordering on fifty, to assist him in ringing the mighty bell, persisted in going to the belfry alone. As the funeral *cortége* approached the churchyard the bell suddenly ceased—people thought at the time that this was done purposely, because the deceased had, by one day only, falsified Jansen's prediction. Several hours after the companions of the latter sought him in the belfry. He was dead on the floor—the rope which he had twisted round his arm, had carried him off his legs, and, no longer having strength to subdue the huge mass of metal, he had been dashed to the ground and killed.

The story is still current in the neighbourhood, where they even say that on the day of his interment the bell tolled of its own accord; and even declare that it was his own ghost that tolled it; and add that for many years after, at Candlemas, the bell has been heard to toll, but with a strange unearthly sound like distant music, and then only by those who believe in ghosts and witchcraft. Be that as it may, there are many still living who believe devoutly in the Legend of the Bell.

(*From the British Journal.*)

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

LORD BYRON.

THE seal is set.—Now welcome thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator die:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play;

There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday:
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE DEAD LETTER.

J. E. Carpenter.

How she strives her grief to smother,
Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
Calls her home to cheer her age;
Weary then with looking, longing,
Weeks and months pass sadly by,
All the past to mem'ry thronging,
Hoping on—but no reply,
Till, at last—there comes a letter,
'Tis *her own*—she traces there,—
Better she had died—far better—
"Gone away and not known where."

From her home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion,
How she turns to earlier years;
Prays that Heaven may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy,—
How she left her for another,—
Sends the picture of her boy.
Then she wants to be forgiven
Till another year has fled;—
Back *her* letter, torn and riven,
Comes—and on it written—"Dead!"

"PENNY READINGS'" RECORD.

JANUARY, 1866.

(*From our own Correspondents and the Local Press.*)

HUNTINGDON.—These readings for the season commenced at the Institution Hall, on Friday, the 3rd inst., when several gentlemen took part in them, including Mr. B. Brown, Dr. Foster, Dr. Porter, and Mr. Dance, District Superintendent of the Great Northern Railway; Mr. Potts, and Mr. Edis. Mr. Cluff, organist of St. Mary's, presided at the piano, and Master Ingram played on a cornet. Several ladies rendered material aid in the vocal music.

LLANGOLLEN.—The first of a series of these meetings was held at the National School-room; the Rev. H. Edwards, B.A., in the chair. After delivering a short duoglott address, the respected chairman called upon Mr. Tregellas, who read "Tennyson's Dora" with expression and ease. Miss Hughes Parry, with great effect, played a solo on the pianoforte. The chairman then read "Y Dïog a'r Diwyd," by "Gwilym Hiraethog," and was loudly and continually applauded. Miss Edwards and Miss Mackenzie sang a duet, the accompaniment being played by Miss Hughes Parry, and were loudly encored. Mr. Hiram Davies recited the "Bashful Man," and gave great satisfaction, keeping the audience in tremendous bursts of laughter. Miss Tregallas sang a solo, playing her own accompaniment in the most touching style. The Rev. D. Jones then read a humorous piece by Poole, called "Early Rising, or a Sketch of the Old Coaching Days," which was well received. The room was crammed, and we may add the meeting turned out a great success.

DEREHAM.—At a meeting of the committee of the Institute, it was determined unanimously to carry out the recommendation adopted at the annual meeting, to commence Penny Readings. To give efficiency to the determination a sub-committee, consisting of G. Hyde, Esq. (chairman), Rev. B. J. Armstrong, Mr. Hatfield, and Mr. F. J. Smith was appointed.

WATTON.—On Thursday evening last a meeting was held in the National School-room, for the purpose of establishing a system of Penny Readings, to be held at intervals during the winter months.

BEDFORD.—These interesting entertainments are now very successful at Woburn and Leighton Buzzard Mechanics' Institutions, why should they not be so at the Working Men's Institute at Bedford? St. Mary's School-room is also crowded on these occasions every other Monday.

ROMFORD.—The Readings in aid of the Literary and Mechanics' Institution were resumed on Monday evening last under very favourable auspices. They were given in connexion with music and singing. Miss Annie Cox played some pieces in an effective

and brilliant manner; she also most ably occupied the position of accompanyist.

SOHAM.—The first of these Readings this season took place in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The Rev. W. Shipman and A. J. Holmes read several interesting pieces; and the church choir and amateur band did great service during the intervals of the reading with appropriate music. The place was well filled with an attentive company.

