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THE POPULAR
ELOCUTIONIST
AND RECITER
THE POPULAR ELOCUTIONIST
AND RECITER

COMPRISING
PRACTICAL HINTS ON PUBLIC READING
AND RECITING

AND
AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF SPEECHES, DRAMATIC SCENES,
DIALOGUES, SOLILOQUIES, READINGS AND RECITATIONS
SELECTED FROM
THE BEST AUTHORS, PAST AND PRESENT

WITH
ORIGINAL HINTS ON ELOCUTION

BY J. E. CARPENTER, M.A., PH.D.

NEW AND EXTENDED EDITION

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PREFACE.

The Popular Elocutionist and Reciter has been so long and so favourably known to the public, that anything in the nature of an introduction to, or justification of, its latest edition may well be deemed superfluous. Nevertheless, it may be briefly stated that the aim of the editor in Part I. was to provide a few brief, clear, and practical hints on the Art of Elocution, such as might be assimilated without difficulty, and put into practice either on the public platform, in the schoolroom, or in the family circle. The importance to all of at least some degree of efficiency in this art is discussed in Chapter I., and need not be enlarged upon here; but it may be mentioned that for the rules upon which Chapters II. to VI. were based, the editor was mainly indebted to his friend, the late Henry Marston, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

In Part II., which constitutes the greater part of the work, there is provided a very large and wide selection of prose and poetical pieces suitable for reading or reciting in gatherings of diverse character, in public or in private. Here will be found representative extracts from our best writers; specimens of the oratory of our most eloquent and powerful speakers in the senate, the pulpit, and the hall of justice; scenes and dialogues from the best plays of our famous dramatists;
Preface.

recitations in great number "from grave to gay," pathetic, sentimental, and humorous.

To the present edition great additions have been made in the latter department, which includes numerous extracts from popular living authors, to whom and to their publishers we would tender our thanks for their kind permission to reprint portions of their copyright works. A few of the selections found in earlier editions have now been replaced by more suitable examples from current literature; and the brief biographical notices of authors have been brought up to date.
CONTENTS.

PART I.
ELOCUTION.

I. Introductory .............................................. 1
II. Elocution considered as an Art ....................... 4
III. On Pause .................................................. 8
IV. On Inflection ............................................. 11
V. On Pitch ................................................... 14
VI. On Gesture ............................................... 18
VII. On reading Verse ...................................... 24
VIII. Useful Hints ........................................... 30

PART II.
SELECTIONS.

I. Miscellaneous Readings in Prose ...................... 38
II. Readings in Poetry ...................................... 122
III. Oratory—Forensic and Senatorial .................... 247
IV. Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues ....................... 312
V. Dramatic Speeches and Soliloquies .................... 394
VI. Recitations .............................................. 415
VII. Wit and Humour ....................................... 498
VIII. Additional Readings and Recitations ............. 505
THE POPULAR ELOCUTIONIST
AND RECITER.

PART I.—ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY.

If English Grammar be truly defined as "the art of speaking and writing the English Language with propriety," then, assuredly, the practice of elocution should form a component part of the curriculum of every school and college.

That such has not been the case until a very recent period, and is even now only partially so, is evidenced by the fact that among all classes of society there is no complaint more general than that of the rarity of good readers.

"And how," asks a writer in a recent number of the English Churchman, "can it be otherwise? The laity complain, and most justly, of the bad reading inflicted on them Sunday after Sunday. Candidates for the ministry have no proper instruction, either in public schools or universities. They enter on their professional duties with provincialisms and cockneyisms uncorrected, and positively read worse than many members of their congregation. These evils are the necessary consequence of the inadequate estimate of the coid in view, and the means to be employed for its attainment."

"Some take half a dozen lessons, perhaps, from a strolling player, or trust to one lecture on church reading, given by the examining chaplain at the close of the examination for holy orders! The only true mode is a regular course of instruction." As far as regards the requirements of the clergy, the evil may be cured in after life, but
Elocution.

It is to be feared that in many cases it is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. The fault lies in the general neglect in childhood or early manhood of the habit of reading aloud, and the almost total absence of any attention to teaching it in a scientific yet natural manner.

Professor Charles John Plumptre, in "A Plea for the Art of Reading Aloud," thus grapples with the subject:—

"What is the cause of this admitted neglect of the art of reading in so many schools and families? Why is it that elocution has been of late years so much disregarded as a part of education, and yet music, singing, drawing, and other accomplishments, have all received their due share of attention? One reason is, I believe, to be found in the fact that this very word, elocution, has been made a byword of, and has frightened away many from its study, through a completely erroneous interpretation of its meaning and character. Do not many persons imagine that the study of elocution must lead to a pompous, bombastic, stilted, or pedantic style—a style in which the artificial reigns predominant over everything that is simple and natural? I can only say, if elocution meant anything of the kind I should be the last man to advocate its adoption in schools or anywhere else. If I am asked to define what I then mean by elocution, I think I should answer—"That which is the most effective pronunciation that can be given to words when they are arranged into sentences and form discourse." In this of course I include the appropriate inflections and modulations of the voice, the purity of its intonation, the clearness of articulation, and, when suitable to the occasion, the accompaniments of expression of countenance and action. This art of elocution, then, I may further define as that system of instruction which enables us to pronounce written or extemporaneous composition with proper energy, correctness, variety, and personal ease; or, in other words, it is that style of delivery which not only expresses fully the sense and the words so as to be thoroughly understood by the hearer, but at the same time gives the sentence all the power, grace, melody, and beauty of which it is susceptible.

"Is it not strange, let me ask, when we reflect on the marvellous power which spoken language has to excite the deepest feelings of
our common nature, that the cultivation of the art of speaking
which once received so much attention, should afterwards and for so
long a time have been almost completely neglected? We know
what importance the ancient orators of Greece and Rome attached
to the study of rhetoric. The prince of them all, Demosthenes,
asserted that ‘Delivery’ (under which term is included everything
that relates to the effective management of voice, look, and gesture)
is the first, the second, and the last element of success in a
speaker. And surely this is as true in our own day as it was
in his. For even assuming that a youth has no apparent
prospect of debating in Parliament, of addressing judges or juries
at the Bar, or appealing on the most solemn and important
topics of all from the pulpit, does it therefore follow that he need
bestow no trouble in learning to speak his native language elegantly
and effectively? Will he never have occasion to read aloud in his
family circle, or to a company of friends, some leader from the
Tines or other newspaper, some chapter from a book, or some
verse from a poem? And what a difference will there be in the
effect produced upon the reader and upon his audience accordingly
as this is done well or ill! We are most of us in the present day
accustomed to have our sons and daughters taught dancing, drilling,
or calisthenic exercises, that give strength, flexibility, and elegance
to the limbs—and very excellent are all such accomplishments in
their way. But after all, the limbs are portions of our frames far
less noble than the tongue; and yet, while no gentleman who can
afford it hesitates about expending time and money in sending his
son to the fencing, drilling, or dancing master, how few, compara-
tively, send as systematically their children to the elocution master,
to be taught the full development of that which is the crowning
glory of man—the divine gift of speech.”

That during recent years the custom of reading before a
public audience has become very general, the platform of the so-
called “Penny Readings” bears ample testimony, and many and
deep must have been the lamentations of a majority of the readers
that they had not in their youth been taught this essential branch
of a thorough English education. It is to be feared that this slip-
shod reading to audiences for the most part incapable of appreciat-
Elocution.

ing the style, however much they may have relished the matter, has done but little as yet towards the cultivation of a correct taste. At the same time it is to be hoped that some results may spring from the fashion we have indicated, and that it will not pass away as a mere whim of the moment, or be superseded by a style of entertainment more objectionable. If it has awakened in the parents and guardians of youth a sense of the importance of their being taught at school to read well, it has done something, and we must wait for the boys who are now being educated for it to bear fruit.

CHAPTER II.

ELOCUTION CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

Oratory, like poetry, is a gift, and cannot be acquired; the conception of original ideas and the ability to put them rapidly into form is common to both—but as versification is to poetry what elocution is to oratory, both may be improved by study; the versifier become in some sense a poet, and the elocutionist an orator. There must, however, always remain a wide gulf between the two, which no mere theoretical knowledge can bridge over.

To be able to speak and read well—that is, with a graceful and elegant enunciation of our native tongue—must certainly rank amongst the foremost accomplishments; and the truth of this proposition appears to be very generally admitted, and attested by the pleasure that is so universally derived from a just, appropriate, and harmonious delivery; for as language is the medium through which we communicate our thoughts, feelings, and impressions, so the force and power it exerts over us must naturally be considerably modified by the manner in which it is conveyed to us.

To the cultivation of this power the Art of Elocution addresses itself, and is defined to be, the just and graceful management of the Voice, Countenance, and Gesture.

The importance of this art has been felt and acknowledged in all countries wherein civilization and learning have attained their highest state of perfection. Even from the earliest times it has ever been esteemed an indispensable branch of education; nor can
Elocution Considered as an Art.

its too common neglect with us be justified when we reflect upon its nature, and its almost paramount necessity, not alone as regards those who aspire to distinguish themselves in Parliament, at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, but even as to its influence in the transactions of commercial life and the management of large public societies. Nor is it possible to deny the grace and charm with which it invests the conversation of the scholar and the gentleman; for, as Cicero has justly observed, "A cultivated address and a knowledge of its principles are highly ornamental and useful even in private life." And surely the truth of this observation must, at some time or other, have been apparent to most of us when we have witnessed the efforts of some unfortunate youth who has unexpectedly been called upon to entertain a family circle, by reading a selection from the works of a favourite author; or, on the contrary, have been charmed by the correct and pure enunciation—the just and natural harmony—with which, it may be, some other friend has, on a similar occasion, entranced the attention and elicited the applause and delight of all around him.

Nor are the disadvantages from the neglect of this very essential branch of a perfect and polite education in oratory—that is, the extemporaneous expression of our own thoughts and sentiments—less apparent. How many instances may be cited where awkwardness of address, and a stammering and confused style of delivery, have imperilled a good cause, whose advocate, defective only in this respect, has been compelled to succumb before mere fluency of speech and confident volubility. And yet, strange as it may appear, there are those who either deny the possibility of teaching this art or ignore the benefits derived from its cultivation, affirming it to be altogether inutile, and that nature, unassisted, is alone sufficient as a guide, whether in speaking or reading—many men, as they assert, being able to do both the one and the other, not only correctly but gracefully, who are totally unacquainted with the rules and principles of elocution. But if we accept thoroughly the deductions they would have us derive from arguments like these, we must assume that there are no bad readers or speakers.

* Cic. de Orat. lib. I.
at all, though our observation and constant experience unfortunately prove to the contrary; and does it therefore follow that because isolated instances exist, where from a happy combination of circumstances the gifts of nature may be displayed in their perfection by unassisted genius, that there is no utility in art or culture as regards those who are less fortunate?

In fact, it is from such native powers and instinctive efforts that the whole principles of elocution are deduced.

As an art, it is, like others, entirely imitative: Nature in her most graceful and harmonious expressions of the intentions, sentiments, and emotions of the mind, being the model; and the rules of that art teach us to reproduce in our utterance of the thoughts of others, the same tones, inflections, and pauses with which Nature has invested our own.

It is not indeed pretended that by the study and application of those rules excellence can be ensured, or an equal proficiency attained by all; that of course must depend on natural powers and capacity; but few who have deeply considered the subject will be disposed to deny the great advantages that might accrue from a systematic instruction in this art in early life, when the vocal organs are pliable and ductile, the observation keen, and the ear quick and sensible of modulation; for it is precisely at this period much of the evil from its neglect arises. It is by the neglect of all study that either a drawling kind of monotony, a uniform rehearsing tone, by which a dull, unvarying sound, unbroken by inflection or pause, is acquired, producing a wearying effect on the ear, or that a no less disagreeable sensation is inflicted from a diametrically opposite cause, viz., a constant rising and falling of the voice totally regardless of the nature or feeling of the subject delivered, and this careless unanimated whining manner, uncorrected, becomes a habit not easily eradicated.

Now, we have to consider what are the principles and rules for a just and appropriate delivery in reading as laid down by the art of elocution as opposed to this, and they consist, first, in a distinct articulation modified by tone to the emotions of the mind, next in the judicious observance of pause, inflection, and emphasis, as governed by the sense, and lastly, the key or pitch.
Elocution Considered as an Art.

being the proper management of the voice; and to these are added gesture or action when referring to oratory or recitation.

Of the material consequence that attaches to the first of these, viz., articulation, there can hardly be any dispute. The most essential quality in a speaker being distinctness, not only as regards the pleasure with which he is heard, but also the comfort and convenience of himself, a moderate power of voice being audible at a much greater distance, provided the articulation is pure and correct, than would be the case with a much stronger organ if confused or indistinct in its utterance. Defects in this particular are chiefly attributable to a too great precipitancy of speech, and are not unfrequently the result of school repetitions, in which readiness and quickness of utterance are considered, often, rather a clever achievement on the part of the pupil, and a satisfactory evidence of being perfect by the master. Be this as it may, the result is a bad habit, and the most effectual method of counteracting and removing it that perhaps can be suggested, is the daily practice of reading aloud either a vocabulary of words or some literary composition, neglecting altogether its constriction or sense, and paying attention only to the pronunciation of every syllable, particularly regarding the vowel sounds in all their tonic variety, and in this manner going through the entire task slowly and distinctly, much slower indeed than would be necessary if read in the proper manner. The indistinctness acquired by sacrificing sense to rapidity may, by the opposite process, be removed.

This will be found also a very efficient way of strengthening the voice in all its pitches: of which hereafter.

For a correct accentuation, which should be invariably associated with articulation, that is easily attainable by reference to the pronouncing dictionary, and for that purpose the most modern will always be the best, as fashion in many instances is the authority.

Above all things, mind your aiōses—an aitch dropped or wrongly aspirated, is to an educated ear what a note played out of tune is to a musician's. Remember, too, that we have many words spelt alike and pronounced differently, accordingly as they are used as nouns or verbs—look these out in the piece you are about to read, if you have any doubt, and consult your dictionary.
CHAPTER III.

ON PAUSE.

Though it would be wrong to affirm, of any particular branch of the "art of elocution," that it is the first in importance, since they all act, as it were, in combination, and each contributes its share essentially in imparting force, elegance, feeling, or harmony to the delivery of the perfect reader or speaker, according to the variety of character with which Infinite Goodness has endowed that supreme and distinctive gift, the articulate voice of man; yet, as the ease and propriety with which we are enabled to pronounce written language, or our own extemporaneous effusions, is mainly dependent on the theory of pausing, its skilful adaptation may at least be considered the foundation on which the art of reading and speaking is in some measure based. To appreciate it properly, it is necessary we should understand the difference that exists between language as it addresses itself to us through two different mediums—those of the eye and the ear—to the first by written characters, and to the latter by oral expression.

Now, the system of punctuation or stops, by which the former of these is distinguished, can only be considered serviceable as it instructs the silent reader in the grammatical construction of the subject before him, and he is thus guided in the sense of his author; that is, if they are correctly placed, which, however, may not always be the case.

These, then, for distinction sake, we will call "Grammatical Pauses." But these are by no means sufficient for the purpose of reading aloud, and it is the ignorance, or disregard of this fact, that is the foundation of many false rules of instruction in this particular branch of education. Hence the common direction, "wind your stops," by which is meant, those alone that appear on the printed page, with no reference at all to any others that may be deemed necessary, and indeed are absolutely essential to correct oral delivery.

Hence, too, the second injunction, which is "that the breath is never to be drawn but at a full stop." Now, concerning these stops,
we are told, that a "comma" is a rest while you can count one, a "semicolon" two, a "colon" three, and a "period" four, and by this precise division of time, it is evident that they are generally accepted as sufficient for all the purposes, not only of sense, but expression also. But herein lies the error; for, as Mr. Walker truly observes, "Not half the pauses are found in printing which are heard in the pronunciation of a good reader or speaker," and these, which we distinguish as "Rhetorical Pauses," are necessary to him, to enable him to take breath, relieve the organs of speech, and to enable the attention of his auditors, unwearied by the continuity of sound, to follow with a perfect appreciation of the meaning of that which he utters.

The difficulty of laying down absolute rules for the exact application of these pauses, is manifest in the many elocutionary works extant in which it has been essayed; and however excellent in themselves and useful to the teacher those works may have been, it is to be feared that much confusion and perplexity must have been occasioned to the uninitiated, from their very extent and technicality; and this, perhaps, has caused one writer on the subject to say that no such rules can be laid down; but the fact appears to be, that when the Rhetorical Pauses are added to the "grammatical," assisting them by divisions of thought and feeling, they are dependent to a certain degree on the judgment of the speaker, and thus, perhaps, appear to be arbitrary; yet it is possible to give something like a general direction, which may serve, by the observation of the student, as a partial guide at all events.

The Rhetorical Pauses, then, consist of three rests of different durations of time— viz., the smaller, or short pause, answering in this respect to the comma; the greater, or middle pause, to the semicolon; and the greatest, or rest, to the period, or full stop. To the first of these, on account of the frequency of its recurrence, and consequent assistance rendered to the speaker, the most importance is attached.

This pause is generally used after several words occurring in one phrase, serving as the nominative to some verb:

The objective phrase in an inverted sentence—that is, sentences the number of which, when inverted as to order, preserve the same sense:
The emphatic word of force, and the subject of a sentence: Each number of a "series," whether single; that is, composed of single words, or compound, being composed of sentences.

It should be used also before the infinitive mood:

Prepositions (except when part of one phrase), relative pronouns, and conjunctions, adverbs of time, similitude, and some others:

In some cases, for the sake of emphasis, it is used after disjunctions.

Whatever number intervenes between the nominative case and the verb, must be considered to be of the nature of a parenthesis, and is therefore separated from both of them by the short pause.

The greater, or middle pause, is properly to be used when a sentence is composed of two principal parts, in the first of which, the sense being incomplete or suspended, is perfected by the latter; the pause taking place at that point where the sense begins to be complete, thus dividing it into distinctive portions, each of which, it is to be observed, has also a distinctive tone, or inflection.

The "great rest," or "full pause," completes the entire sense, and being identical with the "period," can therefore be well understood.

To these various rests a fourth is sometimes added by writers on this subject, which they term the "long pause." It is mentioned here as being chiefly of use to the orator, as, by marking certain divisions in his subject—a change of ideas, or a return from a digression—it affords him, in the heat of argument, or the effects of exhaustion, time to collect himself, and it may be, an opportunity for correcting the tone or pitch of voice, which from excitement may have become raised too high to be sustained with comfort or effect.

"To return, however, to the erroneous direction noticed, viz., "That the breath is never to be drawn but at a full stop or period." It has been before observed that the use of these pauses is for the greater ease and facility of the speaker. The absurdity of this injunction must be therefore most apparent, since the fact is really that at every one of these rhetorical pauses or rests, the breath receives, or should receive, a gentle, insensible, but at the same time inaudible, inspiration; and thus the lungs, like the bellows of an organ, being constantly supplied and inflated with fresh breath, the power of the speaker is considerably increased by the very control he is enabled
On Infection.

to exercise in the increase or diminishment of its power at will, after the manner of the "crescendo" and "diminuendo" in music.

If the student would practically test this, let him take up the Exordium to Milton's First Book of "Paradise Lost." Now there are four periods in that fine opening; the first consisting of nine and a half lines, the next six and a half, the third five and a half, and the last four and a half. Let him try to accomplish the delivery of the first period without taking breath. If he succeeds he may rest satisfied that he possesses lungs of the consistency of leather with the capacity of the cave of Æolus; but as this experiment will infallibly prove the contrary, let him again essay, using not only the punctuated or grammatical, but the rhetorical pauses in aid, according to the general rules already recited, and he will find himself able to master not the first period alone, but also to reach the end of the subject through the three succeeding ones with the greatest ease and facility, and in addition he will learn also this, that in attempting to pronounce more in a breath than he could conveniently effect, and neglecting those pauses where the breath ought to be taken, he has been obliged to pause where the sense, not being separable, forbade it, and thus has rendered the whole of his subject an unintelligible jumble.

CHAPTER IV.

ON INFECTION.

Let us now proceed to consider that portion of the art on which the form, variety, and harmony of speaking mainly depends, and that will be found to consist in the proper use of the two inflections of the voice.

Most if not all the defects which are discernible in the generality of readers, with regard to "inflection," arise from an artificial habit acquired in early youth of reading with different tones and cadences from those which they are accustomed to use in speaking. Now, whatever may be the cause from whence it originates, a more fatal error, one more subversive of propriety of delivery, does not exist; for in reading, the utterance should be so regulated as to fall on the ears of the auditors as though we were conveying to them
Elocution.

the sentiments of the author—as if they were the emanations of our own mind.

Mr. Sheridan, in his "Lectures," observes, "There are few persons who in private company do not deliver their sentiments with propriety and force in their manner whenever they speak in earnest; consequently, here is a sure standard for propriety and force in public speaking." And this observation must apply therefore equally to reading; but to reduce this to practice it is essentially necessary that we should first be perfect masters of the nature and subject-matter to be delivered, and the intention of the author; and to this end, therefore, it is always advisable that the student should accustom himself in his private practice, first, to peruse carefully the composition he intends to read aloud, so as entirely to comprehend the full meaning and import of the words, and the general construction of the language, the character of which sometimes bears the distinctive impress of its particular writer, and then let him endeavour to deliver it as if the ideas and sentiments were his own, and in that natural and forcible manner as in that case he would; and this can only be effected by observing those various inflections of voice which Nature herself has prescribed, and adapting them according to the form and sense of the various sentences.

These consist of the "Rising," the "Falling," and the "Circumflex," or "Compound Inflections." The first of these is so called from the voice rising or ascending upwards, the second when it falls or slides downwards, and the last when both the rising and falling inflection is combined in the same word, or even in more than one, as is sometimes the case; but when the voice continues on the same note, it is then said to be "monotone."

The "Circumflex Inflection" is capable of being again subdivided for distinction's sake into the rising and falling circumflex, according as it commences with either the rising or falling slide of the voice.

Now, in speaking, the voice is regulated either by the implied or expressed sense or feeling of the subject, or nature of the sentence; that is, it indicates either that the sense is complete or suspended— is "Affirmative," "Negative," "Interrogative," or "Imperative." Thus, suspended sense is accompanied and marked by the "rising
On Inflection.

inflection,” coupled with the “middle pause” we have before spoken of in a previous part of our subject. “Complete or finished sense” is distinguished by the falling, and to it also belongs the “full pause,” answering to the period or full stop, as before mentioned. But here it is necessary to notice a very common error—one calculated to generate a bad habit, and one therefore that ought to be exploded for ever; it is the very common direction to drop the voice at the end of a sentence. Now, the last part of a sentence—and more especially the last word, as it completes the sense—must of necessity be the most essential to the perfect understanding of that sentence. To let it, therefore, fall listlessly or feebly on the ear, so as to strain the attention of the auditor, or reduce him to the bewilderment of guessing at its import, is a manifest absurdity. The fact is, it should ever be considered of equal importance to the first; and, though receiving the downward inflection of the voice, as such maintain its full tone, pitch, and enunciation.

To proceed, however. The Affirmative sense is indicated by the falling, and the Negative, as a general rule, receives the rising inflection. The same applies to the Interrogative sentences, while the Imperative is distinguished by the falling: of course, it must be understood that all these are subject to certain exceptions, which exceptions are caused by the influence of what is termed the emphasis of force or feeling, and depend, therefore, on the judgment and intelligence of the speaker.

The compound or circumflex inflection, as we have before stated, both descends and ascends in what may be described as a curve of the voice, and is generally used in strong or vehement interrogation, its extent being determined by the force or extent of the passion by which it is governed; it is expressive of “Wonder,” “Contempt,” “Scorn,” “Ridicule,” “Irron,” &c., &c.

The speech of “Brutus,” in the quarrel scene between himself and “Cassius,” will afford an apt illustration of the nature of this particular inflection of the voice, beginning “All this, and more,” &c., &c.

* This emphasis being distinguished from the emphasis of sense in its inflection by the domination of the feeling with which it is used.
Elocution.

The same inflection must be given to all words or phrases whose meaning and construction are in opposition, but when antithetical or opposed to each other, they demand opposite inflections, and by this agreement of tone in the first and opposition in the latter case, the sound, as it were, is to the ear in accordance with the sense. When many antithetical members, however, follow in succession, for the sake of variety and harmony, the inflections should be alternated. Let the student refer for an example of this to 1 Cor. xv. 39, 40:

39. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

40. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

We have instanced these two verses only; but the whole chapter, indeed, from the 20th verse, not only in respect to this, but every other rule, is an admirable exercise in "inflection;" and its perfect delivery must at all times declare the accomplished elocutionist.

CHAPTER V.

ON PITCH.

The management and modulation of the voice is another branch of the art of elocution to which the student who is ambitious of becoming a good and effective reader or speaker should devote the most sedulous attention, and for this purpose it is necessary for him to be thoroughly acquainted with the theory and nature of the various pitches of that organ, for by them not only does he derive the variety that is so pleasing to the ear, and secure for himself relief from that inconvenience which his ignorance or neglect in this respect must inevitably entail on him, but he is enabled to exhibit by their just and appropriate use the various emotions and sentiments of his subject, whether they belong to himself or others, with the greater force and power of expression.
On Pitch.

The human voice has been observed to possess three distinct tones, and these are distinguished as "high, low, and middle pitch." Of these, the one most used is the middle, for the reason that it is the tone which we naturally are accustomed to in common discourse, and is therefore, from its frequent exercise, generally stronger. It must also be apparent that being easier to rise or fall from it to a higher or lower key, it ought, with few exceptions, to be the one we should adopt when not excited by any particular passion—as, for instance, in calm narration, descriptive statement, or moral reflection.

Now, it cannot have escaped the notice of even the most casual observer that the instant the mind, even in ordinary conversation, receives the impression of any particular emotion, the voice becomes inflected, either upward or downward, to the higher or lower portion of its register, its range being determined by the force or intensity of that emotion. There is a higher, sharper, and shriller tone attained by rage, and a deeper one by sorrow. It is therefore expedient that a just appreciation and a skilful adaptation of these tones should be attended to.

Having already noticed the first of these, its quality and character, on proceeding to the high pitch, we shall find that it is the proper key of all the more impulsive passions or elevated feelings. To it belong rage, threatening, denunciation, invective, joy, and exultation, and, indeed, all eager and animated speech in general; while, on the contrary, grief, melancholy, veneration, deep thought, serious reflection, hate, and suppressed passion, belong to the low pitch.

It is necessary, however, to observe, that there is a great distinction between the terms high and low, and loud and soft, for these are often confounded. This latter, it should be clearly understood, merely signifies the degree of force or volume of sound it may be deemed necessary to use in the same key, and answers precisely to the forte and piano in music, whilst the former intimates a change of key altogether. Pitch, therefore, is independent of force, though force may add frequently to the effect of pitch.

From the want of a proper knowledge of this it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for both orators and readers to commence
at once on the highest key of their voice, under the mistaken idea that they will be heard with greater ease; but this, indeed, is a fatal mistake. In the first place the voice loses its natural power and pliability, producing a monotony of tone that rapidly wearies the auditory, and, in the next, from the unnatural strain to which it is subjected, the organ becomes distressed and weakened, and languor and hoarseness are the inevitable results. Besides, it must be self-evident that if a speaker begins in the middle pitch—that is, as a general rule—that being, as we have before observed, most probably the strongest, he is also able to rise or fall from it according to the range of his voice, and must therefore with greater facility produce those effects which belong to the varying expression of the different emotions his subject may afford him.

With regard to the proper rule for proportioning the quantity or loudness of the voice to the size of the arena in which the speaker may be called upon to exercise his powers, two very great authorities appear to differ. Mr. Sheridan, for instance, says—

"Let the speaker, after having looked around the assembly, fix his eyes on that part of the auditory which is farthest from him, and he will mechanically endeavour to pitch his voice so as that it may reach them; for his business is to consider himself as addressing his discourse to some one amongst them, in such a manner as that he may be heard by him, and if the person be not beyond the reach of his voice he will not fail to effect it. But," he observes—and this is the point most carefully to be preserved in the student's memory—"still he is to take care not to change his usual pitch in order to do this, but only to add force or degree of loudness in proportion to the distance."

Now, Mr. Walker on this point recommends the reader or speaker to pursue a diametrically opposite plan. Commenting on the passage here quoted from Mr. Sheridan, he goes on to say—

"This, I fear, would be attended by very ill consequences if the assembly were very large; as a speaker would be strongly tempted to raise his voice, as well as to increase its force; and by this means begin in a key much too high for the generality of his audience, or for his own power to continue it. The safest rule, therefore, is certainly to begin as it were with those of the assembly that are
On Pitch.

nearest to us." The reason assigned for this by Mr. Walker is, that it is so much easier to raise the pitch than to bring it down, that the speaker will insensibly do this as he proceeds, and that however low the key may be in which he begins, he will be audible, provided he is articulate.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" But as we see here that Mr. Sheridan expressly states that the key is not to be changed, and only increased in force or loudness, according to the theory at first laid down, it is to be feared that if the assembly be large, as Mr. Walker premises, that gentleman's speaker would not be heard by the remote part of the audience at all; while it must follow as a matter of course, that if the extreme portion of it be reached by the force, not pitch of the speaker, all within that range, as a natural consequence, must participate in the delivery of his discourse.

Few voices, however, are so perfect as not to require some sort of education in order to enable them to compass with facility an extensive range into either the higher or lower keys, and on extraordinary occasions it may even be necessary to touch on the extremes of either. This can only be effected by practice. Therefore, as in the directions concerning articulation we stated that by reading slowly and pronouncing every syllable clearly and distinctly in the middle tone, that particular pitch would be greatly strengthened, we venture to recommend that the self-same process be diligently and perseveringly applied in the same manner to the other two—viz., without reference to the sense of the passages to be read, but to the sound, and the compass and power of the voice in the higher and lower portions of its register will be much extended. The student should, in addition to this exercise, carefully select and read aloud such scenes or passages as require these particular pitches, and adapt them accordingly; and more especially those in which the particular passion they indicate appears to intensify or culminate, so as to go through all the gradations of either, without abruptly jumping, as it were, from one pitch to another.
CHAPTER VI
ON GESTURE.

Under this head is included the whole deportment of the body, in order that it may be justly adapted to the nature and emotions of the subject pronounced. The disposition of the limbs, the movements of the hands, the carriage of the head, and even the movements of the eyes and direction and expression of the countenances altogether. For every passion, emotion, or sentiment, has some attitude, look, or movement peculiar to itself; any incongruity, therefore, either by vague, awkward, or unsuitable and inconsistent gesture, not only frustrates the intention of the speaker, but in many instances becomes ridiculous and absurd; for the object of public speaking is either to instruct, to please, or to persuade: and how can either of these objects be attained if the orator be devoid of propriety, force, or grace?

Cicero calls action “the language of the body,” and further observes, “It is action alone that governs in speaking, without which the best orator is of no value, and is often defected by one in other respects much his inferior.” And, indeed, the orators of Greece and Rome appear to have attached the utmost importance to this particular department of elocution; for not only were they accustomed to employ persons whom they called “phonasci,” whose office was to teach the modulations of the voice, but also others for special instruction as to voice and gesture combined; the latter being generally eminent and experienced actors selected from their theatres; and in fact, by this practical method it was that they attained that high degree of excellence of which we have so many records. Nor indeed can the higher graces of ornamental delivery be communicated by the unassisted medium of written precept and mere theoretic rules.

This has been the attempt of many works on this subject, but it is to be feared with little or no success, amongst the best of which, perhaps, may be reckoned Austin’s “Chironomia,” the author in that work, endeavouring, by means of plates and diagrams of various kinds, to illustrate the theory of action; but undoubtedly clever
On Gesture.

and ingenious as the idea is of establishing a certain fixed system of gesticulation, it can hardly do more than impart to the practically un instructed a mechanical stiffness and a studied, constrained, and artificial manner, instead of an easy, graceful, yet powerful action and expression. Mr. Sheridan, no mean authority, appears to be of this opinion also, for he says, regarding those who advocate instruction of this nature, "They who judge in this manner have not sufficiently considered the nature of the subject, and therefore attribute more power to precept alone than it is possessed of."

The fact is, that practical rules differ much from those that are merely speculative; nor will informing the understanding in some cases produce by any means a perfect execution, without other assistance. Can any one be taught to sing or to dance without the aid of masters, and patterns for imitation?

The most, therefore, that can be done without this aid is to afford such plain directions, and general information with regard to the art, as, being easily comprehended, may be useful to the student, and come within the range of his own application to private practice.

The first thing to be considered, and one of infinite importance, both to the orator or reciter, since much value must ever be attached to first impressions, is the manner in which he presents himself before the assembly it is his purpose to address. This, of course, depends in some manner on the nature of his subject, and in this the aspect or countenance of the speaker bears no inconsiderable part. Thus, for instance, a sedate expression at once implies a mature consideration of the argument about to be advanced, and communicates insensibly an idea of its importance. And on the contrary, a cheerful air raises the expectation of being entertained with a pleasant and agreeable discourse. But above all, a wandering look, an air of levity, or a haughty, supercilious manner, which either fails to excite respect or else begets distaste, must be carefully avoided. Nor at the same time is a dejected appearance pleasing, unless the subject to be delivered is of a melancholy nature.

In the case of addressing a large assembly, if the speaker desires to be heard perfectly from the opening of his oration, he should by
Elocution.

no means begin at once, but having settled himself quietly and composedly in his position, with a steady and respectful look, suffer himself to take a survey of his auditory. This begets silence, and prepares them to become attentive. With regard to the extemporaneous speaker, it has the advantage of allowing him to collect his thoughts, to frame his first sentence, and sometimes to subdue that flurry of spirits which few who speak in public are entirely free from in the opening of an address. It should not be preserved too long, nor, on the contrary, be continually shifting, so as to beget a feeling of uneasiness, such as often arises from the fidgety shifting from one foot to the other (a fault very common with some speakers). But, fronting the audience, avoiding altogether a sidelong attitude, let the feet be firmly planted, yet not close together, but with one advanced, the body resting on the other, erect, not too stiff, but easily and flexibly adapting itself to the motion of the head and hands; avoiding, however, anything approaching to a wavering motion, such as we are told by Cicero a Roman orator called Curio was addicted to, and for which he became the subject of a friend's joke, who once asked, "Who is that talking out of a boat?"

A judicious management of the eyes, in awakening and insuring a continued attention, also deserves notice. They should be neither wandering nor altogether fixed or staring, but generally gentle and moderate in their motions, and directed in turn to different portions of the audience, as if engaging each in common discourse.

In considering the movements of the arms and hands it should be well understood that, to insure a graceful action, all singularity must be strictly avoided; and, therefore, this rule cannot be too carefully impressed upon the mind, viz.: That all motion must proceed from the shoulder, and not from the extremity of the fingers, and that the elbow should never be suffered to incline to the body; nor should the hands assume a rigid and constrained appearance in the disposition of the fingers, by being held open and flat, as if about to administer a sound "bass on the ear," or spread abroad like a bunch of radishes, or crookedly contracted like the claws of a crab; but moderately opened, let the index, or first
finger, lightly press the middle one, the other two inclining gently inward towards the palm. This must, of course, be understood as referring to the hands in a state of repose; and when used in a temperate and unemotional address they contribute to that simplicity and grace—and, at the same time, dignity—that should at all times characterize the movements and bearing of the orator. Under the influence of the passions, indeed, they assume other forms; and most infinite is their use and variety: "Greater, indeed," as Quintilian justly observes, "than can well be expressed, for they are almost equal to our words. Do not we desire with them, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, beseech, detest, fear, inquire, deny? Do not they express joy, sorrow, doubt, confusion, penitence, measure, plenty, number, and time? Do not they excite, restrain, prove, admire, and shame? That in so great a variety of speech among all nations and countries, this seems to me the common language of mankind." The ancients, however, differed greatly from us with respect to the use of both hands, confining their action—or, at least, their principal action—to the right; and it is not difficult to understand how this might be, when we consider the peculiar nature of their dress. A glance at a Greek or Roman statue, attired in the chlamys or toga, at once illustrates this. The left arm being occupied in sustaining the folds of the drapery, could not well be used conveniently, or without derangement of its disposition, though it is certainly difficult to conceive how, thus limited to the use of one hand for their chief expression, the forcible passages and animated sentiments in those orations of theirs which have been preserved to us, could have been delivered. Be this as it may, the modern orator is under no such restriction; and it is not only proper but needful that either hand occasionally should be used indiscriminately, as the principal gesture, or the position of the person addressed, may require; and sometimes distinctively the left hand alternates its office with the right. With us the corresponding hand and foot are advanced; and here again we differ from the ancients, Quintilian affirming as a rule that it should be the reverse, while we only make such a position exceptional. As a general direction to be borne in mind—and the exceptions to it are few indeed—all straight lines in the movements
Elocution.

of both hands and arms are to be avoided. Hogarth has laid it down as an axiom that the "Line of Beauty" is a flowing curve; and though this cannot be adapted to the whole system of action, the principle may be safely made the general basis for its theory to rest upon.

Rarely—very rarely indeed—should the hands be raised above the eyes or extended beyond the range of vision, the action of the right generally commencing on the left side and terminating on the right side; and, vice versa, the same rule applies to the movement of the left hand. The stroke which marks the emphatic word must descend on that word alone at the instant of its utterance. The movement of the arm and hand also should be sustained and suspended through the duration of a passage, and terminate precisely with it: and we may very well conceive this timing of the gesture to be the probable if not the actual meaning of Shakespeare when, in his direction to the players, he says, "Suit the action to the word—the word to the action;" for it can hardly be believed that he alluded to descriptive or appropriate action simply, such as raising the hand when appealing to heaven, or sinking it when speaking of the earth. And, in mentioning Shakespeare, it will scarcely be necessary to remind the student of his remarks concerning sawing the air, which is nothing more than the incessant repetition of the obnoxious straight-lined description of action before noticed.

Having spoken of the indiscriminate use of both hands, it is proper to add that neither should be used invariably alone.

Nothing can appear more ungraceful, not to say ridiculous, than to see one hand (either the right or left) constantly in motion, while the other hangs uselessly by the side, as if it had no sympathy in the discourse, or that the one-handed orator was afflicted with a partial paralysis. The fact is, that either hand should accommodate itself to and support the action of the other. The principal, which is called the Dominant, from the position of the orator as respects the side to which he directs his attention, having the greatest extension and elevation, being always supported or seconded by the Subjective hand, which is held somewhat below it, and approximately nearer to the body. For the separate or com-
On Gesture.

bined action of the hands, thus positioned as the nature of the subject may demand, it is utterly impossible to lay down any specific rules; and here it is that plates and diagrams must fail in describing the transitions that are constantly occurring, creating to the uninitiated "confusion worse confounded,"—resulting in a pedantic, affected, and unnatural gesture, without meaning, force, or grace. In demonstrating, appealing, and on some other special occasions, the hands may be moved forward almost on a level; but when no active movement is required, they should be raised, in general as high as the breast, or sometimes a little below it, easily curved, but on no account are they to be suffered to fall down lifelessly by the side.

It should be perfectly understood, that no art depends so much on constant and almost unremitting practice as elocution, and the appropriate gesture that should attend it. Neither grace nor facility can possibly be otherwise attained; theory alone is worse than useless, and even the best instructions must, without it, entirely and invariably fail. The best mentor that a young orator or reciter can appeal to, in this indispensable private practice, is the looking-glass. Much, however, has been said in way of dissent from this opinion, but certainly without mature consideration of the subject.

It has been objected, for instance, that an earnest speaker must, from the impulse of nature, use appropriate action; but if we grant this, it by no means follows that it will be graceful, and it is the combination of the natural with the graceful that alone makes the perfect orator.

Besides, are there no Bad Habits to be corrected? We daily see that such have been contracted by men who enjoy a reputation as speakers, yet doubtless they are influenced by the impulses of nature; among which habits we may mention a few, and then judge whether they are appropriate: such, for instance, as nodding with the head, pocketing the hands, tripling with the dress, placing the arms a-bow, tucking them behind, ducking the body or jerking it, leaning on table, crossing the legs, standing sideways or with the feet together, fixing the eyes on the ceiling or opposite wall, exaggeration of action or constant repetition of it. Many more might be instanced, but these will serve for the present purpose, as they cannot have escaped the
notice of any acute observer interested in the subject of public oratory.

Now as good habits are full as easy to be acquired as those of an opposite description, though the latter, in the process of being got rid of, present a somewhat greater difficulty, yet the means of their acquisition is very similar, viz., constant repetition. If, therefore, the rules laid down for appropriate and graceful action are studied methodically and frequently in the faithful reflections of the mirror, those principles will become so impressed on the mind of the student, as ever after to influence his bearing and general style of gesture, and that too without stiffness or artificiality; for it is not for a moment pretended that the action which he may then consider appropriate must of necessity be precisely the same he is called upon to use when speaking or reciting in public. This exercise aims alone at the acquisition of grace and ease by the appeal to his own judgment, which this practice will habitually confirm, and ever after influence the involuntary gestures that arise from the emotions of his mind. It is probable that the action may differ—may take a wider sweep, a more extended character—may be more elevated or depressed, slower or more abrupt: it matters not; it will bear the impress of his general study, and manifest itself in force, expression, and grace.

CHAPTER VII.
ON READING VERSE.

Although the rules laid down in the preceding chapters apply alike to poetry and prose, a few observations on the reading of rhymed verse may not be out of place.

There are many excellent readers of prose who entirely fail to distinguish the equable and harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes poetry from ordinary unmeasured composition. These are devoid of what a musician would call "ear," and hence their delivery of rhymed couplets becomes tame and insipid, familiar and commonplace, and too frequently degenerates into mere "sing-song," utterly beneath the dignity of inspired verse. To such persons Mr. Walker recommends (and other writers on elocution have repeated his
On Reading Verse.

advise—some having gone so far as to run on the examples they have given in the prose form) that they should "read verse exactly as if it were prose." Surely this would be an injustice to any living poet and a desecration of the writings of the dead, who if they had intended to convey their thoughts in plain prose, to ignore the measure and the flow, the music and the metaphor, and all the elegances and fancies which distinguish one from the other, would have adopted that form. Many of the transpositions of words or phrases allowable in poetry for the sake of the rhythm (sometimes for the sake of a rhyme) would not be admissible in prose composition; it is obvious, therefore, that to read poetry as prose is to read it as the authors would not have written had they been unfettered by the exigencies of verse.

If, as Walker admits, "poetry without song (i.e., musical flow) is a body without soul," it would be far better that those who are devoid of the power of appreciating should abstain altogether from reading it, rather than they should deliver it in a style that must always be obnoxious to correct taste and sound judgment.

Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties felt by every professor of elocution in teaching youth to recite poetry, is the almost universal inability of the pupil to understand and grasp the meaning of the poem. Unless the author be thoroughly appreciated and his intention, not only expressed but implied, mastered, the natural emotions (and consequently the proper inflexions and varieties of voice) cannot possibly arise, and, if not, how can they be expressed save by a studied, stilted, and artificial style? It is, perhaps, not saying too much to aver that only a poet can read poetry properly; at any rate only those who are perfectly imbued with the poetic feeling can do so. Given all these qualifications, and action, voice, and gesture will follow naturally and spontaneously; the electric fire will flash from the speaker to his audience, enthusiasm will be kindled, and a result that only true genius can achieve will be accomplished.

The great secret in reading poetry is to exercise the art that conceals art, or rather the art that seems to heighten and improve nature and to subdue it, so that it is never apparent that the speaker is delivering the words of others. To the hearers it should
Elocution.

be as though the speaker were giving the utterances of his own heart, and his own brain, an impulsive and involuntary outpouring excited by existing and surrounding circumstances. It was thus Shakespeare wrote, assisted by no rule, his guiding power being only his exquisite sense of the fitness of all things. It was thus that Edmund Kean produced his finest effects,—not from calculation, but from knowledge, impulse, and appreciation, lit by the light that was within him.

But in our schools and colleges teaching must begin before experience has ripened. All that can be done is to apply certain rules, and these, if diligently attended to, will have so far forwarded the work of perfection at which all may arrive when the mind comes to maturity. We would premise that it is essential in all cases that the master should fully explain to the pupil the subject, the meaning, and all the surroundings of the poem or extract he is about to teach.

The rules for the delivery of poetry may be thus briefly stated.

1. In all cases it is better to commence a poem in a simple, natural, and easy style, warming with the subject as the poet becomes passionate or emotional.

2. If the poetry be written correctly, every word should have the same accent as in prose, but as many of our best poets have accented words that change their accent when used as verbs or nouns alike, it is better to sacrifice the sense to the sound rather than the rhythm of the poem should be destroyed.

3. The article the must never be strongly accented in reading or reciting verse.

4. Elisions, so frequently found in our earlier poets, must seldom or never be attended to in reading verse—thus in "generous" the dropped "e" must be sounded as in "generous."

5. The end of every line in poetry must be delicately marked, care being taken not to interfere with the intimate or remote connexion subsisting between the subsequent lines.

6. The rhetorical pauses should be taken at the commencement, and never in the middle of a poetic foot, or the power of what Sheridan calls "making the ear sensible of the versification" will be lost.
7. A simile ought to be read in a lower tone of voice than the portion of the poem which precedes it.

Thus far the rules we have laid down apply to poetry generally, but as the simulations of the passions enter largely into the recital of heroic verse, it will be necessary to enter briefly into this branch of the subject.

Mr. Walker, in his elaborate work "The Elements of Eloquence," asks, "How are we to acquire that peculiar quality of sound that indicates the passion we wish to express?" and he proceeds, "The answer is easy: by feeling the passion which expresses itself by that peculiar quality of sound. But then the question will return, how are we to acquire a feeling of that passion?" Without following this author through an essay which extends over many pages, it will be sufficient to observe, that he contends that the simulation of the passions may be obtained by imitation—that is, by observing and noting in the memory the various tones and gestures which accompany them when they arise or are indulged in by others, so that we may dispose ourselves to feel them mechanically, and improve our expression of them when we are called on to read or recite the particular pieces in which they occur; for by the imitation of the passions, we meet them, as it were, halfway.

A condensed résumé of Walker's classification of the passions and his rules (re-modelled) for simulating them, will indicate generally the method that may be employed.

1. Tranquility.—This may be expressed by the composure of the countenance and a general repose of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth nearly closed, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling too long on one. Care must be taken to distinguish it from insensibility.

2. Cheerfulness adds a smile to tranquility, and opens the mouth a little more.

3. Mirth requires a laughing, joyous style of delivery; but buffoonery and grimace must be avoided, or the audience will laugh at and not with the speaker, who should let his subject-matter set his audience laughing before copying their example.
4. **Rajillery** puts on the aspect of cheerfulness; the tone of voice should be sprightly.

5. **Irony** is expressed by the sneer, which is ironical approbation. A satirical tone of voice, look, and gesture, should accompany it.

6. Joy radiates the countenance with smiles, and lights up, as it were, the whole frame. Walker recommends "clapping the hands," "raising the eyes to heaven," and "giving such a spring to the body as to make it attempt to mount up as if it could fly"—but all such extravagances must be avoided.

7. **Delight**.—The tones, gestures, and looks are the same as joy, but less forcible and more permanent.

8. **Love** must be approached with the utmost delicacy; it is best expressed by a deep, impassioned, fervent tone; the right hand may be pressed over the heart, but the "linguishing eyes" recommended by some authors borders too closely on burlesque. A steady, respectful gaze on the assumed object of affection may be permitted.

9. **Pity** may be denoted by an expression of pain on the countenance, and a compassionate tenderness of voice. The mouth open, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes, as if mourning over the unhappy object.

10. **Horn** erects and brightens the countenance, spreads the arms with the hands open, as to receive the object of its wishes. The voice is plaintive and inclining to eagerness.

11. **Hatred** draws back the body as to avoid the hated object; the hands at the same time spread out, as if to keep it off. The pitch of the voice is low, but harsh, chiding, and vehement.

12. **Anger** expresses itself with rapidity and harshness—and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter with sufficient force. **Rage** and **Fury** are exaggerations of this passion.

13. **Reproach** requires the contracted brow and the curled lip; the voice is low and the whole body expressive of aversion.

14. **Fear** is one of the most difficult and elaborate passions to simulate. The breath must appear quick and short; the voice trembling and weak; the body as if shrinking from danger. When attended with terror and consternation, one foot is drawn back as if putting itself into a posture for flight.
On Reading Verse.

15. SORROW.—Countenance dejected, eyes cast down, arms hanging loose, the voice plaintive and interrupted by sighs.

16. REMORSE.—Head hangs down, the voice low and harsh.

17. DESPAIR can only be touched by an accomplished actor. The amateur should attempt nothing beyond reading or reciting the passage, depicting it in a deep and solemn tone.

18. SURPRISE may be expressed by the mouth and eyes being wide open; the voice in the upper pitch. WONDER, AMAZEMENT, and ADMIRATION, come under this head.

19. PRIDE assumes a lofty look; the eyes well open, the words uttered in slow, stiff, affected style.

20. CONFIDENCE—COURAGE.—In both the head is erect, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the voice loud, round, and not too rapid. BOASTING exaggerates these by noise and blustering.

21. PERPLEXITY, with which may be classed IRRESOLUTION and ANXIETY, requires an expression of thoughtful consideration; the motions of the body are restless, the pauses long, the tone of the voice uneven.

22. VEXATION expresses itself with looks of perplexity; the tones are sharp and broken; the hands restless.

23. ENVY.—Envy arises from a mixture of joy, sorrow, and hatred; it sometimes assumes a mocking tone.

24. MALICE sends flashes from the eyes and closes the teeth. The voice is expressed as in anger.

25. JEALOUSY displays itself in such a variety of forms that it may embrace any of the foregoing; the text of the author will discover which.

26. MODesty bends the body forward, and has a placid, downcast countenance; the tone of voice is low.

27. SHAME turns away the face from the beholders, casts down the eyes; the voice is confused and faltering.

28. GRAVITY.—The posture of the body and limbs is composed and without much motion; the speech slow and solemn, the tone without much variety.

29. ADMONITION assumes a grave air, bordering on severity; the voice assumes the low tone, bordering on the monotone.
Elocution.

30. 

Rage puts on a stern aspect and roughens the voice; it is sometimes accompanied by threatening gestures.

A number of other examples might be given, but the pupil who has mastered the above will scarcely need further instruction.

CHAPTER VIII.

USEFUL HINTS.

1. When the opportunity is afforded you, try the acoustic properties of the room in which you are to recite beforehand. You will thus ascertain the proper pitch on which to commence.

2. If the room be large and resonant, be careful to speak slowly, allowing time for the voice to travel; otherwise the words will become jumbled, run one within another, and indistinctness will result. The attention with which you are listened to will soon convince you if you are heard or not.

3. Never read in public a piece with which you are previously unacquainted: you must, in order to give the proper emphasis to the lines before you, be acquainted with what is to follow. At least one perusal of the piece you may be called on to read should be insisted on.

4. To preserve the voice, bathe and gargle the throat morning and evening, using cold water. As a rule, muflling up the throat is relaxing and injurious, but it is advisable to do so when going from a warm room into the cold air. Keep the mouth closed until you have walked some time or reached home, and you may then speak at pleasure.

5. If you have to read or recite for some time you may just moisten the lips with cold water, but avoid drinking it in any quantity. Good bottled stout, which has been drawn sufficiently long for the froth to subside, is the best thing to sing or speak on. Especially avoid sherry and spirits neat or diluted. A glass or two of old, dry port wine may be taken with advantage before commencing, or in the interval, where one is afforded.

6. Never speak through a confirmed hoarseness, if it can be avoided. If your voice is out of order a new-laid egg beaten up with a tea-
Useful Hints.

spoonful of the compound tincture of cinnamon may be taken with advantage, but avoid all nostrums for the voice; many of them contain opium, and will ultimately and permanently injure it. For nervousness a couple of teaspooonfuls of sal volatile in a wineglass of water will be found useful. Spirits or spirits-and-water cause a dryness of the tongue, and will only increase your misfortune.

7. It is a too common fault with many speakers and readers to imitate the voice and manner of some particular actor; your own natural and ordinary voice should alone be used, except in a reading embracing a personation, such as of an Irish, Scotch, or Yorkshireman, &c., and these should be studied from actual observation, and not from hearing others imitate them. This, however, may be styled mimicry—it cannot be called elocution.

8. The H is silent in heir, honest, honour, hospital, hour, humble, humour, and the words derived from them.

9. The careless or ignorant speaker will often trip in the following words, which are vulgarisms to be specially avoided; viz., feller for fellow—winder for window—lor for law—saw for saw—violet for violent—woi for my—as well as using an aspirate in an improper place, as hair for air—kail for oil, &c.

10. For hoarseness chew a small piece of horse-radish frequently, or take a cayenne lozenge. Braham is said to have bitten a piece out of the back of a red-herring to effect a speedy cure, but the relief could only have been temporary. For hoarseness arising from weery-excretion of the voice a small piece of gum catechu dissolved in the mouth has been recommended.

11. Loud speaking, long continued, with the lungs but partially distended, is very injurious to those organs; it is apt to occasion a spitting of blood, which is not unfrequently a precursor of pulmonary consumption. But loud speaking, with proper management of breath, is a healthful exercise; besides strengthening the muscles which it calls into action, it promotes the decarbonization of the blood, and consequently exerts a salutary influence on the system generally.—Comstock.

12. "A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he
articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

"In just articulation the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they should not be trailed, or drewled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins just issued from the Mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."—Austin's Chirononia.

13. All sound is audible in a greater or less degree, according to the density or resistance of the aerial fluid. If that fluid is rendered considerably thinner, the voice is diminished; but if it is altogether removed, as in an empty receiver, no sound can be excited. Hence the philosophical cause why the voice is more easily heard in a room when it is cold than when it is warm, when it is empty than when it is full.—Herries.

14. Writers on elocution have frequently attempted to describe the formation of the various articulate sounds, for the benefit of those whose articulation is imperfect; but it is almost impossible to clearly describe the formation by words, and engravings show but a part of the process. The best method of correcting defective speech, when not arising from organic defect, is to exercise the pupil before a mirror, that he may observe the contrast between the movements of his own mouth, and those of the master. This practice will also be found highly beneficial to persons learning to sing, or the pronunciation of foreign languages. Defective articulation frequently arises from endeavouring to speak too fast. Time is not given for the organs to form the correct sounds, and habit confirms the false. Children ought not to be allowed to repeat their lessons in a hurried manner, either while committing them to memory, or
repeating them to the teacher. Mrs. Siddons' first direction to her pupils was "Take time."

"Consonants should not be preceded by any confused sound of their own. The not attending to this in pronouncing the letter s has been the chief cause of our language being called by foreigners the hissing language, though, in reality, it does not abound so much in that letter as either the Greek or the Roman; the final s with us having, for the most part, the sound of z. But if care be not taken early in forming the pronunciation, people are apt to contract a habit of hissing before they utter the sound of s, at the beginning of syllables, as well as of continuing it at the end. Expression does not reside in the mere letters which comprise the words; it depends on the due force given to them in utterance. No letter so harsh which may not be softened; so strong, which may not be weakened; and vice-versa. The long may be shortened, and the short lengthened. And all this depends upon the management of the voice. Whenever the power of the consonants is particularly suited to the expression, their sound should be enforced; when otherwise, softened."—Sheridan's Art of Reading.

15. A proof of the importance of delivery may be drawn from the additional force which the actors give to what is written by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure than when we only read it. I think I may affirm, that a very indifferent speech, well delivered, will have a greater effect than the best, if destitute of that advantage.—Quintilian.

16. If the student has any provincialism or peculiarity, he should exercise himself upon the pure sounds of letters, but when this is necessary, it would be better to apply to a master, as his own ear will be but little guide. Every one studying elocution should desire his hearers to tell him if they observe any imperfection in his articulation or error in his pronunciation, as it should be kept in mind that purity and correctness are the basis of all excellence in the art.—Tyrrell.

17. The student would do well to wile away an hour sometimes in a sculpture gallery, and afterwards endeavour to realize the attitudes he has there observed. But all action must be suggested by
the sense of the production which he is delivering, and any movement that does not naturally arise out of it is inconsistent and erroneous. If you feel a poem and deliver it with energy, you will be sure to give action which is not very inappropriate, and redundancies and awkward peculiarities are best got rid of by practising before a judicious friend. True purity and dignity of action is a collection of

“Nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach,”

and which nothing but a long experience and correct taste can impart.—Travers.

18. Conversational dialogues are among the most effective means of breaking up monotonous and mechanical tones, and are of great service in facilitating the acquisition of an appropriate style of reading.—Russell.

19. Modulation should never be resorted to for the sake of variety; it should always be subservient to the sense; for it is the province of modulation to mark changes of sentiment, changes in the train of strength, and parenthetical clauses.—Constrock.

20. The management of passion in accordance with the character that is represented to labour under it, its natural sentiments, its fluctuations, and its combinations, must be intuitively present to the mind of the dramatic author. The person who acts a character has, in some respects, a minute and more delicate task to perform, as he must watch over every tone, look, and gesture, and keep them in consistency with the situation of the person represented. There is a smile of benignity, of love, of contempt; there is a smile of innocence and of guilt; of dignity and of silliness; there is the smile of the peasant and that of the king. To vary the expression of passion, so as to preserve it in keeping with the character, to exhibit inferior and incidental passions as modified by a dominant one, are the attainments of a great actor, who, in his delineations, is not always assisted by the composition of the dramatist. For, although in representations of passion, in agreement with the character represented, yet the actor has the difficult task of preserving the consistency of the functions of voice, look, and gesture, in those parts where there is little excitement, and where the familiar
Useful Hints.

paragraphs or the dialogue are apt to make one forget the idiosyncrasy of the character. This preservation of the consistency of character, in minute and incidental matter, is much more difficult to accomplish than a forcible representation in some highly-wrought scene. Besides, written language is frequently so inexpressive, that different meanings are often attached to the same passages; for this reason, it is highly important to know the nature of passion, its natural sentiments, its combinations and endurance, that we may be enabled to give that reading, as it is called, which a cultivated taste prefers.

—Graham.

21. There is a certain mechanical dexterity to be acquired before the beautiful conceptions we possess can be communicated to others. This mechanism is an essential part of all the fine arts. Nothing but habitual practice will give the musician his neatness of execution, the painter his force of colouring, and even the poet the happiest choice and arrangement of his words and thoughts. How, then, can we expect that a luminous and elegant expression in reading and speaking can be acquired without a similar attention to habitual practice? This is the golden key to excellence, but can be purchased only by labour, unremitting labour, and perseverance.

—Walker.

22. Memory.—As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the two first qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business
of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the
day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to
the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to
cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no
inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas
which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote
materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the
scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men
(as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or
correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own
earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to
the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing
through their minds, and the faint impression which it leaves will
soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing
tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the
associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility
and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the
basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to
be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our
intellectual frame.—DUDALD STEWART.

23. Pompous spouting, and many other descriptions of unnatural
tone and measured cadence, are frequently admired by many as
elegant reading, which admiration is itself a proof that it is not
deserved; for when the delivery is really good, the hearers (except
any one who may deliberately set himself to observe and criticise)
never think about it; but are exclusively occupied with the sense it
conveys, and the feelings it excites.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

24. Force and Expression.—Loudness, with its degrees to
softness, is signified in elocution, as in music, by the term force.
A proper adaptation of its varying degrees to corresponding shades
of expression will give that variety which is so pleasing to the ear.
These several degrees have been denoted by words borrowed from
the language of the Italians. They are generally written abbre-
viated, as in the following table.
Useful Hints.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Degrees of Force</th>
<th>Corresponding States of Mind, and other conditions which direct the application of the degrees of Force.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Piano.</td>
<td>$p$ soft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pianissimo.</td>
<td>$pp$ very soft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mezzo fort.</td>
<td>$m. f.$ rather loud, (literally, middling loud).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forte.</td>
<td>$f$ loud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortissimo.</td>
<td>$ff$ very cord.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We may add to this Table, as coming under the head of Force, a few marks of expression, also borrowed from the art of music.

A gradual increase of loudness is expressed by the word *crescendo*, or by the sign $\uparrow$

A gradual decrease of loudness is expressed by the word *diminuendo*, or by the sign $\downarrow$

An explosive or abrupt utterance is denoted by the word *staccato* when the expression is spread over a whole clause, or, when limited to a few words, by points or dots (••••••••) placed over the intended syllables.—John Millard.
PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN PROSE.

LABOUR.

THOMAS CARLYLE

[Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, in 1795. He
studied at the University of Edinburgh, of which college he was installed lor-
rector, April 2, 1866. Carlyle was intended for the church. On leaving
college he adopted, not without hesitation, the scholastic profession; but he
gradually drifted into literature, utilizing the results of his studies through
the medium of the press. He became a great admirer of the German language
and an ardent explorer of its literary treasures. One of his earliest works was
a translation of Goethe’s “Wilhelm Meister.” His works now comprise his
“History of the French Revolution,” “Past and Present,” “Sartor Resartus,”
“Lasted-day Pamphlets,” “Life of Sterling,” “Life of Frederick the Great,”
“Life and Correspondence of Cromwell,” “Miscellaneous Essays,” &c. &c.
He married about 1837, and resided in Scotland (near Dumfries) until 1830,
when he took up his residence in London. He was ever an honest worker at
his craft, and an inveterate exposé of “shams.” His style of composition has
been the subject of some difference of opinion, many accusing him of an affected
rugginsness. It is clearly not the style approved of by those who hold to the
polished diction of Addison and his contemporaries as models for the study of
elegant English prose. Still his force and power are undeniable, though his
toning satire has often caused him to be (and very undeservedly so) regarded
as a cynic. Died 1881.]

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman
that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and
makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse;
wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as
of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned,
besotted, with rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living
man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even
because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreatful
brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight
limbs and fingers so deformed; thou art our conscience on whom
the lot fell, and lighting our battles was so married. For in thee too
lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted
must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour;
and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, two
on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toil
for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly, him who is seen
toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavours are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

* * * * *

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith. Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

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THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[Mr. Ruskin, the eminent art-critic, was born in 1819, and died in 1900. He was educated at Oxford, and studied the pictorial art under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. His principal works are his "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice."]

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are
not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisites and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he cannot feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food," it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks as much more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and moulder away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the
A Practical Joke.

fire, out in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamplight and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

(From the "Scenes of Venice." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.)

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's, at Hampstead, and one day, proceeded on a shooting excursion. Soon he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited for the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the Squire, when within half carshot;
"what are you doing here, sir, eh?"
"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.
"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the Squire.
"I'm here, sir," said Tom.
"Here, sir?" said the Squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here is, sir? These, sir, are my preserves; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"
"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the Squire. "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—what are you?"
"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan?" said the Squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I——"  
"No, sir," said Tom; "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the Squire. "You don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them. It's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?"

The Squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the
Miscellaneous Readings in Prose.

newspapers say), "it is needless to add," noted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

After having regaled himself at the Squire's house, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed a green, in the centre of which was a pond, with ducks innumerable; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert palfrets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatet of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hasted to go back with an empty bag, and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond. Accordingly, he accosted the farmer very civilly.

"My good friend," said Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"A what, sir?" said the farmer.

"Why," replied Tom, "I've been out all day faggling after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded, and I should like to take home something. What shall I give you to let me have a shoot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you seven shillings, which happens to be all I have with me."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other; and such quacking and splashing and screaming and shouting had never been heard or seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head; "I think they be. But what do I care for that—they are none of them mine!"

THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Mr. Dickens was a native of Portsmouth, born in the year 1812. His father being chief of the reporting staff of the Morning Chronicle, his son obtained an engagement on that paper as reporter. His sketches of life and character published in that journal induced Messrs. Chapman and Hall to engage him to supply the interspace to a series of sketches by the late Mr. Seymour. From these sprang "The Pickwick Papers," Mr. Dickens became famous, and at once took, and still retains, the position of the foremost novelist of the age. Died 1870.]

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how
The Death of Paul Dorobey.

The time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the ruffling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the streets became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on unresisting, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaniing his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and ones came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, “I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!” By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. “Why, will it never stop, Floy?” he would sometimes ask her. “It is bearing me away, I think.”

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. “You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!” They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.
He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Pep, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blumber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Pep was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipe, dosing on an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked in the face, and thought, was this his father! But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and drew it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it was day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and more grateful every day; but whether they were many days, or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms.
The Death of Paul Dombey.

when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The
train of thoughts suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his
mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes
or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy,
did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling; why?" "Did I never
see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I
was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some
vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?"
"Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said
Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps;
but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with
her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm.
Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if
you please?" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-mor-
row."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, re-
garding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No
other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and
called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted
child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and
taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one
who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so
forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of
tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul.
"I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay
here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and
let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around
each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon
them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its
green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I
hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her
that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to
rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers grow-
ing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at
sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before
them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as
he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms
to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck. "Mamma
is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the
print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light
about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else
stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came
in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race
has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll.
The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for
MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN PROSE.

that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Born in America (U.S.), 1811. Originally a blacksmith, but having acquired the mastery of many languages, he adopted literature as a profession, and became a popular lecturer and journalist. Died 1879.]

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unshewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands: he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and
One Niche the Highest.

strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time sees a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracting his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that “freeze their young blood.” He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father’s hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—“William! William! Don’t look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don’t look down! Keep your eye towards the top!” The boy didn’t look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade? How anxiously he selects the safest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital beat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before
the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again
into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot,
from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those
who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes
more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch.
The boy's headreels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His
last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next
gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint flash he
makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless
hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.
An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the
channel below, and all is still as the grave. As a height of nearly
three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and clos-
ing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!
one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into
eternity. Hark!—a short falls on his ears from above! The man
who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a
glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the
noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes.
With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into
the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!"
and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard
in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche.
Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but
when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and
holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude—
such shouting! and such beeping and weeping for joy, never greeted
a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE ROUT OF THE WHITE HUSSARS.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Rudyard Kipling is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., and was born
at Bombay, Dec. 30, 1865. Of his school-life at the United Services College,
Westward Ho, N. Devon, it is understood that he has given us a picture in
"Sealy & Co." (1899). At the age of seventeen he became assistant editor
of the Civil and Military Gazette, and The Pioneer, and whilst only twenty-one
published "Departmental Ditties" (1889), followed rapidly by other works,
chief among which have been "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1887; from which
this example of his work is taken), "Soldiers Three" (1889), "Life's
Handicap" (1890), "The Light that Failed" (1891), "Barrack-Room Ballads"
(1892), "The Jungle Books" (1894-5), "The Seven Seas" (1896), "The
Boy's Work" (1898), etc.)

Some people hold that an English cavalry regiment cannot run.
This is a mistake. I have seen four hundred and thirty-seven
sabres flying over the face of the country in abject terror—have
seen the best regiment that ever drew bridle wiped off the Army.
List for the space of two hours. If you repeat this tale to the White Hussars they will, in all probability, treat you severely. They are not proud of the incident.

You may know the White Hussars by their "side," which is greater than that of all the cavalry regiments on the roster.

If this is not a sufficient mark, you may know them by their old brandy. It has been sixty years in the mess, and is worth going far to taste. But, when you are at mess, you must never talk to your hosts about forced marches or long-distance rides. The mess are very sensitive; and, if they think that you are laughing at them, will tell you so.

As the White Hussars say, it was all the colonel's fault. He was a new man, and he ought never to have taken the command. He said that the regiment was not smart enough. This to the White Hussars, who knew that they could walk round any Horse or through any Guns, and over any Foot on the face of the earth! That insult was the first cause of offence.

Then the colonel cast the drum-horse—the drum-horse of the White Hussars! Perhaps you do not see what an unspeakable crime he had committed. I will try to make it clear. The soul of the regiment lives in the drum-horse who carries the silver kettle-drums. He is nearly always a big pie-bald water.

That is a point of honour; and a regiment will spend anything you please on a pie-bald. He is beyond the ordinary laws of casting. His work is very light, and he only manœuvres at a footpace. Wherefore, so long as he can step out and look handsome, his well-being is assured. He knows more about the regiment than the adjutant, and could not make a mistake if he tried.

The drum-horse of the White Hussars was only eighteen years old, and perfectly equal to his duties. He had at least six years' more work in him, and carried himself with all the pomp and dignity of a drum-major of the Guards. The regiment had paid £3200 for him.

But the colonel said he must go, and he was cast in due form and replaced by a waxy, bay beast, as ugly as a mule, with a swine neck, rat-tail, and cow-hocks. The drummer detested that animal, and the rest of the band-horses put back their ears and showed the whites of their eyes at the very sight of him. They knew him for an upstart and no gentleman. I fancy that the colonel's ideas of smartness extended to the band, and that he wanted to make it take part in the regular parade movements. A cavalry band is a sacred thing. It only turns out for commanding officers' parades, and the bandmaster is one degree more important than the colonel. He is a high priest, and the "keel row" is his holy song. The "keel row" is the cavalry trot; and the man who has never heard that tune rising, high and shrill, above the rattle of the regiment going past the saluting-base, has something yet to hear and understand.

When the colonel cast the drum-horse of the White Hussars there was nearly a mutiny.
The officers were angry, the regiment were furious, and the bandmen swore—like troopers. The drum-horse was going to be put up to auction—public auction—to be bought, perhaps, by a Parsee and put into a cart! It was worse than exposing the inner life of the regiment to the whole world, or selling the mess plate to a Jew—a black Jew.

The colonel was a mean man and a bully. He knew what the regiment thought about his action; and, when the troopers offered to buy the drum-horse, he said that their offer was mutinous and forbidden by the regulations.

But one of the subalterns—Hogan-Yale, an Irishman—bought the drum-horse for Rs. 190 at the sale; and the colonel was wroth. Yale professed repentance—he was unnaturally submiss—are and said that, as he had only made the purchase to save the horse from possible ill-treatment and starvation, he would now shoot him and end the business. This appeared to soothe the colonel, for he wanted the drum-horse disposed of.

He felt that he had made a mistake, and could not, of course, acknowledge it. Meanwhile the presence of the drum-horse was an annoyance to him.

Yale took to himself a glass of the old brandy, three cheroots, and his friend, Martyr; and they all left the mess together. Yale and Martyr conferred for two hours in Yale's quarters; but only the bull-terrier who keeps watch over Yale's boot-trees knows what they said. A horse, hooded and sheeted to his ears, left Yale's stables and was taken, very unwillingly, into the civil lines. Yale's groom went with him. Two men broke into the regimental theatre and took several paint-pots and some large scenery-brushes. Then night fell over the cantonments, and there was a noise as of a horse kicking his loose box to pieces in Yale's stables. Yale had a big, old, white water trap-horse.

The next day was a Thursday, and the men, hearing that Yale was going to shoot the drum-horse in the evening, determined to give the beast a regular regimental funeral—a finer one than they would have given the colonel had he died just then. They got a bullock-cart and some sacks, and mounds and mounds of roses, and the body, under sacking, was carried out to the place where the antrup cases were cremated: two-thirds of the regiment following. There was no band, but they all sang, "The Place where the old Horse died," as something respectful and appropriate to the occasion.

When the corpse was dumped into the grave, and the men began throwing down armfuls of roses to cover it, the farrier-sergeant ripped out an oath, and said aloud, "Why, it ain't the drum-horse any more than it's me!" The troop-sergeant-majors asked him whether he had left his head in the canteen. The farrier-sergeant said that he knew the drum-horse's feet as well as he knew his own; but he was silenced when he saw the regimental number burnt in on the poor stiff, upturned near-fore.

Thus was the drum-horse of the White Hussars buried; the farrier-sergeant grumbling. The sacking that covered the corpse
was smeared in places with black paint; and the farrier-sergeant
drew attention to this fact. But the troop-sergeant-major of E
Troop kicked him severely on the shin, and told him that he was
undoubtedly drunk.

On the Monday morning following the burial, the colonel sought
revenge on the White Hussars. Unfortunately, being at that time
temporarily in command of the station, he ordered a brigade field-
day. He said that he wished to make the regiment “sweat for
their red-coats and insolence,” and he carried out his notion thorougly.

That Monday was one of the hardest days in the memory of the
White Hussars. They were thrown against a skeleton enemy, and
pushed forward, and withdrawn, and dismounted, and “scientifically
handled” in every possible fashion over dusty country till they
sweated profusely. Their only amusement came late in the day,
when they fell upon the battery of horse artillery and chased it for
two miles. This was a personal question, and most of the troopers
had money on the event; the gunners saying openly that they had
the legs of the White Hussars. They were wrong. A march-past
concluded the campaign, and when the regiment got back to their
lines the men were coated with dirt from spur to chin-strap. The
White Hussars have one great and peculiar privilege. They won
it at Fontenoy, I think.

Many regiments possess special rights, such as wearing special
collars with undress uniform, or a bow of riband between the
shoulders, or red and white roses in their helmets on certain days
of the year. Some rights are connected with regimental saints;
and some with regimental successes. All are valued highly; but
none so highly as the right of the White Hussars to have the band
playing when their horses are being watered in the lines. Only one
tune is played, and that tune never varies. I don’t know its real
name, but the White Hussars call it, “Take me to London again.”
It sounds very pretty. The regiment would sooner be struck off
the roster than forego their distinction.

After the “dimiss” was sounded, the officers rode off home to
prepare for stables; and the men filed into the lines, riding easy.

Then the orderly-officer gave the order, “Water horses!” and the
regiment leaped off to the squadron-troughs, which were in rear of
the stables and between these and the barracks. There were four
huge troughs, one for each squadron, arranged en échelon, so that
the whole regiment could water in ten minutes if it liked. But it
lingered for seventeen, as a rule, while the band played.

The band struck up as the squadrions filed off to the troughs, and
the men slipped their feet out of the stirrups and chafed each
other. The sun was just setting in a big, hot bed of red blood, and
the road to the civil lines seemed to run straight into the sun’s
eye. There was a little dot on the road. It grew and grew until
it showed as a horse, with a sort of gridiron thing on its back.
The red cloud glared through the bars of the gridiron. Some of
the troopers shaded their eyes with their hands, and said, “What
the mischief ‘as that there ’orse got on ‘im?”
In another minute they heard a neigh that every soul—horse and man—in the regiment knew, and saw, heading straight towards the band, the dead drum-horse of the White Hussars.

On his withers banged and bumped the kettle-drums draped in crape, and on his back, very stiff and soldierly, sat a bare-headed skeleton.

The band stopped playing, and, for a moment, there was a hush.

Then some one in E Troop—men said it was the troop-sergeant-major—swung his horse round and yelled. No one can account exactly for what happened afterwards; but it seems that at least one man in each troop set an example of panic, and the rest followed like sheep. The horses that had barely put their muzzles into the troughs reared and capered; but as soon as the band broke, which it did when the ghost of the drum-horse was about a furlong distant, all hooves followed suit, and the clatter of the stampede—quite different from the ordinary throb and roar of a movement on parade, or the rough horseplay of watering in camp—made them only more terrified.

They felt that the men on their backs were afraid of something. When horses once know that, all is over except the butchery.

Troop after troop turned from the troughs and ran—anywhere and everywhere—like split quicksilver. It was a most extraordinary spectacle, for men and horses were in all stages of easiness, and the carbine-buckets flapping against their sides urged the horses on. Men were shouting and cursing and trying to pull clear of the band, which was being chased by the drum-horse, whose rider had fallen forward and seemed to be spurring for a wager.

The colonel had gone over to the mess for a drink.

Most of the officers were with him, and the subaltern of the day was preparing to go down the lines, and receive the watering reports from the troop-sergeant-majors.

When "Take me to London again" stopped, after twenty bars, every one in the mess said, "What on earth has happened?"

A minute later they heard unmilitary noises, and saw, far across the plain, the White Hussars scattered and broken and flying.

The colonel was speechless with rage, for he thought that the regiment had risen against him or was unanimously drunk. The band, a disorganized mob, tore past, and at its heels laboured the drum-horse—the dead and buried drum-horse—with the jolting, clattering skeleton. Hogan-Tale whispered softly to Martyz, "No wire will stand that treatment," and the band, which had doubled like a hare, came back again. But the rest of the regiment was gone, was rioting all over the province, for the dusk had shut in, and each man was howling to his neighbour that the drum-horse was on his flank. Troop-horses are far too tenderly treated as a rule. They can, on emergencies, do a great deal, even with seventeen stones on their backs. As the troopers found out.

How long this panic lasted I cannot say. I believe that when the moon rose the men saw they had nothing to fear, and by twos and threes and half-troops, crept back into cantonments, very much
The Rout of the White Hussars.

ashamed of themselves. Meantime the drum-horse, disgusted at his treatment by old friends, pulled up, wheeled round, and trotted up to the verandah-steps for bread. No one liked to run; but no one cared to go forward till the colonel made a movement and laid hold of the skeleton's foot. The band had halted some distance away, and now came back slowly. The colonel called it, individually and collectively, every evil name that occurred to him at the time; for he had set his hand on the bosom of the drum-horse, and found flesh and blood. Then he beat the kettle-drums with his clenched fists, and discovered that they were made of silvered paper and bamboo. Next, still swearing, he tried to drag the skeleton out of the saddle, but found that it had been wired into the cantle. The sight of the colonel, with his arms round the skeleton's pelvis and his knee in the old drum-horse's stomach, was striking, not to say amusing. He worried the thing off in a minute or two, and threw it down on the ground, saying to the band, "Here, you curs, that's what you're afraid of." The skeleton did not look pretty in the twilight. The band-sergeant seemed to recognize it, for he began to chuckle and choko. "Shall I take it away, sir?" asked the band-sergeant.

"Yes," said the colonel, "take it to hell, and ride there yourselves!"

The band-sergeant saluted, hoisted the skeleton across his saddlebow, and led off to the stables. Then the colonel began to make inquiries for the rest of the regiment, and the language he used was wonderful. He would disband the regiment—he would court-martial every soul in it—he would not command such a set of rabble, and so on, and so on. As the men dropped in, his language grew wilder, until at last it exceeded the utmost limits of free speech allowed even to a colonel of Horse.

Martyn took Hogan-Yale aside and suggested compulsory retirement from the Service as a necessity, when all was discovered. Martyn was the weaker man of the two. Hogan-Yale put up his eyebrows, and remarked, firstly, that he was the son of a lord, and secondly, that he was as innocent as the babe unborn of the theatrical resurrection of the drum-horse.

"My instructions," said Yale, with a singularly sweet smile, "were that the drum-horse should be sent back as impressively as possible. I ask you, am I responsible if a mule-headed friend sends him back in such a manner as to disturb the peace of mind of a regiment of Her Majesty's cavalry?"

Providence saved Martyn and Hogan-Yale. The second-in-command led the colonel away to the little curtained alcove, wherein the subalterns of the White Hussars were accustomed to play pokers of nights; and there, after many oaths on the colonel's part, they talked together in low tones. I fancy that the second-in-command must have represented the scare as the work of some trooper whom it would be hopeless to detect; and I know that he dwelt upon the sin and the shame of making a public laughing-stock of the scare.
"They will call us," said the second-in-command, who had really a fine imagination—"they will call us the 'Fly-by-Nights'; they will call us the 'Ghost-Hunters'; they will nickname us from one end of the Army List to the other. All the explanation in the world won't make outsiders understand that the officers were away when the panic began. For the honour of the regiment, and for your own sake, keep this thing quiet."

"But the beast's alive! He's never been shot at all!" shouted the colonel. "It's flat, flagrant disobedience! I've known a man broke for less—d—d sight less. They're mocking me, I tell you, Mutman! They're mocking me!"

Once more the second-in-command set himself to soothe the colonel, and wrestled with him for half an hour. At the end of that time the regimental sergeant-major reported himself. The situation was rather novel to him; but he was not a man to be put out by circumstances. He saluted and said, "Regiment all come back, sir." Then, to propitiate the colonel, "An' none of the horses any the worse, sir."

The colonel only snorted, and answered, "You'd better tack the men into their cots, then, and see that they don't wake up and cry in the night." The sergeant withdrew.

His little stroke of humour pleased the colonel, and, further, he felt slightly ashamed of the language he had been using. The second-in-command worried him again, and the two sat talking far into the night.

Next day but one there was a commanding officer's parade, and the colonel harangued the White Hussars vigorously.

The pith of his speech was that, since the drum-horse in his old age had proved himself capable of cutting up the whole regiment, he should return to his post of pride at the head of the band, but the regiment were a set of ruffians with bad consciences.

The White Hussars shouted, and threw everything movable about them into the air, and when the parade was over they cheered the colonel till they couldn't speak. No cheers were put up for Lieutenant Hogan-Yale, who smiled very sweetly in the background.

Said the second-in-command to the colonel, unofficially—

"These little things ensure popularity, and do not the least affect discipline."

"But I went back on my word," said the colonel.

"Never mind," said the second-in-command. "The White Hussars will follow you anywhere from to-day. Regiments are just like women. They will do anything for trinketry."

A week later, Hogan-Yale received an extraordinary letter from someone who signed himself "Secretary, Charity and Zeal, 3709, E.C.," and asked for "the return of our skeleton, which we have reason to believe is in your possession."

"Who the devil is this lunatic who trades in bones?" said Hogan-Yale.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the band-sergeant, "but the
The Early Struggles of a Physician.

skeleton is with me, an' I'll return it if you'll pay the carriage into
the civil lines. There's a coffin with it, sir."

Hogan-Yale smiled, and handed two rupees to the bandmaster,
saying, "Write the date on the skull, will you?"

If you doubt this story, and know where to go, you can see the
date on the skeleton. But don't mention the matter to the White
Hussars.

I happen to know something about it, because I prepared
the drum-horse for his resurrection.

(By kind permission of the Author, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited.)

THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF A PHYSICIAN.

Samuel Warren.

[Mr. Warren was originally intended for the medical profession, and for some
years carried on a tolerable practice. Circumstances, however, caused him to
relinquish it for the Bar; and at the time of his death he was a Master in Chan-
cery and Recorder for Hull. These works by which his name will ever be asso-
ciated with the standard literature of our century would probably never have
seen the light had it not been for the encouragement afforded to him by the
late Mr. Blackwood, who discerned the intrinsic merits of his essay on the early
struggles of a physician's career, when three other editors had rejected it. Su-
sequent chapters added to this essay culminated in their collection under the title
of "The Diary of a Late Physician." His other best known works are "Ten
Thousand a Year," and "New and Old." Born 1897. Died 1877.]

From what cause, or combination of causes, I know not, but I
seemed marked out for failure in my profession. Though my
name shone on my door, and the respectable neighbourhood could
not but have noticed the regularity and decorum of my habits and
manners, yet none ever thought of calling me in! Had I been
able to exhibit a line of carriages at my door, or open my house
for the reception of company, or dash about town in an elegant
equipage, or be seen at the opera and theatres—had I been able to
do this, the case might have been different. In candour I must
acknowledge that another probable cause of my ill success was
a somewhat insignificant person and unprepossessing countenance.
I could not wear such an eternal smirk of conceited complacency,
or keep my head perpetually bowing, mandarin-like, as many of
my professional brothers. Still there were thousands to whom
these deficiencies proved no serious obstacles. The great mis-
fortune in my case was, undoubtedly, the want of introductions.
There was a man of considerable rank and great wealth, who was
a sort of fifth cousin of mine, reared in one of the fashionable
squares not far from me, and on whom I had called to claim kindness
and solicit his patronage; but after having sent up my name and
address, I was suffered to wait so long in an ante-room, that, what
with this and the noise of servants bustling past with insolent
familiarity, I quite forgot the relationship, and left the house,
wondering what had brought me there. I never felt inclined to
go near it again; so there was an end of all prospects of introduction from that quarter. I was left, therefore, to rely exclusively on my own efforts, and trust to chance for patients. It is true that, in the time I have mentioned, I was twice called in at an instant's warning; but, in both cases, the objects of my visits had expired before my arrival, probably before a messenger could be despatched for me; and the manner in which my fees were proffered convinced me that I should be cursed for a mercenary wretch if I accepted them. I was therefore induced, in each case, to decline the guineas, though it would have purchased me a week's happiness! I was also, on several occasions, called in to visit the inferior members of families in the neighbourhood—servants, housekeepers, porters, &c.; and of all the trying, the mortifying occurrences in the life of a young physician, such occasions as these are the most irritating. You go to the house—a large one probably—and are instructed not to knock at the front door, but to go down by the area to your patient!

* * *

As was generally the case, I found Emily busily engaged in painting little fire-screens, and other ornamental toys, which, when completed, I was in the habit of carrying to a kind of private bazaar in Oxford Street, where I was not known, and where, with an aching heart, I disposed of the delicate and beautiful productions of my poor wife, for a pittance hardly worth taking home. Could any man, pretending to the slightest feeling, contemplate his young wife, far advanced in a critical state, and requiring air, exercise, and cheerful company, toiling, in the manner I have related, from morning to night, and for a miserably inadequate remuneration? She submitted, however, to our misfortunes with infinitely more firmness and equanimity than I could pretend to; and her uniform cheerfulness of demeanour, together with the passionate fervour of her fondness for me, contributed to fling a few rays of trembling and evanescent lustre over the gloomy prospects of the future. Still, however, the dreadful question incessantly presented itself—What, in heaven's name, is to become of us? I cannot say that we were at this time in absolute, literal want; though our parsimonious fare hardly deserved the name of food, especially such as my wife's delicate situation required. It was the hopelessness of all prospective resources that kept us in perpetual thraldom. With infinite effort we might contrive to hold on to a given period—say, till the next half-yearly demand of old L——; and then we must sink altogether, unless a miracle intervened to save us. Had I been alone in the world I might have braved the worst, have turned my hand to a thousand things, have accommodated myself to almost any circumstances, and borne the extremest privations with fortitude. But my darling—my meek, smiling, gentle Emily!—my heart bled for her.

Not to leave any stone unturned, seeing an advertisement addressed to medical men, I applied for the situation of assistant to a general practitioner, though I had but little skill in the
practical part of compounding medicines. I applied personally to
the advertiser, a fat, red-faced, vulgar fellow, who had contrived
to gain a very large practice, by what means God only knows.
But your words—these were—and these named in the most offensive
manner—£30 a-year, board and lodge out, and give all
my time in the day to my employer! Absurd as was the idea of
accepting terms like these, I thought I might still consider them.
I pressed hard for £100 a-year, and told him I was married.
"Married!" said he, with a loud laugh. "No, no, sir, you are
not the man for my money; so I wish you good morning."

Thus was I baffled in every attempt to obtain a permanent source
of support from my profession. It brought me about £40 per
annum. I gained, by occasional contributions to magazines, an
average sum annually of about £23. My wife earned about that
sum by her pencil. And these were all the funds I had to meet
the enormous interest due half-yearly to old L——, to discharge
my rent, and the various other expenses of housekeeping, &c.
Might I not well despair? I did; and God's goodness only pre-
served me from the frightful calamity which has suddenly termi-
nated the earthly miseries of thousands in similar circumstances.

And is it possible, I often thought, with all the tormenting
credulousness of a man half stupefied with his misfortunes—is it
possible, that, in the very heart of this metropolis of splendour,
wealth, and extravagance, a gentleman and a scholar, who has
laboured long in the honourable toil of acquiring professional
knowledge, cannot contrive to scrape together even a competent
subsistence? And that, too, while ignorance and infamy are
wallowing in wealth—while charlatanry and quackery of all kinds
are bloated with success! Full of such thoughts as these, how
often have I slunk stealthily along the streets of London, on cold
and dreary winter evenings, almost fainting with long abstinence,
yet reluctant to return home and incur the expense of an ordinary
family dinner, while my wife's situation required the most rigorous
economy to enable us to meet, even in a poor and small way, the
exigencies of her approaching accouchement! How often—by
hundreds of times—have I envied the coarse and filthy fare of the
minor eating-houses, and been content to interrupt a twelve hours'
fast with a bun or biscuit and a draught of water or turbid table-
beer, under the wretched pretence of being in too great a hurry to
go home to dinner! I have often gazed with envy—once, I
recollect, in particular—on dogs eating their huge daily slice of
boiled horse's flesh, and envied their contented and sated looks!
With what anguish of heart have I seen carriages setting down
company at the door of a house, illuminated by the glare of a
hundred tapers, where were ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion,
whose cast-off clothes would have enabled me to acquire a tolerably
respectable livelihood! O, ye sons and daughters of luxury and
extravagance! How many thousands of needy and deserving families
would rejoice to eat of the crumbs which fall from your tables, and
they may not!
MODERN GALLANTRY.

CHARLES LAMB

[The "gentle Ella," as this delightful essayist has been fondly called, was born in London, 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He held for many years an appointment in the East India Company's offices in Leadenhall-street, retiring on a handsome pension in 1825. He wrote occasionally for periodicals, published a small volume of "Album Verses," a tragedy, not very successful, called "John Woodvil," and a volume of "Tracts founded on the plays of Shakespeare. It is by his "Essays by Ella," originally published in the "London Magazine," that his posthumous reputation is sustained. He died 1834, and is buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, near London.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to reverence her sex.

LESSONS OF CREATION.

John Ruskin.

[See page 50.]

It has always appeared to me that there was, even in healthy mountain districts, a certain degree of inevitable melancholy; nor could I ever escape from the feeling that here, where chiefly the beauty of God’s working was manifested to men, warning was also given, and that to the full, of the enduring of His indignation against sin.

It seems one of the most cunning and frequent of self-deceptions to turn the heart away from this warning, and refuse to acknowledge anything in the fair scenes of the natural creation but beneficence. Men in general lean towards the light, so far as they contemplate such things at all, most of them passing. “by on the other side,” either in mere plodding pursuit of their own work, irrespective of what good or evil is around them, or else in selfish gloom, or selfish delight, resulting from their own circumstances at the moment. Of those who give themselves to any true contemplation, the plurality, being humble, gentle, and kindly-hearted, look only in nature for what is lovely and kind; partly, also, God gives the disposition to every healthy human mind in some degree to pass over or even harden itself against evil things, else the suffering would be too great to be borne; and humble people, with a quiet trust that everything is for the best, do not fairly represent the facts to themselves, thinking them none of their business. So, what between hard-hearted people, thoughtless people, busy people, humble people, and cheerfully-minded people—purity of youth, and preoccupations of age—philosophies of faith, and cruelties of folly—priest and Levite, masquer and merchantman, all agreeing to keep their own side of the way—the evil that God sends to warn us gets to be forgotten, and the evil that he sends to be mended by us gets left unamended. And then, because people shut their eyes to the dark indisputableness of the facts in front of them, their faith, such as it is, is shaken or uprooted by every darkness in what is revealed to them. In the present day it is not easy to find a well-meaning man among our more earnest thinkers, who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of no sin? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying—measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got, put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven’s ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact—no dream—an revelation among the myrtle-trees by night; and the dust it dies
upon, and the dogs that eat it, are facts—and yonder happy person, who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who has also devoted the powers of his soul, and body, and wealth, and peace, to the spoiling of houses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor; and has watched this actual moment of his prosperous life, as many curses waiting round about him in calm shadow, with their death-eyes fixed upon him, biding their time, as ever the poor cab-horse had launched at him in meaningless blasphemies, when his failing feet stumbled at the stones—this happy person shall have no stripes—he shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation; or, if other things are indeed reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore.