WICKEN.—The Wicken Music Society gave the first of their Penny Readings and Concerts this season on Tuesday evening last, which was well attended. Amongst the pieces selected for reading was an account of the "Plague in London," "The Gold Fields," "A Chinese Story," &c., which were amusing and instructive.

WREXHAM.—It is with more than an ordinary degree of pleasure that we this week record the first attempt that has been made in Wrexham to establish Penny Readings, and that attempt a perfect success. Innocent and instructive entertainment for the masses is a desideratum that has been so long sighed for in this town, and all former efforts have proved so abortive, that an essay of this kind of such promise does our heart good. The following was the programme:—Prologue, spoken by Mr. E. M. Jones; instrumental music by Messrs. Stephenson and Edisbury; "The Field of Waterloo," a reading by Mr. G. Bradley, *Advertiser* Office; "John Brown," a song by Mr. Snape, accompanied by Miss Potter; "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," a reading by Mr. J. T. Jones; "The Homestead;" "The Organ Grinder," a song by Mr. Albert Bury, accompanied by Miss Potter; "The Armada," a reading by Mr. Acton, solicitor; "The Monks of Old," a song by T. E. Jackson, accompanied by Mr. Edisbury; "Mr. Caudle made a Mason," a reading by Mr. Darlington, Grove-park.

[The admission of the vulgar and immoral song, "The Organ Grinder," shows the absence of a committee of taste in the selection.—ED. P. R.]

SNARESBROOK.—Lectures and Readings are given to the children of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum every Monday evening. Subscribers to the Institution are admitted, with their friends, by tickets, procurable of the Secretary, 78, Gracechurch-street.

PLYMOUTH LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—Readings were delivered before the members of this association at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, by Messrs. T. Saull, J. Eadie, W. Elliott, W. Harvey, J. Howe, T. Pearse, and T. Hussey. The selections were from the writings of Dickens, Ingoldsby, Eliza Cook, Longfellow, and Franklyn, and were generally well rendered.

WOODDITTON.—The Rev. J. Walker, vicar of this parish, commenced a series of Penny Readings, to be continued through the winter months, in the National School. There was a large assemblage of the people of this and adjoining villages, and the pleasure experienced by the audience was enhanced by the performance of some of the Woodditton and Kirtling Church choirs.

Some fine pieces were also admirably rendered by Miss Walker and friends.

EXMOUTH WORKING MAN'S INSTITUTE.—The Penny Readings Rooms at Manchester House, Exmouth, were opened last week. Two large rooms in the front of the house have been repaired and decorated for the purpose—one for a reading-room, the other for lectures and readings.

LODDON.—The first of the Penny Readings for this season was held in the public School-room on Tuesday last. The Rev. J. J. Smith presided, and the readers were the Rev. Jonathan Bates, the chairman, and Mr. G. Rodwell.

COGGESHALL.—The first of a series of Fortnightly Readings in connexion with the Literary and Mechanics' Institution was held in the large room of the Institute on Wednesday evening, F. U. Pattisson, Esq., in the chair. Miss Emily Beard presided at the pianoforte. The proceedings were commenced with a solo on the pianoforte by Mrs. Simpson. Miss Maud Kirkham sang with good effect the song, "Over the Mountain, over the Sea," while Mr. Geo. Beard's bass solo in the glee, "The Shepherd's Cot," called forth a determined encore. The other glee singers were Messrs. Coventry and S. H. Prior. The readers were Messrs. Kettle, Simpson, Coventry, and M. A. Gardner. Mr. S. H. Prior has the management of the musical department.

WOODBRIDGE.—The announcement that these popular evening amusements—the Penny Readings—will be recommenced for the season has just appeared.

LINTON.—We notice that the inhabitants are to be favoured with a course of Penny Readings of an entertaining and instructive nature, accompanied with vocal and instrumental music, during the winter months, which will commence on Tuesday evening next at the British School-room.

CHELMSFORD.—Penny Readings are held at the Working Men's Club fortnightly, interspersed with songs and glees. Unfortunately our room is rather small, so that we have it crowded, and are obliged to turn persons away. We have found it necessary to keep out small boys, unless they can find a person to be responsible for their conduct. We generally have one reading, or song given in character, placing it last on the programme. The dress-up generally causes much amusement, and gives grave faces a gay appearance once a fortnight.

[We do not approve of the "dress-up" plan, as it gives the readings a music-hall character, and unfits the audience for listening to pieces of a more intellectual character.—ED. P. R.]