We cannot reason of these things. But this I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in this world without its corresponding darkness; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning, or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left, and in this mountain gloom, which weighs so strongly upon the human heart that in all time hitherto, as we have seen, the hill defies have been either avoided in terror or inhabited in penance, there is but the fulfillment of the universal law, that where the beauty and wisdom of the Divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. Nor is this gloom less wonderful so far as it bears witness to the error of human choice, even when the nature of good and evil is most definitely set before it. The trees of Paradise were fair; but our first parents hid themselves from God "in medio ligni Paradisi," in the midst of the trees of the garden. The hills were ordained for the help of man; but, instead of raising his eyes to the hills, from whence cometh his help, he does his idol sacrifice "upon every high hill and under every green tree." The mountain of the Lord's house is established above the hills; but Nadab and Abihu shall see under His feet the body of heaven in His clearness, yet go down to kindle the censer against their own souls. And so to the end of time it will be; to the end, that cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds, "Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy!" Still their gulls of flawless ice, and unrestrained roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste, and unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry shall be to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them; and still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pastures-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types, and the blessings, of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness."

(From "Modern Painters." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.)
MY HOLIDAY AT WRETCHEDVILLE

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Mr. Sala was universally recognised as the King of Journalists. He was originally an engraver, but, under the encouragement of the late Charles Dickens, adopted a journalistic career. He worked in all the various departments of literature; and was connected with the Daily Telegraph from its earliest days. As a special correspondent he penetrated to nearly every quarter of the globe. He was the first editor of Temple Bar, and the author of the characteristic Hogarth Papers in the early numbers of The Cornhill Magazine. His essays have been collected under the titles of "Breakfast in Bed," "After Breakfast," and "Under the Sun." In fiction he is represented by "The Two Prime Donnas," "Captain Dangerous," and "The Seven Sons of Mammon." Two exhaustive books, "Daylight and Gaslight," and "Twice Round the Clock," reflect his observations upon London life and labour. Other important works comprise, "Rome and Venice," "America Revisited," "Paris Herself Again," "Dutch Pictures," "A Journey due North," "A Journey due South," "From Waterlow to the Peninsula," "A Trip to Barbary," and "The Land of the Golden Fleece," the result of his travels in Australia and New Zealand in 1888. He was born in 1828, and died in 1895.

How I came to be acquainted with Wretchedville was in this wise. I was in quest last autumn of a nice quiet place within a convenient distance of town where I could finish an epic poem—or stay, was it a five-act drama?—on which I had been long engaged, and where I could be secure from the annoyance of organ-grinders and of reverend gentlemen leaving little subscription-books one day and calling for them the next. I pined for a place where one could be very snug, and where one's friends didn't drop in "just to look you up, old fellow;" and where the post didn't come too often. So I picked up a bag of needlework, and availing myself of a mid-day train on the Great Domdaniel Railway, alighted haphazard at a station.

It turned out to be Sobbington. I saw at a glance that Sobbington was too fashionable, not to say stuck-up, for me. The Waits from "Faust" was pianoforte-tastically audible from at least half-a-dozen semi-detached windows; and this, combined with some painful variations on "Take, then, the Sabre," and a cursory glance into a stationer's shop and fancy warehouse where two stern mummies of low-church aspect were purchasing the back numbers of "The New Pugwell Square Pulpit," and three young ladies were telegraphically inquiring, behind their parents' backs, of the young person at the counter whether any letters had been left for them, sufficed to accelerate my departure from Sobbington. The next station on the road, I was told, was Doeful Hill, and then came Deadwood Junction. I thought I would take a little walk, and see what the open and what the covert yielded.

I left my bag with a moody porter at the Sobbington station, and trudged along the road which had been indicated to me as leading to Doeful Hill. It happened to be a very splendid afternoon. There were patches of golden and of purple gorse skirting those parts of the road in which the semi-detached villa eruption had
not yet broken out; the distant hills were delicately blue, and the mellow sun was distilling his rays into diamonds and rubies on the roof of a wondrous Palace of Glass, which does duty in these parts, as Vesuvius does duty in Naples, as a pervading presence. At Forth and at Torre del Greco, at Sobbington or at Doleful Hill, turn whithersoever you will, the mountains seem close upon you always.

It is true that I was a little dazed when I encountered an organ-grinder lugubriously winding "Slap, bang, here we are again!" off his brazen reel, and looking anything but a jolly dog. Organ-grinding was contrary to the code I had laid down to govern my retirement. But the autumnal sun shone very genially on this child of the sunny South—who had possibly come from the bleakest part of Piedmont, his smile was of the sunniest likewise, and there was a roguish twinkle in his black eyes; and though his cheeks were brown, his teeth were of the whitest. So, as I gave him pence, I determined inwardly that I would tolerate at least one organ-grinder if he came near where I lived. It is true that I had not the remotest idea of where I was going to live.

I walked onwards and onwards, admiring the pied cows in the far-off pastures—cows whose white specks on whose hides occurred so artifically that one might have thought that the scenic arrangement of the landscape had been intrusted to Mr. Birket Foster.

Anon I saw coming towards me a butcher-boy in his cart, drawn by a fast-trotting pony. It was a light high spring-cart, very natty and shiny, with the names and addresses of the proprietors, Messrs. Hock, Butchers to the Royal Family, West Deadwood—which of the princes or princesses resided at West Deadwood, I wondered—embazoned on the panels. The butcher-boy shone, too, with a suety sheen. The joints which formed his cargo were of the hue of which an English girl's cheeks should be—pure red and white. And the good sun shone upon all. The equipage came rattling along at a high trot, the butcher squaring his arms and whistling—I could see him whistle from afar off. I asked him, when he neared me, how far it might be to Doleful Hill.

"Good two miles," quoth the butcher-boy, pulling up. "Steady, you warmint!" This was to the trotting pony. "But," he continued, "you'll have to pass Wretchedville first. Lays in a 'ole a little to the left, arf a mile on."

"Wretchedville," thought I; what an odd name! "What sort of a place is it?" I inquired.

"Well," replied the butcher-boy; "it's a lively place, a warry lively place. I should say it was lively enough to make a cricket burst himself for spite: it's so uncommon lively." And with this enigmatical deliverance the butcher-boy relaxed into a whistle of the utmost shrillness, and rattled away towards Sobbington.

I wish that it had not been quite so golden an afternoon. A little dulness, a few clouds in the sky, might have acted as a caveat against Wretchedville. But I plodded on and on, finding all things looking beautiful in that autumn glow. I came positively on a
gipsy encampment; blanket tent; donkey tethered to a cart-wagon; brown man in a wide-awake hammering at a tin pot; brown woman with a yellow kerchief, sitting cross-legged, mending brown man's pantaloons; brown little brats of Egypt swarming across the road and holding out their burnt-sienna hands for largecose, and the regular gipsy's kettle swinging from the crossed sticks over a fire of stolen furze. Farmer Somebody's poultry simmering in the pot, no doubt. Family linen—somebody else's linen yesterday—drying on an adjacent bush. Who says that the picturesque is dead? The days of Sir Roger de Coverley had come again. So I went on and on admiring, and down the deceitful road into Wretchedville and to destruction.

Were there any apartments "to let"? Of course there were. The very first house I came to was as regards the parlour-window nearly blocked up by a placard treating of "Apartments Furnished." Am I right in describing it as the parlour-window? I scarcely know; for the front door, with which it was on a level, was approached by such a very steep flight of steps that when you stood on the topmost grade it seemed as though, with a very slight effort, you could have peeped in at the bedroom window, or touched one of the chimney-pots; while as concerns the basement, the front kitchen—l I beg pardon, the breakfast parlour—appeared to be a good way above the level of the street.

The space in the first-floor window not occupied by the placard was filled by a monstrous group of wax fruit, the lemons as big as pumpkins and the leaves of an unnaturally vivid green. The window below—it was a single-windowed front—served merely as a frame for the half-length portrait of a lady in a cap, ringlets, and a colossal cameo brooch. The eyes of this portrait were fixed upon me; and before almost I had lifted a very small light knocker, decorated, so far as I could make out, with the cast-iron effigy of a desponding ape, and had struck this against a door which, to judge from the amount of percussion produced, was composed of bristol-board highly varnished, the portal itself flew open and the portrait of the basement appeared in the flush. Indeed, it was the same portrait. Downstairs it had been Mrs. Primpriss looking out into the Wretchedville Road for lodgers. Upstairs it was Mrs. Primpriss letting her lodgings and glorying in the act.

She didn't ask for any references. She didn't hasten to inform me that there were no children or any other lodgers. She didn't look doubtful when I told her that the whole of my luggage consisted of a black bag which I had left at the Sobbington station. She seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of the bag, and said that her Alfred should step round for it. She didn't object to smoking; and she at once invested me with the Order of the Latch-key—a latch-key at Wretchedville, ha! ha! She further held me with her glittering eye, and I listened like a two-years child while she let me the lodgings for a fortnight certain. Perhaps it was less her eye that dazzled me than her cameo, on which there was, in high relief and on a ground the hue of a pig's
liver, the effigy of a young woman with a straight nose and a round chin and a quantity of snakes in her hair. I don't think that cameo came from Rome. I think it came from Tottenham Court Road.

She had converted me into a single gentleman lodger of quiet and retired habits—or was I a widower of independent means seeking a home in a cheerful family?—so suddenly that I beheld all things as in a dream. Thinking, perchance, that the first stone of that monumental edifice, the bill, could not be laid too quickly, she immediately provided me with tea. There was a little cottage-loaf, so hard, round, shiny, and compact, that I experienced a well-nigh uncontrollable desire to fling it up to the ceiling to ascertain whether it would chip off any portion of a preposterous rosette in stucco in the centre, representing a sunflower, surrounded by cabbage-leaves. This terrible ornament was, by the way, one of the chief sources of my misery at Wretchedville. I was continually apprehensive that it would tumble down bodily on the table. In addition to the cottage-loaf there was a pretentious teapot, which, had it been of sterling silver, would have been worth fifty guineas, but which, in its ghastly gleaming, said plainly "Sheffield" and "imposture." There was a piece of butter in a "shape" like a diminutive haystack, and with a cow sprawling on the top in unctuous plasticity. It was a pallid kind of butter, from which with difficulty you shaved off adipocereous scales, which would not be persuaded to adhere to the bread, but flew off at tangents and went rolling about an intolerably large tea-tray, on whose papier-mâché surface was depicted the death of Captain Hidley Vicars. The Crimean sky was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the gallant captain's face was highly enriched with blue-and-crimson foil-paper.

As for the tea, I don't think I ever tasted such a peculiar mixture. Did you ever sip warm cateup sweetened with borax? That might have been something like it. And what was that sediment, strongly resembling the sand at Great Yarmouth, at the bottom of the cup? I sat down to my meal, however, and made as much play with the cottage-loaf as I could. Had the loaf been varnished? It smelt and looked as though it had undergone that process. Everything in the house smelt of varnish. I was uncomfortably conscious, too, during my repast—one side of the room being all window—that I was performing the part of a "Portrait of the Gentleman in the first floor," and that as such I was "sitting" to Mrs. Lucknow at Number Twelve opposite—I know her name was Lucknow, for a brass plate on the door said so—whose own half-length effigy was visible in her breakfast-parlour window, glowing at me reproachfully because I had not taken her first floor, in the window of which was, not a group of wax fruit, but a sham alabaster vase full of artificial flowers. Every window in Wretchedville exhibited one or other of these ornaments, and it was from their contemplation that I began to understand how it was that the "fancy goods" trade in the
Minories and Houndsditch throw so well. They made things there to be purchased by the housekeepers of Wretchedville.

The shades of evening fell, and Mrs. Primpris brought me in a monstrous paraffin-lamp, the flame of which wouldn’t do anything but lick the chimney-glass till it smoked it to the hue proper to observe eclipses by, and then splutter into extinction, and chandelier-like odour. After that we tried a couple of composites (six to the pound) in green glass candlesticks. I asked Mrs. Primpris if she could send me up a book to read, and she favoured me, per Alfred and Selina, with her whole library, consisting of the Asylum Press Almanack for 1860; two odd volumes of the Calcutta Directory; the Brewer and Distiller’s Assistant; Julia de Crespigny, or a Winter in London; Dunoyer’s French Idioms; and the Reverend Mr. Huntington’s Bank of Faith.

I took out my cigar-case after this and began to smoke; and then I heard Mrs. Primpris coughing and a number of doors being thrown wide open. Upon this I concluded that I would go to bed. My sleeping apartment—the first-floor back—was a perfect cube. One side was a window overlooking a strip of clay-soil hemmed in between brickwalls. There were no tombstones yet, but if it wasn’t a cemetery, why, when I opened the window to get rid of the odour of the varnish, did it smell like one? The opposite side of the cube was composed of a chest of drawers. I am not impertinently curious by nature, but as I was the first-floor lodger, beheld myself entitled to open the top long drawer with a view to the bestowal therein of the contents of my black bag. The drawer was not empty; but that which it held made me very nervous. I suppose the weird figure I saw stretched out there with pink arms and legs sprouting from a shroud of silver paper, a quantity of gaudily auburn curls, and two blue glass eyes unnaturally gleaming in the midst of a mask of salmon-coloured wax, was Selina’s best doll; the present, perhaps, of her uncle, who was, haply, a Calcutta director, or an Asylum Press Almanac-maker, or a brewer and distiller, or a cashier in the Bank of Faith. I shut the drawer again hurriedly, and that doll in its silver paper caseloth haunted me all night.

The third side of my bedroom consisted of chimney—the coldest, hardiest, brightest-looking fireplace I ever saw out of Hampton Court Palace garderoom. The fourth side was door. I forgot into which corner was hitched a washstand. The ceiling was mainly stucco rosette, of the pattern of the one in my sitting-room. Among the crazes which came over me at this time was one to the effect that this bedroom was a cabin on board ship, and that if the ship should happen to lurch or roll in the trough of the sea, I must infallibly tumble out of the door or the window, or into the drawer where the doll was—unless the drawer and the doll came out to me—or up the chimney. I think that I murmured “Steady” as I clomb into bed.

My couch—an “Arabian” one, Mrs. Primpris said proudly—seemingly consisted of the Logan, or celebrated rocking-stone of
Cornwall, loosely covered with bleached canvas, under which was certain loose foreign matter, but whether composed of flouclull of wool or of the halves of kidney potatoes I am not in a position to state. At all events I awoke in the morning veined all over like a scagliola column. I never knew, too, before, that any blankets were ever manufactured in Yorkshire, or elsewhere, so remarkably small and thin as the two seeming flannel pocket-handkerchiefs with blue-and-crimson edging, which formed part of Mrs. Primps's Arabian bed-furniture. Nor had I hitherto been aware, as I was when I lay with that window at my feet, that the moon was so very large. The orb of night seemed to tumble on me flat, until I felt as though I were lying in a cold frying-pan. It was a 'watery moon,' I have reason to think; for when I awoke the next morning, much battered with visionary conflicts with the doll, I found that it was raining cats and dogs.

"The rain," the poet tells us, "it raineth every day." It rained most prosaically all that day at Wretchedville, and the next, and from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then until the middle of the next week. Dear me! dear me! how wretched I was! I hasten to declare that I have no kind of complaint to make against Mrs. Primps. Not a flea was felt in her house. The cleanliness of the villa was so scrupulous as to be distressing. It smelt of soap and scrubbing-brush like a Refuge. Mrs. Primps was strictly honest, even to the extent of inquiring what I would like to have done with the fat of cold mutton-chops, and sending me up antediluvian crusts, the remnants of last week's cottage-loaves, with which I would play moodily at knock-'em-downs, using the pepper-caster as a pin. I have nothing to say against Alfred's fondness for art. India-rubber, to be sure, is apt to smear than to obliterate drawings in chalk; but a three-penny piece is not much; and you cannot too early encourage the imitative faculties. And again, if Selina did require correction, I am not prepared to deny that a shoe may be the best implement and the bladeboned the most fitting portion of the human anatomy for such an excitation.

I merely say that I was wretched at Wretchedville, and that Mrs. Primps's apartments very much aggravated my misery. The usual objections taken to a lodging-house are to the effect that the furniture is dingy, the cooking execrable, the servant a slattern, and the landlady either a crocodile or a tigress. Now my indictment against my Wretchedville apartments simply amounts to this: that everything was too new. Never were there such staring paper-hangings, such gaudily printed druggets for carpets, such blazing hearthrugs—one representing the Dog of Montargis seizing the murderer of the Forest of Bondy—such gleaming fire-irons, and such remarkably shiny looking-glasses, with gilt halters for frames. The crockery was new, and the glue on the chairs and tables was scarcely dry. The new veneer peeled off the new chiffonier. The roller-blinds to the windows were so new that they wouldn't work. The new stair-carpeting used to dazzle my eyes so, that I was always tripping myself up; the new oil-cloth in the
The Death of Little Nell.

hall smelt like the Trinity House repository for new buoys; and Mrs. Primrose was always full-dressed, cameo brooch and all, by nine o’clock in the morning. She confessed once or twice during my stay that her house was not quite “seasoned.” It was not even seasoned to sound. Every time the kitchen-fire was poked you heard the sound in the sitting-room. As to perfumes, whenever the lid of the copper in the washtub was raised, the first-floor lodger was aware of the fact. I knew by the simple evidence of my olfactory organs what Mrs. Primrose had for dinner every day. Pork, accompanied by some green esculent, boiled, predominated.

When my fornight’s tenancy had expired—I never went outside the house until I left it for good—and my epic poem, or whatever it was, had more or less been completed, I returned to London, and had a rare bilious attack. The doctor said it was painter’s colic; I said at the time it was disappointed ambition, for the booksellers had looked very coldly on my poetical proposals, and the managers to a man had refused to read my play; but at this present writing I believe the sole cause of my malady to have been Wretchedsville. I hope they will pull down the villas and build the jail there soon, and that the rascal convicts will be as wretched as I was.

(From “Under the Sun,” by permission of Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.)

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See page 42.]

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeys with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said “God bless you!” with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see,
poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay on her breast. It was he who had come to the window over-night and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear of his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to this time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from her bedside. But, when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothed him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, and to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, and some uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God bless him," as he passed along.

* * * * *

And anon the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were
The Death of Little Nell.

dim and senses failing—grandmothers who might have died ten
years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the
palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing
of that early grave. What was the depth it would shut in, to that
which still could crawl and creep above it?

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly
fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleet-
ing. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy
brought her to that peaceful spot, she paused again; and the old
church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many
a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement.
The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window
where the boughs of trees were ever rushing in the summer, and
where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air
that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling,
changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand
dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some,
and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truth-
ful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers
closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should
be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on
that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was
gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had
wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how
she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had
loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower
stairs, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing
through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about
among the eldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and
when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her
early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to
the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to
others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the
church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mour-
ing friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then,
when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed
the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her
light on tomb and monument, on pillar, well, and arch, and most
of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time,
when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of
immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust
before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned
away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will
teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn,
and is a mighty, universal Truth. When death strikes down the
innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they had taken care not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps towards the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage; calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hopes of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connexion between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess, how, for days, the old man paced and moped away the time, and wandered here and there as if seeking something, and had no comfort.

At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his kenspeck on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in
The Flower of the Forest.

the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself "she will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her.

How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the flattering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped yet to be, rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and in the church where they had so often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[John Wilson was the son of a manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born, 1785. He was educated firstly at the University of Glasgow, whence he passed to Magdalen College, Oxford. On completing his studies he took up his abode on the banks of Windermere, and here wrote his first poems, the principal of which were—"The Isle of Palma," 1812, followed by "The City of the Flag."

He next essayed prose fiction, and added to our permanent literature "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay;" and "The Forrester." In 1820 he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, and thenceforth known as "Professor." This position he resigned in 1831, when the Crown settled on him a pension of 500l. a year. He died 1834, and his works, including his magazine papers and the celebrated "Notes" of "Blackwood's Magazine," have since been published by the Messrs. Blackwood in a complete form.]

The window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop was beaming far above the highest birch-wood, seeming to travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept, and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neat-
ness; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal; and in happy but pensive mood, sat there, all alone, the woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful; such an one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay-field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the Word of God, or joining with mellow voice in His praise and worship.

On this night she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage-day; and her parents, satisfied and happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbour in the glen.

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

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire, and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom in youth she had tenderly loved; although, for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend; and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion.

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

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit, but that was only a passing thought; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress, to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous na-
The Flower of the Forest.

The lady she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend.

"Oh! Mary, I must speak; yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am, I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribands—they are worn for his sake—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair; that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us that that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred between mortal creatures; and that I have here in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband? Turn me out of the but now, if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue, in the woods where we have so often walked together; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine for ever, if there be a God who heeds the oaths of the creatures he has made."

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

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed, in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disbelieving and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within herself: "If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low-spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife."

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

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

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

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

The lover said, "How is my sweet Mary?" with a beaming countenance; and, gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not, could not, wish not, at once to release herself from his unfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her
heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was; for, though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought, better than his life. Her heart could not, in one small short hour, forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed to her the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

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

"Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often told me that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach not to forget, for that may I never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which, innocently, I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband? For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs, in sorrow also—deny it will I not—for my own, to look on you from this hour as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us ever to 'be man and wife.' But you know there is one besides me, whom you loved before; you loved me, and therefore it may be, better too; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one. I say without fear,—I who have known her since she was a child, although, fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am, who now speak."

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

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the colour of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first, he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover,—for, had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was,—saying, with a voice as composed as the eyes with which she looked upon him, "I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bridesmaid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you, better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good-night, Gabriel!"

He kissed Sarah, and, giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

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

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Washington Irving is, without doubt, universally considered the most delightful and popular of American authors. Born in 1783, he made his literary debut in the columns of a New York newspaper with his "Knickersock's History of New York." In 1810 he paid a visit to England, where, as the result of his amiable in town and country, he penned those pleasant papers which, under the collected form of "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon," raised him to a prominent position amongst writers on both sides of the Atlantic. "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveller," soon followed to enhance his reputation. After these he devoted himself to more important literary efforts, chief among which were "Tales of the Alhambra," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Life of Columbus," "A Tour of the Prairies," "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey," "Mohamed and his Successors," "The Life of Washington," and most valuable of all, "The Life of Goldsmith." He died at his favorite retreat, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York, Nov. 29, 1859.]

As it was now growing late, we parted for the evening, though I felt anxious to know more of this practical philosopher. I was glad, therefore, when Buckthorne proposed to have another meeting, to talk over old school times, and inquire his schoolmate's address. The latter seemed, at first, a little shy of naming his lodgings; but suddenly, assuming an air of hardihood—"Green-arbor Court, sir," exclaimed he—"Number — in Green-arbor Court. You must know the place, classic ground, sir, classic ground! It was there Goldsmith wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield,'—I always like to live in literary haunts."

I was amused by this whimsical apology for shabby quarters. On our way homeward, Buckthorne assured me that this Dribble had been the prime wit and great wag of the school in their boisterous days, and one of those lucky or chaste denominated bright geniuses. As he perceived me, curious respecting his old schoolmate, he promised to take me with him in his proposed visit to Green-arbor Court.

A few mornings afterwards he called upon me, and we set forth on our expedition. He led me through a variety of singular alleys, and courts and blind passages; for he appeared to be perfectly versed in all the intricate geography of the metropolis. At length we came out upon Fleet Market, and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, called Brink-neck Stairs. These, he told me, led up to Green-arbor Court, and that down them poor Goldsmith might many a time have risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-way corners genius produces her bantlings. And the muses, those capricious damsels, who, forsooth, so often refuse to visit palaces, and deny a single smile to votaries in splendid studies, and gilded drawing-rooms,—what holes and burrows will they frequent to lavish their favours on some ragged disciple!
This Green-arbor Court I found to be a small square, surrounded by tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery fluttering from every window. It appeared to be a legion of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.

Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragoes about a disputed right to a wash-tub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mob-caps appeared out of every window, and such a clamour of tongues ensued, that I was fain to stop my ears. Every amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with soap-suds, and fired away from her window as from an embrasure of a fortress; while the swarms of children nestled and cradled in every prospect chamber of this hive, walking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert.

Poor Goldsmith! what a time he must have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity! How strange that, while every sight and sound was sufficient to embitter the heart, and fill it with misanthropy, his pen should be dropping the honey of Hybla! Yet it is more than probable that he drew many of his inimitable pictures of low life from the scenes which surrounded him in this abode. The circumstance of Mrs. Tibbs being obliged to wash her husband's two shirts in a neighbour's house, who refused to lend her wash-tub, may have been no sport of fancy, but a fact passing under his own eye. His landlady may have sat for the picture, and Beau Tibbs's scanty wardrobe have been a fascinile of his own.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to Dribble's lodgings. They were up two pair of stairs, in a room that looked upon the court; and when we entered, he was seated on the edge of his bed, writing at a broken table. He received us, however, with a free, open, poor-devil air that was irresistible. It is true he did at first appear slightly confused; buttoned up his waistcoat a little higher, and tucked in a stray frill of linen. But he recollected himself in an instant; gave a half swagger, half leer, as he stepped forth to receive us; drew a three-legged stool for Mr. Buckthorne; pointed me to a lumbering old damask chair that looked like a dechristened monarch in exile; and bade us welcome to his garret.

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ON THE FATE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[See page 38.]

CONTEMPLATING the sad end of Burns—how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy,—generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that
On the Fate of Robert Burns.

much might have been done for him; that, by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. But it seems dubious whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

Counsel,—which seldom profits any one,—he did not need. In his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well perhaps as any man ever did; but the persuasion which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expositions could have assisted much to implant it.

As to money, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see that any private man could have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, can hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without an injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term, no longer exists; it is in reality no longer expected, or recognised as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced “patronage”—that is, pecuniary or economic furtherance,—to be “twice cursed;” cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters, it has become the rule, as, in regard to inward, it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such is the principle of modern Honour; naturally enough growing out of the sentiment of Pride, which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality.

We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing, might have lived and died with fewer pangs. Still we do not think that the blame of Burns’s failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, peril and reviling, the prison, the poison-chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world’s martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tusso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so “persecuted they the Prophets,” not in Judea only, but in all places where men have
Miscellaneous Readings in Prose.

been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be a Prophet, and Teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, with himself: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked; but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, —some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature styles no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances, utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay—if proper wisdom be given him,—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more can can lie in the cup of human woe; yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again; nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind, of such heroism, that differs in different seasons: for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness—of self-sacrifice in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

POETRY.

Dr. Channing.

[The Rev. William Ellery Channing, D.D., was born at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S., in 1780. His grandfather was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at Harvard College and intended for the medical profession, but he abandoned the idea to prepare himself for the Unitarian ministry. His great eloquence soon rendered him one of the most conspicuous men in America; even those who were most opposed to his doctrine admitted the force of his genius and the finished elegance of his oratory. To his great honour, during a long period when to denounce slavery in America was to court unpopularity, Channing was persistent in his opposition to the pernicious system. He died Oct. 2nd, 1842.]

Poetry! we believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the panders of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to
licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of early feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; renews youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society; knits us by new ties with universal being; and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prolix, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocence and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a
Miscellaneous Readings in Prose.

happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, that make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comfort, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.

TITTLEBAT AT HOME.

SAML. WARRREN.

[See p. 54.]

Crash went all his castle building at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing, whistling, sputtering in the agonies of boiling over; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperate the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and put on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purposes of breakfast. Then he spread out a bit of crumpled whity-brown paper, in which had been folded up a couple of cigars bought overnight for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and as to which, if he supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas, I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantelpiece; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand; dipped his brush, worn within a third of an inch to the stump, into the hot water; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr. Tittlemouse was a shaved man. But mark—don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-coloured hair—
quite the contrary. Every hair of his spreading whiskers was
sacred from the touch of steel; and a bushy crop of hair stretched
underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of it, above
his stock, like little horns, or tusk. An imperial—i.e. a dirt-
coloured tuft of hair, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the
under-lip of puppies—and a pair of promising moustaches, poor
Mr. Timouse had been compelled to sacrifice some time before, to
the tyrannical whimsies of his vulgar employer, Mr. Tag-tag, who
imagined them not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-
jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this
occasion was somewhat circumscribed. This operation over, he
took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of
its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he stroked
carefully into his eyebrows; then spreading some on the palms of his
hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers
for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair
into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter
was Mr. Timouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little
water, and twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently
over his face, carefully avoiding his eyebrows, and the hair
at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped
with a dry corner of the towel; and no farther did Mr.
Tittlebat Timouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had
he been able to “see himself as others saw him,” in respect
of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and
beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought it super-
ficious to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after all,
he knew best; it might have given him cold, and besides,
his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps con-
ceal anything that was unsightly. Then Mr. Timouse drew from
underneath the bed a bottle of Warren’s “incomparable blacking,”
and a couple of brushes, with great labour and skill polishing his
boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having replaced his
blackening implements under the bed and washed his hands, he
developed a few moments to boiling about three teaspoonfuls of
coffee (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in
which he had bought it—whereas it was, in fact, chicory). Then
he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands
and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing
—i.e. on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great
care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows
of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three “struds,”
connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly
stylish—especially coupled with a span-new satin stock, which he
next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots
(without, I am sorry to say, any stockings), he carefully insinuated
his legs into a pair of white trousers, for the first time since their
last washing; and what with his short straps and high braces, they
were so tight that you would have feared their bursting if he
should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall
hardly be believed; but it is a fact that the next thing he did was
to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not
impossible that he might intend to ride during the day. Then he
put on a queer kind of under-waistcoat, which in fact was only a
roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and designed to set off a
very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he
drew a massive mosaic gold chain (to purchase which he had sold
a serviceable silver watch), which had been carefully wrapped up
in cotton-wool; from which soft repository, also, he drew his ring
(those must have been sharp eyes which could tell, at a distance
and in a hurry, that it was not a diamond), which he placed on the
stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and con-
templated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction.

Having proceeded thus far with his toilet, he sat down to his
breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to
preserve his white trousers from spot or stain—his thoughts
alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for
the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding
morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread, and very dry
and tooth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his cup.
Having swallowed two cups of his quasi-coffee (ugh! such stuff!),
he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue
surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an
outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few
creases, he put it on:—then, before the little vulgar-fraction of a
glass, he stood twitching about the collar, and sleeves, and front, so
as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of
the wrist-bands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully
beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a
sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the
red of his hand. At that useful and member he could not help looking
with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome
hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and
stumpy, with very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails
also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually
nagging them till he had succeeded in getting them down to the
quick—and they were a sight to set one's teeth on edge. Then he
extracted from the first-mentioned trunk a white pocket hand-
kerchief—an exemplary one that had gone through four Sundays'
show (not be it understood), and yet was capable of exhibition
again. A pair of sky-coloured kid gloves next made their appear-
ance; which, however, showed such bare-faced marks of former
service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with
bread-crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-
paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how
lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its
glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a
gilt head, and full brown tassel, from a peg behind the door—and
his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he
passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall
Tittlebat at Home.

nically on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-coloured hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light colour, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction: and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for there being the slightest trace of intellect in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say anything of the sort. In height, he was about five feet and a quarter of an inch in his boots, and he was rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his limbs were pliant and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind; but as he is to go through a considerable variety of situation and circumstance, I thought you would like to have him as distinctly before your mind’s eye as it was in my power to present him. —Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surcoat, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, anxiously disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last and remnant of infusion of chicory in his coffee-cup; and the sun shining in the full splendour of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth saluted this poor fellow, an Oxford Street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Petty finery without, a patched and stained stomach within: a case of Backerus Belly (as the lawyers would say), the plaintiff winning in a canter! Forth saluted, I say, Mr. Titmouse, as also saluted forth that day some five or six thousand similar personages, down the narrow, croaking close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, “My eyes, ain’t that a swell!” He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—“Oxford Street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children!” Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, our poor little dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Cabinet Court) which he had just quitted.

(From “Ten Thousand a Year.”)
SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[See p. 76.]

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring love but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctionous throb, that he should ever have warred with the handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendants—its watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!
Character of Dr. Johnson.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a frown to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given an unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkinked look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come throning back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON.

LODGE MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay was born October 24th, 1800. In 1811 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree of B.A. in 1822; became a Fellow in 1826, and M.A. 1830. Meanwhile he had become a contributor to Knight's Quarterly Magazine. In 1829 he was called to the bar, and in 1839 entered Parliament as member for Calne.

After returning from India, where he had proceeded as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta, he joined the administration of Lord Melbourne as Secretary at War, and in that of Lord John Russell was Paymaster of the Forces. He was returned to Parliament for Edinburgh in 1839; but at the election of 1847 he was unseated—only, however, to be returned without canvass or solicitation in 1852. Hard work under high pressure told on the health of the Hon. T. B. Macaulay, as it has done on many: he was compelled to withdraw from Parliament in 1856, when (1837) he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Macaulay. He died 1859.

Macaulay's fame as a poet was first established in 1842, when he published his "Lays of Ancient Rome." They are Homeric in their magnificence, while for narrative power they carry us along with them by the sheer force and rapidity of their incidents. Though homely in style, they are vigorous and full of energy, like Scott's best ballads; above all, they are highly dramatic, and among the best in the language for oral delivery. A number of brilliant Essays in the "Quarterly Review" contributed to Lord Macaulay's reputation. Of his great work his "History of England." Macaulay only lived to publish four volumes—a fragment of the fifth being published after his death.]

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unceasing industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet! That word
denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with counters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scounerel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him,—and they well might pity him; for if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club—would have sat in parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third-night or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoo Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-lined hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste. They knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their isolated freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken
Character of Dr. Johnson.

In to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintances for twopence to get a plate of thin of beef at a subterranean cookshop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the opposition—Thomson in particular, and Mallet—obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop; and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him; little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from coaklets and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all
night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the
Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William
Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill were the most distinguished, writers
of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age.
Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the
stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first
came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest,
scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had
been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal
footing. They were men of quite a different species from the de-
pendents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age—
the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last
of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose disso-
lute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical
genius of Pope. From nature he had received an unsmooth figure, a
diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in
which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given
to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiari-
ties appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of
his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness
of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long
intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally
strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the con-
stant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society,
made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the
last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he
was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full in-
formation concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should
probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for
the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to
which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been
used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was
assembled to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that
a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed
the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the after-
noon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear
privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation.
He could fast; but when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a
famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the per-
spiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine,
but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers.
These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same morbid disease
which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and
Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society
were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle,
had been long tried by the bitterness of calamities, by the want of
meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the
insolence of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food,
by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that
deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be the more austere because he had himself endured, that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their pettiness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of a wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to these vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith crying because the "Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

ON THE STUDY OF LATIN AND GREEK.
SYDNEY SMITH.

[Sydney Smith was born in 1768 at Woodford, in Essex, and educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. In conjunction with Jeffrey and Brougham he founded the "Edinburgh Review," the first number of which he edited, and to which he long remained a powerful contributor. His "Letters of Peter Plymley" effectively aided the cause of Catholic Emancipation. In 1807 he was made a Canon of Bristol Cathedral, and four years after was made a Canon residentiary of St. Paul's. He had the reputation of being the most witty writer in the language.—Died, 1845.]

Latin and Greek are useful, as they inure children to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student what it ought to be, a life of considerable labour. We do not, of course, mean to
confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek, or to suppose that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome; but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application at a period of life which materially influences all other periods. To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly is of great use for the mastery of every other grammar; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves etymologically with all the languages of Modern Europe, and with none more than our own; so that it is necessary to read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

The two ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe; their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, harmony, and majesty of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-conceived, and barbarous.

That a great part of the Scriptures have come down to us in the Greek language is of itself a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Everything which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect without attending to the first; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilization. The moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignity and perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Caesar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as
Shabby-Genteel People.

Theocratus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us, that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this and in every civilized country, that we should consider every system of education from which classical education was excluded, as radically erroneous and completely absurd.

SHABBY-GENTEEL PEOPLE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See p. 42.]

There are certain descriptions of people who, oddly enough, appear to appertain exclusively to the metropolis. You meet them every day in the streets of London, but no one ever encounters them elsewhere; they seem indigenous to the soil, and to belong as exclusively to London as its own smoke, or the dingy bricks and mortar. We could illustrate the remark by a variety of examples, but, in our present sketch, we will only advert to one class as a specimen—that class which is so aptly and expressively designated as "shabby-genteel."

We will endeavour to explain our conception of the term which forms the title of this paper. If you meet a man lounging up Drury Lane, or leaning with his back against a post in Long Acre, with his hands in the pockets of a pair of drab trousers plentifully besprinkled with grease-spots: the trousers made very full over the boots, and ornamented with two cords down the outside of each leg—wearing, also, what has been a brown coat with bright buttons, and a hat very much pinched up at the sides, cocked over his right eye—don't pity him. He is not shabby-genteel. The "harmonio-meetings" at some fourth-rate public-house, or the pulpius of a private theatre, are his chosen haunts; he entertains a rooted antipathy to any kind of work, and is on familiar terms with several pantomime men at the large houses. But, if you see hurrying along a by-street, keeping as close as he can to the area railings, a man of about forty or fifty, clad in an old rusty suit of threadbare black cloth which shines with constant wear as if it had been bees-waxed—the trousers tightly strapped down, partly for the look of the thing, and partly to keep his old shoes from slipping off at the heels,—if you observe, too, that his yellowish-white neckerchief is carefully pinned up, to conceal the tattered garment underneath, and that his hands are encased in the remains of an old pair of beaver gloves, you may set him down as a shabby-genteel man. A glance at that depressed face, and timorous air of conscious poverty, will make your heart ache—always supposing that you are neither a philosopher nor a political economist.

We were once haunted by a shabby-genteel man; he was bodily present to our senses all day, and he was in our mind's eye all
night. The man of whom Sir Walter Scott speaks in his Demon-
ology did not suffer half the persecution from his imaginary gentle-
man-usher in black velvets, that we sustained from our friend in
quadrant black cloth. He first attracted our notice by sitting
opposite to us in the reading-room at the British Museum; and
what made the man more remarkable was, that he always had be-
fore him a couple of shabby-genteel books—two old dog-eared
folios, in mouldy worm-eaten covers, which had once been smart.
He was in his chair, every morning, just as the clock struck ten;
he was always the last to leave the room in the afternoon; and,
when he did, he quitted it with the air of a man who knew not
where else to go for warmth and quiet. There he used to sit all
day, as close to the table as possible, in order to conceal the lack of
buttons on his coat; with his old hat carefully deposited at his
feet, where he evidently flattered himself it escaped observation.
About two o'clock, you would see him munching a French roll or
a penny loaf; not taking it boldly out of his pocket at once, like a
man who knew he was only making a lunch; but breaking off
little bits in his pocket, and eating them by stealth. He knew too
well it was his dinner.

When we first saw this poor object, we thought it quite impos-
sible that his attire could ever become worse. We even went so far
as to speculate on the possibility of his shortly appearing in a
decent second-hand suit. We knew nothing about the matter; he
grew more and more shabby-genteel every day. The buttons
dropped off his waistcoat, one by one; then, he buttoned his coat;
and, when one side of the coat was reduced to the same condition
as the waistcoat, he buttoned it over on the other side. He looked
somewhat better at the beginning of the week than at the conclu-
sion, because the neckerchief, though yellow, was not quite so
dingy; and, in the midst of all this wretchedness, he never ap-
ppeared without gloves and straps. He remained in this state for a
week or two. At length, one of the buttons on the back of the coat
fell off, and then the man himself disappeared, and we thought he
was dead.

We were sitting at the same table about a week after his disap-
pearance, and, as our eyes rested on his vacant chair, we insensibly
fell into a train of reflection on the subject of his retirement from
public life. We were wondering whether he had hung himself, or
thrown himself off a bridge—whether he really was dead, or had
only been arrested—when our conjectures were suddenly set at
rest by the entry of the man himself. He had undergone some
strange metamorphosis, and walked up the centre of the room with
an air which showed he was fully conscious of the improvement in
his appearance. It was very odd. His clothes were a fine, deep
glossy black; and yet they looked like the same suit; nay, there
were the very darns with which old acquaintances had made
us familiar. The hat, too—nobody could mistake the shape of that
hat, with its high crown gradually increasing in circumference
towards the top. Long service had imparted to it a reddish-brown
Shabby-Genteel People.

This time, but now, it was as black as the coat. The truth flashed sud-
denly upon us—they had been "revived." It is a deceitful liquid, that black and blue reviver; we have watched its effects on many
shabby-genteel men. It betrays its victims into a temporary
assumption of importance; possibly into the purchase of a new pair
of gloves, or a cheap stock, or some other trifling article of dress.
It elevates their spirits for a week, only to depress them, if possible,
below their original level. It was so in this case; the transient
dignity of the unhappy man decreased, in exact proportion as the
"reviver" wore off. The knees of the unmentionables, and the
elbows of the coat, and the seams generally, soon began to get
alarming white. The hat was once more deposited under the
table, and its owner crept into his seat as quietly as ever.

There was a week of incessant small rain and mist. At its
expiration the "reviver" had entirely vanished, and the shabby-
genteel man never afterwards attempted to affect any improvement
in his outward appearance.

It would be difficult to name any particular part of town as the
principal resort of shabby-genteel men. We have met a great
many persons of this description in the neighbourhood of the inns
of court. They may be met with in Holborn, between eight and
ten any morning; and whoever has the curiosity to enter the
Insolvent Debtors' Court will observe, both among spectators and
practitioners, a great variety of them. We never went on Change,
by any chance, without seeing some shabby-genteel men, and we
have often wondered what earthly business they can have there.
They will sit there for hours, leaning on great, drooping, mildewed
umbrellas, or eating Abernethy biscuits. Nobody speaks to them,
nor they to any one. On consideration, we remember to have
occasionally seen two shabby-genteel men conversing together on
'Change, but our experience assures us that this is an uncommon
circumstance, occasioned by the offer of a pinch of snuff, or some
such civility.

It would be a task of equal difficulty either to assign any par-
ticular spot for the residence of these beings, or to endeavour to
enumerate their general occupations. We were never engaged in
business with more than one shabby-genteel man; and he was a
drunken engraver, and lived in a damp back-parlour in a new row
of houses at Camden Town, half street, half brick-field, somewhere
near the canal. A shabby-genteel man may have no occupation,
or he may be a corn agent, or a coal agent, or a wine agent, or a
collector of debts, or a broker's assistant, or a broken-down
attorney. He may be a clerk of the lowest description, or a con-
tributor to the press of the same grade. Whether our readers
have noticed these men, in their walks, as often as we have, we
know not; this we know—that the miserable poor man (no matter
whether he owes his distresses to his own conduct, or that of
others) who feels his poverty, and vainly strives to conceal it, is
one of the most pitiable objects in human nature. Such objects,
with few exceptions, are shabby-genteel people.
Cruelty to Animals.

Dr. Chalmers.

[The Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, in Fife, 1780. He was educated at St. Andrew's University, of which college he obtained the chair of moral philosophy in 1824. In 1828 he was removed to the chair of theology in the University of Edinburgh, where he died suddenly in the spring of 1847. His works, published during his lifetime, in twenty-five volumes, embrace a wide range of subjects, chiefly relating to theology and political economy. His posthumous works, in nine volumes, comprise his "Daily Scripture Readings," &c., &c.]

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals; and the question is, "Can any method be devised for its alleviation?" On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realized: "the whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer Man stands pre-eminent over the forest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbary sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain, whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful valleys, or to its flowery landscapes, or to the evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals sport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety,—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generation; and so "the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered; every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton licence has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature, there sounds in fancy's ear
the blast of one wide and universal suffering, a dreadful hommage to
the power of nature's constituted lord.
These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so
many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give
forth all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised
this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just
look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering
that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the un-
equivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of
terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the
same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise,
or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce en-
counter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them
similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have
pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and
they grow feeble with age, and finally, they die, just as we do.
They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like
sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with
our own species. The hound robb'd of her whelps causes the wil-
derness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the
bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the
grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to
the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open
the recesses of their system, by means of that scalpel under whose
operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject
of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient
apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the trans-
mission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs
is unmixed and unmitigated pain, the agonies of martyrdom with-
out the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereas they
are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellow-
ship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and
bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with
other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their
distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that
existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming.
There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate,—and
that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated
anguish. And so in that bed of torment wherein the wounded
animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and
intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell,
and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and
unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives
utterance.
ACCOMPANIED ON THE FLUTE; A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME.

F. ANSTY.

[Mr. Anstey may be justly regarded as the Edmond About of English literature. His stories are ingenious, clever, and entertaining; his success in his particular department of letters being due to the fact that he has done for what burlesque writers have done for the drama. "Vice-Versa," "The Tinted Venus," "The Giant's Robe," and "The Black Poole," may be cited as his most remarkable works.]

The Consul Duilius was entertaining Rome in triumph after his celebrated defeat of the Carthaginian fleet at Mylta. He had won a great naval victory for his country with the first fleet that it had ever possessed—which was naturally a gratifying reflection, and he would have been perfectly happy now if he had only been a little more comfortable.

But he was standing in an extremely rickety chariot, which was crammed with his nearer relations, and a few old friends, to whom he had been obliged to send tickets. At his back stood a slave, who held a heavy Etruscan crown on the Consul's head, and whenever he thought his master was growing conceited threw in the reminder that he was only a man after all—a liberty which at any other time he might have had good reason to regret.

Then the large Delphic wreath, which Duilius wore as well as the crown, had slipped down over one eye, and was tickling his nose, while (as both his hands were occupied, one with a sceptre, the other with a laurel bough, and he had to hold on tightly to the rail of the chariot whenever it jolted) there was nothing to do but suffer in silence.

They had insisted, too, upon painting him a beautiful bright red all over, and though it made him look quite new, and very shining and splendid, he had his doubts at times whether it was altogether becoming, and particularly whether he would ever be able to get it off again.

But these were but trifles after all, and nothing compared with the honour and glory of it! Was not everybody striving to get a glimpse of him? Did not even the spotted and skittish horses which drew the chariot repeatedly turn round to gaze upon his vermilioned features? As Duilius remarked this he felt that he was, indeed, the central personage in all this magnificence, and that, on the whole, he liked it.

He could see the beaks of the ships he had captured bobbing up and down in the middle distance; he could see the white bulls destined for sacrifice entering completely into the spirit of the thing, and redeeming the procession from any monotony by occasionally bolting down a back street, or tossing on their gilded horns some of the flamen who were walking solemnly in front of them.
He could hear, too, above five distinct brass bands, the remarks of his friends as they predicted rain, or expressed a painted surprise at the smallness of the crowd and the absence of any genuine enthusiasm; and he caught the general purport of the very offensive ribaldry circulated at his own expense among the brave legions that brought up the rear.

This was merely the usual course of things on such occasions, and a great compliment when properly understood, and Duilius felt it to be so. In spite of his friends, the red paint, and the familiar slave, in spite of the extreme heat of the weather and his itching nose, he told himself that this, and this alone, was worth living for.

And it was a painful reflection to him that, after all, it would only last a day; he could not go on triumphing like this for the remainder of his natural life—he would not be able to afford it on his moderate income; and yet—and yet—existence would fall woefully flat after so much excitement.

It may be supposed that Duilius was naturally fond of ostenta-
tion and notoriety, but this was far from being the case; on the contrary, at ordinary times his disposition was retiring and almost shy, but his sudden success had worked a temporary change in him, and in the very flush of triumph he found himself sighing to think, that in all human probability he would never go about with trumpeters and trophies, with flute-players and white oxen, any more in his whole life.

And then he reached the Porta Triumphalis, where the chief magistrates and the Senate awaited them, all seated upon spirited Roman-nosed chargers, which showed a lively emotion at the approach of the procession, and caused most of their riders to dismount with as much affectation of method and design as their dignity enjoined and the nature of the occasion permitted.

There Duilius was presented with the freedom of the city and an address, which last he put in his pocket, as he explained, to read at home.

And then an Ædile informed him in a speech, during which he twice lost his notes, and had to be prompted by a lictor, that the grateful Republic, taking into consideration the Consul’s dis-
tinguished services, had resolved to disregard expense, and on that auspicious day to give him whatever reward he might choose to demand—in reason,” the Ædile added cautiously, as he quitted his saddle with an unexpectedness which scarcely seemed inten-
tional.

Duilius was naturally a little overwhelmed by such liberality, and, like every one else favoured suddenly with such an oppor-
tunity, was quite incapable of taking complete advantage of it.

For a time he really could not remember in his confusion any-
thing he would care for at all, and he thought it might look mean to ask for money.

At last he recalled his yearning for a Perpetual Triumph, but his natural modesty made him moderate, and he could not find
courage to ask for more than a fraction of the glory that now attended him.

So, not without some hesitation, he replied that they were exceedingly kind, and since they left it entirely to his discretion, he would like—if they had no objection—he would like a flute-player to attend him whenever he went out.

Duilius very nearly asked for a white bull as well; but, on second thoughts, he felt it might lead to inconvenience, and there were many difficulties connected with the proper management of such an animal. The Consul, from what he had seen that day, felt that it would be imprudent to trust himself in front of the bull, while, if he walked behind, he might be mistaken for a cattle-driver, which would be odious. And so he gave up that idea, and contented himself with a simple flute-player.

The Senate, visibly relieved by so unassuming a request, granted it with positive effusion; Duilius was invited to select his musician, and chose the biggest, after which the procession moved on through the arch and up the Capitoline Hill, while the Consul had time to remember things he would have liked even better than a flute-player, and to suspect dimly that he might have made rather an ass of himself.

That night Duilius was entertained at a supper given at the public expense; he went out with the proud resolve to show his sense of the compliment paid him by scaling the giddiest heights of intoxication. The Romans of that day only drank wine and water at their festivals, but it is astonishing how inebriated a person of powerful will can become, even on wine and water, if he only gives his mind to it. And Duilius, being a man of remarkable determination, returned from that hospitable board particularly drunk; the flute-player saw him home, however, helped him to bed, though he could not induce him to take off his sandals, and lulled him to a heavy slumber by a selection from the popular airs of the time.

So that the Consul, although he awoke late next day with a bad headache and a perception of the vanity of most things, still found reason to congratulate himself upon his forethought in securing so invaluable an attendant, and planned, rather hopefully, sundry little ways of making him useful about the house.

As the subsequent history of this great naval commander is examined with the impartiality that becomes the historian, it is impossible to be blind to the melancholy fact that in the first flush of his elevation Duilius behaved with an utter want of tact and taste that must have gone far to undermine his popularity, and proved a source of much gratification to his friends.

He would use that flute-player everywhere—he overdid the thing altogether: for example, he used to go out to pay formal calls, and leave the flute-player in the hall tooting to such an extent that at last his acquaintances were forced in self-defence to deny themselves to him.
Accompanied on the Flute.

When he attended worship at the temples, too, he would bring the flute-player with him, on the flimsy pretense that he could assist the choir during service; and it was the same at the theatres, where Duilius—such was his arrogance—actually would not take a box unless the manager admitted the flute-player to the orchestra and guaranteed him at least one solo between the acts.

And it was the Consul’s constant habit to strut about the Forum with his musician executing marches behind him, until the spectacle became so utterly ridiculous that even the Romans of that age, who were as free from the slightest taint of humour as a self-respecting nation can possibly be, began to notice something peculiar.

But the day of retribution dawned at last. Duilius worked the flute so incessantly that the musician’s stock of airs was very soon exhausted, and then he was naturally obliged to blow them through once more.

The excellent Consul had not a fine ear, but even he began to hail the fiftieth repetition of “Pugnare nolumus,” for instance—the great national peace anthem of the period—with the feeling that he had heard the same tune at least twice before, and preferred something slightly fresher, while others had taken a much shorter time in arriving at the same conclusion.

The elder Duilius, the Consul’s father, was perhaps the most annoyed by it; he was a nice old man in his way—the glass and chins way—but he was a typical old Roman, with a mainly contempt for pomp, vanity, music, and the fine arts generally. So that his son’s flute-player, performing all day in the courtyard, drove the old gentleman nearly mad, until he would rush to the windows and hurl the lighter articles of furniture at the head of the persistent musician, who, however, after dodging them with dexterity, affected to treat them as a recognition of his efforts and carried them away gratefully to sell.

Duilius senior would have smashed the flute, only it was never laid aside for a single instant, even at meals; he would have made the player drunk and incapable, but he was a member of the Maenian Spes, and he would with cheerfulness have given him a heavy bribe to go away, if the honest fellow had not proved absolutely incorruptible.

So he would only sit down and swear, and then relieve his feelings by giving his son a severe thrashing, with threats to sell him for whatever he might fetch; for, in the curious conditions of ancient Roman society, a father possessed both these rights, however his offspring might have distinguished himself in public life.

Naturally, Duilius did not like the idea of being put up to auction, and he began to feel that it was slightly undignified for a Roman general who had won a naval victory and been awarded a first-class Triumph to be undergoing corporal punishment daily at the hands of an unrelenting parent, and accordingly he determined to go and expostulate with his flute-player.
Miscellaneous Readings in Prose.

He was beginning to find him a nuisance himself, for all his old shy reserve and unwillingness to attract attention had returned to him; he was fond of solitude, and yet he could never be alone; he was weary of doing everything to slow music, like the bold, bad man in a melodrama.

He could not even go across the street to purchase a postage-stamp without the flute-player coming stalking out after him, playing away like a public fountain; while, owing to the well-known susceptibility of a rabble to the charm of music, the disgusted Consul had to take his walks abroad at the head of Rome's choicest swarm.

Dullius, with a lively recollection of these inconveniences, would have spoken very seriously indeed to his musician, but he shrank from hurting his feelings by plain truth. He simply explained that he had not intended the other to accompany him always, but only on special occasions; and, while professing the sincerest admiration for his musical proficiency, he felt, as he said, unwilling to monopolise it, and unable to enjoy it at the expense of a fellow-creature's rest and comfort.

Perhaps he put the thing a little too delicately to secure the object he had in view, for the musician, although he was deeply touched by such unwonted consideration, waved it aside with a graceful fervour which was quite irresistible.

He assured the Consul that he was only too happy to have been selected to render his humble tribute to the naval genius of so great a commander; he would not admit that his own rest and comfort were in the least affected by his exertions, for, being naturally fond of the flute, he could, he protested, perform upon it continuously for whole days without fatigue. And he concluded by pointing out very respectfully that for the Consul to dispense, even to a small extent, with an honour decreed (at his own particular request) by the Republic, would have the appearance of ingratitude, and expose him to the gravest suspicions. After which he rendered the ancient love chant, "Iudus idem, Iudus vetus," with singular sweetness and expression.

Dullius felt the force of his arguments. Republics are proverbially forgetful, and he was aware that it might not be safe, even for him, to risk offending the Senate.

So he had nothing to do but just go on, and be followed about by the flute-player, and castigated by his parents in the old familiar way, until he had very little self-respect left.

At last he found a distraction in his care-laden existence—he fell deeply in love. But even here a musical Nemesis attended him, to his infinite embarrassment, in the person of his devoted follower. Sometimes Dullius would manage to elude him, and slip out unseen to some sylvan retreat, where he had reason to hope for a meeting with the object of his adoration. He generally found that in this expectation he had not deceived himself; but, always, just as he had found courage to speak of the passion that consumed him, a faint tune would strike his ear from afar, and, turning his
Acconpanied on the Flute.

head in a fury, he would see his faithful flute-player striding over the fields in pursuit of him with unquenchable ardour.

He gave in at last, and submitted to the necessity of speaking all his tender speeches "through music." Claudia did not seem to mind it, perhaps finding an additional romance in being wooed thus, and Duillius himself, who was not eloquent, found that the flute came in very well at awkward pauses in the conversation.

Then they were married, and, as Claudia played very nicely herself upon the tibia, she got up musical evenings, when she played duets with the flute-player, which Duillius, if he had only had a little more taste for music, might have enjoyed immensely.

As it was, beginning to observe for the first time that the musician was far from uncomely, he forbade the duets. Claudia wept and sulked, and Claudia's mother said that Duillius was behaving like a brute, and she was not to mind him; but the harmony of their domestic life was broken, until the poor Consul was driven to take long country walks in sheer despair, not because he was fond of walking, for he hated it, but simply to keep the flute-player out of mischief.

He was now debarred from all other society, for his old friends had long since cut him dead whenever he chanced to meet them. "How could he expect people to stop and talk," they asked indignantly, "when there was that confounded fellow blowing tunes down the backs of their necks all the time?"

Duillius had had enough of it himself, and felt this so strongly that one day he took his flute-player a long walk through a lonely wood, and, choosing a moment when his companion had played "Id omnes faciunt" till he was somewhat out of breath, he turned on him suddenly. When he left the lonely wood he was alone, and near it something which looked as if it might once have been a musician.

The Consul went home, and sat there waiting for the deed to become generally known. He waited with a certain uneasiness, because it was impossible to tell how the Senate might take the thing, or the means by which their vengeance would declare itself.

And yet his uneasiness was counterbalanced by a delicious relief: the State might disgrace, banish, put him to death even, but he had got rid of slow music for ever; and, as he thought of this, the stately Duillius would snap his fingers and dance with secret delight.

All disposition to dance, however, was forgotten upon the arrival of lictors bearing an official missive. He looked at it for a long time before he dared to break the big seal, and cut the cord which bound the tablets which might contain his doom.

He did it at last; and smiled with relief as he began to read: for the decree was courteously, if not affectionately, worded. The Senate, considering (or affecting to consider) the disappearance of the flute-player a mere accident, expressed their formal regret at the failure of the provision made in his honour.
Then, as he read on, Duilius dashed the tablets into small fragments, and rolled on the ground, and tore his hair, and howled; for the senatorial decree concluded by a declaration that, in consideration of his brilliant exploits, the State hereby placed at his disposal two more flute-players, who, it was confidently hoped, would survive the wear and tear of their ministrations longer than the first.

Duilius retired to his room and made his will, taking care to have it properly signed and attested. Then he fastened himself in; and when they broke down the door next day they found a lifeless corpse, with a strange sickly smile upon its pale lips.

No one in Rome quite made out the reason of this smile, but it was generally thought to denote the gratification of the deceased at the idea of leaving his beloved ones in comfort, if not in luxury; for, though the bulk of his fortune was left to Carthaginian charities, he had had the forethought to bequeath a flute-player a piece to his wife and mother-in-law.

(From "The Black Poodle," by permission of Messrs Longman, Green & Co.)

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**YACHTING EXPERIENCES.**

F. C. Burnand

[Mr. Burnand's predilections for humorous writing and stage-craft were early shown in connection with the Cambridge "A. D. C." As a humorist, his fame chiefly rests upon the well-known "Happy Thought" papers. As a parodist and a punster, he stands unequalled. After having for many years contributed to the columns of "Punch," he succeeded to the editorial chair on the death of Mr. Tom Taylor in the year 1883. The following extract from "Our Yacht" forms a public reading which has hitherto been confided to the author himself, over the delivery of which he is peculiarly happy.]

Diary.—I told the commodore I wasn't much of a shot (no more I am, as I have subsequently discovered), when on board a yacht. What I may be on shore I don't know, as I have never had the opportunity of trying. I knew something about it, through having tackled practical years ago, at a penny a shot, or so much a dozen, on a wooden blackbird tied to a pendulum in a gallery at Saville House. Then there was a dirty man in shirt-sleeves to load for me, so that I never, as it happened, observed that process. What puzzled me was the wads. I thought I'd copy the other fellows in loading, but couldn't, as they'd both got rifles that didn't require ramrods and wads, &c.

To load a gun by the light of nature is not so easy as I had imagined from seeing the man at Leicester Square. All I had ever noticed him doing was to put a cap on. So I laugh it off (I don't mean I laugh the gun off, but the awkwardness of the situation), by saying to the lieutenant, "Ha, ha, ha! You don't know
Yachting Experiences.

whether powder or shot or wads go in first, eh?" He is evidently annoyed at this charge of mine, though playfully made, and replied "Wads, of course." (I recommend this method of gaining information in preference to any unnecessary display of ignorance.) He says "wads." I'll use two to begin with. I must here remark what an ill-constructed affair is a powder-flask; I never seemed to be getting any out at all, and yet, after eight or nine attempts, I found the barrel full almost to the brim—I mean muzzle. This delays me, and I have to begin again. We now get in full view of Puffin Island, and into the rough water. I go below to load, where I can be quiet. I find the Treasure in the cabin, aft. I don't know what associates him in my mind immediately with brandy and rations. He is very civil, and offers to load my gun. I tell him that the wads are already in, and he takes them out. I say, "Oh, you don't use them, eh?" So I gather there are more ways than one of loading a gun. The cabin is very stuffy and hot, and getting up the companion with a gun in my hand is very difficult. Standing on deck with it is more difficult. I now refer to an entry evidently made in shorthand, on account of the motion of the vessel:


Diary from Recollection.—at Night. I recollect when my turn came I made a shot. Not a bad one as a shot. It must have hit something. In loading rather hastily and jauntily—for I was pleased with my execution, which had quite taken away my quanimness (N.B.—Nothing like firing off a gun as a remedy against seasickness—I jerked the ramrod sharply down the barrel, and it striking against the wads, or something, jerked itself sharply into the air, ever so high, and fell into the sea. I proposed going out in the little boat and recovering it. The captain said, better get a diver to do that. My shooting was over for the season.


At this meal, the waves being still boisterous, we have to hold the swinging table with one hand and eat with the other. We then adopt the plan of two holding while the third eats. As this would prolong the dinner indefinitely, and spoil the third person's dinner, we let the table go and dine as we can. We sit against our berths. At the third helping of soup the commodore's plate makes a rush at his mouth, and I find myself sprawling over the lieutenant. The commodore says I might have helped it if I'd liked. I reply, I mightn't, angrily. He returns, that if I can't help playing the fool everywhere, we'd better give the whole thing up.
After he has said this, he and the lieutenant, accompanied by two plates and the soup-tureen and the table, come right over me all in a lump. I catch hold of the commodore’s hair. The rest of the dinner may be described as the Treasure staggering in with hot tins, holding hotch-potch and sea-pies, and we alternately spitting over one another with soup plates, until one of the ropes break, when we are all on the floor together—tins, mugs, tureens, plates, hotch-potch, sea-pies, my gun, log-book, and powder-flask.

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Our yachting is over for this year. I note down the account of our last few days. After the calm came a storm. The captain and the Treasure became so hopelessly intoxicated, that we had to manage the vessel ourselves. We first found it out in consequence of a delay on the part of the Treasure in bringing in dinner. We found him in the caboose boiling our compass in a stewpan, while the captain was doubled up in a corner nodding and smiling like a mandarin. On remonstrating with the Treasure, he became obstinately polite, and clung to the repetition of one word, “tesser-moneis,” by which we gradually understood him to mean that he could refute the present charge of intoxication by reference to his testimonials. The captain only shook his head, and muttered “rations.” I called to mind the mutiny of the Bounty, and thought what a horrible thing it would be if our crew suddenly broke out into open defiance of authority. However, they didn’t mutiny, but went fast asleep.

The commodore was now obliged to take the steering in hand. We, that is the lieutenant and myself, managed the sails; and it is really as easy as possible to haul in the mainsail-gaff and the top gill-boom, and so forth, although it sounds difficult. The question arose as to where the land was? I thought that it was on the right. The commodore asked how far off? I referred to the index of my map; but as there was no map with it, this proceeding did not help us to any great extent.

When night set in should we go on sailing? the lieutenant asked. The commodore said, why not? I agreed with him, why not? Because, the lieutenant reminded us, the compass was broken, and how could we steer without a compass? I agreed with him, and put this question to the commodore as a posee. He was ready for the emergency. “How,” he asked, “did people steer when they hadn’t compasses, eh?” I gave it up; so did the lieutenant at first, though as an afterthought he said, “By the stars.” “Very well,” returned the commodore, “then we’ll steer by the stars.” and thought he’d settled the matter. I asked, “By what stars?” and the commodore said, that “if I was going to play the fool and upset all his arrangements, we’d better give the whole thing up.” I wanted to make a few further inquiries, but the commodore said be must steer, and I oughtn’t to speak to the man at the wheel. Taking advantage of his inability to quit his post, the lieutenant and myself went forward; and, after a short
Yachting Experiences.

conversation, settled that steering by the stars was humbug. The
captain and Treasure were still heavily asleep. Towards evening it
began to rain. I didn’t know that it did rain at sea; I thought it
was only on land, to make vegetables grow. It rained until it was
dusk, and then a bit of a wind sprung up. Most extraordinary
thing, as I told the lieutenant, that I always thought the wind
went down at night. The lieutenant, who had been getting more
and more disagreeable ever since the insubordination of the crew,
said, “Down where?” If the commodore hadn’t asked him to
take a turn at the wheel, we should have quarrelled. He didn’t
manage the steering well; and took, the commodore informed me,
all the wind out of our sails. I know they began to flap about in
a vacillating manner, and the commodore remonstrated. The
lieutenant, who was very grumpy, said “He’d better do it himself
if he was so clever.” I tried to pacify them by saying, what did it
matter? On which they both replied, “Oh, it didn’t matter!”
sarcastically. Luckily the captain was suddenly restored to con-
sciousness, and came aft, with a rather dazed expression. He said
he couldn’t make out what had been the matter with him. He
hoped we didn’t think it was anything like intoxication. We
confessed that we thought its symptoms somewhat similar, but he
explained to us that in his case it was a sort of a something that
he’d once had when he was a child, and the doctors said it wouldn’t
come again; but, having come again, it had, he explained, took
him quite unawares like. He believed he’d never quite got over
the measles. He strongly reprehended the conduct of the Treasure,
and proposed that he should be discharged at Liverpool.

He took the helm, and we were all silent and sulky. I made up
my mind that I’d desert when I got on shore; and I think we all,
when we did speak, came to the conclusion that we wanted a larger
yacht. The Treasure woke up, and became obstreperous and
quarrelsome at midnight. He engaged in a single-handed combat
with the captain; but, on his foot slipping, he was luckily knocked
down the companion, and shut up in our cabin, where he abused
us through the skylight until he went to sleep again. His im-
prisonment prevented us from taking our natural rest below. So
we sat on deck, and tried to pretend we were enjoying ourselves.
The commodore looked glum, and smoked. The lieutenant squatted
with his chin on his knees, and grumbled; while I spent my hours
in drowsily meditating on William, Susan, the nautical drama, my
costume waiting for me at L’pool, and the probable expenses of
our trip. Log.—Morning broke: grey, dull, and drizzling; wind
anyhow.

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Robert Southey, LL.D., sometime poet-laureate, "poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian," was one of the most voluminous writers of his own, or perhaps any age. He sprung from the people, and was the son of a haintdraper, who sent him to Westminster school, and afterwards to Oxford. He achieved for himself the highest place among nature's noblemen by the height of his nobility of mind; and he left at his death 12,000L, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. His principal poems are, "The Battle of the Dam," and the "Curse of Kehama." In biography, his "Life of Nelson" has been held up, with justice, as a model for all writers of biography. His "Doctor," a sort of commonplace book, is a work full of suggestions useful to the student, but full of affectations, which would scarcely be agreeable to the general reader. It was in his early youth that he wrote "The Wall of St. Knyva," "Mary the Maid of the Isth," and those ballads which have been the admiration of the rising generation for the last fifty years, and which are still so fresh and so charming when well sung.

Southey was twice married; the second time to Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess, who, as Mrs. Southey, has also made an enduring reputation. It may be said of him, that he literally worked his brain dry, for at last his intellect became closed, and his power of comprehension faded out of him. He was born at Bristol 1774, and died at Greta 1843.]

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 deterred 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 backbone
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:
there, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his hand-
kerchief, 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,
on 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 sensa-
tion in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his
breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the sur-
geon 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 soon 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
deadly 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 sublime 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 himself. “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 undertone, 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 Hessa 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
The Death of Nelson.

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 magnitudes 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.
THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[Douglas William Jerrold was born in London 1803. In his tenth year he was sent to sea, but after serving two years was apprenticed to a printer in London. His first dramatic works, "Black-eyed Susan", was brought him into notice, but his subsequent dramatic writings, which were numerous, were of a far higher character. Mr. Jerrold was one of the first, and for some time the leading, contributors to Punch. In 1832 he became editor of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, which post he held to his death in 1857. His collected works are published in six volumes, forming a mine of wit, wisdom, and reproductive literature.]

In Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet, sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write, the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse—a primitive abiding place for the broken ploughman, the paisséd shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said—the governor was a cobbler. Within a stone's cast of the workhouse was a little white gate, swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for which service the passenger would drop some small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper—one of the sitters of the village workhouse.

There was a custom—whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished century, we know not—that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the halfpence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate—and now the grave.

And this is all the history? All. The story is told—it will not bear another syllable. The "Old Man" is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known, and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life—how insensible its emotions! How flat, monotonous may be the circumstances of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful—for how various! Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate—barren as barren rock. Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colours of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth best audibly beneath this seeming barrenness—audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor—with the most active and with apparently the most inert!
That "Old Man at the Gate" has eighty years upon his head—eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London—only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed twenty miles from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; where many of them died; and whence, having with a stout soul fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust by want and sickness out, and with a stung heart, he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the "Old Man" has been one long path across a moor—a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwrit page that schoolmen talk of—has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image—a plough-gnawing, corn-thrashing instrument? Have not unstirred thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain—thoughts that elevated yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty—coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? He has been a ploughman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, is he of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe. Yet, who shall say that the influence of nature—that the glories of the rising sun—may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man?

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable—shall inevitable be said?—injustice of the world, invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne, and meekly decaying. "The poor shall never cease out of the land." This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote: it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger and cold and nakedness are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it; rags must flutter about us; man, yes, even the strong man, his only wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals per diem; it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their consciences to sleep by the choking of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our "Old Man at the Gate" but a pauper, let out of the workhouse, for the chance of a few halfpence. Surely, he is something more! He is old; very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. As sunset, he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him—none. He is dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life—slowly, solemnly. He
is now, the badge pauper—and now, in the unknown country with
Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity? There stands
the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to church-
yard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the
gate. His predecessor held the post for two years; he too daily,
daily dying—

"Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,
The weary wheels of life at length stood still."

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very un-
certainty—in the very heartiness of age which brings home to us
that uncertainty—there is something that makes the old man
sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest
to the angels?

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is reverence due to that old
man. What has been his life? A war with suffering. What a
beautiful world is this! How rich and glorious! How abundant in
blessings—great and little—to thousands! What a lovely place hath
God made it; and how have God's creatures darkened and outraged
it to the wrong of one another! Well, what had this man of the
world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The
wild-boar was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be
killed, it was preserved until then. What did this old man inherit?
Toil, incessant toil, with no holiday of the heart: he came into the
world a badge animal of labour; the property of animals. What
was the earth to him?—a place to die in.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land." Shall we then,
accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely
down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to our-
selves from the doomed condition of others? It is an easy philo-
sophy; so easy there is but little wonder it is so well exercised.

Can't "The Old Man at the Gate" has, for seventy years, worked
and worked; and what his closing reward? The workhouse. Shall
we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, pon-
dering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should
not allience touch its hat to "The Old Man at the Gate" with a
reverence for the years upon him; he—the born soldier of poverty,
doomed for life to lead life's forlorn hope? Thus considered, surely
Divus may unbosom to Lazarus.

To our mind, the venerableness of age made the "Old Man
at the Gate" something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who
could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the
grave? But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle
cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar; but was still
in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him: the sky—
the trees—the green sward,—and flowers with the breath of God in
them!

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THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[Joseph Addison was the son of an English dean; he was born in Wilts, in 1672. Educated at Oxford, he soon distinguished himself by his Latin poetry, and, in his twenty-second year, published his first English verse. In 1718 his tragedy of "Cato" was brought upon the stage, but his place in literature is among the first of British essayists. In conjunction with Sir Richard Steele he published "The Spectator," and it is admitted on all sides that to him we are indebted for the formation of a pure English style." Addison had official employment, from which he retired on a pension of 1000 a year. He married the Dowager Countess of Warwick and it has been said "married discord in a noble wife." He died in Holland House, Kensington, 1719.]

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator, placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as, in one part of the orbit, she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, whereas in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world; which, with those others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which together with our earthy habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun: receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame?" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.
This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not bare of a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in immeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely-distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries!

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the accident lillleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothingness.

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THE CLOWN OUT OF SERVICE.

ALLAN LAIDLAW.

[Mr. Laidlaw, whose character-sketches are excellent, cherishes the argument that in realistic recitations terse prose is more artistic, because truer to the nature of the character represented than verse, in which the native pathos of the narrative is apt to be imperilled by the inevitable jingle of rhyme.]

"Yes, sir, you're right; I am out o' service, reg'lar broken down; but matters might have been worse than they are. There's many got more cause to grumble than I have, sir. What'll I take sir? Well, thank ye, sir, my weakness is warm whisky and
The Clown out of Service.

water, with a lump o' sugar and a slice o' lemon. Thank'ee, sir, with your leave, I will take a pipe. Ah, a wonderful soothing thing, baccy, sir; many's the time a pipe o' it has served me for a dinner and supper. Want me to tell ye some anecdotes of my life? Well, sir, I'm willing; but s'case me, sir, are you a liter'ry chap? Lord bless my soul, sir, the numbers of times I've been asked for anecdotes o' my life, any one 'ud think I was some remarkable pussunage, instead of only a poor broken-down clown.

Bag pardon, sir; but you authors seem to take a lot o' trouble, and spend a lot o' money in treats, looking out for subjects. Ah, sir, I've broken down afore my time. I ain't used up with long running; it's grief and hard times has done it, likewise a bad attack of asthma. Terrible short o' wind I am at times. Bless ye I could no more jump through a "flat" now than I could fly.

Well, sir, I'm sure I'm very pleased to tell you something about my life. I've had many ups and downs and hardships; for in our profession there's plenty o' 'em. There's one very painful part o' my history, that somehow or other I have a melancholy pleasure in lingering over. You shall hear the story, sir; may be it'll serve to show that theatrical life ain't the life that some parties think it is.

I was engaged for a long time at a flourishing provincial theatre. I had a hard time of it then, for my wife was took bad, and was near her first confinement as well. She was a terrible charge on me at times, though she loved me well and so did I her. Bless you, I never let her see she was a bit pulling me back; but I found it out arterwards. You see, she wasn't a professional—she was a pretty, amiable creature; but she was a simple country girl. I often think I did very wrong to marry her, for I couldn't keep her comfortable with my poor earnings, and I led her as hard a life as I led myself. Business was very bad too, just then. The best days for our line o' business are gone by now, I think. A pantomimist now wants more education in dancing, and gets a better position in the "opening" part. I was never much of an hand at dancing, myself, beyond the hornpipe, double shuffles, or a break-down.

But, however, at the time I speak of, we were a strong company, and were doing well; business was good, and the manager was a kind, nice-spoken man—none o' your lowed-voiced, cock-o'-the-walk sort—and we were always paid regularly up to time. Taken altogether he was about the best I ever served under.

We went on smoothly for four weeks, and I was beginning to get a little more light at heart, though I spent my money as soon as I'd earned it, and my wife was still very ill.

Well, one day, about the middle of the fifth week, my wife was took much worse, and became very ill indeed. I was in a terrible state, for the heaviness of my heart brought a painful reaction after the excitement of my business. Ah! little do the public think what pains and griefs sometimes lie in the hearts of those who are amusing them.
Well, that night I was almost floored; but I couldn’t give in, I
must do my turn, there was no one to take my place; so I had to
and crack my poor jokes, and jump about and dance in the
theatre, while there at home was my poor wife dying.
I felt terrible low when I passed the stage door. The manager—
God bless him—came up to me and said a few kind words, and
several of the corps came and pressed my hand in sympathy. But
there was a girl whose good deed I shall never forget. She was
one of the “extras,” and that night she came up to me in one of
the wings where I was standing, and says she:
“I’m only on two turns, and I’m not wanted after the fifth scene
in the opening; as soon as I’m done I’ll go to your home and
nurse your wife. I can help her better than the woman that keeps
the house. You follow on quickly when you’re finished.”
I could not speak to her, so I only squeezed her hand, but after
the fifth scene was “closed in” she suddenly appeared to me in
her ordinary clothes.
“All right,” says she. “I’m going now; keep your heart up;
don’t break down now; and follow as soon as you’re done.”
Well, sir, I barely rubbed the paint off my face, huddled my
ordinary clothes on over my stage dress, and tore off through the
streets home like mad. I entered the room quiet like, trying to
stay my hard breathing. I took in at a glance what had happened
during my absence. The landlady—good old soul!—was a crying,
and that kind girl was nursing the new-born child. My wife was
conscious of my being in the room, somehow. I went to her call
and, almost fit to choke, I knelt by her side, took her hand and
kissed it. “Joseph dear,” says she, in a weak, trembling voice,
“I’m so glad you’ve come in time; I’m going to leave you, Joe. I
know you have been the best of husbands; I know I could never
have had a better, if a wealthier one. I’m ignorant and awkward,
and only dragged you back; but I loved you dearly. You’ll take
care of the child, Joe. It’s a girl. Cherish it for my sake, dear,
and think of me sometimes. . . . Kiss me now, Joe, before I go.”
I couldn’t speak, I could hardly breathe. I pressed her hand
and kissed her febrile lips. Her mild blue eyes looked at me
very, very soft and kind—I can see ’em now—and then of a sudden
they came dull and vacant; and I knew that the spirit that loved
me was gone. . . . Then, sir, I will take another glass—to your
good health and a merry Christmas to you. Well, sir, I manage
very well. My daughter earns a good bit now. She’s a beautiful
dancer—splendid, sir. No, sir, only in the provinces as yet, sir;
but she’s a splendid dancer, sir. She’d hold her own easy in
London, if she could only get an “opening.” You! a dramatic
author! get influence! and you’ll get her an engagement! Bless
you, sir, bless you from my heart. The blessing of an old broken-
down clown ain’t much, I know, sir; but I do bless you. You’ve
made my Christmas happy, sir; may you never know a sad one.”

(By permission of the Author.)
AT A WRONG LECTURE.

George Grossmith wrote the following account of his experience at one of his own lectures: "In Blankshire once I had the misfortune to incur the animosity of an eccentric lady. It was in one of those little country towns where they do not often have lectures, but where, oddly enough, whenever they have one, they are pretty certain to have two the same night; for, being about equally divided by religious differences, such is the neighbourly, friendly spirit in which all matters are conducted there that, whenever one side invites a lecturer down from London, the other section are sure to have one down on the same night in opposition. Now I was engaged to hold forth on the 'Sketches by Boz,' my rival in the opposition room behind on 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The lady in question—elderly, very respectable, but not very intelligent—wandered from her peaceful home with the view of attending the latter; but she went to the wrong room, taking her place in the front, and, putting on the most solemn countenance it was ever my misfortune to behold, became a listener to my discourse on the writings of Dickens, and I am certain for the first twenty minutes did not discover the mistake she had made. But alas! when I at length referred to my author's description of a country fair and the servant-girls out for the day, 'not allowed to have any followers at home, and now resolved to have 'em all at once,' the dear old soul gave a shriek of horror and said quite audibly, 'Oh, how shocking!' This exclamation was repeated when I described 'the fat old lady with the Jack-in-the-box, and three shies for a penny,' and I at last became somewhat unnerved. I tried not to look at the old lady, but there is nothing in creation more difficult than the effort not to look at a thing you don't want to. At length I approached with horror the author's description of a thimble-rig, knowing it would upset her. 'Here's a little game to make you wake up and laugh six months after you're dead, buried, and forgotten, and turn the hair of your head grey with delight. Here's three little thimbles and one little pea. Keep your eye on the pea, and never say die! Now there, with a one, two, three, and a three, two, one, &c.' This was quite enough. The old lady, mistaking me for the creature I was describing, and believing I was offering to bet with the company, uttered a shriek of horror, and left the room. 'Poor lady,' said I to the quiet old chairman, 'of course she's mad! But why did the committee let her in?' 'No, sir,' said the president, 'that lady is not mad; she's my wife.' I apologised; but, much to my comfort, the chairman was not so much offended as I had supposed; for, addressing me again, he said, 'Never mind; you'd better get on with your lecture. She's more trouble to me than she is to you.'"
READINGS IN POETRY.

LYCIDAS.

JOHN MILTON.

[John Milton was born 1608. At fifteen he was a pupil of St. Paul's School, London, and two years afterwards we find him at Christ College, Cambridge. At the age of twenty-one he had written his grand "Ryun on the Nativity." In 1632 he took the degree of B.A.; in 1634 his masque of "Comus" was presented at Ludlow Castle. In 1649 Milton was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State, and he served Cromwell when he had assumed the protectorate. In 1665 "Paradise Lost" was completed, at a cottage at Chalfont in Bucks, whither the poet had gone to escape the great plague. It was sold to Simonds, a bookseller, for $1. Of his three wives, his "unkind daughters," his blindness, and his career, we have chequered by extreme poverty, it is not in accordance with the plan of this work to dilate. He died in 1674.]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more, Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere, I come, to pluck your berries harsh and crude, And, with forced fingers rude, Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear, Compel me to disturb your season due: For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer: Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew, Himself, to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unvept, and wafted to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear. Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well, That from beneath the seat of Jove dost spring; Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string; Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse; So may some gentle muse With lucky words favour my destined urn; And, as he passes, turn, And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud. For we were nursed upon the self-same hill, Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill. Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
Lycidas.

We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft still the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven’s descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper’d to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound, would not be absent long;
And old Damocles loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o’ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows and the hazel copees green,
Shall now no more be seen
Flaming their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd’s ear.

Where were ye, nympha, when the remorseless deep
Closed o’er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old birds, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Dèa spreads her wizard stream:
Ah me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there: for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebræas to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boats it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd’s trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade.
Or with the tangles of Neera’s hair?
Pamph is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guardian when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. “But not the praise,”
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my rambling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethusa, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust, of ragged wings,
That blows from o'er each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and pernicious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, revered sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two mazy bays he bore, of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred looks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shooe away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scorns themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What reeks it them? What need they? They are spad;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their screech-pipe pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Lycidas.

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Dally devours space, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell’d eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey’d showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak’d with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodilies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise:
Ah me! whilst th’se the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where’er thy bones are hurf’d,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit’st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona’s hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, wotful shepherds; weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sank though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high.
Through the dear might of Him that walk’d the waves
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his cozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song’
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move;
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncomstimated swans to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandal's gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropst into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

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LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Lord Tennyson, poet laureate, was born in the year 1809. His principal works are "Poems," 1832-1842; "The Princess," 1842; "In Memoriam," 1850; "Maud," 1855; "Idylls of the King," 1868; and "Enoch Arden," 1862. He is considered, by common consent, the foremost poet of the age, and his works command an extensive sale. He died in 1892.]

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, of me you shall not win renown,
You thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls, you are not one to be desired.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine, too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind,
You sought to prove how I could love, and my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates is not more cold to you than I.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories in my head,
Not thrice your branching times have blown since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies: a great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat which you had hardly cared to see.
To a Skylark.

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

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

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

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

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, if time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the Orphan-boy to read, oh! teach the Orphan-girl to sew.
Pray heaven for a human heart, and let the foolish yeoman go.

(By permission of Messrs. Mason and Co.)

TO A SKYLARK.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of
Field Place, Sussex, where he was born August 4th, 1792. He was sent to
Eton, but, violating the rules of that school, was removed to Oxford at an
erlier age than is usual. Shelley was twice married. His second wife was
Miss Godwin, daughter of the author, and herself famous as the author of
"Frankenstein." With his new wife he went to Italy, renewed his acquain-
tance with Byron, and joined Leigh Hunt in the "Liberal." Shortly after this
he met with his untimely death, by the wreck of his boat in a violent storm, on
his return to his house on the Gulf of Lecce, July 8th, 1822. His body was
washed ashore fifteen days afterwards. His principal poetical works are
Hail to thee, blest spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Prourest thy full heart.
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run.
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unhidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not.

"Prometheus Unbound," "Idylls of the King," "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," and "The Cenci," a tragedy. Many of his minor poems are simple and very beautiful.
To a Skylark.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbehelden
Its aereal hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymneseal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind?—What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Langnor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could soon
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorn of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Robert Southey.

(See page 110.)

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

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
The Cataract of Lodore.

Through moss and through brake;
It runs and it creeps,
For awhile till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

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

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

Reeling and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And lutting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling.
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crowing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stoning,
And burrying and skurrying,
And glittering and fluttering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinnin' and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And hearing and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And fulling and crawling and sprawling,
And droving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumblin' and rumblin' and tumbling,
And clatterin' and batterin' and shatterin';

And gleamin' and steamin' and streamin' and beamin',
And rushin' andflushin' and brushing and gushin',
And flappin' and rappin' and clappin' and slappin',
And curlin' and whirling and purlin' and twirlin',
Retreatin' and breathin' and meetin' and sheatin',
Delayin' and strayin' and playin' and sprayin',
Advancin' and prancin' and glancin' and dancin',
Recoillin' tumultin' and tollin' and boilin',
And thumpin' and fumplin' and bumpin' and jumpin',
And dashin' and dashin' and splashin' and clashin',—
And so never ending, but always descendin',
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blendin',
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Loddox.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

MARRY HOWITT.

[Mary Howitt was born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, in 1789, and married William Howitt, the popular author and editor, in 1823. Both were originally members of the Society of Friends. Besides the works published in conjunction with her husband, Mrs. Howitt is the authoress of "The Seven Temptations," a dramatic poem; "Wood Leighton," a novel; "The Heir of West Wayland;" and several volumes in prose and verse for children. She]
The Sale of the Pet Lamb.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain;
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They scarcely know how labour is the penalty of sin;
E'en as the flies of the field they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;
They walk along life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and fair.

The children of the poor man, though they be young each one,
Must rise betime each morning, before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride,
The sunshine, and the summer flowers upon the highway side,
And their own free companionship on heathy commons wide.

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty;
It may not have one thing to love, how small soever it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and more,
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich man's store:
There was the while one little lamb, beside a cottage-door;

A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their knee:
That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their shed,
The father laboured all day long that his children might be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gan't poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued.
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he; "'twill buy us food.

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head
Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us bread."
Readings in Poetry.

It went. Oh! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,
With love that hath no sighings false, unto each gentle thing.

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so piteously;
"Oh! mother dear, it loveth us; and what beside have we?"

"Let's take him to the broad green hill!" in his impotent despair
Said one strong boy: "Let's take him off, the hills are wide and fair;
I know a little hiding place, and we will keep him there."

Oh vain! they took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast, and o'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the morrow,
From everything about the house a mournful thought did borrow;
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain;
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

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"WE ARE SEVEN."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, 1770. He was educated at Haweshead School, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, 1797. His first work, "Descriptive Sketches," obtained but few readers, and it was a quarter of a century before his poetical merits were acknowledged. Wordsworth was some time poet-laureate. His published poems extend to six volumes, 8vo. He died in 1850.)

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head:

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.
"We are Seven."

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
    How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
    And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
    She answered, "Seven are we:
And two of us at Conway dwell,
    And two are gone to sea;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
    My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
    Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
    And two are gone to sea:
Yet ye are seven—I pray you, tell,
    Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
    "Seven boys and girls are we,
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
    Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
    Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
    Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
    The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,
    And they are side by side;

"My stockings there I often knit,
    My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
    And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
    When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
    And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane,
    In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
    And then she went away."
Readings in Poetry.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Cowper was born at Berkhamstead in 1731, and after receiving the rudiments of education at a country school, was removed to Westminster. On quitting school he was articled to an attorney, but his extreme nervousness, which never left him through life, and at one time deepened into insanity, totally unfitted him for any public occupation. His writings reflect the gloom and gloom that characterized his career. He died in 1800.]

Oh! that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last:
Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood sooth'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fear away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bl'est be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who biddest me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone.
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renew my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief.
On his Mother's Picture.

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, Life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone
Adieu, and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidsens, grey'd themselves at my concern,
Of me promise of thy quick return,
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still desir'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
The many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot;
But though I less deplo're thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more—
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we called the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trace'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe, and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone, and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fail,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this, still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tussued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd thorn into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requisite thee to constrain
Try unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou—as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows rear;"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me, bowing blasts drive devours, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem 't have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine.
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
Riding Together.

And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half-succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

RIDING TOGETHER.
WILLIAM MORRIS.

[Mr. Morris, who has evidently taken Chaucer for his model, is one of the purest and most thoroughly English of any of our recent poets. He was born at Walthamstow, March 24, 1834, and educated at Marlborough College and Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his degree about 1856. His principal works are his "Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems," 1856; "The Life and Death of Jason," 1857; and "The Earthly Paradise," 1868. Of the latter work the second and concluding volume appeared in Nov. 1889. He died in 1897.]

For many, many days together the wind blew steady from the east;
For many days hot grew the weather, about the time of our Lady's Feast;
For many days we rode together, yet met with neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather, steadily did the east wind blow.

We saw not the trees in the hot bright weather, clear cut with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together with helms unlaced and briddles slack.

And often as we rode together, we, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather, and saw the bubble-making bream;

And in the night lay down together, and hung about our heads the rood, Or watch'd night-long in dewy weather, the while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together, straight out the banners streamed behind, As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather, with faces turned towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together, as thick we saw the Pagans ride; His eager face in the clear fresh weather shone out that last time by my side.
Readings in Poetry.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dashed together—it rocked to the crash of the meeting spears; Down rained the buds of the dead spring weather, the elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together, I threw my arms above my head, For close by my side, in the lovely weather, I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together, he waited the death-stroke there in his place, With thoughts of death in the lovely weather, gappingly mazed at my madden’d face.