ABERAVON (Glamorgan).—The fourth of the series of Penny Readings was inaugurated on November 23rd, at the National School-room, in the presence of a most respectable and enthusiastic audience, under the presidency of Mr. Richard James. The programme comprised:—Solo, pianoforte, "Fra Diavolo," (Auber,) Mrs. Arnold; reading, "Eyes and no Eyes," Rev. A. T. Hughes;

song, "Let me Kiss Him for his Mother," Mr. T. Singleton; reading, "The Shakers," Mr. Thos. Welch; song, "Simon, the Cellarer," Mr. W. Richards; reading, "Emmett, the Irish Patriot's reply to Lord Norbury," Mr. M. Hesson; song, "The Fisherman's Daughter," Miss C. Davis; reading, "The Smuggler's Leap," Mr. C. M. Roffe; song, "It very much Depends upon the Style in which it is Done," Mr. W. Evans; reading (Welsh), "Alun Mabon," Mr. W. Richards; song, "Winning the Gloves," (Carpenter,) Master H. S. Arnold; reading, "Mrs. Councillor Moynihan's Power of Talk," Mr. Samuel David Rees (of Cwmavon); song, "Gentle Alice," Mr. T. Singleton; reading, "An Odd Shaver," Mr. C. J. Pett; song, "Bold Marco," Mr. W. Richards. The programme was gone through with great taste and ability to the satisfaction of all present.

LEOMINSTER.—"Penny Readings" were commenced here towards the close of the winter of '64 and '65. The so-called popular lectures had long ceased to be at all attractive to those for whom they were nominally intended, and it was therefore resolved that an attempt should be made to introduce those entertainments which had become so popular elsewhere. At first, many difficulties and discouragements had to be dealt with. There were but few who felt disposed to assist, and until the Readings had proved to be a success, but little help was received from the upper portion of the inhabitants. Now, however, all classes of the community join in promoting the usefulness of the movement. On two occasions it has been found necessary to remove to more commodious rooms, and the Town Hall, which has been placed at the disposal of the Committee, is at the present time crowded to as great an extent as was the room in which the entertainments began. No separate performance is allowed to extend over more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; a serious piece is followed by one of a lighter character, and, when possible, a piece of music (vocal or instrumental) precedes each Reading. Short biographical sketches have been introduced with considerable success; and will be continued at intervals throughout the season.

PIMLICO.—The initiation of a series of these popular entertainments occurred at the St. Michael's Schools, Elizabeth-street, South Pimlico, on Monday evening, Nov. 7, before a very numerous and respectable audience, the Rev. D. Robertson presiding. After some brief preparatory remarks from the Chairman, the business of the evening was proceeded with. The programme included the name of C. J. Plumptre, Esq., Lecturer on Elocution, Oxford and London, a fact that created great interest, from the wide-spread and deserved popularity of that gentleman.

WIVENHOE.—"Penny Readings" were introduced here on Friday evening by Mr. Goldsack, at Mr. Husk's lecture-room, Alma-street. The attendance was good.

COGGESHALL.—The second "Penny Reading" of the season was given at the Mechanics' Institution. Miss Pridgeon gave a piano-

forte solo between the readings; several glees and songs were sung by Messrs. Coventry, G. Beard, jun., and Horatio and David Prior. The readers were the Rev. A. A. Philps, Messrs. Simpson, Belk, and Judges.

HALESWORTH.—A series of Readings in connexion with the Halesworth Institute was given in the Rifle Hall. The musical portion of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr. Parslee. Mrs. Young presided at the pianoforte. The programme was as follows:—Glee, by the choir, "Canadian Boat Song;" Reading, Mr. Harrison, "Selections from Pickwick Papers;" Song, Mr. Read, "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed;" Reading, Mr. Harvey, "Dorcas and Peter Piper;" "The Song of Songs," Mr. Harrison; Part song by the choir, "March of the Men of Harlech;" Reading, Rev. R. S. Beloe, "Brothers and a Sermon;" Finale, "God save the Queen."

SWANSEA.—The Readings are held in the Music Hall, the prices of admission being 6*d.* and 3*d.* The Rev. E. Higginson, Mr. Burnhill, and Mr. Wybert Reeve, were the principal readers. The latter introduced an original poem, "The Miser's Death," with great effect.

NOTTING HILL.—"Penny Readings" are held every Friday evening in the hall of the Working Men's Club, and are well attended. They are interspersed with music under the able direction of Mr. Lewis, a local professor; but we take objection to such songs as "Lord Lovel," in *character*, as a step in the backward direction. The principal readers are Mr. L. Cooks, Mr. Matthew Henry Feilde, Mr. H. Morgan, Mr. Barber, the Rev. E. K. Kendall, and we observe that, on the third evening, Mr. C. J. Plumptre and Mr. W. Kidd rendered professional assistance.