Madly I fought as we fought together; in vain the little Christian band
The Pagans drown’d, as in stormy weather the river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together; they bound his corpse to nod by my side; Then on we rode, in the bright March weather, with clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together—my prison bars are thick and strong;
I take no heed of any weather; the sweet saints grant I live not long!

(By permission of the Author.)

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(Raleigh, the poet, soldier, navigator, politician and courtier, was born 1552, and beheaded 1618. His poetry is very beautiful, and expressed in the quaint but vigorous style of the period. Among his political and other works may be mentioned his “Maxims of State,” the “Cabinet Council,” and his “Advice to his Son.” His unfinished work, the “History of the World,” was written during his twelve years’ imprisonment in the Tower.)

Go, soul, the body’s guest,  
Upon a thankless errand!  
Fear not to touch the best,  
And truth shall be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Go, tell the church it shows
The Soul's Errand.

What's good and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions,
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Readings in Poetry.

Tell law it is contention,
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's died the city,
Tell how the country ereth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least prefereth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done babbling:
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbling;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[Mrs. Browning wrote and published the greater portion of her poetry while she was yet Elizabeth Barrett; she married Mr. Browning, the poet, in 1846. All her works evince intellectual power of the highest order, and they suffer nothing by comparison with the sublimest efforts of masculine genius; she combines the philosophy of Tennyson with the grace of Shelley and the force of Milton. Her principal works are, "Poems," two vols., 1844; "The Drama of Exile," "The Vision of Poets," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Casa Guidi Windows," written in Florence, 1846; "Aurora Leigh," 1856, a novel in blank verse; besides numerous contributions to the periodicals. Messrs. Chapman and Hall publish her works in a collected form. She died in 1861.]

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And that cannot stop their tears.
The Cry of the Children.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
   The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
   The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
   They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
   In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
   Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
   Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
   The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
   The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
   Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
   In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
   And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
   Down the cheeks of infancy—
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
   "Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!"
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
   Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
   For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
   And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
   That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
   Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
   Was no room for any work in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
   Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
   With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
   For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds near the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all,—
And all the day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
The Cry of the Children

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray—
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, “Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding
Strangers speaking at the door):
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

“Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight’s hour of harm,
Our Father,” looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words, except ‘Our Father,’
And we think in vain, some pause of angel’s song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong
Our Father!’ If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
‘Come and rest with me, my child.’

“But no!” say the children, weeping faster,
“He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!” say the children—“Up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”
Do you hear the children weeping and disbelieving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God’s possible is taught by His world’s loving—
And the children doubt of each.
Readings in Poetry.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun;
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without his calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ and,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably
The blessing of its memory cannot keep,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their locks are dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes turned on Deity;—
“ How long,” they say, “ how long, O cruel nations,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child’s sob curses deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a poor curate, and the sixth of a family of nine children, was born at Falls, County of Longford, in Ireland, 1728. He made the tour of Europe on foot, and often subsisted on the bounty of peasants, whom he conciliated by performing to them on his flute. “The Traveller” was the result of this tour, and by its publication in 1763, he first emerged from obscurity. “The Vicar of Wakefield,” appeared in the following year. In 1767 his comedy of “The Good-natured Man” was produced; his “Roman History,” “The Deserted Village,” and still popular comedy “She Stoops to Conquer,” followed, in 1769, 1770, and 1773. At the time of his death, 1774, he could command his own terms from the booksellers, but he was extravagant and died in debt. He was buried in the Temple, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
The Deseret Village.

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Successing sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowest to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
Near yonder cope, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds; or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guest, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-nibbled offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each droll delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by tears dismayed,
The revered champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul!
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,
And placed his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed flower unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace,
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeit'd glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and titles pressage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still:
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amused the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendour: of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal game of Goose;
The earthen, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born away;
Lighthearted they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Un幾乎, unmolested, unconquered:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed.
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decay,
The heart distrusting asks—if this be joy?

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

Percy G. Moccatta.

[Mr. Moccatta is a composer of music, but he has written also some charming poems and lyrics. The following piece, the copyright of the author, has been written specially for Mrs. Newton Phillips, by whom it has become popularised in the most fashionable circles, and whose consent must be obtained before it can be publicly delivered by other elocutionists.]

In Florence (Florence! home of song and sun,—
Nature and Art, combin'd in countless forms),
Dwelleth a master-painter, and his one
Young, beauteous daughter, love for whom soon warms
The breast aspiring of a pupil-lad:
Requiring which, she stirs to desperate ire,
To impregnate fierce and frenzy mad,
A pitiless and unforgiving sire.
Nor plea nor protestation will he hear,
Nor heed of mutual love the tender tale;
Nor mark the fallen face, the trickling tear,
Succeeding oft where argument doth fail.
"Dost boast of talent, boy?" be fiercely cries,
"Go, paint me lilies brown, and roses blue!"
A picture even critics' eagle-eyes
Shall find, in all respects, to Nature true!
Then, then alone, come woo my daughter fair,
Then only shall she bless thee with her hand;
Begone! my bidding do, or else beware
A Father's wrath! Rash youth, dost understand?"
O, task impossible! Dare mortal hope
To work and win on terms so passing hard?
Nay, nay, 'tis far beyond Luigi's scope;
His life's a blank,—his bliss for ever mar'd!
He wanders weary by Arno's stream,
And, gazing down upon its crystal face,
Longs for those waters, lit by sun's last beam,
To clasp him in their close, yet cold embrace!
But hark! the pealing Angelus recalls
From Arno Luigi's melancholy mind;
And, wand'ring on, within the church's walls
He stands, where peace poor penitents may find.
Our Lady's festal day! The organ swells,
And, on its tones sonorous, wafts above:—
"Ora pro nobis, Mater!" which upwells
From a thousand throat's, imploring Heart-ny love!
The Boy from Ballytearim.

Poor Luigi! Vain his search! It cannot be!
He gropes in darkness; ne'er one gleam of light;
But soft! Who enters there? His love?—'tis she!
Who rosses pale doth bear and lilies white!
She sees him not; but passing Mary's shrine,
Her floral offering makes, and prayerful kneels;
He gazeth fondly on her form divine,
And, lo! amazement o'er his features steals!
What can it be? He fears his reason's going
(And men from slighter cause their senses lose!)
A fever'd dream? No! still the flow'res are blowing,
And rose and lily wear the wished-for hue!
A miracle, forsooth! or, maybe, too!
For, as the maiden riseth from her pray'r,
Her veil, which erst was white, to Luigi's view,
Now shades of blue and brown begins to wear!
Then, swift as thought, doth yon stain'd glass confess
The secret:—how Sol's rays, in piercing thro',
Chang'd rose and lily's white to tinted dress;
A change—complete, and yet to Nature true!

* * * * *

The picture's painted, and the prize secur'd;
Proving to all, beyond a shade of doubt,—
To all who've martyrdom for Love endur'd:
"No task exists Love cannot carry out!"

(By permission of the Author)

THE BOY FROM BALLYTEARIM.

Moira O'Neill.

[Miss Moira O'Neill is the author of 'The Elf-Errant,' and a small volume of 'Songs of the Glen of Antrim,' from which the following is taken.]

He was born in Ballytearim, where there's little work to do,
An' the longer he was livin' there the poorer still he grew;
Says he till all belongin' him, "Now happy may ye be!
But I'm off to find me fortune," sure he says, says he.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin;
All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin' thin."
So the people did be praisin' him the year he wint away—
"Truth, I'll hould ye can do it," sure they says, says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he across the 5am,
An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that waited for him home:
But a girl that sat her lones an' whiles, her head upon her knee, 
Would be sighin' low for sors, not a word says she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were livin' yet, 
When he heard where she was lyin' now the eyes of him were wet. 
"Faith, here's me two flats full o' gold, an' little good to me, 
When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure he says, says he.

Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face another road, 
An' whatever lack has followed him was never rightly known; 
But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye—or may I never see!— 
All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

J. G. LOCKHART.

[John Gibson Lockhart was editor of the "Quarterly Review," and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. Enough this to link his name with the literary history of his own time, had it not been associated with his romances, "Valencia," "Adam Brial," "Reginald Dalton," and "Matthew Wald;" with his biographies of Burns and Napoleon, his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and his splendid rendering of the "Spanish Ballads." In 1840 his politics procured for him a sinecure of 400l. a year, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854. He was born in 1794, his father being the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, minister of the College Church, Glasgow. Mr. Lockhart distinguished himself both at the Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford.]

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well, 
And what to say to Muca I cannot, cannot tell."
"Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuear's daughter.—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water. 
To me did Muca give them, when he spake his sad farewell, 
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pears in silver set, 
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget, 
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale, 
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale. 
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well, 
Oh! what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been, 
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering shene, 
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear, 
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well— 
Thus will be think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way; 
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
To a Sea-Gull.

He’ll think some other lover’s hand among my tresses crossed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl un-loosed;
He’ll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“He’ll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He’ll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin truth had broken,
And thought no more of Muco, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muco, alas! I cannot tell.

“I’ll tell the truth to Muco, and I hope he will believe—
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o’er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.”

——

TO A SEA-GULL.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[Geriatric Griffin was born at Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. Before he was one
and twenty he came to London and obtained employment in reporting for the
daily papers and contributing to the magazines. The “Munster Festivals,”
“Sun of the Coiner,” “The Collegians,” &c. &c. made him a reputation
which was still increasing when, it is said, in consequence of one of his sisters
taking the veil, his devotional feelings were awakened, and he retreated from
the world to join the Society of Christian Brothers, devoting himself to works
of morality and education. He died of a fever in 1840.]

White bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o’er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breathing the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn;
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;
Now silently poising o’er the war of the main,
Like the Spirit of Charity brooding o’er pain;
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,
Like an Angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seem’st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rayes,
Readings in Poetry.

Now lost in the storm-driven vapours, that fly;
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,
Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!
Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,
On the sweet winds of Heaven, to shine own brilliant skies;
Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee,
Must long for that moment—the joyous and free—
When the soul, disembodied from Nature, shall spring
Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;
When the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor serene on the world!

EVELYN HOPE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[Mr. Browning was born at Canterbury in 1812, and educated at the London University. His "Paradisa" was published in 1836, but did not take with the public; it was followed by "Pippa Passes," which found more favour.
In 1856 his tragedy of "Strafford" was produced. "Sordello" followed; then "The Bloc on the Scutch-born," brought out at Drury Lane (1859). His works are now published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and are receiving the attention that they all along deserved. He married Miss Barrett the poetess, and died December 12, 1889.]

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside.
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now as it—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares.
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
Evelyn Hope.

And just because I was thrice as old,
   And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
   We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed, for God above
   Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
   I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
   Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
   Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
   When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
   That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
   And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
   In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
   Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men.
   Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes.
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
   Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
   What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while:
   My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
   And the red young mouth, and the hair's young glow
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep,—
   See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
   You will wake, and remember, and understand.

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THE HIGH TIDE.
(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

JEAN INGLELOW.

[Miss Jean Ingelow was a popular poetess, whose works have passed through many editions. She was a worthy follower of Mrs. E. B. Browning, on whom she appears to have founded her style, and wrote very conscientiously; her subjects being very well chosen, and her thoughts original. Born 1820; died 1897.]

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The sights of maws and pewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Fare away I heard her song;
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the ready Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
The High Tide.

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clowers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Again I hear the Lindis howe,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;
And all the cire, it seeth mee,
Bin full of floating balls (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seen,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanhertis where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd isds I heard afaire,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goody vessels lies,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?"
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ahaore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the townes:
But while the west bin red to see
And storms be none, and pyrates be
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main
He raiseth a shoute as he drew on,
Till all the weokin rang again.
“Elizabeth! Elizabeth!”
(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

“The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death:
“God save you, mother!” straight he saith;
“What is my wife, Elizabeth?”

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere ye bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “Ho Enderby!”
They rang “The Brides of Enderby!”

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And roaring Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre’s breast
Flung uppe her waving walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Soaked in the grasses at owre feet:
The fest had hardly time to rise
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night.
The noise of bells went weeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to me.
That in the dark rang “Enderby.”
Under Canvas.—Wounded

They rang the sailor lauds to guide
From rooves to rooves who fearless rowed;
And I—my sone was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was cleer.
Thy pretty balms in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow streewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me.
But each will mourn his own (she said),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sone's wife, Elizabeth.

(By permission of the Author.)

UNDER CANVAS.—WOUNDED.

EARL OF LYTTON.—"Owen Meredith."

[Son of the eminent novelist, Lord Lytton, and worthy of his high literary
paragon, the Earl wrote genuine poetry. His lines are full of music and
tenderness; and his subjects, though generally drawn from nature, are placed
in dramatic situations by a skilful hand. Among his published poems are
"The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," and "Lucile," from which the following
is extracted. He died in 1891.]

"Or is it a phantom? a dream of the night?
A vision which fever hath fashioned to sight?
The wind, wailing over, with motion uncertain
Sways sighingly there the drench'd tent's tatter'd curtain,
To and fro, up and down.
But it is not the wind
That is lifting it now, and it is not the mind
That hath moulded that vision.

A pale woman enters,
As wan as the lamp's waning light, which concentrates
Its dull glare upon her. With eyes dim and dimmer,
There, all in a shimmerous and shadowy glimmer,
The sufferer sees that still form floating on.
And feels faintly aware that he is not alone.
She is sitting before him. She pauses. She stands
Readings in Poetry.

By his bedside all silent. She lays her white hands
On the brow of the boy. A light finger is pressing
Softly, softly, the sore wounds: the hot blood-stain'd dressing
Slips from them. A comforting quietude steals
Thro' the racked weary frame: and throughout it, he feels
The slow sense of a merciful, mild neighbourhood.
Something smoothes the toss'd pillow. Beneath a gray hood
Of rough serpè, two intense tender eyes are bent o'er him,
And thrill thro' and thro' him. The sweet form before him,
It is surely Death's angel Lily's last vigil keeping!
A soft voice says—'Sleep!'—
And he sleeps: he is sleeping.

"He waked before dawn. Still the vision is there:
Still that pale woman moves not. A minist'ring care
Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheering
The aspect of all things around him.

Revering
Some power unknown and benignant, he bless'd
In silence the sense of salvation. And rest.
Having loos'ned the mind's tangled meshes, he faintly
Sigh'd—'Say what thou art, blessed dream of a saintly
And minist'ring spirit!'
A whisper serene
Slid softer than silence—"The Sœur Seraphine,
'A poor Sister of Charity. Shun to inquire
'Art ancient, dear soldier. The son of thy sire,
'For the sake of that sire, I reclaim from the grave.
'Thou didst not shun death; shun not life. 'Tis more brave
'To live than to die. Sleep!"

He sleeps: he is sleeping.

"He waken'd again, when the dawn was just steeping
The skies with chill splendour. And there, never sitting,
Never sitting, that vision of mercy was sitting.
As the dawn to the darkness, so life seem'd returning
Slowly, feebly within him. The night-lamp, yet burning,
Made ghastly the glistening daybreak.

He said,
'If thou be of the living, and not of the dead,
'Sweet minister, pour out yet further the healing
'Of that balmy voice; if it may be, revealing
'Thy mission of mercy! whence art thou?'
'O son

Of Matilda and Alfred, it matters not! One
'Who is not of the living nor yet of the dead:
'To thee, and to others, alive yet'—she said—
'So long as there liveth the poor gift in me
'Of this minist'ration: to them, and to thee,
'Dead in all things beside. A French Nun, whose vocation
King Robert of Sicily.

"Is now by this bedside. A nun hath no nation."
"Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,
"There her land! there her kindred!"

She bent down to smoothe

The hot pillow, and added—"Yet more than another
"Is thy life dear to me. For thy father, thy mother,
"I know them—I know them."

"Oh can it be? you!
"My dearest, dear father! my mother! you knew,
"You know them?"

She bow’d half avertting, her head
In silence.

He brokenly, timidly said,

"Do they know I am thus?"

"Hush!"—she smiled, as she drew
From her bosom two letters: and—can it be true?

That beloved and familiar writing!

He burst
Into tears—"My poor mother,—my father! the worst
"Will have reached them!"

"No, no!" she exclaim’d with a smile.

"They know you are living; they know that meanwhile
"I am watching beside you. Young soldier, weep not!"
But still on the nun’s nursing bosom, the hot

Fever’d brow of the boy weeping wildly is press’d.

There, at last, the young heart sob’d itself into rest:

And he hears, as it were between smiling and weeping,

The calm voice say—‘Sleep!’

And he sleeps, he is sleeping.

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KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a native of Portland, Maine, United States, born Feb. 27, 1807. After passing three years and a half in travelling through France, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, he returned to America, and became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, Brunswick (where he was himself educated), in 1829. Resigning this appointment in 1835, he made another tour through Europe, was appointed Professor of Languages and Belles-Lettres, in Harvard College, and afterwards resided at Cambridge, U.S.A. His works are “Outre Mer;” “Hyperion,” a romance; “Voices of the Night;” “Ballads and other Poems;” “The Spanish Student,” a play; “Kavanagh,” a play; “The Golden Legend;” “Miles Standish;” “Tales of a Wayside Inn,” &c. Died March 24th, 1882.]

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve at vespres proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificant.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, Deposit potentes
De sede et cœlavit humiles;
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet—
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully—
"Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And, leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep.
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls,
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.
At length, the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide:
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
King Robert of Sicily.

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on, and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage,
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurled up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed—
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed—
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring—
King Robert's self and features, form, and height,
But all transformed with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with the sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne?"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester. Thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said, within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head—
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bars, discoloured walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And, in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!
Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:
Under the angel’s governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And, deep within the mountain’s burning breast,
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the king?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the king!”

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valamond, Emperor of Allemagne,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea,
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and houninggs, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an imposter in a king's disguise,
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope, in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester, in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ, indeed, had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And, with a gesture, bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou know'st best!"
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo, he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

Victron Hyoo.

[See p. 249.]

The grave said to the rose—
"Oh, flower of love!
Where go the tears that dewy morn on thee
Sheds from above?"

The rose said to the grave—
"Grave, tell me this:
Where go the souls that daily disappear
In thine abyss?"

The rose replied—"Oh sad
And dismal tomb,
Out of those tears do I distil
A sweet perfume!"

The grave replied—"O flower,
Blushing and bright,
Out of the souls that come to me I make
Angels of light!"
THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats was born in London 1799; 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."

In Keats' case the shot did not hit, for before the article appeared the young poet was taken to Italy; but 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. Keats displayed in his writings an immense amount of imagination, and it may be safely asserted that much of our recent poetry has been influenced by them.]

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman earth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pull
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season: the mild-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poet, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Into our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,
They always must be with us, or we die.
Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green.
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now, while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now, while the early buds are just now,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy-pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the dainies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
Oh! may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished; but let autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into overhanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequester'd deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keen
A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, blesting with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecey lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By any wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unbated plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
January Wind.

Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a trees
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive,
For 'twas the morn; Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented egantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him: cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains: and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sun rise, and its glories old.

JANUARY WIND.
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan was educated at Glasgow University, and came to London in 1823. For the first four years of his London life he had a hard time of it, working as a nameless contributor to certain cheap periodicals, but he did find employment, and in the meantime was storing up those poetic treasures which culminated in the publication of his "Undertones" (1855), a volume which was acknowledged to be "the most remarkable first volume of poems, perhaps, ever written." He has published a number of volumes since, both poetry and prose. They have more than justified the high praise that was bestowed upon his maiden venture. He died in 1891.

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

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blew, how it blew;
The very night our boy was born, it whistled, it screamed, it crew;
Readings in Poetry.

And while you moan’d upon your bed, and your heart was dark with fright,
I swear it mingled with the soul of the boy you bore that night;
It so sorely seems a winter since, and the wind is with us still,—
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; the wind that blew us ill!

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows;
It changes, shifts, without a cause, it ceases, it comes and goes;
And David ever was the same, wayward, and wild, and bold—
For wilful lad will have his way, and the wind no hand can hold;
But ah! the wind, the changeful wind, was more in the blame than he;
The wind, wife; the wind, wife; that blew him out to sea!

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

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

(From "History and Legends of Lovelorn." By permission of Mr. Strother.)

MAUD MÜLLER.

J. G. WHITFIELD.

[John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born in 1807; died 1892.]

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer’s day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
Maud Müller.

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceless ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praze and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.
Readings in Poetry.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead:

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
Excelsior.

And oft, when the summer sun awoke hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-trees again
She saw a rider draw his rein:
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"
Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich reaper and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad works of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

Twin shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
Excelsior.

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
   Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
   Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
   Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
   Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied far up the height,
   Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer;
A voice cried through the startled air,
   Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
   Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like an evening star,
   Excelsior!
THE THREE SONS.

[Rev. J. Moultrie.] 175

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould,
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind.
The food for grave inquiring speech, he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood’s ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother’s knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood’s years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be!
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I’ll not declare how bright and fair his little features be.
How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee:
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother’s, keen;
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever been;
But his little heart’s a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling.
And his every look’s a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone,
He’ll sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and heart,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love!
Readings in Poetry.

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!
I have a son, a third sweet son! his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining sacrificial brow,
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal;
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh;
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er betides his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

By E. E. Elliott.

[Mr. Elliott worked in the iron trade, at Sheffield, for many years. He was unsuccessful at first, but persevered and succeeded. He was born at Masborough, near Rotherham, 1781, and died 1849.]

Strong climber of the mountain side,
Though thou the vale disdain;
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold,
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun flower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
The Wonders of the Lane.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
'Er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the Lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft* hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee,
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by his might:
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
'Er stormy vi'd mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driblet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.

* The Golden-crested Wren.
Readings in Poetry.

What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitions of the sky,
They border o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The work of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terror! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could seize us into nought!
But shouldest thou wreck our fatherland,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand,
Thy little ones would sleep.

HOME AGAIN.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

[Mr. Sawyer was a well-known poetical contributor to the leading magazines
of the day, including "The Cornhill," "Good Words," "Gentlemans's Magazine,"
"Belgravia," and "Temple Bar." He also published several small volumes of
verse which exhibit poetical powers of no mean order, including "Ten Miles
from Town," which has run through two editions, Died 1882.]

HOME again! Spared the perils of years,
Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,
And I look in your eyes once, once again,
Hear your voices, and grasp your hands!
Not changed the least, least bit in the world!
Not aged a day, as it seems to me!
The same dear faces, the same dear home—
All the same as it used to be!
Ah! here is the garden! Here the lime,
Still in their sunset green and gold.
And the level lawn, with the pattern in't
Where the grass has been newly roll'd.
And here come the rabbits, hopping along,—
No! That's never the same white doe
With the pinky lops and the munching mouth;
Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.
And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,
Erect, chain tightening all he can;
With Topsy, wagging that inch of tail,—
What, you know me again, old man?
The pond, where the lilies float and bloom!
The gold fish in it, just the same,
Too fat to stir in the cool,—yes, one
Shoots and gleams, and goes out like flame!
And yonder's the tree with the giant's face,
Nose and chin against the blue;
And the wide elm branches meeting, bear
Our famous swing between the two!
No change! Nay, it only seems last night
That I return'd your fond "Good-byes,"
As I heard the rain drip from the eaves,
And felt its moisture in my eyes.
Only last night that you throng'd the porch,
While I choked the words I couldn't say.
And poor little Jim's white face peep'd out,
Dimly seen while I stole away.
Poor little Jim! In this happy hour
His wee, white face our hearts recall.
And I miss a hand and a voice, and see
The little crutch against the wall.
So all life's sunshine is fleck'd with shade,
So all delight is touch'd with pain,
So tears of sorrow and tears of joy.
Welcome the wanderer home again!

THE FAIRY CHILD.

Dr. Anster.

[John Anster, LL.D., M.R.I.A., was born at Cork in 1768, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was well known as the translator of "Faust," and contributed largely to Blackwood's and other leading magazines. Died 1867.]

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bony cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow;
The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender:
Readings in Poetry.

And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour:

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.
I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning;
I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weeping in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!
The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted mostly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

G. B. Derzhavin.

[Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, the greatest lyric poet of Russia, was born at Kasan in 1743, and died in 1816. The ode has been translated into several Eastern and European languages.]

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no god beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
Ode to the Almighty

The sands or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origia—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Up held by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Sans lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to those art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, when heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought.
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd.
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought.
Against infinity? What am I then?—Nought.

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Readings in Poetry

Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god;
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Construed and conceived!—unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy:
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator? yes; Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and made it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest.
(Though worthless our conception all of Thee)
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

HOW MAY WAS FIRST MADE.

THOMAS MILLER.

[Thomas Miller was originally a basket-maker at Gainsborough, where he was born in 1808. His literary attempts attracted the attention of Rogers and Moore, he was enabled to start as a publisher. Died Oct. 28, 1874.]

As Spring upon a silver cloud,
Lay looking on the world below,
Watching the breezes as they bowed
The buds and blossoms to and fro.
How May was first made.

She saw the fields with hawthorns walled—
Said Spring "New buds I will create."
She to a Flower Spirit called,
Who on the month of May did wait,
And said "Fetch me a hawthorn spray,
And I will make the buds of May."

Said Spring, "The grass looks green and bright,
The hawthorn-hedges too are green,
I'll sprinkle them with flowers of light,
Such stars as earth hath never seen.
And all through England's velvet vales,
Her steep hill-sides, and haunted streams,
Where uplands dip into the dales.
Where'er the hawthorn stands and dreams,
And thick-leaved trees make dark the day,
I'll light the land with buds of May.

"Like pearly dew-drops, white and round,
The shut-up bloom shall first appear,
And in it be such fragrance found
As breeze before did never bear,
Such odours as in Eden dwelt
When angels hovered round its bowers,
And long-haired Eve at morning knelt
In innocence amid the flowers.
Such perfumes I'll cast every way,
And scent the land throughout with May.

"And oft shall groups of children come,
Threading their way through shady places,
From many a peaceful English home,
The sunshine falling on their faces,
Starting with merry shouts the thrush,
As through green lanes they wander singing,
To gather the white hawthorn bush:
While homeward in the evening,
With smiling faces they shall say
'There's nothing half so sweet as May.'

"And many a poet, yet unborn,
Shall link its name to some sweet lay;
While lovers sit at early morn,
Shall gather blossoms of the May;
And eyes bright as the silver dew's
Which on the rounded May-buds sleep,
Shall round it looks of love diffuse;
And beauty's blushes it shall keep.
To warm up all the white away,
Of buds that form the bloom of May."
Readings in Poetry.

The silver cloud on which she lay
Spring shone, and on the hawthorn spray
It fell, and made the buds of May.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.
J. E. Carpenter.

"O father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkle at dawning of day—
That glitter’d like stars by the light of the moon.
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that’s lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold you bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset, 
’Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth’s fair things though fleeting away?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven."

Alas for the father!—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child,—the bright star of his day,
Was e’en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh! sad was the father, when lo, in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes;
And these he remember’d the maxims he’d given,
And though of his child and the dew-drops in heaven.

THE NIGHTINGALE’S NEST.
John Clare.

[John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, was born at Helpstone, in
1796, and was the son of a poor agricultural labourer, who, in his latter days,
became an inmate of the parish workhouse. By extra work as a plough-boy,
John contrived to earn enough money to pay for such schooling as could be
procured in a humble village, and, having learned to read the Bible, he saved
enough to purchase a volume of Thomson’s “Seasons.” He shortly began to
compose verses: they were shown from hand to hand, admired, and in 1820 his
first efforts were published, with an account of the poet from the pen of the
late Mr. O’Callaghan Gilchrist. In 1817 Clare published another volume by sub-
scription. The critics recognised in it the effusions of a thoughtful mind,
The Nightingale’s Nest.

saying on itself, and declining to paraphrase former poets. By the aid of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, Clare became possessed of an income of about £35 per annum, besides a cottage rent free. Shortly after his marriage in 1829, he became hopelessly, but harmlessly, insane, and he remained an inmate of the county asylum at Northampton until his death in 1864.

Up this green woodland ride let’s softly rove
And list the Nightingale; she dwells just here.
Hush! let the wood-gates softly clap, for fear
The noise might drive her from her home of love;
For here I’ve heard her many a merry year,
At morn, at eve, nay, all the livelong day,
As though she lived on song. This very spot
Just where that old man’s-beard all wildly trails
Rude arbours o’er the road, and stops the way;
And where the child its bluebell flowers hath got,
Laughing and creeping through the mossy rails;
There have I hunted like a very boy,
Creeping on hands and knees through matted thorn,
To find her nest, and see her feed her young.
And vainly did I many hours employ:
All seemed as hidden as a thought unborn.
And where those crumpling fern-leaves ramp among
The hazel’s under boughs, I’ve nestled down
And watched her while she sang; and her renown
Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird
Should have no better dress than russet brown.
Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,
And feathers stand on end, as ‘twere with joy,
And mouth wide open to release her heart
Of its out-sobbing songs. The happiest part
Of Summer’s fame she shared, for so to me
Did happy fancies shape her employ.
But if I touched a bough, or scarcely stirred,
All in a moment stopt. I watched in vain:
The timid bird had left the hazel bush,
And oft in distance hid to sing again.
Lost in a wilderness of listening leaves,
Rich ecstasy would pour its lascivious strain,
Till envy spurred the emulating Thrush
To start less wild and scarce inferior songs;
For while of half the year Care him bereaves,
To damp the ardour of his speckled breast,
The Nightingale to Summer’s life belongs,
And naked trees and Winter’s nipping wrongs
Are strangers to her music and her rest.
Her joys are ever green, her world is wide!
Hark! there she is, as usual. Let’s be hush;
For in this blackthorn clump, if rightly guessed,
Her curious house is hidden. Part aside
Those hazel branches in a gentle way,
And stoop right cautious 'neath the rustling boughs,
For we will have another search to-day,
And hunt this fern-strewn thorn-clump round and round,
And where this reeded wood-grass idly bows
We'll wade right through; it is a likely nook.
In such like spots, and often on the ground
They'll build where rude boys never think to look;—
Ay, as I live! her secret nest is here
Upon this whitethorn stump! I've searched about
For hours in vain. There, put that bramble by,—
Nay, trample on its branches, and get near.
How subtle is the bird! She started out,
And raised a plaintive note of danger nigh
Ere we were past the brambles: and now, near
Her nest, she sudden stops, as choking fear,
That might betray her home. So even now
We'll leave it as we found it; safety's guard
Of pathless solitudes shall keep it still.
We will not plunder music of its dower,
Nor turn this spot of happiness to thrall,
For melody seems hid in every flower
That blossoms near thy home. These bluebells all
Seem bowing with the beautiful in song;
And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
Seems blushing at the singing it has heard.
How curious is the nest! No other bird
Uses such loose materials, or weaves
Its dwelling in such spots! Dead oaken leaves
Are placed without, and velvet moss within.
And little scraps of grass, and scant and spare,
What hardly seem materials, down and hair;
For from men's haunts she nothing seems to win.
Sung lie her curious eggs, in number five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive-brown,
And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,
As the old woodland's legacy of song.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

[Uhlant was born at Tübingen on the 26th of April, 1787, and ranks among
the greatest of the poets of Germany. A lawyer by profession, and having
taken part in the various political struggles which agitated the German people,
his name was known in father-land as a politician as well as a minister; but it is
in the latter character that his reputation, which is world-wide, has been waited
abroad. His favourite material for writing was the legends and traditions of
the nations of Western Europe, and these he invested with a strange weird
charm by the fantastic power of his singular genius. Uhlant's principal works
The Goldsmith's Daughter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[See page 170.]

SILENCE o'er sea and earth
With the veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth
The chime of its vesper bell.
One moment, and that solemn sound
Fell heavily on the ear;
But a stern echo pass'd around;
Which the boldest shock to hear.

The startled monks throng'd up,
In the torchlight cold and dim;
And the priest let fall his incense cup,
And the virgin hush'd her hymn;
The Sicilian Vespers.

For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
And a summoning voice were heard,
And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,
To the fearful echo stir'd.

The peasant heard the sound,
As he sat beside his hearth;
And the song and the dance were hush'd around,
With the fireside tale of mirth.
The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,
As the sound of war drew nigh;
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe, to the stranger, then;
At the feast and flow of wine,
In the red array of mailed men,
Or how'd at the holy shrine;
For the waken'd pride of an injured land
Had burst its iron thrall;
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band;
Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings tell that hour,
With the young and passing fair,
And the flame went up from dome and tower,
The avenger's arm was there!
The stranger priest at the altar stood,
And clasped his beads in prayer,
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood;
The avenger found him there!

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul;
To the serf and mailed lord;
They were gathered darkly, one and all,
To the harvest of the sword;
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,
Shone out o'er hill and glen,
On ruin'd temple and mouldering pile,
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,
As its early glance came forth;
It had no sympathy with the wild
And terrible things of earth;
And the man of blood that day might read,
In a language freely given,
How ill his dark and midnight deed
Became the light of heaven.
Readings in Poetry.

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

Mrs. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793, but was removed with her family before she had attained the age of seven to Gwyrch, in Denbighshire. In this romantic region she wrote some very creditable verse while yet in her twelfth year. In 1809 the family removed to St. Asaph, in Flintshire, and in 1812 her "Domestic Affectations and other Poems" were published. In the summer of this year she was married to Captain Hemans, who, in 1819, left her with five children, "to try the effect of a southern climate," but his wife never saw him again; there can be little doubt that it was this painful separation which hindered much of her subsequent compositions with that melancholy feeling that rendered it so touching, and occasionally, so monotonously pathetic. She may claim to be the first English writer who made the poetry of the home affections adapted to the purposes of song; she beautified and purified musical ballad literature, and had hundreds of imitators —the best proof of the originality of her genius. She died at Dublin, May 16, 1835.]

The wine-month shone in its golden prime,  
And the red grapes clustering hung,  
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,  
Than the vintage-music, rung.  
A sound, through vaulted cave,  
A sound, through echoing glen,  
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;  
—Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

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

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

But a band, the noblest band of all,  
Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
With blazon'd streamers, and lances tall,  
Moved onwards in princely state.
The Battle of Morgarten.

They came with heavy chains,  
For the race despised so long—  
But amidst his Alp-domains,  
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn  
When they entered the rock-defile,  
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn  
Their bugles rang the while,  
But on the misty height,  
Where the mountain people stood,  
There was stillness, as of night,  
When storms at distance brood.

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

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

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

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side,  
And the Switzers rush'd from high,  
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride  
Of the Austrian chivalry:  
Like hunters of the deer,  
They storm'd the narrow dell,  
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,  
Was the arm of William Tell.
There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the Forest-sea.

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

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

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

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECELLIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope was born in Lombard-street, London, where his father carried on business as a linen-draper, in 1688. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was placed at the age of eight under the care of one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of Greek and Latin. At the age of twelve he removed with his parents to Blenheim, in Windsor Forest; and about the same time he wrote his "Ode on Solitude," a most remarkable production for so young a genius. Here he studied Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, and at the age of sixteen wrote his "Pastorals," which attracted the attention of the leading wits of the time. His "Essay on Criticism" was published in 1711, and the "Messiah" appeared on the 1st of September in the same year. This was followed by the "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," which appeared originally in "The Spectator." About the same time he wrote "The Rape of the Lock." After bringing out "Abelard and Eloise," "The Temple of Flora," and]
"Windsor Forest," he undertook the translation of the "Iliad," which he published by subscription, and netted above 5,000L. With a part of this he purchased his house at Twickenham, so long after finally recognized as "Pope's Villa." On the completion of the "Iliad," he undertook the "Odyssey," but a spirit of commercial enterprise was mixed up with his literary labours, for he not only got it subscribed to liberally, but he employed other learned men (among them Broome, Fenton and Parnell) to assist him in his work. In 1739 he published his great ethical epic, the "Essay on Man." In 1737 he printed his "Letters" by subscription, and made money by them, but the publication was against all the tenets of literary honour and gentlemanly breeding. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing a complete edition of his works. He died May 30th, 1744, aged 56.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exacts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus roves from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestate war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
Readings in Poetry.

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main,
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Infuse'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

And when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dim and screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see the tortured ghosts expire,
See shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Silvphus, stand still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian bow'r's;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering thro' the gloomy glades;
By th' youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and ball consorted
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day.

Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded.
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hemus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue:
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the song?
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.
ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, Northampton, in 1631. He was educated at Winchester School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He came to London in 1664, and acted as secretary to his relation, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was one of Cromwell's council. Like the celebrated Visor of Bray, Dryden shifted his politics in conformity with the ins and outs of that stirring period; he wrote a laudatory ode on the death of the Protector, and a panegyric on the restoration of Charles II. In 1667 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of 200l. a year. None of his plays have kept the stage, but his translation of Virgil is unceasing, and has immortalized him. On the accession of James II. he became a Roman Catholic, and, like all convert, was loudest in the abuse of his old faith. It was not until the abdication of James, when he was obliged to write for bread, that his finest compositions were written. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.)

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
* * * * *
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Alexander's Feast.

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He chooses a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And weeping in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, as sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause,
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gas'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
Sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he start's around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Gracian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods,
The princess applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seize'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere having bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute:
Timotheus to his breathing flute
Cowper's Grave.

And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

COWPER’S GRAVE.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[See page 142.]

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

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

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

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

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

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.
Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God’s constraint, from falsehood’s ways
removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

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

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—“My mother! where’s my
mother?”—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

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

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

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

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

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

(By permission of Messrs. Chapuau and Hall.)
THE SLAVES.
J. E. CARPENTER.

"Come to the land where slavery reigns,
To shatter the fetters and burst the chains,
There's a noble ship in the sheltering bay,
It waits but for me, and we're hence—away!
My crew, they love not this gloomy shore,
We must be ploughing the sea once more.

"Come, though I speed to the burning skies,
Where the slave, bow'd down, on the parch'd earth lies;
Where the slave-ship steals o'er the lurid main,
With her pirate crew, for ungodly gain.
'Tis a noble work, and my heart beats now
For a glimpse of that hated vessel's prow.

"There's a land that boasts of its good free will,
But the stripes with its stars are blended still.
Come!—chase the soul traders from ev'ry sea,
Till the proud earth owns all her people free;
And e'en that land is free—in name—
Shall look on her past with a pang of shame.

"There is one dark spot on the wave afar,
But to us it shall be as a guiding-star;
Come! there's a clank of the black man's chain,
Calling me back to the distant main;
Shatter those fetters—away! with me—
Why should the earth not all be free!"

"Mariner!—there is the lot to be
Borne on the ocean, loving the free;
But not for me is the wave's loud roar,
Though I am weary of this cold shore.
Though thou tellst things I grieve to hear,
More gloomy and sad is the prospect here.

"I've read of the land where slavery reigns;
I've heard men speak of the negro's chains
I am not deaf to the voice of woe,
I hear it, too frequent, wherever I go!
You go to the slave,—but you leave behind
White slaves—fetter'd in body and mind!

"They wear not the chain, nor the festering ring,
But they sell themselves—and for what they'll bring;
And many a strong man bows his head,
And toils for less than his 'daily bread';
And pines for a bowl of the negro's rice,
For he earns it not in his—market price.
"The negro toils 'neath the scorching sun,
But he sees him set when the day is done:
Mariner! thousands of white men here
Ne'er behold his golden cheer;
Hewing the mines in the earth's dark cell,
Day is all night where the white slaves dwell.

"Digging and delving through life that we
May scatter our wealth, and shout, 'we're free!'
A mind-blind, limb-twisted, barbarous race,
Born for their loathsome hiding-place.
Slavery! boast not its race is o'er,
For it dwelleth close to the good man's door.

"Slavery! Mark ye that chimney tall,
Those narrow windows in that high wall!
See ye those wheels that go round and round,
With ever the same sharp whirring sound:
A hundred children, when daylight's fled,
Go hence—but not one to a child's happy bed.

"There's slavery there, in that dim-lighted room,
While the streets are shrouded in midnight gloom;
In the fair young form, who, with swimming eyes,
By the glare of the lamp, her needle plies;
On—on—no rest! she must toil away,
Till the task is done, for the coming day.

"Slavery! is it the same dark tale
"On the Afric shore—in the English gaol?
Liberty! is it an empty sound?
Or hath it no meaning on British ground?
Oh! the gaol is the refuge the white slave's got,
The' he'd covet, without it, the negro's lot.

"Then, mariner, hence! and God prosper thee,
And strengthen thine arm against slavery!
But when thou art far on some alien strand,
Give back thy thoughts to thy native land;
And pray that the galling chain be riven,
That the white man's wealth to his kind has given."

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[Poe was born at Baltimore, U.S.A., about the year 1811, and left destitute
when a mere child by his parents, who were strolling players. Adopted and
sent to school by a Virginia planter, Mr. Allen, he was from the first un-
grateful and unmanageable. He was expelled from a military academy in
which Mr. Allen placed him; he enlisted in the army, then deserted and picked
up a precarious living by contributing to American periodicals. His genius
The Bells.

made him many friends, but he kept none; he deceived and disgraced all he
came in contact with; he was morbidly reckless, and his diseased imagination
is reflected in his writings. He seems to have written as he lived, in a dream
of intoxication, in which dependency alternated with savage hilarity, and in
which nothing real had a part. He died October 7, 1849, in a hospital at
Baltimore.

Hear the sleighs with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Etruscan rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells;
Through the lidmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glouts
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—
Brass bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
Yet the ear if fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells,

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
Lake Leman by Night.

A psan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the psan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runnie rhyme,
To the psan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runnie rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runnie rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

LAKE LEMAN BY NIGHT.

Lord Byron.

[With Byron rose a new, more lofty, and more finished style of poetry than any that had preceded his, that of Shakespeare and Milton alone excepted. To the smooth versification of Pope he added the grandeur of imagery and the power of description. His first efforts, which were certainly but feeble, were sneered at by the Edinburgh Reviewers. In 1807, the "Hours of Idleness" was published; five years afterwards the opening Cantos of "Childe Harold" had "made him famous." "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Lament of Tasso," followed in rapid succession; then came the completion of "Childe Harold," afterwards "Mazeppa," and the commencement of "Don Juan!" the latter defying public "proprieties," but astonishing the world by its bursts of poetic grandeur. Then came the Dramas, never intended for the stage, but which the cupidity of managers subsequently dragged upon the boards. Of Byron's ill-starred marriage and subsequent excesses, something too much has already been written. His whole life reads like a romance of the most startling kind; his death, an attack of fever, almost an inevitable consequence. He died in Greece 1824, at the age of thirty-six, and was buried in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead.]

Clear, placid Leman! that contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earl’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet soil is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean’s roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister’s voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.
It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darker'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended ear.
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still,
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
But breathless as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep—
All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concent'red in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirr the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cythera's zone,
Binding all things with beauty:—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak.
Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unswall'd temple, there to seek:
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprosr'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

---

ELIHU.

ALICE CARY.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—
A sailing in your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.
"Your little lad? your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip;
"What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
"What little lad, do you say?"
"Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee.
It was just the other day
The Grey Swan sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes
Stood wide open with surprise.
"The other day?—the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone!—

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Grey Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as it might be so—"
Readings in Poetry.

The kerchief from your neck;
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick, and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Sails' crew?"

"Lawless! the man is going mad;
The best boy mother ever had;
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"

"Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;
Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild:
"'My lad!—my lad!—my lad!—is it true?
My little lad—my Elihu?
And is it?—is it?—is it you?
My blessed boy—my child—
My dead—my living child!"

TO MARY IN HEAVEN,

ROBERT BURNS.

[Born in 1759, and dying in 1796. "more," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "of a broken heart than any other illness." Robert Burns's birth stands on the threshold of the Centenary of British ballads whose writings are most familiar to the present generation. The most convincing proof that the gift of poesy is not the result of "learning overmuch," is found in the fact that Burns was born a peasant, and that his education was only in accordance with his station. He thrilled in the barn, wept, moved, and held the plough before he was fifteen. Burns's fugitive pieces naturally passed from hand to hand, and attracted the attention of a few discriminating individuals; by their aid he was enabled, in 1788, to publish his first volume. The result was, his name and fame flashed like sunlight over the land: the shepherd on the hill, the maiden at her wheel, learnt his songs by heart, and the first scholars of Scotland]
To Mary in Heaven.

He was taken to Edinburgh, feted, petted, and spoiled. Lords and ladies who had invited him to their houses soon neglected him, or, when they met him, passed over to the other side of the street. What wonder, then, that in the bitterness of disappointed hope, he should speak too freely about freedom, and be voted as one who was to be kept down? When he failed in that farm for which, by their toadyism, they united him, they made him an exciseman, and told him if he would only lick-spittle their order, he might hope to rise to the rank of a supervisor. He couldn't do it; the natural dignity of his genius prevented him. Burns did not "boo and boo" himself into favour, as he might have done; his true genius soared above even this nationality, and he was given to understand that his hopes of preferment were blasted—nay, his continuance in office was made dependent on his silence. He did not survive this degradation long; he never held up his head again. He died in the summer of 1796; and then—the lion dead, uprose the chorus of repentant asses! All Scotland claimed him for her own.

To the lingering star with lessening ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn!
Again thou usherest in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn!
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parted love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'er-hung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn bower,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed;
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till, too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,—
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

John Keats.

[See page 157.]

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 Poverty 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 fans,
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 on the boughs,
The Comet.

But, in embalm'd 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 caselul death,
Call'd him so 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.

Then 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 fain'd 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?

THE COMET.

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born on the anniversary of the
   natal day of Robert Burns, a coincidence he was proud of referring to. January
   29, 1782. Fortunately for the young poet, some of his fugitive pieces, written
   at the age of eighteen, were submitted to Sir Walter Scott, who encouraged
   him to proceed. A volume of ballads, "The Forest Minстrel," was sub-
Readings in Poetry.

sequently published; but it was not until he produced his "C--on's Wake" that his fame was established. He became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and John Wilson, by introducing him frequently into the "Nones," put the key-stone upon his popularity. Hogg wrote some magnificent songs. His taste, however, led him more to romance and legendary story: to fairy lore and the realms of fancy. These subjects he treated with the feeling of a poet and the imagination of a painter. His "Fimnes" is a fairy tale worthy of Spenser. If he had not the strength of Burns, he was more playful and inventive, and as a master of rhythm he was unequalled. He died at Airive Lake, on the Yarrow, November, 1835.

Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of His wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgment dire,
Stranger of Heaven! I give thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To sling thy vesture o'er the Main?

And when thou sail'st the milky way—
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray,
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To coast through fields of air with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of Heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!
The Ministry of May.

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn.

THE MINISTRY OF MAY.
T. K. HERVEY.

[Thomas Kibble Hervey was a native of Manchester, born 1804. For many years he was the editor of the Atheneum. He was a frequent contributor to the annuals, and published "Australia, and other Poems," 1824; "The Poetical Sketch Book," 1829. "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," 1831, "The English Helicon," 1841, &c. Died 1868.]

This earth is one great temple, made
For worship everywhere;
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
That ring the heart to prayer.
A solemn preacher is the breeze,
At noon or twilight dim—
The ancient trees give homilies,
The river hath a hymn.
For the city bell takes seven days
To reach the townsmen's ear,
But he who kneels in Nature's ways
Hath Sabbath all the year.
A worship with the cowlship born.
For March is Nature's Sabbath morn—
And hawthorn-chimes, with higher day,
Call up the votaries of May!

Out, then, into her holy ways!
The lark is far on high;
Oh! let no other song than thine
Be sooner in the sky!
If beauty to the beautiful
Itself be gladness, given,
No happier being should move than thou
Beneath the vault of heaven.
With thee 'tis spring, as with the world,—
When hopes make sport of fears,
And clouds that gather round the heart
Fall off at once in tears,
And in thy spirit, one by one,
The flowers are gathering to the sun.

Away unto the woodland paths!
And yield that heart of thine
To hear the low, sweet oracles
At every living shrine!
Readings in Poetry.

The very lowest of them all
Doth act an angel's part,
And bear a message home from God
Unto the listening heart.
And thou may'st hear—as Adam heard
In Eden's flowery shades,
When angels talked, at falling eve,
Amid its silent glades—
The hallowing rush of spirit-wings,
And murmur of immortal strings.—

Truths such as guide the comet cars
On fiery mission driven,
Or in their beauty light the stars
Along the floor of heaven:
One choral theme, below, above,
One anthem near and far—
The daisy singing in the grass,
As through the cloud the star—
And to the wind that sweeps the sky
The roses making low reply.
For the meanest wild-bud breathes to swell,
Upon immortal ears—
So hear it, thou, in grove or dell!—
The music of the spheres.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYLL.

RICHARD REALF.

[Richard Realf was born at Uckfield, in Sussex, in 1832. His poetical talents attracting the attention of a lady at Brighton, in whose service he resided, she was induced to publish for him a volume of his poems, "Gleaners at the Beautiful," by which he obtained some local repute. Since then he appears to have led a roving life; he was with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, was reported dead, returned to England, and after being seen at several places in his native county, suddenly disappeared.]

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise—
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Aeolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
An Old Man’s Idyll.

And love’s sweet miracles o’er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro
And the cowlips, hearing our low replies,
Broader and fairer the emerald banks;
And glad tears shone in the daisies’ eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanity.

O the riches love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dress of body and drapery of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling’s beautiful hair is grey;
But our elixir and precious gold
Languis at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.
Readings in Poetry.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The winds blow cold, 'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

---

GILDEROY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Born, 1777; died, 1844.]

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me;
I hear the death-note of the drum,
I mark the gallows-tree!

The bell has toll'd—it shakes my heart—
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh! Gilderoy, bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart!

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter-garb was trim,
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue!
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!
The Three Fishers.

A long adieu!—but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes, they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thy orphan boy!
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground
And sigh my heart away!

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley

[The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born, 1819, at Holme Vicarage, near Dartmoor. He was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalen College, Cambridge. From the rector of Beverley, Hampshire, he became, in 1840, Canon of Chester Cathedral, and, four years later, of Westminster Abbey. His writings include "The Saint's Tragedy," 1843; "Alton Locke," a novel, 1850; "Yesst, a Problem," 1851; "Westward Ho," a novel; "Glause, or the Wonders of the Shore;" "Andromeda," and other poems (1855), &c. &c. He was editor of "Macmillan's Magazine," and professor of Literature in Cambridge University. Died, 1875.]

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

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

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

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[See page 158.]

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And lone in the sunshine I sit by our cabin door;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee.

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely hours,
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers;
All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it; for that were a shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away,
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they;
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me, gives peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage;
My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again—
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain.

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

MERY AND BARTHELEMY.

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

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

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

Both they in farthest North
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who too warm repose
Beneath Italian clay;
Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand;
Their burial place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

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

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

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

And at midnight from his tomb
The chief awoke, and rose;
And followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COL. JOHN HAY.

[The Hon. John Hay was born in Indiana, U.S.A., in 1838; took his degree of A.M. and LL.D. at Brown University, Rhode Island, and became barrister. After serving as Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to President Lincoln, he filled various diplomatic posts in Europe, including that of Ambassador to England in 1867–8, from which he retired to become Secretary of State at Washington. He has published "Poems" (1871); "Castilian Days" (1871); and (in collaboration with J. G. Nicolay) the life of "Abraham Lincoln" in ten vols. (1896).]

The king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat,
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked into a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the king in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
The king will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the Shirt of a Happy Man.
The Enchanted Shirt.

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"Oh yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wi'it," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

* * * * *

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.
THE SWORD SONG.

Theodore Körner, 1791-1813.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—

CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL.

Lord Byron.

[See page 265.]

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!

"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate."
Readings in Poetry.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
   Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
   Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
   Our ship is swift and strong:
Our stoutest falcon scarce can fly
   More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
   I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
   Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
   A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save thee alone,
   But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
   Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
   Till I come back again."

"Enough, enough, my little lad,
   Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
   Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman
   Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
   Or shiver at the gale?"

"Deem st thou I tremble for my life?
   "Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
   Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
   Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
   What answer shall she make?"

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
   Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
   Will laugh to flee away.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
   Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bears't me to,
   So not again to mine,
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
   And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
   My native land! good night!"
THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

A. A. WATTS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;
For I thought of all that I had lorne as I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my bounden brain;
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold—of persecuting foes,
And I asked of heaven ifills like these must mar thy youth's repose.

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded by my tears,
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears;
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can never be no more!
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy birth,
They, too, have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child; but though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy cheek began to fade,
And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh! the child in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in pain!
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou haist cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee day by day,
Pale like the second bow of heaven, as gently we away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud.

It came at length: o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering fast,
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last;
In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we raised thy drooping head:
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead!
Readings in Poetry.

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,  
And murmured low of heaven's behoasts, and bliss attained by thee;  
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow  
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace now:  
Then placed around thy beauteous corpse flowers, not more fair and sweet—  
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,  
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,  
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nursed:  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee, the first!

The first! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,  
Of hope that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life’s delightful spring—  
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss  
That germinate in hearts unscarred by such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!  
When I think of what thou mightest have been, my heart is like to burst;  
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance dart,  
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,  
God be all thy early taint the spring for which so many thirst.  
And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my fairest and my first!

THE ALMA.

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD CHENEWORTH TRENCH, D.D.,  
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[The late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Richard Cheneworth Trench, was the author of "Justin Martyr and other Poems," a work which, beyond the Christian piety inculcated in its pages, is marked by strong poetic power and command of versification. When Dean of Westminster, Dr. Trench afforded valuable aid to the cause of education by lecturing to the members of various literary institutions on "The Study of Words," and the language of our Saxon ancestors. His works on this subject abound with curious and instructive information. Born, 1807; died, 1892.]

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,  
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea:  
Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known—  
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world’s four corners blown.
Skipper Ben.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest round many a living head,
Cannot lead the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning,
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—
"He has pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them
that died.
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
Thou on England's banners blazon'd with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be
done,
By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were
won.
Oh! thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free—
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

(By permission of the Author.)

SKIPPER BEN.

Lucy Larcom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[See page 161.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.
He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar:
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.
Meanwhile, without, the early cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

THE GOLDEN MADNESS: AN APOLOGUE.
CHARLES MACKAY.

[Mr. Charles MacKay was a poet of worth and fancy. Many of his ballads,
as for example, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," and
others of a like class, have achieved a popularity that will scarcely ever die.
His collected works, published by Frederic Warne & Co., exhibit the thoughts
of fifty years' poetic cultivation. Born 1814; died 1889.]

By the road-side there sat an aged man,
Who all day long, from dawn into the night,
Counted with weary fingers heaps of stones.
His red eyes dropp'd with rheum, his yellow hands
Trembled with palsey, his pale sunken cheeks
Were mark'd with deep and venerable seams,
His flat bold brow was ever bent to earth,
His few grey hairs waved to the passing winds,
His struggling teeth, blacken'd and carious,
Rattled and tumbled from his bloodless gums;—
I spake him kindly, saying, "Why this toil
At task like this, cracking thy rotten bones,
To gain nor health, nor recompense, nor thanks?"

He made no answer, but went counting on,
Mumbling and muttering slowly to himself,
Chinking the stones with melancholy sound
Piece after piece; looking nor right nor left,
Nor upwards, but aye down upon the heap.

I ask'd again, "What is it that thou dost,
Wasting the remnant of thy days in toil,
Without fruition to thyself or kind,
As earnestly as if these stones were gold,
And all things own to spend and to enjoy?"

He look'd upon me with a vacant eye,
The Golden Madness.

And stopp'd not in his task: "Gold! didst thou say? They are gold—precious, ready-coin'd and pure, And all mine own to spend and to enjoy When I have counted them. So, get thee gone; Thou art a borrower, or perchance a thief!" And aye he chink'd the flints and chips of slate, One after one, muttering their numbers o'er, At every hundred stopping for a while To rub his wither'd palms, and eye the heap With idiot happiness, ere he resumed.

There came a stranger by the way. I ask'd If he knew aught of this forlorn old man? "Right well," he said; "the creature is insane, And hath been so ever since he had a beard. He first went mad for greediness of gold."

"Know you his story?" "Perfectly," said he; "Look how he counts his miserable flints And bits of slate. Twelve mortal hours each day He sits at work, summer and winter both; 'Mid storm or sunshine, heat or nipping frost, He counts and counts; and since his limbs were young, Till now that he is crook'd and stiffen'd old, He hath not missed a day. The silly wretch Believes each stone a lump of shining gold, And that he made a bargain with the Fiend That if he'd count one thousand million coins Of united gold, audibly, one by one, The gold should be his own the very hour When he had told the thousand millionth piece. Provided always, as such bargains go, The Fiend should have his soul in recompense.

"Unskilful in figures, but brimful of greed, He chuckled at his bargain and began; And for a year reckon'd with hopeful heart. At last a glimpse of light broke on his sense, And show'd the fool that millions—quickly said— Were not so quickly counted as he thought. And still he plies his melancholy task, Dreaming of boundless wealth and curbless power, And slavish worship from his fellow-men.

"If he could reckon fifty thousand stones Daily, and miss no day in all the year, 'Twould take him five-and-fifty years of life To reach the awful millions he desires. He has been fifty of these years or more Feeding his coward soul with this conceit.
Exposed to every blast, starved, wretched, old,  
Toothless, and clothed with rags and squalidness,  
He eyes his fandom treasure with delight,  
And thinks to cheat the devil at the last.

"Look at his drivelling lips, his bloodshot eyes,  
His trembling hands, his loose and yellow skin,  
His flimsy rottenness, and own with me  
That this man's madness, though a piteous thing,  
Deserves no pity, for the avarice  
So mean and filthy that was cause of it."

* * * * *

I gazed once more upon his wrinkled face,  
Vacant with idiocy, and went my way  
Felt with disgust and sorrow, for I deemed  
That his great lunacy was but a type  
Of many a smaller madness as abject  
That daily takes possession of men's hearts  
And blinds them to the uses of their life.

Poor fool! he gathers stones—they gather gold,  
With toil and moil, thick sweat and grovelling thought.  
He has his flints, and they acquire their coin,  
And who's the wiser? Neither he nor they.  
(By permission of the Publishers.)

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THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

[See page 142.]

Little Ellia sits alone  
Mid the bees of a meadow,  
By a stream-side, on the grass:  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by:  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow—  
Now she holds them natively  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.
Romance of the Swan's Nest.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile, she softly useth,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth,
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth ... "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roun,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed, it shall be shot
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then ay, then—he shall kneel low,—
With the red-roun steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
Readings in Poetry.

I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he will ride through the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon;
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.'"

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master—
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.'"

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.
The Phantom.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops:
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE PHANTOM.

Bayard Taylor.

[An American writer and traveller. Born, 1825; died, 1878.]

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other,
O'er the carpet at my feet.
But the sweet briar's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.
They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room—
To fill the house that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.
And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices that make the sweetest music
Of one that now is dumb.
They sing in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.
Readings in Poetry.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance a moment,
To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O flattering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me.

She tarries long, but lo! a whisper,
Beyond the open door—
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays:
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THOMAS HAYNES BATTY.

[Thomas Haynes Batty was born at Bath, 1797. The failure of a coal-mine, in which his fortune was invested, together with the mismanagement, by his agent, of some property in Ireland, obliged Mr. Batty to rely for a living upon that which had previously been a source of intellectual recreation—his pen.
He produced a number of barretias; among which, "Perfection" and "Tom Noddy's Secret," still keep possession of the stage. Many of his fugitive poems appeared in "Blackwood" and the "New Monthly" magazines. He died 1839.]

She sat at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely even now:
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first grey hair.
Phantoms.

Time from her form hath taken away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er contested,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife,—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight,—of loneliness,—bath never banished sleep;
Her life hath been a cloudless one;—then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks;—what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball;—
They brought back thoughts of early youth, ere she had learned to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep—when she beholds the first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to bud and bloom again,
It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,
The Spring forever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the mirror! Thy mirror tells the truth,
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;
Go!—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou wilt still look fair;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey hair!

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PHANTOMS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
Readings in Poetry.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star,
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realm of mystery and night;

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

John Gay.

[John Gay, one of the most genial, gentle, and wittiest of our poets and dramatists was born at Barnstable, Devon, in 1688. He came of a good, but greatly reduced family; and both parents dying when he was but six years of]
age, he was apprenticed to a silk-mariner in London. Distilling the drudgery
of a retail shop, he obtained the cancelling of his indentures, and devoted
himself to literature. In 1708 he published a poem, in blank verse, called
"Winds," and in 1711 "Rural Sports," a descriptive poem, which he dedicated
to Pepys, through life his admirer and friend, and became domestic-secretary
to the Duchess of Monmouth. In 1714 he published his "Shepherd's Week," a
pastoral, and obtained the post of secretary to Lord Clarendon on his appoint-
ment of Envoy-Extraordinary to Hanover; but that was totally unfitted for
public employment, and held the situation for two months only. On his
return, he produced several dramatic pieces, with but slight success; but in
1727 his " Beggar's Opera " came out, ran for sixty-two successive nights, and
not only became the rage at the time, but has remained ever since one of the
most popular pieces ever produced on the British stage. He soon amassed
$3000, by his writings. This he determined to keep "entire and sacred,"
being at the same time received into the house of his early patrons the Duke
and Duchess of Queensberry. Here he amused himself by adding to his,
"Fables." He died, suddenly, of fever, December 4, 1728, aged 44, and was
buried in Westminster Abbey.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame;
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and barbs have equal pride,
With both all rivals are derided:
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister "awkward creature;"
For the kind flattery's sure to charm.
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day.
A poet sought the sweets of May.
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bending,
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the muse inspired:
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace!
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-failing love!
There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
I see thy withering hand reigned
With envy and despair:
One common fate we both must prove,
You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons," replied
An angry rose, who grew beside.
"Of all mankind you should not find us;
What can a poet do without us?"
240

Readings in Poetry.

In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend ye colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conducive
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, erry, pine, and fade?

THE MOURNING MOTHER OF THE DEAD BLIND.

Mrs. E. B. BROWNING.

[See page 142.]

I.

Dost thou weep, mourning mother,
For thy blind boy in the grave?
That no more with each other
Parest counsel ye can have?
That he, left dark by nature,
Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
Along smooth paths instead?
That thou canst no more show him
The sunshine, by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage, by its coolness;
The roses, by their smell;
And all creation's fulness,
By Love's invisible?
Weep'st thou to behold not
His meek blind eyes again—
Closed doorways which were folded,
And prayed against in vain—
And under which sat smiling
The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, willing
The time by, at a door?
And weep'st thou to feel not
His clinging hand on thine—
Which, now at dream-time, will not
Its cold hands disentwine?
And weep'st thou still atter,
Oh, never more to mark
His low, soft words, made softer
By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mourning mother!

II.

But since to him when living,
Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving,
From a high sphere alone!
Sustain that exhalation—
Expand the tender light,
And hold in mother-passion,
Thy Blessed, in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
From the dark world he knew;
No twilight in the gateway
To mediate 'twixt the two;
Into the sudden glory,
Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
At once to light and GOD!
For the first face, beholding
The Christ's in its divine;
For the first place, the golden
And tideless hyaline.
With trees, at lastling summer,
That rock to tuneful sound,
While angels, the new comers,
Wrap a still smile around.
Oh, in the blessed psalm, now,
His happy voice he tried,
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
Than others, o'er his eyes;
Yet still, in all his singing,
Thinks highly of thy song
Which, in his life's first springing,
Sang to him all night long.
And wishes it beside him,
With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him,
To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mourning mother,
Thy blind boy walks in light!
Ye wait for one another,
Before God's infinite!
But thou art now the darkest,
Thou mother left below—
Thou, the sole blind—thou markest,
Content that it be so—
Until ye two give meeting
Where heaven's pearl-gate is,
And as shall lead thy feet in,
As once thou ledest his!
Wait on, thou mourning mother!

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall)
By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth:
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bauld old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot.
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
The Burial of Moses.

They show the banners taken,
    They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
    While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
    We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
    With costly marble dust,
In the great minster transept
    Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
    Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
    That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
    That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
    Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
    As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
    The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
    With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
    Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land.
    To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
    Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
    Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
    On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
    With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
    O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
    And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
    Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
    Of him He loved so well.
A DREAM.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[Mr. Allingham, one of our sweetest and most successful poets, was a native of Ireland, and a resident of Ballyshannon, his native town. His "Day and Night Songs" were published in 1854, and his "Music Master, and other Poems," 1855. He died in 1882.]

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night,
And I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;
Townsmen all from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
And quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were known to me, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;
And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
And some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
And yet of them all there was one, one only,
That rais'd a head or lock'd my way;
And she seemed to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
Ah, mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade
Young and old, women and men;
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
And a sound of tears a moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall it if I may.
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GERALD MASSEY.

[Mr. Massey was born at Thring, 1828, his father being a canal boatman, earning the humble wages of ten shillings a week. The youthful Gerald was employed in a silk-mill, and afterwards became a straw-plaiter. At the age of fifteen he had read but few books, and came to London as an errand boy. Here he read all the books that came in his way, and before he was eighteen he had taken to making verses. In 1853 he published his "Habs Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems," and the critics and reading public hailed him as a new poet. Mr. Massey is now identified with the daily press, and holds an acknowledged position.]

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

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

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

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

O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal;
Readings in Poetry.

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow—
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest reap to-morrow!

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

THE SANDS OF DEE.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.
[See page 217.]

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.
The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea,
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)
ORATORY:

FORENSIC AND SENATORIAL

BENJAMIN DISRAELI ON THE CHARACTER OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

[The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, 1804. He was early articled to a solicitor, and became an author before completing his majority. In 1825 his novel of "Vivian Gray" made a sensation, and it was followed by "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Candor Fleming," and other brilliant fictions. He entered parliament in 1837 as M.P. for Maidstone, and adhered to Sir Robert Peel until that minister became an advocate for free trade; following which event. Mr. Disraeli led the Conservative party in the House of Commons. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby's administration, and on the retirement of that minister became premier. In August, 1876, he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield; from which date, until February, 1878, he held, with the office of First Lord of the Treasury, that of Lord of the Privy Seal. He died in 1881.]

No person can be insensible of the fact that the House meets to-night under circumstances very much changed from those which have attended our assembling for many years. Of late, indeed, for more than twenty years past, whatever may have been our personal rivalries and our party strifes, there was at least one sentiment in which we all acquiesced, and in which we all shared, and that was a sentiment of admiring gratitude to that throne whose wisdom and goodness so frequently softened the acerbities of our free public life, and so majestically represented the matured intelligence of an enlightened people. All that has changed. He is gone who was the comfort and support of that throne. It has been said that there is nothing which England so much appreciates as the fulfilment of duty. The prince whom we have lost not only was eminent for the fulfilment of his duty, but it was the fulfilment of the highest duty; and it was the fulfilment of the highest duty under the most difficult circumstances. Prince Albert was the consort of his Sovereign. He was the father of one who might be his Sovereign. He was the prime councillor of a realm, the political constitution of which did not even recognise his political existence. Yet, under these circumstances, so difficult and so delicate, he elevated even the throne by the dignity and purity of his domestic life. He framed, and partly accomplished, a scheme of education for the heirs of England which proves how completely its august projector had contemplated the office of an English king. In the affairs of state, while his serene spirit and elevated position
ovatory.

bore him above all the possible bias of our party life, he showed, upon every great occasion, all the resources, all the prudence, and all the sagacity of an experienced and responsible statesman. I have presumed, sir, to touch upon three instances in which there was, on the part of Prince Albert, the fulcrum of duty of the highest character, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. I will venture to touch upon another point of his character, equally distinguished by the fulfilment of duty; but in this instance the duty was not only fulfilled, but it was created. Although Prince Albert was adopted by this country, he was, after all, but a youth of tender years; yet such was the character of his mind that he at once observed that, notwithstanding all those great achievements which long centuries of internal concord and of public liberty had permitted the energy and enterprise of Englishmen to accomplish, there was still a great deficiency in our national character, and which, if neglected, might lead to the impairing not only of our social happiness, but even the sources of our public wealth,—and that was a deficiency of culture. But he was not satisfied in detecting the deficiency, he resolved to supply it. His plans were deeply laid; they were maturely considered; and notwithstanding the obstacles which they encountered, I am prepared to say they were eminently successful. What might have been his lot had his term completed that which is ordained as the average life of man, it may be presumption to predict. Perhaps he would have impressed upon his age not only his character but his name; but this I think posterity will acknowledge, that he heightened the intellectual and moral standard of this country, that he extended and expanded the sympathies of all classes, and that he most beneficially adapted the productive powers of England to the inexhaustible resources of science and art. It is sometimes deplored by those who loved and admired him, that he was thwarted occasionally in his enterprises, and that he was not duly appreciated in his works. These, however, are not circumstances for regret but for congratulation. They prove the leading and original mind which so long and so advantageously laboured for this country. Had he not encountered these obstacles, had he not been subject to occasional distrust and misrepresentation, it would only have proved that he was a man of ordinary mould and temper. Those who move must change, and those who change must necessarily disturb and alarm prejudices; and what he encountered was only a demonstration that he was a man superior to his age, and admirably adapted to carry out the work he had undertaken. Sir, there is one point, and one point only, on which I would presume for a moment to dwell; and it is not for the sake of you, sir, whom I am now addressing, or for the generation to which we belong, but it is that those who come after us may not misapprehend the nature of this illustrious man. Prince Albert was not a patron. He was not one of those who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress and improvement were far more powerful and far more
precious. He gave to it his thought, his time, his toil: he gave to it his life. I see in this House many gentlemen—on both sides, and in different parts of it—who occasionally entered with the Prince at those council boards where they conferred and decided upon the great undertakings with which he was connected; and I ask them, without the fear of a denial, whether he was not the leading spirit—whether his was not the mind that foreseeth the difficulty, and his the resources that supply the remedy—whether his was not the courage to overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles, and whether every one who worked with him did not feel that he was the real originator of those great plans of improvement which they contributed to carry out. Sir, we have been asked to-night to condescend with the Crown in this great calamity. That is no easy office. To condescend in general is the office of those who, without the pale of sorrow, feel for the sorrowing; but in this instance the country is as heart-stricken as its Queen. Yet, in the mutual sensibilities of a Sovereign and a people there is something ennoble, something that elevates the spirit beyond the ordinary claim of earthly sorrow. The counties, and cities, and corporations of the realm, and those illustrious institutions of learning, of science, of art, and of skill, of which he was the highest ornament and the inspiring spirit, have bowed before the throne under this great calamity. It does not become the Parliament of the country to be silent. The expression of our feelings may be late, but even in that lateness some propriety may be observed if to-night we sanction the expression of the public sorrow, and ratify, as it were, the record of a nation's woe. It is with these feelings that I shall support the address in answer to the speech from the throne.

VICTOR HUGO ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

[Marie-Victor, Vicomte Hugo, was born at Besançon, Feb. 26, 1822: 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 Condemn'd Criminal." 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 arrested a year of France by Louis Philippe, and elected President of the Peace Congress in 1848. His celebrated novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," has been translated into most European languages. After 1853 Victor Hugo, exiled from France, resided in Jersey and Guernsey, where he completed his works, "Napoleon le Petit," and "Les Châtiments." He was much respected in his exile-home, and was very charitable to the poor of the islands. Died 1885.]

"GENTLEMEN.—My emotion cannot be expressed. You will be indulgent if words fail me. If I had only to reply to the honourable gentleman 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—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 witheld. Gentlemen, the mission of our time is to change the old bases of society, to create new 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 vérité of nations; it loudly announces the advent of justice; it holds no account of night, except to salute the dawn; it becomes day and warns the world. Sometimes, however, strange occurrence! it is it that gives 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 rights 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 principles 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, 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 inmanente cum strepito 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 tun-
vel 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.

SIR HENRY IRVING ON THE ART OF ACTING.

[Sir H. Irving was born Feb. 6, 1838. His début was made at the Sunderland Theatre, Sept. 29, 1856. His first great impression upon the public was achieved in the character of Matthias in the “Bellua,” at the Lyceum Theatre, Nov. 20, 1871, under the management of Mrs. Bateman, since which date he has held his own as the most painstaking and artistic actor on the English stage.]

(Extract from an Address delivered to the students at Harvard University, March 20, 1885.)

We are sometimes told that to read the best dramatic poetry is more educating than to see it acted. I do not think this theory is very widely held, for it is in conflict with the dramatic instinct, which everybody possesses in a greater or less degree. You never met a playwright who could conceive himself willing—even if endowed with the highest literary gifts—to prefer a reading to a play-going public. He thinks his work deserving of all the rewards of print and publisher, but he will be much more elated if it should appeal to the world in the theatre as a skilful representation of human passions. In one of her letters George Eliot says: “In opposition to most people who love to read Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others; his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may.” All this is so simple and intelligible, that it seems scarcely worth while to argue that in proportion to the readiness with which the reader of Shakespeare imagines the attributes of the various characters, and is interested in their personality, he will, as a rule, be eager to see their tragedy or comedy in action. He will then find that very much which he could not imagine with any definiteness presents new images every moment—the eloquence of look and gesture, the inexhaustible significance of the human voice. There are people
Henry Irving on the Art of Acting. 253

(as I have said elsewhere) who fancy they have more music in their souls than was ever translated into harmony by Beethoven or Mozart. There are others who think they could paint pictures, write poetry—in short, do anything, if they only made the effort. To them what is accomplished by the practised actor seems easy and simple. But as it needs the skill of the musician to draw the full volume of eloquence from the written score, so it needs the skill of the dramatic artist to develop the subtle harmonies of the poetic play. In fact, to do and not to dream, is the mainspring of success in life. The actor's art is to act, and the true acting of any character is one of the most difficult accomplishments. I challenge the acute student to ponder over Hamlet's renunciation of Ophelia—one of the most complex scenes in all the drama—and say that he has learned more from his meditations than he could be taught by players whose intelligence is equal to his own. To present the man thinking aloud is the most difficult achievement of our art. Have the actor who has no real grip of the character, but simply recites the speeches with a certain grace and intelligence, will be untrue. The more intense he is upon the words, and the less on the ideas that dictated them, the more likely he is to lay himself open to the charge of mechanical interpretation. It is perfectly possible to express to an audience all the involutions of thought, the speculation, doubt, wavering, which reveal the meditative but irresolute mind. As the varying shades of fancy pass and repass the mirror of the face, they may yield more material to the studious player than he is likely to get by a diligent poring over the text. In short, as we understand the people around us much better by personal intercourse than by all the revelations of written words,—for words, as Tennyson says, "half reveal and half conceal the soul within,"—so the drama has, on the whole, infinitely more suggestion when it is well acted than when it is interpreted by the unaided judgment of the student. It has been said that acting is an unworthy occupation because it represents feigned emotions, but this censure would apply with equal force to poet or novelist. Do not imagine that I am claiming for the actor sole and undivided authority. He should himself be a student, and it is his business to put into practice the best ideas he can gather from the general current of thought with regard to the highest dramatic literature. But it is he who gives body to those ideas—fire, force, and sensibility, without which they would remain for most people mere airy abstractions.

It is often supposed that great actors trust to the inspiration of the moment. Nothing can be more erroneous. There will, of course, be such moments, when an actor at a white heat illumines some passage with a flash of imagination (and this mental condition, by the way, is impossible to the student sitting in his armchair); but the great actor's surprises are generally well weighed, studied, and balanced. We know that Edmund Kean constantly practised before a mirror effects which startled his audience by their apparent spontaneity. And it is the accumulation of such
effects which enables an actor, after many years, to present many
great characters with remarkable completeness.

I do not want to overstate the case, or to appeal to anything that
is not within common experience, so I can confidently ask you
whether a scene in some great play has not been vividly impressed
on your minds by the delivery of a single line, or even of one
forcible word. Has not this made the passage far more real and
human to you than all the thought you have devoted to it? An
accomplished critic has said that Shakespeare himself might have
been surprised had he heard the "Fool, fool, fool!" of Edmund
Keane. And though all actors are not Keans, they have in varying
degree this power of making a dramatic character step out of the
page, and come nearer to our hearts and our understandings.

You will see that the limits of an actor's studies are very wide.
To master the technicalities of his craft, to familiarize his mind
with the structure, rhythm, and the soul of poetry to be con-
stantly cultivating his perceptions of life around him and of all the
arts—painting, music, sculpture—for the actor who is devoted to
his profession is susceptible to every harmony of colour, form, and
sound—to do all this is to labour in a very large field of industry.
But all your training, bodily and mental, is subservient to the
two great principles in tragedy and comedy—passion and gaiety.
Geniality in comedy is one of the rarest gifts. Think of the rich
union of Falstaff, the mercurial fancy of Mercutio, the witty
vivacity and manly humour of Benedick—think of the qualities,
natural and acquired, that are needed for the complete personnal-
of such characters, and you will understand how difficult it is for
a comedian to rise to such a sphere. In tragedy, passion or inten-
sity sweeps all before it, and when I say passion, I mean the
passion of pathos as well as wrath or revenge. These are the
supreme elements of the actor's art, which cannot be taught by
any system, however just, and to which all education is but
tributary.

Now, all that can be said of the necessity of a close regard for
nature in acting applies with equal or greater force to the pre-
sentation of plays. You want, above all things, to have a truthful
picture which shall appeal to the eye without distracting the
imagination from the purpose of the drama.

To what position in the world of intelligence does the actor's art
title him, and what is his contribution to the general sum of
instruction? We are often told that the art is ephemeral; that it
creates nothing, that when the actor's personality is withdrawn
from the public eye, he leaves no trace behind. Granted that his
art creates nothing; but does it not often restore? It is true that
he leaves nothing like the canvas of the painter and the marble of
the sculptor, but has he done naught to increase the general stock
of ideas? The astronomer and naturalist create nothing, but they
contribute much to the enlightenment of the world. I am taking
the highest standard of my art, for I maintain that in judging any
telling you should consider its noblest and not its most ignoble products. All the work that is done on the stage cannot stand upon the same level, any more than all the work that is done in literature. You do not demand that your poets and novelists shall all be of the same calibre. An immense amount of good writing does no more than increase the gaiety of mankind; but when Johnson said that the gaiety of nations was eclipsed by the death of Garrick, he did not mean that a mere barren amusement had lost one of its professors. When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and said he had achieved immortality by putting his name on the hem of her garment, he meant something more than a pretty compliment; for her name can never die. To give genuine and wholesome entertainment is a very large function of the stage, and without that entertainment very many lives would lose a stimulus of the highest value. If recreation of every legitimate kind is invaluable to the worker, especially so is the recreation of the drama, which brightens his faculties, enlarges his vision of the picturesque, and by taking him for a time out of this world-a-day world, brace his sensibilities for the labours of life. The art which does this may surely claim to exercise more than a fleeting influence upon the world's intelligence. But in its highest developments it does more; it acts as a constant medium for the diffusion of great ideas, and by throwing new lights upon the best dramatic literature, it largely helps the growth of education. It is not too much to say that the interpreters of Shakespeare on the stage have had much to do with the widespread appreciation of his works. Some of the most thoughtful students of the poet have recognised their indebtedness to actors, while for multitudes the stage has performed the office of discovery. Thousands who flock to-day to see a representation of Shakespeare, which is the product of much reverent study of the poet, are not content to regard it as a mere scenic exhibition. Without it Shakespeare might have been for many of them a sealed book; but many more have been impelled by the vivid realism of the stage to renew studies which other occupations or lack of leisure have arrested. Am I presumptuous, then, in asserting that the stage is not only an instrument of amusement, but a very active agent in the spread of knowledge and taste? Some forms of stage work, you may say, are not particularly elevating. True; and there are countless fictions coming daily from the hands of printer and publisher which nobody is the better for reading. You cannot have a fixed standard of value in any art; and though there are masses of people who will prefer an unintelligent exhibition to a really artistic production, that is no reason for decrying the theatre, in which all the arts blend with the knowledge of history, manners, and customs of all people, and scenes of all climes, to afford a varied entertainment to the most exacting intellect. I have no sympathy with people who are constantly anxious to define the actor's position, for, as a rule, they are not animated by a desire to promote his interests. "It's in ourselves that we are thus and
Oratory.

thus," and whatever actors deserve, socially and artistically, they are sure to receive as their right. I found the other day in a well-circulated little volume a suggestion that the actor was a degraded being because he has a closely shaven face. This is, indeed, humiliating, and I wonder how it strikes the Roman Catholic clergy. However, there are actors who do not shave closely, and though, alas! I am not one of them, I wish them joy of the spiritual grace which I cannot claim.

It is admittedly unfortunate for the stage that it has a certain equivocal element, which, in the eyes of some judges, is sufficient for its condemnation. The art is open to all, and it has to bear the sins of many. You may open your newspaper, and see a paragraph headed, "Assault by an Actress." Some poor creature is dignified by that title who has not the slightest claim to it. You look into a shop-window, and see photographs of certain people who are indiscriminately described as actors and actresses, though their business has no pretense to be art of any kind.

The fierce light of publicity that beats upon us makes us liable, from time to time, to dissertations upon our public and private lives, our manners, our morals, and our money. Our whims and caprices are descanted on with apparent earnestness of truth, and seeming sincerity of conviction. There is always some lively controversy concerning the influence of the stage. The battle between old methods and new in art is waged everywhere. If an actor were to take to heart everything that is written and said about him, his life would be an intolerable burden. And one piece of advice I should give to young actors is this: Don't be too sensitive; receive praise or censure with modesty and patience. Good, honest criticism is, of course, most advantageous to an actor, but he should save himself from the indiscriminate reading of a multitude of comments, which may only confuse instead of stimulating. And here let me say to young actors in all earnestness: Beware of the loungers of our calling, the camp-followers who hang on the skirts of the army, and who inveigle the young into habits that degrade their character and paralyze their ambition. Let your ambition be ever precious to you, and, next to your good name, the jewel of your souls. I care nothing for the actor who is not always anxious to rise to the highest position in his particular walk; but this ideal cannot be cherished by the young man who is induced to fritter away his time and his mind in thoughtless company.

But in the midst of all this turmoil about the stage, one fact stands out clearly: the dramatic art is steadily growing in credit with the educated classes. It is drawing more recruits from those classes. The enthusiasm for our calling has never reached a higher pitch. There is quite an extraordinary number of ladies who want to become actresses, and the cardinal difficulty in the way is not the social deterioration which some people think they would incur, but simply their inability to act. Men of education who become actors do not find that their education is useless. If
they have the necessary aptitude, the inborn instinct for the stage, all their mental training will be of great value to them. It is true that there must always be grades in the theatre; that an educated man who is an indifferent actor can never expect to reach the front rank. If he do no more than figure in the army at Bosworth Field, or look imposing in a doorway; if he never play any but the smallest parts; if in these respects he be no better than men who could not pass an examination in any branch of knowledge—he has no more reason to complain than the highly educated man who longs to write poetry, and possesses every qualification save the poetic faculty. There are people who seem to think that only irresistible genius justifies any one in adopting the stage as a vocation. They make it an argument against the profession that many enter it from a low sphere of life, without any particular fitness for acting, but simply to earn a livelihood by doing the subordinate and mechanical work which is necessary in every theatre. And so men and women of refinement—especially women—are warned that they must do themselves injury by passing through the rank and file during their term of probation in the actor’s craft. Now, I need not remind you that on the stage everybody cannot be great, any more than students of music can all become great musicians; but very many will do sound artistic work which is of enormous value. As for any question of conduct, Heaven forbid that I should be dogmatic; but it does not seem to me logical that while genius is its own law in the pursuit of a noble art, all inferior merit or ambition is to be deterred from the same path by appalling pictures of its temptations.

If our art is worth anything at all, it is worth the honest, conscientious self-devotion of men and women who, while they may not achieve fame, may have the satisfaction of being workers in a calling which does credit to many degrees of talent. We do not claim to be any better than our fellows in other walks of life. We do not ask the jester in journalism whether his quips and epigrams are always dictated by the loftiest morality; nor do we insist on knowing that the odour of sanctity surrounds the private lives of lawyers and military men before we send our sons into law and the army. It is impossible to point out any vocation which is not attended by temptations that prove fatal to many; but you have simply to consider whether a profession has in itself any title to honour, and then—if you are confident of your capacity—to enter it with a resolve to do all that energy and perseverance can accomplish. The immortal part of the stage is its nobler part. Ignoble accidents and interludes come and go, but this lasts on for ever. It lives, like the human soul, in the body of humanity—associated with much that is inferior and hampered by many hindrances—but it never sinks into nothingness, and never fails to find new and noble work in creations of permanent and memorable excellence. And I would say, as a last word, to the young men in this assembly who may at any time resolve to enter the dramatic profession, that they ought always to fix their minds upon the highest examples;
that in studying acting they should beware of prejudiced comparisons between this method and that, but learn as much as possible from all; that they should remember that art is as varied as nature, and as little suited to the shackles of a school; and, above all, that they should never forget that excellence in any art is attained only by arduous labour, unswerving purpose, and unfailing discipline. This discipline is, perhaps, the most difficult of all tos, for it involves the subordination of the actor's personality in every work which is designed to be a complete and harmonious picture. Dramatic art nowadays is more coherent, systematic, and comprehensive than it has sometimes been. And to the student who proposes to fill the place in this system to which his individuality and experience entitles him, and to do his duty faithfully and well, ever striving after greater excellence, and never yielding to the indolence that is often born of popularity—to him I say, with every confidence, that he will choose a career in which, if it does not lead him to fame, he will be sustained by the honourable exercise of some of the best faculties of the human mind.

(Inser ted by the courtesy of Sir Henry Irving.)

LORD MACAULAY'S SPEECH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

[From his Inaugural Address, on his election as Lord Rector, March 21, 1869. Born 1806. Died 1859.]

Look at the world a hundred years after the seal of Pope Nicholas the Fifth had been affixed to the instrument which called your College into existence. We find Europe, we find Scotland especially, in the agonies of that revolution which we emphatically call the Reformation. The liberal patronage which Nicholas, and men like Nicholas, had given to learning, and of which the establishment of this seat of learning is not the least remarkable instance, had produced an effect which they had never contemplated. Ignorance was the talisman on which their power depended, and that talisman they had themselves broken. They had called in knowledge as a handmaid to decorate superstition, and their error produced its natural effect. I need not tell you what a part the votaries of classical learning, and especially the votaries of Greek learning, the Humanists, as they were then called, bore in the great movement against spiritual tyranny. They formed in fact the vanguard of that movement. Almost every eminent Humanist in the north of Europe was, according to the measure of his uprightness and courage, a Reformer. In a Scottish University I need hardly mention the names of Knox, of Buchanan, of Melville, of Secretary Maitland. In truth, minds daily nourished with the best literature of Greece and Rome necessarily grew too strong to be trammeled by the cobwebs of the scholastic divinity; and the influence of such
Lord Macaulay's Glasgow Speech.

minds was now rapidly felt by the whole community; for the invention of printing had brought books within the reach of yeomen and of artisans. From the Mediterranean to the Frozen Sea, therefore, the public mind was everywhere in a ferment; and nowhere was the ferment greater than in Scotland. It was in the midst of martyrdoms and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your University closed.

Pass another hundred years, and we are in the midst of another revolution. The war between Popery and Protestantism had, in this island, been terminated by the victory of Protestantism. But from that war another war had sprung; the war between Prelacy and Puritanism. The hostile religious sects were allied, intermingled, confounded with hostile political parties. The monarchical element of the constitution was an object of almost exclusive devotion to the Prelate. The popular element of the constitution was especially dear to the Puritan. At length an appeal was made to the sword. Puritanism triumphed; but Puritanism was already divided against itself. Independency and Republicanism were on one side, Presbyterianism and limited Monarchy on the other. It was in the very darkest part of that dark time; it was in the midst of battles, sieges, and executions; it was when the whole world was still aghast at the awful spectacle of a British king standing before a judgment seat, and laying his neck on a block; it was when the mangled remains of the Duke of Hamilton had just been laid in the tomb of his house; it was when the head of the Marquis of Montrose had just been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that your University completed her second century.

A hundred years more, and we have at length reached the beginning of a happier period. Our civil and religious liberties had, indeed, been bought with a fearful price. But they had been bought. The price had been paid. The last battle had been fought on British ground. The last black scaffold had been set up on Tower Hill. The evil days were over. A bright and tranquil century, a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, of equal justice, was beginning. That century is now closing. When we compare it with any equally long period in the history of any other great society, we shall find abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver of all good. Nor is there any place in the whole kingdom better fitted to excite this feeling than the place where we are now assembled. For in the whole kingdom we shall find no district in which the progress of trade, of manufactures, of wealth, and of the arts of life, has been more rapid than in Clydesdale. Your University has partaken largely of the prosperity of this city and of the surrounding region. The security, the tranquillity, the liberty, which have been propitious to the industry of the merchant, and of the manufacturer, have been also propitious to the industry of the scholar. To the last century belong most of the names of which you justly boast. The time would fail me if I attempted to do justice to the memory of all the illustrious men who during that period,
taught or learned wisdom within these ancient walls; geometers, anatomists, jurists, philologists, metaphysicians, poets; Simpson and Hunter, Millar and Young, Reid and Stewart; Campbell, whose coffin was lately borne to a grave in that renowned transept which contains the dust of Chaucer, of Spenser, and of Dryden; Black, whose discoveries form an era in the history of chemical science; Adam Smith, the greatest of all the masters of political science; James Watt, who perhaps did more than any single man has done, since the "New Atlantis" of Bacon was written, to accomplish that glorious prophecy.

Another secular period is now about to commence. There is no lack of alarmists, who will tell you that it is about to commence under evil auspices. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I have heard them too long and too constantly to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have seen nothing but growth, and heard of nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart, that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth. The hurricane which has recently overthrown so much that was great, and that seemed durable, has only proved their solidity. They still stand, august and immovable, while dynasties and churches are lying in heaps of ruins all around us. I see no reason to doubt that, by the blessing of God on a wise and temperate policy, on a policy of which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming in time what is evil, our civil institutions may be preserved unimpaired to a late posterity, and that under the shade of our civil institutions our academical institutions may long continue to flourish.