CHELTENHAM.—Notwithstanding the opposition of the "Evangelical" party, the "Penny Readings" continue to be a glorious success. At the most recent one, Mr. H. C. T. Roberts read Falkner's "Shipwreck." This was followed by an amusing piece entitled "The Young Lady's Lament," and in the hands of Mr. H. G. Davies it proved decidedly amusing. "Artemus Ward's Visit to Albert Edward" was read with such humour by the Rev. H. Hayman as to cause general surprise, and at its close the audience, who had been roaring throughout, cheered till the reverend gentleman rose to bow his acknowledgment. "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," by Longfellow, was another hit, though the story of the good rabbi was very different from the previous piece, but the great improvement in Mr. G. Packwood's style of reading was so marked as to call forth general admiration. In the unavoidable absence of one of the readers, a number of short pieces were substituted, Mr. Minett reading "Trouble your Heads with your Own Affairs" (E. Cook); Mr. E. Alder, "I s'pose it be All Right" (James Bruton), and with it bringing down the house. Mr. Newton caused much amusement in "Love Lane" (T. Hood); Mr. G. Packwood giving with humour "£100 Damages;" Mr. R. J. Dixon, with

feeling, "They're Dear Fish to Me;" and Mr. Tovey, with taste, "Never Speak Ill." Monsieur Van Laun, who was down for "The Chronicle of the Drum," by Thackeray, surprised all by his animation of manner and improved pronunciation since his last reading, and loud applause followed the close. Mr. Urch read "The Showman's Courtship," from "Artemus Ward, his book," and convulsed the audience, many of whom noticed his decided improvement likewise. A fitting close to this lengthy programme was "The New Tale of a Tub," the puns and hits in which lost nothing from being in the hands, or rather mouth, of Mr. Edwin Lawrence, whose clever rendering of this piece was appreciated by the audience.

Liverpool.—The Readings given in Scotland-road on Wednesday evenings continue to be very attractive. The last programme forwarded to us contains "The Veteran Tar" (Moir), read by Mr. J. Lloyd; "The Slaves" (J. E. Carpenter), Mr. J. P. Williams; "Othello's Apology," Mr. R.Pritchard; "The Common Path" (J. E. Carpenter), Mr. Adamson; "The Confession," Mr. Jones; "Rory O'More's Present to the Priest" (Lover), Mr. W. Adamson; "The Kettle on the Hob" (Carpenter), Mr. J. H. Jones; and Mr. Shirley Brooks' admirable lines from "Punch," on the Death of Lord Palmerston, by Mr. John Hancock. During the evening an Address was delivered by the Rev. T. Robinson, B.A.

Eccles Literary Institute.—Last Saturday evening the Temperance Hall was filled by an audience who had paid one penny each for admission, and by the members of the Institution, who are admitted free. The sum of twenty-eight shillings was received at the door. It would be a great advantage to the managers if the local choirs of the churches and chapels would hold themselves in readiness to fill up vacant evenings; they would always be sure of an indulgent and appreciative reception from their neighbours and the audience generally. There would be nothing *infra dig.* in this, it is what the various readers do—read if wanted; if not, not; and it is what the Eccles Glee and Choral Society did last Saturday evening, and did it in a very superior style, to the great gratification of all present. Miss Withington, vocalist, and Miss Stokes, pianist, gave "Good News from Home," very sweetly. There were three encores—Messrs. Stamper, Allen, and Bently, in "Dame Durden;" Mr. Wooller, in "Many Changes have I Seen;" and Mr. Stumper and Miss Farn, in "Huntingtower." Mr. Ridgway was the pianist, and did much to make the music of the evening harmoniously complete. Mr. Stamper is a zealous conductor, and succeeds in imparting a degree of enthusiasm to the choir generally. The readers were Messrs. Farn, Harrison, Levitt, and Cook. The penny system answers well. It brings the right sort of people, and keeps away those who come for a "spree," or from curiosity.

Woodford.—The second season of the "Penny Readings" has

commenced here; the meetings being held in the Wesleyan Chapel. They are supported by the residents generally, and largely attended by the working classes, for whose benefit they have been chiefly projected.

ABERGAVENNY (Mon.)—For the last five years Penny Readings have been established in this town, and from the commencement have progressed with remarkable success. The first "Readings" for the present season were given on the 1st December, upwards of 400 persons being present. Music is introduced as a relief, but does not form the leading feature of the programmes. Mr. George Peake acts as hon. sec.

NEWHAVEN.—The Readings here continue to prosper; the admission being one penny, with reserved seats sixpence; and a good rule has been established of not admitting juveniles unless accompanied by their adult friends. The programme for December 5th included "Bernard del Caarpio" (Mrs. Hemans), Mr. Bellatti; "Belshazzar's Feast" (Byron), Mr. Goodchild; "The One-legged Goose," Mr. Bellatti; "The Town Pump" (Hawthorn), Mr. Goodchild; "The Deeds of Wellington" (W. C. Bennett), Mr. I. J. Reeve; and Barham's "Misadventure at Margate." The whole were alternated by glees by Messrs. Wood, Hills, Noakes, and Stone, and general satisfaction was the result.

DISS.—The first of these now popular entertainments took place at the Old School-room, on Tuesday, December 5th, and was well attended. The following gentlemen read:—Rev. T. Wheeler, and Messrs. J. Reeve, Thrower, T. E. Amyot, and Pennington.

HARLESTON.—Penny Readings have been resumed at the Corn Hall (kindly lent by Mr. C K. Buck). The entertainment was varied and select, combining readings, recitals, songs, &c., the Rifle Band performing selections during the evening, under the able leadership of Mr. Calver. The chair was taken by the Venerable Archdeacon Ormerod, who opened the proceedings with a telling and interesting address.

BECCLES.—Penny Readings took place on December 4th, in the Assembly Rooms. The room was completely crowded. The story of "Little Dombey" was read by the Rev. D. H. Leighton, Mr. T. A. Laws, and Mr. A. Kent. The duet, "What are the Wild Waves saying?" (J. E. Carpenter), was sung at the close of the reading with great success, and the Rifle corps (under the superintendence of M. Pringée) took a leading part in the evening's programme.

BUNGAY.—The Penny Readings' season was re-opened at the Corn Hall, on Monday, December 3rd, when there was a good attendance. Mr. Childs occupied the chair. Mr. H. Smith, of Ellingham Hall, Mr. Childs, the Rev. R. Cartwright, and Mr. J. Owles were the readers; Mr. Sharp sang, and the band played at intervals.

WICKHAM MARKET.—On Tuesday evening, December 4th, a most interesting series of Readings was given at the New Hall,

which was well attended. The Rev. S. M. Jackson opened the entertainment with "The Slave," by Cowper; followed by "A False Alarm," read by Cornelius Welton, Esq.; "Nothing to Wear" was read by Mr. Julius Harvey, with which all hearers were highly pleased. Other readings, and the music of the local Volunteer corps, made up an agreeable evening. These entertainments are to be continued through the winter months.

NEEDHAM MARKET.—Public Readings and recitations were given on the 7th of December, in the British School-room in this town. In consequence of a little party feeling, these Readings have been (to the regret of many) withheld from the public, although on every occasion very popular, and well attended by the masses. The Rev. Jas. Jenkins was in the chair. The readers were Messrs. J. T. Bagley, T. S. Cooper, W. Roberts, T. Steggalls, Wm. Bloomfield, W. Wilson, and E. Croxon. The evening was wet, notwithstanding which the large room filled with an auditory desirous of having these Readings continued.

ST. GEORGE'S (HANOVER SQUARE).—"The St. George's Athenæum Club," which has been established nearly ten years, and holds its meetings in Maddox-street, now numbers nearly one hundred members, among whom it can boast of several literary and musical celebrities, and many highly talented amateurs. Lectures are given every Thursday, and Readings every Monday evening throughout the year, to which visitors are admissible on the introduction of members. Among the successful doings of the current month may be mentioned a very interesting Lecture, entitled "The Chaldeans—the founders of Astronomy," by Mr. Chesshire, B.A., M.C.P. (the "Father" of the Club). A Musical Entertainment, "English Minstrelsy," by Mr. Charles Braid, assisted by Messrs. Hernery, Bishop, Williams, and Dansiger in the vocal illustrations. Among the Readings one of Mr. Brooks', from Shakspeare, and Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Not so Bad as we seem," by Mr. Louis Guisler, were among the most noteworthy; the latter brought the various characters vividly before his audience by his excellent powers of imitation. An original Christmas Reading by Mr. W. K. Sawyer, assisted by several literary friends, and "Bardell *versus* Pickwick," dramatised, are announced for the end of the month.

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All communications respecting the publishing department must be addressed to Messrs. F. Warne and Co., Bedford-street, W.C. Those intended for the Editor may be forwarded to No. 9, St. Ann's-road, Notting-hill, W.

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PENNY READINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE FOURTH VOLUME

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