LORD PALMERSTON ON COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

There is nothing, perhaps, more remarkable in the progress of the country than the advance which of late years has been made in the diffusion and in the quality of education. The advance which England has made in population, in wealth, in everything that constitutes in common opinion the greatness of a country, is well known and most extraordinary. But we should, indeed, have been wanting in our duties as a nation if we had not accompanied that progress in wealth and population by a corresponding progress in the development of the intellectual faculties of the people. There was a time, now long gone by, when envious critics, who wanted to run down the Universities of the land, said they might be likened to hulks moored in a rapid current, where they served only to mark the rapidity of the stream. That has long since ceased to be a true representation of our Universities. They have improved the course, the object, and the direction of their studies, and they may now fearlessly vie with the academical institutions of any country in
the world. Certain objections have been made to the system of competitive examinations. Some people say it leads to cramming. It often happens that when mankind seize upon a word they imagine that word to be an argument, and go about repeating it, thinking they have arrived at some great and irresistible conclusion. So when they pronounce the word "cramming," they think they have utterly discredited the system to which that word is by them applied. Some people seem to imagine that the human mind is like a bottle, and that when you have filled it with anything you pour it out again and it becomes as empty as it was before. This is not the nature of the human mind. The boy who has been crammed, to use the popular word, has, in point of fact, learned a great deal, and that learning has accomplished two objects. In the first place the boy has exercised the faculties of his mind in being crammed, and in the next place there remains in his mind a great portion of the knowledge so acquired, and which probably forms the basis of future attainment in different branches of education. Depend upon it that the boy who is crammed, if he is crammed successfully, not only may succeed in the examination for which he is preparing, but is from that time forward more intellectual, better informed, and more disposed to push forward the knowledge which by that cramming he has acquired. It is also said that you are teaching young men a great variety of things which will be of no use to them in the career which they are destined to pursue, and that you are pandering to their vanity by making them believe they are wiser than they really are. These objections, also, are in my opinion utterly futile. As to vanity and conceit, these are most vain and conceited who know the least. The more a man knows, the more he acquires a conviction of the extent of that which he does not know. A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance. If competitive examination is not liable to objection upon the score that it tends to raise undue notions of superiority on the part of those who go through it, so also it is a great mistake to imagine that a range of knowledge disqualifies a man for the particular career and profession to which he is destined. Nothing can be more proper than that a young man, having selected a particular profession, should devote the utmost vigour of his mind to qualify himself for it by acquiring the knowledge which is necessary for distinction in that line of life; but it would be a great mistake for him to confine himself to that study alone, and you may be sure that the more a young man knows of a great variety of subjects, and the more he exercises his faculties in acquiring a great range of knowledge, the better he will perform the duties of his particular profession. That sort of general knowledge may be likened to the gymnastic exercises to which soldiers are accustomed. It is not that it can be expected that these particular movements would be of any use to them on the day of battle; but these gymnastic exercises render their muscles flexible, strengthen their limbs, invigorate their health, and make them better able to undergo fatigue, and to adapt themselves to all cir-
cumstances. So with a wide range of study; it sharpens the wits; it infuses general knowledge into the mind; it sets a young man thinking; it strengthens the memory and stores it with facts; and in this way makes him a better and more able man in the particular profession which he is intended to pursue. It has been well said that in this happy land there is no barrier between classes, and that the highest positions are attainable by persons starting from the most humble origin. If he has only talent, if he has only acquirements, if he has only perseverance and good conduct, there is nothing within the range of the institutions of the country to which any man may not aspire, and which any man may not obtain. It is the peculiar character of this country as distinguished from many others, that whereas in some countries, unfortunately for them, men strive to raise the level on which they stand by pulling others down, in England men try to raise the level on which they stand, not by pulling others down but by elevating themselves. Having stated the advantages which the system of competitive examination confers upon those who are successful, I would take leave to say a word of encouragement to those who may have failed to obtain certificates. Let not these young men, and let not their parents, think that they, the unsuccessful competitors, have gained nothing by the struggle in which they have engaged. Depend upon it, that although they may not have succeeded in obtaining the distinction at which they aimed, they have succeeded in acquiring a great deal of useful knowledge; they have succeeded in acquiring habits of mind and powers of thought, and of application, which will be of use to them during the rest of their lives. You all know the old story of the father who upon his deathbed told his sons that he had a treasure buried in a certain field, and that if they dug the whole field through they would find it. The sons, acting upon this advice, dug the field, but no gold was there. In the next year, however, there was that which was to them a treasure—a most abundant and valuable harvest. That was the treasure which the father wished them to seek for and which they found. So it is with the unsuccessful competitors. They have not found the treasure which they sought for—namely, a certificate of attainments from the examiners—but they have gained a treasure which to them will be of infinite value—those habits of mind, those powers of thought, and that amount of knowledge upon which a larger building may be erected; and they therefore will have reason to thank their parents for having sent them to a competitive examination, thus rendering them better able to struggle through life in whatever career they may choose to pursue.

Mr. O'Connell in Defence of Mr. Magee.

(The Law of Libel.)

[The great Irish "agitator," Daniel O'Connell, was born in the county of Kerry, 1775. He was educated at the Catholic College at St. Omer and at the school at Douay. In 1794 he became a student of Lincoln's Inn and was]
Mr. O'Connell in Defence of Mr. Nugent. 263

admitted a barrister in 1798. His practice yielded him a large income, but in 1809 he became connected with the associations for the emancipation of the Catholics, and soon became their idol. In 1828 he was returned to parlia-
mament by the electors of Clare, and presenting himself at the table of the House, expressed his willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but refused to take the other oaths. On this he was ordered to withdraw. The Catholic Relief Bill, passed in 1829, enabled him to sit. The last years of his life were devoted to the unprofitable agitation for the repeal of the union. As an orator he stood in the first rank; his only literary work is his "Memoirs of Ireland." He died in 1847, aged 72.

GENTLEMEN, you are now to pronounce upon a publication, the truth of which is not controverted. The case is with you; it belongs to you exclusively to decide it. His Lordship may advise, but he cannot control your decision; and it belongs to you alone to say, whether or not, upon the entire matter, you conceive it to be evidence of guilt, and deserving of punishment. The Statute-law gives or recognizes this your right, and imposes it on you as your duty. No judge can dictate to a jury—no jury ought to allow itself to be dictated to.

If the contrary doctrine were established, see what oppressive consequences might result. At some future period, some man may attain the first place on the bench, through the reputation which is so easily acquired—by a certain degree of church-wardening piety, added to a great gravity and maidenly decorum of manners. Such a man may reach the bench—for I am putting a mere imaginatory case.—He may be a man without passions, and therefore without vices; he may be, my lord, a man superciliously rich, and therefore, not to be bribed with money, but rendered partial by his bigotry, and corrupted by his prejudices: such a man, inflated by flattery and blessed in his dignity, may hereafter use that character for sanctity which has served to promote him, as a sword to hew down the struggling liberties of his country—such a judge may interfere before trial, and at the trial be a partisan!

Gentlemen, should an honest jury—could an honest jury (if an honest jury were again found) listen with safety to the dictates of such a judge? I repeat, that the law does not and cannot require such submission as has been preached: and at all events, gentlemen, it cannot be controverted that, in the present instance—that of an alleged libel,—the decision of all law and fact belongs to you. I am then warranted in directing to you some observations on the law of libel; and in doing so, my intention is to lay before you a short and rapid view of the causes which have introduced into courts the monstrous assertion—that truth is crime!

It is to be deeply lamented that the art of Printing was unknown at the earlier periods of our history. If, at the time the barons wrung the simple but sublime charter of liberty from a timid, pernicious sovereign—from a violator of his word—from a man covered with disgrace, and sunk in infamy; if at the time when that charter was confirmed and renewed, the Press had existed; it would, I think, have been the first care of those friends of freedom to have established a principle of liberty for it to rest upon, which might
resist every future assault. Their simple and unsophisticated understandings could never be brought to comprehend the legal subtleties by which it is now argued that falsehood is useful and innocent, and truth, the emanation and the type of heaven, a crime. They would have cut with their swords the cobweb links of sophistry in which truth is entangled; and they would have rendered it impossible to re-establish this injustice, without violating a principle of the constitution.

When the art of Printing was invented, its value to every sufferer, its terror to every oppressor, was soon obvious; therefore means were speedily adopted to prevent its salutary effects. The Star-Chamber—the odious Star-Chamber—was either created, or at least, enlarged and brought into activity. Its proceedings were arbitrary, its decisions were oppressive, and injustices and tyranny were formed into a system. To describe it in one sentence, it was a prematurely packed jury. The Star-Chamber was particularly vigilant over the infant struggles of the Press. A code of laws became necessary to govern this new enemy to prejudice and oppression. The Star-Chamber adopted, for this purpose, the civil law as it is called—the law of Rome;—not the law at the periods of her liberty and her glory, but the law which was promulgated when she fell into slavery and disgrace, and recognised this principle—that the will of the prince was the rule of the law. The civil law was adopted by the Star-Chamber as its guide in proceeding against and in punishing libellers; but, unfortunately, only part of it was adopted—and that, of course, was the part least favourable to freedom. So much of the civil law as assisted to discover the concealed libeller, and to punish him, when discovered, was carefully selected; but the civil law allowed truth to be a defence—and that part was carefully rejected.

From the Star-Chamber, gentlemen, the prevention and punishment of libels descended to the courts of common law; and, with the power, they seem to have inherited much of the spirit of that tribunal. Scurrility at the bar, and profligacy on the bench, have not been wanting to aid every construction unfavourable to freedom; and, at length, it is taken as granted, and as clear law, that truth or falsehood is quite immaterial, constituting no part of either guilt or innocence.

I would wish to examine this revolting doctrine; and, in doing so, I am proud to tell you that it has no other foundation than in the oft-repeated assertions of lawyers and judges. One servile writer has stated this doctrine, from time to time, after another—and one overbearing judge has re-echoed the assertion of a time-serving predecessor—and the public have, at length, submitted. I do therefore feel not only gratified in having the occasion, but bound to express my opinion on the real law of this subject. I know that opinion is but of little weight. I have no professional rank or station to give it importance; but it is an honest and conscientious opinion, and it is this;—that, in the discussion of public subjects,
and of the administration of public men, truth is a duty and not a crime.

For my part, I frankly avow that I shudder at the scenes around me. I cannot, without horror, view this interfering and intermeddling with judges and juries: it is vain to look for safety to person or property, whilst this system is allowed to pervade our courts; the very fountain of justice may be corrupted at its source; and those waters which should confer health and vigour throughout the land, can then diffuse nought but mephitic and pestilential vapours to disgust and to destroy. If honesty, if justice be silent, yet prudence ought to check these practices. We live in a new era—a melancholy era—in which perfidy and profligacy are sanctioned by high authority: the base violation of plighted faith, the deep stain of dishonour, infidelity in love, treachery in friendship, the abandonment of every principle, and the adoption of every trufancy and of every vice that can excite hatred combined with ridicule—all, all this, and more, may be seen around us; and yet it is believed, it is expected, that this system is fated to be eternal. Gentlemen, we shall all weep the insane delusion; and, in the terrific moments of retaliation, you know not, you cannot know, how soon or how bitterly "the ingredients of your poisoned chalice may be commended to your own lips."

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice—who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and expects an acquittal.

There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal, with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you? Is there any terror of violating your oaths? Are ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire you? If you are sinners, if you have consciences, if your oaths can control your interests, then Mr. Magee confidently expects an acquittal.

If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion—if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty—if I have alarmed religion, or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, Mr. Magee is safe, and his country is served; but, if there be none, if you be slaves and hypocrites—he will await your verdict—and despise it!

ROBERT HALL'S PEROBATON ON WAR.

[The Rev. Robert Hall, M.A., the eminent dissenting minister, was born at Arisley, near Leicester, 1754. He was educated at Bristol and King's College, Aberdeen. His works on divinity and political economy, which are numerous,
are remarkable for profound thought, elegance of style, and for the splendour of their imagery. As a preacher he was unrivalled; his congregation were, it is said, "entranced by his fervid eloquence, and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity." His complete works have been published in six volumes. Died 1831.

As far as the interests of freedom are concerned,—the most important by far of sublunary interests,—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders: it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is affliction in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selecting influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascension to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction, the purest allotted to man, of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period

—and they will incessantly revolve them—shall turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious mortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready “to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,” they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, “gird on Thy sword, Thou Most Mighty;” go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses of fire! “Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.”

GEORGE CANNING ON THE LATENT POWER OF ENGLAND.

[The Right Hon. George Canning was born in London 1770, and educated at Winchester (Hyde Abbey School), Eton, and Oxford. He entered the bar at Lincoln’s Inn, but abandoned law for politics, and was appointed by Mr. Pitt Under-Secretary of State. After filling most of the high offices of State he became Premier. Died 1827.]

Let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now resting on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an
Oratory.

animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of those magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century, sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her; or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension, and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessings of peace, gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honour and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant when that noble structure (i.e. the breakwater), of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honoured me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbour, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind, than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum; when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.

KOSUTH'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

[Louis Kossuth, ex-governor of Hungary, was born in 1807. The events of his life belong to history rather than to literary biography. He died in exile, 1894.]

Farewell, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyar! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. I shall never again give the name of my country to that cherished soil where I drank from my mother's bosom the milks of justice and liberty. Pardon, oh! pardon him who is henceforth condemned to wander far from thee, because he combated for thy happiness. Pardon one who can only call thee to that spot of thy soil where he now kneels with a few of the faithful children of conquered Hungary! My last looks are fixed on my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future; but that future is overshadowed. Thy plains are covered with blood, the redness of which pitiless destruction will change to black, the emblem of mourning for the victories thy sons have gained over the sacrilegious enemies of thy sacred soil.
Kossuth's Farewell to his Country.

How many grateful hearts have sent their prayers to the throne of the Almighty! How many tears have gushed from their very depth to implore pity! How much blood has been shed to testify that the Magyar idolizes his country, and that he knows how to die for it! And yet, land of my love, thou art in slavery. From thy very bosom will be forged the chains to bind all that is sacred, and to aid all that is sacrilegious. Ah, Almighty Creator, if thou lovest thy people to whom thou didst give victory under our heroic ancestor, Arpad, I implore thee not to sink them in degradation. I speak to thee, my country, thus from the abyss of my despair, and whilst yet lingering on the threshold of thy soil. Pardon me that a great number of thy sons have shed their blood for thee on my account. I pleaded for thee—I hoped for thee, even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word "despair." I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, "Be thou a slave." I girt the sword about my loins, and clasped the bloody plume, even when they said, "Thou art no longer a nation on the soil of the Magyar."

Time has written thy destiny on the pages of thy story in yellow and black letters—death. The Colossus of the North has set his seal to the sentence. But the glowing iron of the East shall melt that seal.

For thee, my country, that has shed so much blood, there is no pity; for does not the tyrant eat his bread on the hills formed of the bones of thy children?

The ingrate, whom thou hast fattened with thy abundance, rose against thee; he rose against thee, the traitor to his mother, and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast endured all; thou hast not cursed thine existence, for in thy bosom, and far above all sorrow, hope has built her nest. Magyars, turn not aside your looks from me, for at this moment my eyes flow with tears for you, for the soil on which my tottering steps still wander is named Hungary.

My country, it is not the iron of the stranger that hath dug thy grave; it is not the thunder of fourteen nations, all arrayed against thee, that hath destroyed thee; and it is not the fifteenth nation, traversing the Carpathians, that has caused thee to drop thy arms. No! thou hast been betrayed—thou hast been sold, my country; thy death sentence hath been written, beloved of my heart, by him whose love for thee I never dared to doubt. Yes! in the fervour of my boldest thoughts I should have almost as soon doubted of the existence of the Omnipotent, as have believed that he could ever be a traitor to his country. Thou hast been betrayed by him into whose hands I had, but a little space before deposited the power of our country, which he swore to defend, even to the last drop of his heart's blood. He hath done treason to his mother; for the glitter of gold hath been for him more seductive than that of the blood shed to save his country. Base gain had more value in his eyes than his country, and his God has abandoned him, as he had abandoned his God for his allies of hell.
My principles have not been those of Washington; nor yet my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation, free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily, but which in another season puts forth its flower still more lovely than before. Thou art dead; for hath not thy winter come on? but it will not endure so long as that of thy companion under the frozen sky of Siberia. No. Fifteen nations have dug thy tomb. But the hosts of the sixteenth will come to save thee. Be faithful, as thou hast been even to the present. Lift up thy heart in prayer for the departed; but do not raise thy own hymn until thou hearest the thunders of the liberating people echo along thy mountains, and bellow in the depth of thy valleys.

Farewell, beloved companions! Farewell, comrades, countrymen! May the thought of God, and may the angels of liberty forever be with you! I will proclaim you to the civilized world as heroes; and the cause of an heroic people will be cherished by the freest nation on earth, the freest of all free people!

Farewell, thou land dyed with the blood of the brave! Guard those red marks, they will one day bear testimony on thy behalf.

And thou, farewell, O youthful monarch of the Hungarians! Forget not that my nation is not destined for thee. Heaven inspires me with the confidence that the day will dawn when it shall be proved to thee even on the ruined walls of Buda.

May the Almighty bless thee, my beloved country! Believe, hope, and love!

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL ON THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

There is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labour that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labour that is honest, is honourable too.

What a concurrent testimony is given by the entire universe to the dignity of toil. Things inanimate and things irrational combine with men and angels to proclaim the law of Him who made them all. The restless atmosphere, the rolling rivers, and the heaving ocean, nature's vast laboratory never at rest; countless agencies in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; the unwearied sun coming forth from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race: the changeful moon, whose never slumbering influence the never-resting tides obey; the planets, never passing in the mighty sweep of their majestic march; the sparkling stars, never ceasing to show forth the handiwork of Him who bade them shine; the busy swarms of insect life; the ant providing her meat in the summer, and gathering her food in the harvest; the birds exultant in their flight, pouring forth the

melody of their song; the beasts of the forest rejoicing in the gladness of activity; primeval man amid the bowers of Eden; paradise untainted by sin, yet honoured by toil; fallen man, with labour still permitted him, an alleviation of his woe, and an earnest of his recovery; redeemed man, divinely instructed, assisted, encouraged, honoured in his toil; the innumerable company of angels, never resting in their service, never wearied in their worship; the glorious Creator of the universe, who never slumbers or sleepeth: all, all, bear testimony to the dignity of labour!

The dignity of labour! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, “glorious labour knocks at the golden gate of the morning,” obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world! Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes “the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Labour drives the plough and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man.

Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince, and the grey gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter’s cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle—from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished piercing or the glittering bead. Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains, with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, “Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low.” Labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever talked, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, com-
pete with the lightning,—for the Telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, these dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountains' slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirs round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men! walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon; disgrace it not! There is nothing really mean and low but sin! Stoop not from your lofty throne to deifie yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labour allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honour of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than Cherubim and Seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs!

Yes, in the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince, ruling over mighty empires; to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility; or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of them or of learning, of the historian or of the philosopher, the poet or the artist; and while prompt to render such men all the honour which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the shop, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, the necessities and luxuries of life are distributed, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought—I would descend farther—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of earth; to the man of the trowel, the hammer, or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a brave heart and loving eye to heaven—if in what he does he recognises his God, and expects his wages from on high—

5 while thus labouring on earth, he anticipates the rest of heaven, and can say, as did a poor man once, who, when pitiéd on account of humble lot, said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a King, I am a child of God, and when I die, angels will carry me from this

Union Workhouse direct to the Court of Heaven." Oh! when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask—"Is there not dignity in labour?"

Work! and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow—
Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming pillow—
Lies not down weari'd, 'neath woe's weeping willow,—
But work with a stout heart and resolute will!—
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly—
Work for some hope—be it ever so lowly—
Work! for all labour is noble and holy.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

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 recognise, 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 these 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 subtle genius, and at the head of all the power of Europe, he denounced destruction to the only land that 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 conjunction 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 men; 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 Vittoria 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 showed 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 chiefman 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 those 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 unequaled 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 lan-
guage, 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
Wellingon 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!"

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**LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH ON THE REFORM BILL.**

We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we, and our order and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I boldly deny this assertion. What! my lords, the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people;—they who sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people? They set themselves against the people, for whom peers are abolished, bishops consecrated, kings anointed, the people, to serve whom Parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? This assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation—I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who, even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself
Lord Brougham's Speech on the Reform Bill. 277

I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state; I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated situation of representative of Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to satisfy any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill? Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? I am aware it's irregular to name any noble lord that is a friend to the measure: its adversaries are patiently suffered to call Peers even by their Christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob or the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted;—that the bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild, as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles that surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be safe to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms; she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with
diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third visit; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may be even the mace which rests upon that wool sack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you more expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judiciary in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge’s first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most thrilling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation’s hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people—alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your utmost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind ever one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yes, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE CONSTITUTION.

[From his Speech at the Merchant Tailors’ Hall, May 11th, 1835. Born 1788. Died 1850.]

Gentlemen, with the deep feelings of pride and satisfaction by which I must necessarily be animated, there does mix, as you may well believe, one painful feeling that springs from the consciousness that any language of mine must be totally inadequate to express the intensity of my sensations in addressing you upon the present occasion. Gentlemen, I well know that these are the trite and ordinary excuses made by all speakers on occasions like the present; but if you will only place yourselves in my situation, if you will only recollect that I was alone, as it were, in this company, that I remained seated while all the rest of you were standing, that I re-
maimed silent while all the rest of you were enthusiastically vociferating your generous approbation, that I was conscious that all your kindly attention, and consideration, and deep feeling, were concentrated upon myself: if you will recollect that I am a public man, that I am a man of the people, that I derive, I will not say my strength, but my only strength from public applause and public confidence, that I am moreover a man who looks forward to no reward for public services excepting only public approbation, who aspires to no dignity except in all honesty and purity the good opinion of his fellow-subjects—the sound good opinion I mean, as distinguished from the paltry and fleeting popularity which may be gained at the moment, even by the weakest and most contemptible, in pandering or succumbing to faction, or even in more meekly and gently attempting at once to flatter and inflame the people's prejudices—I say, then, that if you will take all these considerations and circumstances into your attention, you may be well able to believe, that although the excuse I have offered you for my deficiency in power adequately to respond to your great kindness may be trite, though it may be the ordinary phraseology of speakers in complimentary assemblages; yet upon this peculiar occasion it is perfectly consistent with truth, that I am unable to do justice to my feelings, in pouring forth to you my heartfelt thanks for the honour which you have conferred upon me.

But let me not be suspected of idle egotism. Let it not be thought that I have been so misled by the suggestions of personal vanity as to attribute to myself, or any deserts of mine, the origin of this meeting, or the feelings which you have this evening expressed. I agree with our worthy chairman in thinking that the address which I received from so large a body of the merchants, bankers, and traders of this city, was a sufficient compliment and reward for any services and exertions of mine. It asserted the principle by which I was animated: it bore with it the true reward of public services—the approbation of my fellow-citizens. I wanted no other demonstration of public feeling; and if I had regarded this meeting as merely a demonstration of personal compliment, I should almost have discouraged it, as being, after the address, a superfluous token of public esteem. No, Sir, the object of this meeting is a demonstration of public feeling in the metropolis. I do think that public interests may be promoted by it. I do think that the impulse which has been given from this centre of the commercial world, the vital impulse, must thrill to every extremity of the British empire.

Gentlemen, what I shall say will be spoken by me as one of yourselves, not as one anxious for triumph as a party man—still less as a candidate for office. I shall speak to you as a British subject in a private capacity, feeling a tenfold greater interest in the cause of good government than in any emoluments or advantages he could possibly derive from office; a man who has a tenfold greater desire on public grounds, for the maintenance of the principles he professes and conscientiously believes to be essential to the welfare of the coun-
try, than for any benefits, if benefits they can be called, which he could derive from the acquisition of office. I believe, indeed, that there is no greater mistake than that people situate as I happen to be are so very anxious for office. Some fancy that the wholesome rest of every politician is broken by his feverish longing for office. If I were to speak from my own experience, I should tell a different tale. There is to me and to many others nothing in office, so far as mere personal feelings or interests are concerned, to compensate for its labours and its annoyances, and its deep anxieties, its interruption of domestic repose and happiness. Away, then, Sir, with the ridiculous assertion that men who are really qualified for the first trusts of the state would consent to procure them by any dishonest sacrifice of opinion, by any compromise of character. We hear constantly the professions of great alarm about court intrigue and court favouritism, and base coalitions of public men for the promotion of their private ends. The country quite mistakes the real danger in this respect; the danger is, not that public men, fit for public trusts, and worthy of public confidence, will seek office by unworthy means, but that they will seek excuses for declining it—will refuse to bear the heavy sacrifices of time, and labour, and repose, which it imposes. That office holds out great advantages to the ambitious minds of some, I will not deny; but are there not out of office equal, if not greater, means of distinction in public life? For myself, in taking office, in submitting to its drudgery, I was urged by nothing but a sense of public duty, and by the desire not to shrink from that obligation which every British subject incurs when called upon to serve his king, to the utmost of his ability and power. I hope that his Majesty has not a more devoted servant than I; but this I can say with truth, that when I entered the king's service I entered it with the consciousness that I neither sought nor desired any favour, any honour, any reward which the king has in his power to bestow. Office is no doubt a legitimate object of ambition. I think it anything but a reflection on a public man to seek it, when he can hold it consistently with his public principles, and when the holding of it will advance those principles; but speaking for myself, I repeat that I do not covet it, and that nothing has reconciled me to it but the imperative sense of public duty. The chief consolation I have had in holding it, the chief reward I retain on relinquishing it, is the proud reflection that I have had the good fortune in being connected in civil life with that illustrious man* whose fame exceeds that of any other conqueror—a man from whom I never have been one moment estranged by any difference on political subjects, and with whom my connexion never has been embittered by the slightest infusion of pastray jealousy. I am gratified by the thought, connected as I have been with him in the civil service of the Crown, I shall have my name transmitted with his to after-ages. This is the chief pride, the dearest gratification of my heart.

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* The Duke of Wellington.
Sir Robert Peel on the Constitution. 281

Allow me to speak to you, not as a party man, but as one of yourselves, and to submit to you plain opinions in plain language. I prefer this, and I am sure so will you, to that elaborate concatenation of phrases which is sometimes called eloquence, in which you have the smallest possible quantity of common sense enveloped in the greatest multitude of equivocal words. I say to you, then, that there is danger to the institutions of this country, danger to the mixed and happily balanced form of government under which we have lived and prospered. But it is in your power, and in the power of those who think with you, and fill situations in the country corresponding to yours, to avert the danger. It is in your power, by unremitting activity and by the exercise of those functions which the constitution has left to you, to mitigate, if not altogether to remove, the evil. My fixed opinion is, that the danger can only be met by your gaining for your principles an effectual influence in the popular branch of the legislature. We shall only aggravate the evil if we attempt to deceive ourselves as to the nature of the instruments we can employ. Let us not indulge in useless lamentations. Let us waste no time in regretting that which is beyond our remedy. This is quite idle. The first step towards safety is a knowledge of the real source of our strength, a just confidence in it, and a firm resolution to exert it. If we cease to take a desponding view of public affairs all will yet be well. Though you may not be able to exercise that full share of influence to which you are legitimately entitled, yet hesitate not to strain every nerve to acquire all that can be acquired. Act like Englishmen, and if you will do so, I am confident, from the national spirit and indomitable resolution, that the country will be rescued from the dangers by which it is at present threatened. The government of the country, allow me to tell you, must be mainly conducted with the goodwill and through the immediate agency of the House of Commons. The royal prerogative, the authority of the House of Lords, are most useful, nay, necessary, in our mixed and balanced constitution. But you must not strain those powers. You would not consider that to be worthy of the name of government, which is nothing but a series of jealousies and hostile collisions between two branches of the legislature. You wish to see all branches of the legislature maintaining each its independent authority, but moving, through mutual confidence, in harmonious concert towards the great end of civil society and civil government—the public good. I ask you, then, not to underrate, not to misunderstand the power and authority of the House of Commons, not to trust to the controlling checks which may theoretically exist upon that power and authority; but to secure, through the legitimate exercise of constitutional privileges, that degree of influence for your principles in the House of Commons, which will be ten times more powerful for the establishment of what is good, and the resistance of what is evil, than any extrinsic control of the Crown or the House of Lords. Let us stand by the constitution as it exists at present. Let us never hint at alteration, or by our conduct raise a secret doubt, even in the minds of the most sus-
Oratory.

picious. I venture to prophesy to you that the proposition for change will not come from you. If it comes, it will come from those who clamoured most loudly for the Reform Bill, who demanded the whole bill and nothing but the bill. Ay, it will come from them, and the moment, perhaps, is not far distant—the moment that they have ascertained the bill is not likely to answer the purposes they had in view—the moment they see it is not potent to exclude the influence of what we call Conservative principles.

But I have said enough upon this subject; I do not despair that if we continue to exert ourselves, if we here set an example to the empire, it will, in all its parts, be before long animated by the constitutional and truly English feelings which are here displayed. How, it will be asked, are you to regain your influence in the House of Commons? Not, let me tell you, as your enemies would impute to you, by bribery and corruption and unworthy means, but by going forth with a frank exposition of your principles, and by showing that there is nothing selfish in your support of the institutions under which you live, and your defence of the rights which you inherited. Let us disclaim all interest in the maintenance of any abuse—let us declare that we are willing to redress any real grievance, and to concur in the application of the best remedy which can possibly be devised for that purpose. We hold that no public office ought to be maintained for the mere purpose of patronage; that public appointments can only be vindicated on the ground of their being necessary to the public service. We want no salaries. We want no greater amount of salary for the reward of public officers than that which may be sufficient for securing integrity and competence in the discharge of important official duties. Above all, we deny that we are separated by any fancied line of interest, or of pride, or of privilege, from the middle classes of the country. If we ourselves don’t belong to the middle classes of society, I want to know how wide the interval may be that is presumed to separate us? Speaking in behalf of nine-tenths at least of those assembled within these walls, I say we disclaim any separation from the middle classes of society in this country. O no, we are bound to them by a thousand ramifications of direct personal connexion, and common interests and common feelings. If circumstances may appear to have elevated some of us above the rest, to what, I venture to ask, is that elevation owing? It is owing to nothing else but to the exercise, either on our own part or on the part of our immediate forefathers, of those qualities of diligence, of the love of order, of industry, of integrity in commercial dealings, which have hitherto secured to every member of the middle class of society the opportunities of elevation and distinction in this great community; and it is because we stand in our present situation—it is because we owe our elevation in society to the exercise of those qualities, and because we feel that so long as this ancient form of government, and the institutions connected with it, and the principles and feelings which they engender, shall endure, the same elevation will be secured by the same means, that we are resolved, with the blessing
of God, to keep clear for others those same avenues that were opened to ourselves, that we will not allow their course to be obstructed by men who want to secure the same advantages by dishonest means—to reach, by some shorter cut, that goal which can be surely attained, but can only be attained through industry, and patient perseverance, and strict integrity. Gentlemen, what was the charge against myself? It was this, that the king had sent to Rome for the son of a cotton-spinner, in order to make him prime minister of England. Did I feel that a reflection? Did it make me discontented with the state of the laws and institutions of the country? No; but does it not make me, and ought it not to make you, gentlemen, anxious to preserve that happy order of things under which the same opportunities of distinction may be ensured to other sons of other cotton-spinners, provided they can establish a legitimate claim on the confidence of their king and country?

At the same time, consistently with these feelings, consistently with the determination to correct real abuses, and to promote real economy, we do not disguise that it is our firm resolution to maintain, to the utmost of our power, the limited monarchy of this country, to respect the rights of every branch of the legislature, to maintain inviolate the united Church of England and Ireland, to maintain it as a predominant establishment, meaning by predominance, not the denial of any civil right to other classes of the community, but maintaining the Church in the possession of its property and of all its just privileges. Such is our firm resolution; we will submit to no compromise, and we will exercise every privilege which the constitution has intrusted to us for the legitimate maintenance and support of the constitution in Church and State. This is the appeal we make to the middle classes of the community—to those who are mainly the depositaries of the elective franchise.

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We tell all, in whatever class of life they may be, that they ought to feel as deep an interest in the maintenance of those principles as any of the politicians or men of property who are now within my hearing. The encouragement of industry, the demand for productive labour, depends on the maintenance of those principles. The preservation of order depends on them, the maintenance of that security which has hitherto led men through honest industry to accumulate property in this country, depends upon them. And now that the feelings excited by political contests and great changes in the electoral system have subsided, I cannot help entertaining a sincere hope and belief, disclaiming any intention of interfering improperly with the political franchise, that there is still that fund of good sense in this community that will enable us, if not to gain a predominating influence in the Commons House of Parliament, still to acquire that degree of influence that shall control and prevent many bad projects.

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Gentlemen, in conclusion, let me call on you to recollect the associations connected with the place where we are now assembled.
Oratory.

From this place a voice issued in 1738 of memorable moment—a voice in support of the ancient principles of the British monarchy—a voice which encouraged and enabled the ministers of that day to check the contagion of democratic and French principles, then in their ascendant. I call on you to remember the motto under which you are now assembled, Concordia parvis crescent: to bear in mind, that by acting on the advice which it involves, small as your influence in the public councils may now be, it is capable, by unity of purpose, by cordial concert, and good understanding—by common exertions directed to a common end, it is capable of vast expansion and increase. By your example you will rally around you a thousand hearts to fight in the same righteous cause. Proclaim to the country from this, the metropolis of commerce, that, entertaining principles of moderation in public affairs, you will still stand firm in defence of the ancient walls, and guard the ancient landmarks of the constitution; that you will rally round the monarchy and protect its just prerogatives; that you will defend the independent exercise of the authority of the House of Lords, and maintain firm and inviolate the rights of the Established Church; that you will stand by, in the emphatic language of the most solemn Acts of Parliament, the Protestant government and the Protestant religion of this country. Yes, elevate that voice in the cause of those principles—principles so moderate, so just, so necessary—and depend upon it, it will be re-echoed from every part of this country, and the pulsation of the heart of the great corporate community will vibrate through every artery of this mighty empire.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE HAPPY TOWN COUNCILLOR.

[A archibald Philip Primrose, 5th Earl of Rosebery, was born on the 7th May, 1845, and succeeded his grandfather, the 4th Earl. Whilst quite a young man he filled several important public positions, and his career was watched with great interest by the late Mr. Gladstone, whom he succeeded as Liberal Prime Minister (1884-5). He has written lives of William Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, and Napoleon the Great. The subjoined address was delivered on the occasion of the presentation to him of the freedom of the city of Bristol (October 9th, 1884). Lord Rosebery acts on the views here set forth, for he has twice been Chairman of the London County Council (1889 and 1892), and later a member of the Epsom Urban District Council.]

I am not a member of the House of Commons, and I never have been a member of the House of Commons; but I confess when I attempt to imagine what that existence can be, I am bound to say that in every respect, so far as I can judge, a business man, a man who is fond of his home and of the life of home, and who wishes to see something tangible accomplished by his own work and his own exertions, would infinitely prefer the career of a

* That of Burke.
Lord Rosebery on The Happy Town Councillor.

municipal councillor to that of a member of the House of Commons. You smile; but what, after all, is the career of a member of the House of Commons as judged by the life outside? After an election of an agonizing character, he may or may not be elected to serve his country in Parliament. If he be elected, after a session of the greatest exhaustion, he employs his vacation, if he has a vacation at all, in travelling from village to village or from ward to ward of his constituency, repeating a speech, or repeating speeches, which must become distasteful to himself, and cannot be otherwise than distasteful to those who hear him. At the end of that recess, if recess there be, he is called back to his Parliamentary duties in London. For that he forsakes his home, forsakes his family, and, if he have a business, he becomes a sleeping partner in it. If he is a landlord, he becomes an absentee, and for what? He sits on a bench in the House of Commons.

He is conscious of ability and of powers of speech practised in the way I have described, but he is told by his Whip that on no account must he address the House, though the debate, in which he knows could be perfectly well exhausted in two hours, be prolonged for four or five days. During those days he witnesses the rising of Right Hon. friends and opponents on the front benches to make their speeches, and also of those irresponsible bores whom no Whip and no Minister can soothe to silence. There he sits, conscious that if he had to do it all he could do it so much more ably, and then finally he is whisked away to the lobby, there to vote as he is told to vote.

On the other hand, what is the life of a town councillor? He lives in his home in a town to which he is accustomed. He is able to look after his business, to see his wife, and control the education of his children, and two or three times a week he goes to attend a practical piece of public work, the practical results of which he will see in his own lifetime. I do not wish to say anything disrespectful of members of Parliament, more especially in the presence of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and other gentlemen here, but I do believe from the bottom of my heart that a man who is a town councillor can effect in his term of office some small, practical, and tangible good, such as even the erection of a pump, and at the end of his term of office he has something infinitely more tangible and satisfactory to look upon than has a member of Parliament. He sees his pump; he sees the water flow; and he sees the monument of what he has done, and knows he has contributed to the health, welfare, and, possibly, the sanitation of his neighbours. But at the end of the Parliamentary session what has the ordinary member of the House of Commons got to look at that can be compared with that? At any time the town councillor may rise to the position which you, Mr. Mayor, so worthily occupy. In that position he is looked upon by all his fellow-citizens with respect, without envy, with a cordial wish to assist him in the discharge of his functions, and he is the undisputed
chief of the community. But what is the future of the ambitious member of the House of Commons? It may be that ultimately, if his wildest dream be realized, he will become a Minister. There I draw the veil. The happiness of a career that has its culmination in becoming a Minister needs no criticism.

PATRICK HENRY'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

[Patrick Henry was an American statesman and orator; born in Virginia in 1736. His parents had a large family, and so were unable to afford Patrick any of the benefits of education. His commercial efforts were unsuccessful, so he turned his attention to the law and became an advocate, in which role he distinguished himself. As a member of the Virginia Legislature he produced a profound impression by his speech against the famous "Stamp Act." The following address was delivered before the first U.S. Congress, just before the outbreak of the War of Independence. He died in 1799.]

Mr. President,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir, it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains
which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight—1 repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to be the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest: there is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston: the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, Sir—let it come! It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is it
Oratory.

so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

LORD CHATHAM'S PROTEST AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

[William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was born at Boconnoc, in Cornwall, 1728. His grandfather, Thomas Pitt (born 1633) went to the East Indies as governor of Fort St. George, where he realized a large fortune, partly by the purchase of a diamond for 20,000, which he sold to the King of France for more than five times that sum. He sat in four parliaments, and died in 1738. His eldest son, father of the great Lord Chatham, died in 1727. William Pitt was educated at Eton and Oxford. On the conclusion of his studies he entered the army, but being returned to Parliament for Old Sarum, he soon made himself conspicuous as an orator, and the Duchess of Marlborough, who had a hatred of the minister he opposed, left him a legacy of 10,000. In 1756 he was appointed Secretary of State, and in 1759 elevated to the peerage. On April 4, 1778, he fell down in a convulsive fit as he was speaking in the House of Lords in advocacy of reconciliation with the American States, the cause in which he had long laboured. He died on the 11th of the following month, and after lying in state, was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a superb monument was erected to his memory by the nation.]

I rise, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail; cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honours in this House, the hereditary council of the crown. Who is the minister, where is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the throne has been application to Parlia-
Chatham's Protest against the American War.

ment for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels: no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! but the crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty, as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? to give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt?

"But yesterday,
And England might have stood against the world:
Now none so poor to do her reverence."

I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honour, and substantial dignity are sacrificed. France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honour, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismission of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England! The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility; this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abett'd against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honour of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who "but yesterday" gave law to the house of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.
My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the constitution. I believe it is against law.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; for, said Lord Suffolk, "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands!"

I AM ASTONISHED!—shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "This God and nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and
Chatham's Protest against the American War. 291

humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition. If these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infernal savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and exterminate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to exterminate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and efectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a illustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more;
but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less.
I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head
on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of
such profligate and enormous principles.

EDMUND BURKE'S PERNICATION ON THE IMPEACH-
MENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

[Burke was born in Dublin 1730, and educated at Trinity College in that
city. After completing his education he came to London, and entered himself
as a law student in the Temple. At first he applied himself to letters, and
published his "Vindication of Natural Society" and his "Essay on the Sub-
lime and Beautiful," these works introduced him to the best society, and he
then determined to devote himself to politics. An orator he was almost
without a rival. Died 1797.]

My Lords—What is it that we want here to do a great act of
national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the
cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of
desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much
iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must
not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren
Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such
another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you
the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my
lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does
not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a
remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united
by the bond of a social and moral community; all the Commons of
England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that
are offered to all the people of India.

Do you want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity,
nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human
imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here
we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown,
under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We
see in that invisible authority what we all feel in reality and life,
the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We
have here the heir apparent of the crown, such as the fond wishes
of the people of England wish an heir apparent of the crown to be.
We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation
between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the
subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the
rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which ex-
tremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage
Burke's Petition against Warren Hastings.

here; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors and of their posterity to guard; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits, and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says, that their God is love; that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity; a religion which so much hates oppression, that, when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the Master of Nature chose to appear in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing that he, who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself "the servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons (i.e. the people) of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.
Oratory.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.
I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

My Lords,—I have had my attention directed, within the last two hours, to the new mass of papers laid on our table from the West Indies. The bulk I am averse to break, but a sample I have culled of its hateful contents. Eleven females were punished by severe flogging—and then put on the treadmill, where they were compelled to ply until exhausted nature could endure no more;—when faint and about to fall off, they were suspended by the arms in a manner that has been described to me by a most respectable eyewitness of similar scenes, but not so suspended as that the mechanism could revolve clear of their persons; for the wheels at each turn bruised and galled their legs, till their sufferings had reached the pitch when life can no longer even glimmer in the socket of the weary frame. In the course of a few days these wretched beings languished, to use the language of our law—that law which is thus so constantly and systematically violated—and "languishing died."

Ask you if crimes like these, murderous in their legal nature, as well as frightful in their aspect, passed unnoticed—if inquiry was neglected to be made respecting these deaths in a prison? No such thing! The forms of justice were on this head peremptory, even in the West Indies—and at those forms, the handmaids of justice were present, though their sacred mistress was far away. The coroner duly attended—the jury were regularly empanelled—eleven inquisitions were made in order—and eleven verdicts returned—Murder? Manslaughter? Misdemeanour? Misconduct? No—but "Died by the Visitation of God!" "Died by the Visitation of God!" A lie! a perjury! a blasphemy! The Visitation of God! Yes, for it is among the most awful of those visitations by which the inscrutable purposes of His will are mysteriously accomplished, that He sometimes arms the wicked with power to oppress the guiltless; and if there be any visitation more dreadful than another; any which more tries the faith and vexes the reason of sensible mortals, it is when Heaven showers down upon the earth the plague—not of scorpions, or pestilence, or famine, or war—but of unjust judges and perjured jurors, wretches who pervert the law to wreak their personal vengeance, or compass their sordid ends, forsaking themselves on the Gospels of God, to the end that injustice may prevail, and the innocent be destroyed!

I hasten to a close; there remains little to add. It is, my lords, with a view to prevent such enormities as I have feebly pictured
Lord Brougham on Negro Emancipation. 295

before you, to correct the administration of justice, to secure the comforts of the negroes, to restrain the cruelty of the tormentors, to amend the discipline of prisons, to arm the governors with local authority over the police; it is with these views that I have formed the resolutions now on your table. These improvements are, however, only to be regarded as temporary expedients, as mere palliatives of an enormous mischief, for which the only effectual remedy is the complete emancipation which I have demonstrated by the unerring and incontrovertible evidence of facts, as well as the clearest deductions of reason, to be safe and practicable, and, therefore, proved to be our imperative duty at once to proclaim.

From the instant that glad sound is wafted across the ocean, what a blessed change begins; what an enchanting prospect unfolds itself! The African placed on the same footing with other men, becomes in reality our fellow-citizen—to our feelings, as well as in his own nature our equal, our brother. No difference of origin or colour can now prevail to keep the two castes apart. Where the driver and the goatherd once bore sway, the lash resounds no more; nor does the clank of the chain any more fall upon the troubled ear; the fetter has ceased to gall the vexed limb, and the very mark disappears which for awhile it had left. I do not deny that danger exists—I admit it to be not far distant from our path. You have gone too far if you stop here and go no further; you are in imminent hazard if, having loosened the fetters, you do not strike them off—if, leaving them ineffectual to restrain, you let them remain to gall, to irritate, and to goad. Beware of that state, yet more unnatural than slavery itself—liberty bestowed by halves—the power of resistance given—the inducement to submission withheld.

You have let the slave taste of the cup of freedom; while intoxicated with the draught, beware how you dash the cup away from his lips. You have produced the progeny of liberty, see the prodigious hazard of swathing the limbs of the gigantic infant; you know not the might that may animate it. Have a care, I beseech you have a care, how you rouse the strength that slumbers in the sable peasant's arm! Every tribe, every shade of the Negro race will combine, from the fiery Korantins to the peaceful Eboes, and the ghastly shape of colonial destruction meets the astonished eye.

I turn away from the horrid vision that my eye may rest once more on the prospect of enduring empire, and peace founded upon freedom. I regard the freedom of the Negro as accomplished and sure. Why? because it is his right; because he has shown himself fit for it; because a pretext, or a shadow of a pretext, can no longer be devised for withholding that right from its possessor. My reliance is firm and unflinching upon the great change which I have witnessed—the education of the people, unfettered by party or by sect, witnessed from the beginning of its progress. I may say from the hour of its birth; I watched over its cradle, I marked its growth, I rejoiced in its strength, I witnessed its maturity, I
have been spared to see it ascend the very height of supreme power, directing the councils of state, accelerating every great improvement, uniting itself with every good work, propelling all useful institutions, extirpating abuses in all our institutions, passing the bounds of our European dominions, and, in the new world, as well as the old, proclaiming that freedom is the birthright of man, that distinction of colour gives no title to oppression, that the chains now loosened must be struck off, and even the marks they have left effaced, proclaiming this by the same eternal law of our nature which makes nations the masters of their own destiny, and which in Europe has caused every tyrant’s throne to quake.

But they need feel no alarm at the progress of light who defend a limited monarchy and support popular institutions; who place their chief pride not in ruling over slaves, be they white or be they black, but in wearing a constitutional crown, in holding the sword of justice with the hand of mercy, in being the first citizen of a country whose air is too pure for slaves to breathe, and on whose shores, if the captive’s foot but touch, his letters of themselves fall off.

The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking; you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, faltering, or delay. I demand his rights. I demand his liberty without stint. In the name of justice and of law, in the name of reason, in the name of God, who has given you no right to work injustice, I demand that your brother be no longer trampled upon as your slave! I make my appeal to the Commons who represent the free people of England, and I require at their hands the performance of that condition for which they have paid so enormous a price, that condition which all their constituents are in breathless anxiety to see fulfilled! I appeal to this house. Hereditary judges of the first tribunal in the world, to you I appeal for justice. Patrons of all the arts that humanize mankind, under your protection I place humanity herself. To the merciful sovereign of a free people I call aloud for mercy to the hundreds of thousands for whom half a million of her Christian sisters have supplicated, I ask that their cry may not have risen in vain.

But first I turn my eye to the throne of all justice, and devoutly humbling myself before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold such vast iniquities, I implore that the curse hovering over the head of the unjust and the oppressor be averted from us, that your hearts may be turned to mercy, and that over all the earth His will may at length be done.

MR. SHERIDAN’S PANEGYRIC ON JUSTICE.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin 1751, and educated at Harrow School. He adorned every branch of literature to which he applied himself, and was equally famous as an orator. His fine comedy, “The Rivals,” was produced
Webster's Eulogium on Washington.

In 1775, and subsequently "The School for Scandal." In 1780 he entered Parliament for the borough of Stafford, obtained official employment, distinguished himself by his eloquence, and was made a privy councillor. He died "in debt and difficulties," July 6, 1815.

Justice is not a halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffectual samble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature, to the real image,—Justice! I have now before me, august and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirations of men;—where the mind rises; where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favourite attitude is—to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve; to succour and save! Majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obstinacy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely, deliberate and sure; abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation; not in words, but in facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings, which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation! This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves, with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature— the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON.

[Daniel Webster, one of the greatest statesmen and orators of the United States, was born on the Merrimac River in 1832, and for many years held the first rank at the American bar. He was elected to Congress in 1818, and in 1827 became a member of the Senate. He visited England in 1830, and 1840 became Secretary of Foreign Affairs under President Harrison, and again in 1850 under President Fillmore, which office he retained to his death in 1852.]

I rise, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honour of whose character and services, we have here assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every one present when I say, that there is something more than ordinary solemn and affecting on this occasion.
We are met to testify our regard for him, whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces, that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks
Webster's Eulogium on Washington.

is no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpouring of public feeling, made today, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is in itself an object of regard. The ingenious youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision, as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in five or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the proudest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world; if it be true that

"The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last,”

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened; how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater softness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of
thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from beneath governments, to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

MAZZINI TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA.

[Joseph Mazzini was born at Genoa in 1805. He was educated for the law, but devoted himself to political life. In 1837 he made an attempt to revolutionize Italy; but the scheme proving abortive, he escaped in disguise. Died 1872.]

When I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer, in this temple, a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthy honoured by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enlarged: Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose and suggested to me, "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that whilst they fight for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side?" "Ah! had we all risen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and independence are one; that God and the People, Country and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can only exist, one and holy, in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal Truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe— we should not now have war, but victory; Cosenza would not be
compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor
Venice be restrained from honouring them with a monument; and
we here gathered together might gladly invoke those sacred names,
without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness
on our brows, and might say to those precursor souls, "Rejoice, for
your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of
you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet
shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The
sublime programme which they dying bequeathed to the rising
Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into frag-
ments by the false doctrines which, elsewhere overthrown, have
taken refuge amongst us. I look around, and I see the struggles of
desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of un-
worthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulae of servitude,
throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the heart of the country,
where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold
movement—where is the word which should dominate the hundred
diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multi-
tude? I hear words aspurning the national omnipotence—"the Italy
of the North"—"the League of the States"—"federative compacts
between princes;" but ITALY, where is it? Where is the
common country—the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice
initiant of a new era of European civilization? Intoxicated with
our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea
revealed by God to those who suffer; and God has punished our for-
gottenness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my
brethren, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to
give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither
political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of ex-
pediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Hu-
mankind lives and moves through faith; great principles are the
guiding stars of Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the
graves of our martyrs, and ask from the inspiration of those who
died for us all, the secret of victory in the adoration of a principle
of faith. The Angel of Martyrdom and the Angel of Victory are
brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, the other looks down to
earth, and it is only when, from epoch to epoch, their eyes meet be-
tween earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new
life, and a people arises, evangelist or prophet, from the cradle or
the tomb.

I will now, young men, sum up to you, in a few words, the faith
of our martyrs: their external life is known to you all, it is now
matter of history; I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own,
was based upon a few simple incontrovertible truths, which few in-
deed venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten
or betrayed by most.

God and the people.—God at the summit of the social edifice;
the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the
Oratory.

Father and the educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application.

There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is but one law for those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being, and the law of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—faculties and liberty are the means, and not the end—not to work out our own happiness upon earth; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the divine law; to practise it as far as our individual faculties and circumstances allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and the love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to endeavour fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it may represent "a single sheepfold, with a single shepherd," the Spirit of God, the law. To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition, the voice of anterior humanity, and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord is truth, whereonver they are opposed is error. To attain a harmony and consistency between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. Family, city, country, and humanity are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time He raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of His truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles, indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation, with a profound consciousness of the mission entrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm, and in the certainty of their immortal hopes in the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now rise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the great, the sublime and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows, the dead who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us, the love of souls that aspire together, and do not grovel on the earth in search of a futility
which it is not the destiny of the creature here to reach; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism.

To love, is to promise, and to receive a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower which springs up on the path of duty, but which cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Ever act—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the house that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful, as foretold by our great man. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood, or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thoughts of God. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties, with a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you, your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, meet each other like the double jewels of a diadem; and you must draw from thence a third world, greater than the other two. From Rome, the Holy City, the City of Love (Amor), the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote, and strengthened by the inspiration of a whole people, shall give forth the pact that shall unite us in one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you have no country, or you have it contaminated.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, humanity as mother, and you can only love your brethren of the cradle in loving your common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea are other peoples, now fighting or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—immorment, association, and the foundation of an au-
thority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, and link again earth to heaven, and which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them, they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them, that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And, young men, love and reverence above everything the Ideal. The Ideal is the word of God, superior to every country, superior to humanity; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for them! and not from impatience of suffering, or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity are arms common to the peoples and their oppressors; and, even should you conquer with them to-day, you will fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore Enthusiasm. Worship the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts, and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken had they been living amongst you. And here, where perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure, amid the storms that yet threaten you, but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN ON TAXATION.

[Taken from a speech delivered against the second reading of Mr. Pitt's bill for the Assessment Taxes, presented to the House of Commons in 1797.]

A wise man, Sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman, who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words—"I rise, Mr. Speaker, if I have risen." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman that he actually did rise; and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was em-
played in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage,—what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London. Let him say, "Rejoice, my friends! Buonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!" It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno, in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal; but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious—

"Juvenem furentem cupiēs regnār?"

and assured the senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British Senate? If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man, or a single guinea, being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the senate; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one—

"Cartaginīs moneā Romam muneārāt."
childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, Sir, ever hear it stated, that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rodmove declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets—

"I, demens, cure per Alpes,
Ut praes hic pluca, et declamatio flur."

The proper ground upon which this bill should be opposed, I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion, nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the gradations rose must be laid aside, and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment; so that the minister cannot get at him in the same way again, by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread; and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the lower orders. Every burden imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment, affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. It is as much cast, therefore, to say, that by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment, or by symptoms of opulence. There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a State: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present plan to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in, authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to too sanguine in the success ever of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority, and the higher departments of the State. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented, that whatever may be the burthens or distresses of the people, the Government has hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything; and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner.
Richard B. Sheridan on Taxation.

307

to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed, that in the west of Europe there is a small island, which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the State, and that every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbour in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim, “Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible.” But far different would be his sentiments, if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its bonus! By a calculation I have made, which I believe cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burthens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded to-morrow, we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of 28,000,000. To this is further to be added, the expense of that system, by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incumbrances, the first thing to be done is, to restore the credit of the Bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honour. Let it no longer, in the minister’s hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off.

* * *

It is, Sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people, to observe the juggle between the minister and the Bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay; but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a lock and key upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor, saying, “I can, but will not pay you.” Such was the real condition of the Bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons; and the chairman reported from the committee, stating its prosperity, and the great increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to verify the old saying, “Bread is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better.””Ah!” said he, “my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it.” He kept his word, took the money, gave exchanger bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, Sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please, they cannot touch our public credit at least. The minister has wisely provided against it, for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us, is his assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope, that though the Bank now presents a mengre spectre, as soon as peace is restored the golden beast will make its reappearance.

Though, Sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and
that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity, and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, to strip to the skin. "It is an established maxim," we are told, that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder. I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling, to preserve the rest, I should willingly comply, and think myself obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my twentieth skilling, I should ask him.—"Where is the remainder? Where is my pound now? Why, my friend, that is no joke at all." Upon the whole, Sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace and the removal of the present ministers.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE ON THE FRANCHISE.

[Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809. He entered the House of Commons in 1832 as a member for Newark. In 1856, on the death of Lord Palmerston, he became Prime Minister; since which time he thrice occupied the same position. He died 1898.]

I am not prepared to discuss admission to the franchise as it was discussed fifty years ago when Lord John Russell had to state with almost bated breath that he expected to add in the three kingdoms half a million to the constituencies. It is not now a question of nicely calculated less or more. I take my stand on the broad principle that the enfranchisement of capable citizens be they few or be they many,—and if they be many so much the better—gives an addition of strength to the State. The strength of the modern State lies in the representative system. I rejoice to think that in this happy country and under this happy Constitution we have other sources of strength in the respect paid to various orders of the State, and in the authority they enjoy, and in the unbroken course which has been allowed to most of our national traditions; but still, in the main, it is the representative system which is the strength of the modern State in general, and of the State in this country in particular. Sir, I may say—it is an illustration which won't occupy more than a moment—that never has this great truth been so vividly illustrated as in the war of the American Republic. The convulsion of that country between 1861 and 1865 was perhaps the most frightful which ever assailed a national existence. The efforts which were made on both sides were marked. The exertions by which alone the movement was put down were not only extraordinary, they were what would subsequently have been called impossible, and they were only rendered possible by the fact that they proceeded from a nation where every capable citizen was enfranchised and had a direct and an energetic interest in the well-being and the unity of the State. Sir, the only question
that remains in the general argument is, who are capable citizens? And, fortunately, that is a question which, on the present occasion, need not be argued at length, for it has been already settled—in the first place by a solemn legislative judgment acquiesced in by both parties in the State, and, in the second place by the experience of the last more than fifteen years. Who, Sir, are the capable citizens of the State, whom it is proposed to enfranchise? It is proposed in the main to enfranchise the county population on the footing, and according to the measure, that has already been administered to the population of the towns. What are the main constituents of the county population? First of all, they are the minor tradesmen of the country, and the skilled labourers and artisans in all the common arts of life, and especially in connection with our great mining industry. Is there any doubt that these are capable citizens? You have yourselves asserted it by enfranchising them in the towns, and we can only say that we heartily subscribe to the assertion. But besides the artisans and the minor tradesmen scattered throughout our rural towns we have also to deal with the peasantry of the country. Is there any doubt that the peasantry of the country are capable citizens, qualified for enfranchisement, qualified to make good use of their power as voters? This is a question which has been solved for us by the first and second Reform Bills, because many of the places which under the name of towns are now represented in this House are really rural communities, based upon a peasant constituency. For my part I should be quite ready to fight the battle of the peasant upon general and argumentative grounds. I believe the peasant generally to be, not in the highest sense, but in a very real sense, a skilled labourer. He is not a man tied down to one mechanical exercise of his physical powers. He is a man who must do many things, and many things which require in him the exercise of active intelligence. But as I say, it is not necessary to argue on that ground, first of all because we have got his friends here, from whom we must anticipate great zeal for his enfranchisement; and secondly, because the question has been settled by legislative authority in the towns, and by practical experience. If he has a defect it is that he is too ready, perhaps, to work with and to accept the influence of his superiors—superiors, I mean, in worldly station. But that is the last defect that you will be disposed to plead against him, and it is a defect that we do not feel ourselves entitled to plead, and that we are not at all inclined to plead. We are ready to take him as he is and joyfully bring him within the reach of this last and highest privilege of the Constitution. There is only one other word, Sir, to add on this part of the subject. The present position of the franchise is one of greater and grosser anomaly than any in which it has been heretofore placed, because the exclusion of persons of the same class and the same description is more palpable and more pervading than before, being, in fact, spread over the whole country, persons being excluded in one place while the same persons are admitted in another. I wish
just to call the attention of the House to an important fact connected with this part of the question which is of frequent occurrence. It is a thing which the House detests, and which we in this Bill shall endeavour to avoid—namely, the infliction of personal disfranchisement. Observe how the present state of the franchise law brings this about. It is known and well understood that a labourer must follow his labour. Where his labour goes, where the works go in which he is employed, he must follow. He cannot remain at a great distance from them; and the instance I will give—and though I am not personally conversant with it, I believe there is no doubt about the fact—is an instance which I think singularly applicable. It is that of the ship-building works on the Clyde. Those works were within the precincts of the city of Glasgow, and the persons who laboured in them were able to remain within the city, being near their work, and at the same time to enjoy the franchise. But the marvellous enterprise of Glasgow, which has made that city the centre and crown of the ship-building business of the world, could not be confined within the limits of the city of Glasgow, and it moved down the river. As the trade moved down the river the artisans required to move down the river with it. That was a matter of necessity, and the obedience to that necessity involved the present law wholesale disfranchisement. That is an argument which is sufficient for disposing of the general question. The whole population, I rejoice to think, have liberty of speech, they have liberty of writing, they have liberty of meeting in public, they have liberty of private association, they have liberty of petitioning Parliament. All these privileges are not privileges taking away from us, diminishing our power and security, they are all of them privileges on the existence of which our security depends. Without them we could not be secure. I ask you to confer upon the very same classes the crowning privilege of voting for a representative in Parliament, and then I say we who are strong now as a nation and a State shall by virtue of that change be stronger still.

We propose to establish a new franchise, which I should call— till a better phrase be discovered—the service franchise. It will be given to persons who are inhabitants, and in the sense of inhabitancy, who are occupiers. The present law restricts, I believe, the signification of the term "occupiers" to those who are either owners or tenants. Our object is to provide a franchise for those inhabitants who are neither owners nor tenants; but they must be householders in this sense—either, in the first place, that they are actual inhabitants; or, in the second place, that there is no other inhabitant with them, superseding them or standing in the same position with them; and in the third place, they must either be inhabitants of an integral house or else of that separate part of a house which, at any rate, so far as England is concerned, has already been declared to be a house for electoral purposes. Hon. gentlemen are aware of the general reasons which may be pleaded
in favour of this enlargement. It is an enlargement absolutely required by the principle of this Bill, because the principal and central idea of this Bill is to give every householder a vote. The householder is just as much a householder, and has just as much the responsibility of a householder, whether he is in the eye of the law an owner or a tenant, or whether he is not, provided he is an inhabitant in the sense I have described. And this service franchise is a far-reaching franchise. It goes to men of high class, who inhabit valuable houses, as the officers of great institutions. It descends to men of humble class, who are the servants of the gentry, or the servants of the farmer, or the servants of some other employer of labour who are neither owners nor tenants, and who, in many cases, cannot be held as tenants, in consequence of the essential conditions intended to be realised through their labours, but who fully fulfil the idea of responsible inhabitant householders.

* * *

This is a measure with results such as I have ventured to sketch them that ought to bring home to the mind of every man favourable to the extension of popular liberty, the solemn question what course he is to pursue in regard to it. I hope the House will look at it as the Liberal party in 1831 looked at the Reform Bill of that date, and determined that they would waive criticism of minute details, that they would waive particular preferences and predilections, and would look at the broad scope and general effect of the measure. Do that upon this occasion. It is a Bill worth having, and if it is worth having, again I say it is a Bill worth your not endangering. Let us enter into no byways which would lead us off the path marked out straight before us; let us not wander on the hill-tops of speculation; let us not wander into the morasses and fogs of doubt. We are firm in the faith that enfranchisement is a good, that the people may be trusted—that the voters under the Constitution are the strength of the Constitution. What we want in order to carry this Bill, considering as I fully believe that the very large majority of this country are favourable to its principle—what we want in order to carry it is union and union only. What will endanger it is disunion and disunion only. Let us hold firmly together and success will crown our effort. You will, as much as any former Parliament that has conferred great legislative benefits on the nation, have your reward, and

"Read your history in a nation’s eyes,"

for you will have deserved it by the benefits you will have conferred. You will have made this strong nation stronger still, stronger by its closer union without; stronger against its foes, if and when it has any foes without; stronger within by union between class and class, and by arraying all classes and all portions of the community in one solid, compacted mass round the ancient throne which it has loved so well, and round a Constitution now to be more than ever powerful, and more than ever free.
DRAMATIC SCENES AND
DIALOGUES.

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[William Shakespeare, the most illustrious dramatic poet of any age or
country, was born at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April, 1564. He was
educated at the Grammar School of his native town; but, it has been suggested,
his father requiring him to assist in his business, that of a wool-dealer and
butcher, he was taken early from school. At the age of eighteen he married
Ann Hathaway, a farmer’s daughter, and subsequently proceeded to London.
The records of his early life are but scant, and too much has been written
about him on mere conjecture. It is certain that in London he rapidly acquired
fame and fortune, and that his genius enabled him to retire from his professional
career at a comparatively early age. His imperishable works consist of thirty-
seven plays, tragedies and comedies; his poems “Venus and Adonis,” and
“The Rape of Lucrece,” with a collection of Sonnets. He died in his native
town, on his birthday, 1616.]

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead’st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, ’tis thought,
Thou’lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact’st the penalty
Which is a pound of this poor merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness, and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late brought down such ruin on him,
Enough to press a royal merchant down:
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess’d your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city’s freedom!
You’ll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of cannon flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? ’Tis not answer’d, or
But say, it is my humour! Is it answer’d?
Scene from the Merchant of Venice.

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas’d to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer’d yet?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew!

Shy. You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bathe his navel height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,
As try to melt his Jewish heart to kindness.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy. If ev’ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev’ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; ’tis mine; and I will have it.

Enter Porrius, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the cause in question?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio, and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. (To Shylock.) Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. (To Antonio.) You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain’d;

It dropeth as the gentle rain from Heav’n,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,

It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.

’Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute of God himself;

And earthly pow’r doth then show likest God’s.

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Thou’st justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy.
And that same prayer's doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Bass. For once I beg the court to bend the law
To equity. 'Tis worth a little wrong
To curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be. There is no pow'r in Venice,
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yes, a Daniel!
O wise young judge! How do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor! Here it is.
Por. Shylock! there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath! an oath! I have an oath in Heaven!
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
There is no power in the tongue of man,
To alter me. I stay upon my bond.
Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is;
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So saith the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart. Those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have here a surgeon, Shylock, at your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! Come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little. There is something else—
This bond doth give you here no jot of blood.
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond. Take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, forfeited.

Grañano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urg'st justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. A learned judge! Mark, Jew! A learned judge!

Shy. I take his offer, then. Pay the sum thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.


Now, infidel, I have full hold of thee.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take the forfeiture

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee. Here it is.

Por. He hath refuse'd it in the open court.
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel.
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Stop him, guards.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted by the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods. The other half
Goes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice,—
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearse'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all. Pardon not that.
You take my life, taking wherein I live.

Prom. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Ces. A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's sake,
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods;
I shall be well contented, if I have
The other half in use, until his death,
Then to restore it to the gentleman
Who lately stole his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Prom. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.


WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Shakespeare.
[See page 312.]

Wolsey. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length breaks under me, and now has left me.
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new-opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Wolsey and Cromwell.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell; 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have. I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
'Tis more and more misery, and greater sin,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome;
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news, indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Ann,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me. All my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King.
That sun, I pray, may never set. I’ve told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use, now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let’s dry our tears, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour.
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in—
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me,
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell all the angels. How can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by ‘t?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s; then, if thou fall’st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall’st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And—prizeth, lead me in.

Crom. Good sir, have patience
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court. My hopes in heav’n do dwell.
PROTEUS AND VALENTINE.

Shakespeare.

[See page 312.]

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel,
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Command thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.


Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love
How young Leander cross'd the Hellepont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellepont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val.

In love, when accr'd is bought with groans; coy looks
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool.

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in all the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee?
Thou art a votary to fond desire.
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects me coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so farewell!

SCENE FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

BEN JONSON.

[Born 1574, Ben Jonson appeared as a dramatist in his twentieth year. His father was a clergyman, but died before his birth; and his mother marrying, a second time, a bricklayer, Ben was taken from Westminster school at an early age, and put to the same employment. Disliking this occupation, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries, and is reported to have "killed his own" in single combat, in view of both armies. On his return to England, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge; his stay there must have been limited, for when about twenty, he married the daughter of a London actor, making his debut at a low theatre near Chickenwell; at the same time he commenced writing for the stage. About this time he quarrelled with a brother actor; they fought a duel with swords, and again Jonson killed his antagonist. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but discharged without a trial. In 1596 he produced his still celebrated comedy, "Every Man in his Humour;" this was followed by "Every Man out of his Humour." In 1603 "Sejanus," a classic drama; and subsequently, three comedies,—viz., "Volpone," "The Alchemist," and "Epicoene; or, the Silent Woman." His second classical tragedy, "Captive," appeared in 1611. In 1619 he was appointed Poet Laureate, and by virtue of his office he had to supply the court masques, in which he displayed much fancy, feeling, and sentiment. Jonson was a member of the Mountebank Club, founded by Sir W. S. Raleigh, of which Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets were also members. An attack of palsy embittered Jonson's later days, and he was compelled to write when his pen had lost its vigour. Jonson died in difficulties, 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey—the only inscription on his grave-stone being, for long afterwards, "O RARE BEN JONSON!"

CHARACTERS:

CAPTAIN BORADIL, a Breugodeado. MASTER MATTHEW, a Sandleton.

SCENE—The man and obscure lodging of Boradil.

BORADIL discovered. Enter to him MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain.
Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.
Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.
Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.
Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?
Bob. Marry, by young Weilbred and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.
Scene from “Every Man in his Humour.”

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me!—it was so late are we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came; how passes the day aboard, sir?—you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Mr. Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I sir?—no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!

Mat. Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book.

"O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" A third! "Confused and fill'd with murder and mischief!" A fourth! O, the muses! Isn't excellent? Isn't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense, The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle-billing lovers, If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude, Haste make the waste. Thus mildly I conclude."

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

"Bobadil is making him ready all this while."

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nanogue; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This
other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he braggs he will git me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word; but when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this ain.

Mat. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heav'n, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly; lend us another bed-staff; the woman does not understand the words of action. Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent; hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand tusk o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. O, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?
Cato and Decius.

Bob. O, out of measure ill!—a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me); come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practis’d gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie! most gross denominations as ever I heard. O, the stoocata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloak, and we’ll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit; I’ll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy’s point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, ’twere nothing, by this hand: you should, by the same rules, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha’ you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha’ not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. ‘Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we’ll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the question.

[Exeunt.

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CATO AND DECIUS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[See p. 117.]

Dec. Caesar sends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato’s slaughter’d friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato! Caesar sees

The straits to which you are driven: and, as he knows

Cato’s high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.

Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.

Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato

Disclaims a life which he has power to offer;

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Caesar;

Her gen’rals and her consuls are no more,
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumph:
Why will not Cato be this Caesar's friend?
_Cato._ Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.
_Dec._ Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours;
Do but comply and make your peace with Caesar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

_Cato._ No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
_Dec._ Caesar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

_Cato._
Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate:
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
_Dec._ Cato, the world talks boldly of your wisdom.—

_Cato._ Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was never employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
_Dec._ A style like this becomes a conqueror.

_Cato._ Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
_Dec._ What is a Roman that is Caesar's foe?
_Cato._ Greater than Caesar: he's a friend to virtue.
_Dec._ Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
_Cato._ Let him consider that, who dares us hither;
'Tis Caesar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thynn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
_Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch,
Beset with ills and cover'd with misfortunes
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like Caesar.
_Dec._ Does Cato send this answer back to Caesar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?
_Cato._ His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Scene from Venice Preserved.

Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Caesar show the greatness of his soul,
Did him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

THOMAS OTWAY.

[Otway was born at Trotting, Sussex, in 1652, and was educated at Winchelsea and Oxford. He made some ineffectual attempts to become an actor, and then commenced as a writer for the stage. In 1673 his first tragedy, "Abduilades," 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.
Piauli, a Senator.
Jaffier.
Fenius.
Captain of the Guard.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.—The Duke of Venice, Piauli, and other Senators, sitting.

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

Piauli. Could words express the story I've to tell you,
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. Howl!

Piauli. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

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.


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 chums
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:
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 won't 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 hear'ns 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 we 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
Scene from Venice Preserved.

The thing I ask be ratified. Swear thus,
And I'll unfold the secret of your finger.
Duke. Propose the oath.
Jof. By all the haps
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear. Ye swear?
All Sen. We swear. (All the Council bow.)
Jof. 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.)
Jof. Thou here's the list, and with't the full disclosure
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 courtezian
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secure.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.
Jof. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe ere I had known this minute!
Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.
Jof. 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, guards.)
Off. (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 Pisan in fetters.

Off. 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?
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 confedered 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 sue'l-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 drops 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?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes which morning was t' have crowned,
Has this cursed 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. Curse'd be your senate! curse'd your constitution:
The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your counsels, 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.
Scene from Venice Preserved.

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 can'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 eye, 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.
Prythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baseful, 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-loyed, 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 curse'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,
Believed 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 unregard'd 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 cursed hour, to hold communion.
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.

Tak'st 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.
Scene from the School of Reform.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre.

Fler. No more.

Jaf. My eyes won't lose sight of thee,
    But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.

Fler. Leave me. Nay then, thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.    

[Exit, guarded.

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! laugh!
Oh! for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it!

SCENE FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

THOMAS MORTON.

[Thomas Morton, the prolific and successful dramatist, was born at Durham in 1764. He entered Lincoln's Inn with the intention of following the law as a profession; but his first piece proving successful, he continued to write for the stage. Among his pieces may be named "Speed the Plough," "The School of Reform," and "A Bowland for an Oliver." He died, 1809.]

LORD AVONDALE, FERMENT, ROBERT TYKE, an OLD MAN.

An Apartment in Aavondale Castle; two chairs.

Enter Lord Avondale, &c.; he pauses, then proceeds to opposite door off stage, and opens it.—Tyke enters from it.

LD. A. (a.) Come hither—How is this, Robert? When I left
    England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an
    object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary
    —now is it, then, that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

Tyke. (l.) Ah, sure, it was all along w't you.

LD. A. Me! was not my bounty ample? did not I give you inde-
    pendence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take
care on—

LD. A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I
    had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgety; I always had my
hand in my pocket, scurrying, it about—so, as all Yorkshire
boys like galloping horses, I bought one, and took’t to races, up at
our country side—and, eek! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as
ninepence. Oh, oh! says I, I’ll make short work of this: I’ll go to
Newmarket, where the lords do bring their carriages, and settle matters
in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey
lords called me ’squire, you see—and clapping me on the back, in
this manner, says, ’Squire, your horse will beat everything!’

Ld. A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the
jockey lads told me a cursed heap o’ lies; for my horse always came
in last. Then they told me to hedges; but it was not the hedg-
ing I had been used to, and somehow I got in a ditch like—So what
with that and playing cards at Lamb skinnings (for, bless you, I
could not catch them at Snitchums), I was—

Ld. A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Ld A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth,
and I had a ring girl about my finger;—no, I could not tak’t to work.

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. Why as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would
not be a bad plan to go away—so I went into stable, and, would
you believe it? the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and con-
trived to get me on his back like—and, eek, galloped off w’ me a
matter of a hundred miles—’I thought no more about it myself—

Ld. A. But they did?

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put
me in a castle, and tried me at sizes.

Ld. A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you’ll ex-
cuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no rob-
bery, mistakes of this kind will happen; but, I assure you, I’ve kept
the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as your-
self. So they all smiled, as much as to say, he’s one of us, like—
and I thought all was right enough; but the judge puts him on a
black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or anything, orders
me to be hanged.

Ld. A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don’t you be frightened! they did not hang me, man—
don’t believe that; no, bless you, they sent me to Botany Bay for
fourteen years.

Ld. A. Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned, for I could not get away—I daresay
I tried a hundred times.

Ld. A. Why did not I know it—had you sent to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Ld. A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called
up to t’other house—but then I did not know where that was—and
that you were sent abroad by government: I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself: what that surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

_I. A. Pehaw!_ Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted.

_Mrs. Ferment peeps through n., looks about, then enters._

_Mr. F._ While his lordship is engaged, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine; here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the—eh! somebody in that room: it would be mal-apropos to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced—but he's safe with the general, so never mind. (_Re-enter Tyke, L._) Sir, your most devoted servant.

_Tyke._ Same to you, sir; same to you. (_crosses to n._)

_Mr. F._ Odd figure! Oh, I see at once who he is—a great county man, in the commission—get well with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

_Tyke._ Are you? Now there we differ. (_Takes chair and sits n._)

_Mr. F._ Indeed! (_Sits L._) You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular—Did you hear his last speech?

_Tyke._ (a.) No; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

_Mr. F. (L.)_ In the country, perhaps?

_Tyke._ No: I was out of the country.

_Mr. F._ Abroad?

_Tyke._ Yes.

_Mr. F._ What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows?

_Tyke._ A good deal.

_Mr. F._ You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment—What cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

_Tyke._ You think so? Why, I could have got that done fast enough.

_Mr. F._ But I suppose you were determined to take your swing?

_Tyke._ Not exactly; but I did not go abroad on that account.

_Mr. F._ Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health?

_Tyke._ Why I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

_Mr. F._ Indeed?—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

_Tyke._ I have.

_Mr. F._ Suffered much confinement?

_Tyke._ A good deal.

_Mr. F._ You of course were properly attended: you had good judges of your case?

_Tyke._ They were reckoned so: I did not much fancy them myself.

_Mr. F._ And they said a voyage would save you?
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Tyke. To a certainty.
Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.
Tyke. I was.
Mr. F. What was your disorder?
Tyke. A galloping consumption.
Mr. F. Has it cured you? (Offering a pinch of snuff)
Tyke. I don't know; I think I feel some of my old symptoms—
(Takes the box)—This is a very pretty box—I've lost mine.
Mr. F. Do me the honour to use that till—(Apart)—If he would but keep it! (Tyke puts it in his pocket.) He has—My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale?
Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.
Mr. F. Lucky fellow! (Apart.) My name, sir, is Ferment; by-
and-by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business—a
word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the
wrong box—eh? (Tyke winks and nods.) I apprehend you.
Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? (Alarmed.)
Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, sir, you don't know
me.
Tyke. No, I don't, and you don't know me.
Mr. F. Yes I do; you are a generous, disinterested gentleman—
I can see what others can't.
Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter Lord Avondale unobserved by Ferment, L.

Ld. A. Ah! whom have we here? (Apart.)
Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm
into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?
Tyke. Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.
Mr. F. Never mind; I know—between ourselves—see the whole
man as plain as if he stood before me.
(Lord Avondale has placed himself close to Ferment's chair.)
Tyke. Why, for that matter, so do I.
Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.
[Turns round, sees Lord Avondale at his elbow, who eyes
him with severity—Ferment attempts to speak, but cannot
—Lord Avondale advances—Ferment escapes R.
Ld. A. Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean? Who is
he?
Tyke. (a.) He calls himself Ferment.
Ld. A. I shall remember him.
Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he
seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.
Ld. A. At present he is not worth a thought, for I have received
information that alarms—distracts me. Come near—that boy (what
a question for a parent!) does he survive?
Tyke. I don't know.
Ld. A. Not know?
Tyke. No.
Ld. A. Where did you leave him?
Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. (Seems disturbed.)

Led. A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?
Tyke. No.
Led. A. Then my secret's safe?
Tyke. I've said so.
Led. A. Why that frown? What, not even to your father?
Tyke. Who? (Starts.)
Led. A. What agitates you? You had a father.
Tyke. Had a father! Be quiet, be quiet.

(Walks about greatly agitated.)

Led. A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. (Striking his forehead.) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father, and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart. I warrant, all the way tid' guol to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me (pointing, but not daring to look up), just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart. (Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.)

Led. A. Proceed.
Tyke. Presently.

Led. A. Did you entrust the child to his care?
Tyke. I did.

Led. A. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end on't—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms—

Led. A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said (collecting his fortitude). When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood rushed out of my mouth—I saw no more. (Sinks exhausted into chair, L.)

Led. A. Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry? No, no; I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry. (A vacant stare of horror.)

Led. A. And is this desolation my work? O, repent! repent! Tyke. (Starting up.) For what? is not father dead? an't a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the Devil? Don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

Led. A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy! brandy!

Led. A. Compose yourself—follow me—(crosses L)—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

(Points down, and groans heavily. Exit, following Lord Avondale.)
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Inside of Cottage.—Table, and a candle burning on it.—Old Man seated R., looking on a purse.—Tyke sitting, L.

O. Man.: Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?
Tyke: Why, he’s a kind of a foreman like to Lord Avondale, my friend.

O. Man.: Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?
Tyke: Yes; between ourselves—I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence—you understand. There’s a smartish purse you’ve got there; but, I tell you what, I don’t think it’s very safe, just now.

O. Man.: Indeed, sir! You alarm me!
Tyke: I tell you what—I’ll take care of this for you. (Takes the purse.)

O. Man.: Well, sir, you are very kind. You live at the castle?

Tyke: Yes, yes!

O. Man.: Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—-

Tyke: Well, well, let’s hear your name.

O. Man.: Robert Tyke.

Tyke: Eh!—what—speak—no, don’t!

O. Man.: Robert Tyke!

Tyke: (Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the Old Man, dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.) O, villain!—villain!

O. Man.: What’s the matter?

Tyke: Don’t you know me?

O. Man.: No, sir.

Tyke: I’m glad on’t—I’m glad on’t—Ruin my own father!

O. Man.: Ah! did I hear rightly? Father!—what? Oh! let me see—let me see? (Tyke, with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and sorrow, turns round.) Ah! it’s my son—my long-lost, dear profligate boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

Tyke: (Grooming, strikes his breast.) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he’s alive—father’s alive! ha! ha! (Laughs hysterically.)

O. Man.: You terrify me! Robert, Robert, hear me. Take my forgiveness—take my blessing!

Tyke: What!—forgive—bless—such a rogue as—— (Bursts into a flood of tears.)

O. Man.: Be composed.

Tyke: Let me cry; it does me good, father—it does me good.

O. Man.: Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner’s tears.

Tyke: But he’s alive. (Rushes into his arms.)

O. Man.: Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal, and Heaven will pardon thee!

Tyke: No, don’t say that, father, because it can’t.

O. Man.: It is all-merciful.

Tyke: Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could, but not me! No, no!
Scene from the Earl of Warwick.

O. Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare not, father! I dare not! Oh, if I durst but just
thank it for thy life!

O. Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What!—may I, think you? May I—may I?

[By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his
hands with energetic devotion.

Scene closes.

SCENE FROM THE EARL OF WARWICK.

FRANCHELIN.

[Dr. Thomas Franchelin was born in 1731. He was educated at Westminster
School and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which university he subsequently
became Greek professor. He translated Lucian, Sophocles, and other classic
authors, and wrote "The Earl of Warwick," and other tragedies. He obtained
successively the livings of Ware, Thundridge, and Brasted, and was made
King's Chaplain. Died 1786.]

CHARACTERS:

KING EDWARD.     THE EARL OF WARWICK.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK

Enter KING EDWARD and the EARL of SUFFOLK.

K. Edw. I fear we're gone too far; th' indignant Warwick
Ill brook'd our steady purpose; mark'd you, Suffolk,
With what an eye of scorn he turn'd him from us,
And low'd defiance; that prophetic woman!
Half of her curse already is fulfill'd,
And I have lost my friend.

Suf. Some friends, perhaps,
Are better lost; you'll pardon me, my liege;
But, were it fitting, I could tell a tale
Would soon convince you Warwick is as weak.—

K. Edw. As Edward, thou would'st say.

Suf. But 'twill distress
Thy noble heart too much; I dare not, sir:
Yet one day you must know it.

K. Edw. Then, by thee
Let it be told me, Suffolk; thy kind hand
Will best administer the bitter draught:
Go on, my Suffolk; speak, I charge thee, speak.

Suf. That rival whom thou wisht me to discover——

K. Edw. Ay, what of him? quick, tell me hast thou found
The happy traitor? give me but to know,
That I may wreak my speedy vengeance on him.

Suf. Suppose that rival were the man whom most
You lov'd, the man, perhaps, whom most you fear'd;
Suppose 'twere—Warwick.

K. Edw. Ha! it cannot be.
I would not think it for a thousand words.
Warwick in love with her, impossible!
Now, Suffolk, do I fear thou speak'st from envy
And jealous hatred of the noble Warwick,
Not from the love of justice or of Edward:
Where didst thou learn this falsehood?
Suf. From the lips
Of truth, from one whose honour and whose word
You will not question: from—Elizabeth.
K. Edw. From her! nay, then, I fear it must be so.
Suf. When last I saw her, for again I went
By your command, though hopeless of success,
With all the little eloquence that I
Was master of, I urg'd your ardent passion;
Told her how much, how tenderly you lov'd her,
And press'd with eagerness to know the cause
Of her unkind refusal; till at length,
Reluctantly, with blushes she confess'd
There was a cause: she thank'd you for your goodness,
"Twas more, she said, much more than she deserved,
She ever should revere her king; and if
She had a heart to give, it should be—Edward's.
K. Edw. So kind, and yet so cruel: well, go on.
Suf. Then told me all the story of her love,
That Warwick long had woo'd her: that her hand
Was promis'd; soon as he return'd from France,
Though once her father cruelly oppos'd it,
They were, by his consent, to be united.
K. Edw. Oh! never Suffolk, may I live to see
That dreadful hour! Designing hypocrite!
Are these his acts, is this the friend I lov'd?
By heaven! she shall be mine: I will assert
A sovereign's right, and tear her from him. What
If he rebel—another civil war!
"Tis terrible. Oh! that I could shake off
This sordid garb of majesty that clings
So close around me, meet him man to man,
And try who best deserves her; but when kings
Grow mad, their guiltless subjects pay the forfeit.
Horrible thought! Good Suffolk, for awhile
I would be private; therefore, wait without;
Let me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter the Earl of Warwick.

War. Behold him here;
No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My Lord of Suffolk's leave: there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.
Scene from the Earl of Warwick.

K. Edu. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more desir'd and more desserv'd it.
War. Never; I've been a foolish faithful slave:
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Hath been devoted to your service; what
Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy;
My spotless name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
Who trust in princes should be thus rewarded.
K. Edu. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account.
War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? thy undistinguish'd name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprung,
And moulderd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Torst for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
Your shattered vessel safe into the harbour.
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
Beware who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.
K. Edu. Know, too, reproach for benefits receiv'd,
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.
War. Why, that, indeed, is frugal honesty,
A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt
Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharg'd,
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.
K. Edu. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you, let me know them all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.
War. Thou canst not; thou hast robb'd me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to restore;
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bond of public trust
And mutual confidence; ambassadors,
In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
Of senal stamen, shall recall my name
To witness that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.
Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick
To be the shameless herald of a lie?
K. Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhor'd.
War. I've been alms'd, insulted, and betray'd;
My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance;
Her wounds will never close!
K. Edw. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them; if I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars
Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal; such, perhaps,
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.
War. Elizabeth!
K. Edw. Nay; start not, I have cause
To wonder most: I little thought, indeed,
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was, himself, so able to instruct me:
But I've discover'd all.
War. And so have I;
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there;
Thy fruitless, base endeavours to supplant me.
K. Edw. I scorn it, sir; Elizabeth hath charm,
And I have equal right with you to admire them:
Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.
War. By heav'n! 'tis false;
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busied in the noble office
Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,
To tribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.
K. Edw. How know you that? But be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege
To choose the partner of my throne and bed:
It is a branch of my prerogative.
War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants;
A borrow'd jewel, glistening in the crown.
With specious lustre, lent but to betray;
You had it, sir, and hold it from the people,
K. Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine;
But when proud faction and her rebel crew
Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.
War. Go to your daring people, then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.
K. Edw. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rule'd me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hands but ill deserves
The crown he wears.
War. Look well, then, to your own;
It sits but loosely on your head; for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.
K. Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward:
You may repent it, sir. My guards, there; seize
This traitor and convey him to the Tower!
There let him learn obedience.

Enter Guards.
War. Slaves, stand off;
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
Whom it so long has serv'd; there's not a part
In this old faithful steel that is not stain'd
With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.
Give me my chains, they are the band's of friendship,
Of a king's friendship; for his sake, awhile,
I'll wear them.
War. 'Tis well:
Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long;
For know, though Edward may forget his friend,
That England will not. [Exit the King. R.
Now, sir, I attend you. [Enter Warwick and Guards, L.

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NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

The Rev. John Hone.

[John Hone 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
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. He contrived to escape, and was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, 1759. 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 died, aged 63, 1808.

Glenelston. His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
[Aside.
Has Norval seen the troops?
Norval. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corelet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd; and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
An host angelic clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.
Now. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now. Novelty nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Vents itself freely, since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval:
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will hardly brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Now. 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 skill'd,
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why flirr my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gull your pride, which I now see is great.
Now. 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?
Now. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes! If you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
Norval and Glenalvon.

As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus; but such as thee—

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as guile
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarmed, or bed-ridden,
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 shun too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art; I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more.

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause:
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!

Lord Ran. (Enters.) Hold, I command you both.
The man that stirs makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord, he's wondrous condescending:
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [Sheathes his sword

Lord Ran. Speak not thus,

Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak, I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration—I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours; and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd!

Lord Rox. Thus far I'll meditate 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.

SCENE FROM THE IRON CHEST.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

[George Colman, the younger, was born 1762, and died 1836. He was the
author of twenty-six plays, including "John Bull," "The Iron Chest," and
"Bluebeard," also of several volumes of comic verse. Towards the end of his
career he held the office of licensor and examiner of plays.

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?

Wil. I! Oh, sir!—

Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wil. 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 to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial
Scene from the Iron Chest.

Which the remunerating Angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed 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 lacer-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! Pauses 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 hastest 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 retracting.

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—
346 Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am—his murderer!

Wilt. O horror!

Sir E. His assassin.

Wilt. What! you that—murderer—I am choked,
Sir E. Honour! thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
Sis war and homicide: O! to what madness
Will insult drive thy vocation. 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 feet.

Wilt. 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 act 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 sibyl's song from Satan's mouth;
So well imparted, that the or' thronged 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.

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

Sir E. I disdain all pity.—
Scene from The School for Scandal.

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.
Wif. My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop
This empty honour?
Sir E. Empty! Grovelling fool!
Wif. 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 never 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!
Wif. You dare not.
Sir E. Dare not?
Wif. 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 PICTURE SALE—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

E. B. SHERIDAN.

[See p. 296.]

CHARACTERS:

CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, CARELESS.

Charles, Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the
family of the Surfanes, up to the Conquest.
Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portraiture; no volantier grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaelis, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the invertebrate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Cora. Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles. Egad! that true! (taking pedigree down) what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree. (Aside.)

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue! an ex post facto partidge.

Cora. Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; 'faith! Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve for a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: a-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the Battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir O. (Apart to Moses.) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (Aside.) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. She is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (Aside.) Five pounds ten: she's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?
Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! Gad's life! you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woollen; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed, I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and alderman. But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains, on each side, in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settle?

Sir O. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then, you'll never be friends. Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a d---d disinheritance! an intestine knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(Slapping him on the shoulder)

Sir O. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, gad! I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

(Sir O. (Aside.) The rogue's my nephew after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him everything. (Aside.) But, sir, when I
take a whim in my head. I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! (Aside.) Well, well, I have done—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (Aside.)—Here is a draught for your sum.

Charles. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no; I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. Egad! this is a whimsical old fellow! But harkye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But, hold! do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear, extravagant rogue! (Aside.) Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate. (Exeunt.

Charles. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles. Egad! he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. But, hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

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SCENE FROM THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

[Macklin, whose real name was MacLaughlin, was born at Wexford, Ireland, 1690. He was an actor of high repute, remained on the stage sixty-four years, and died 1767, aged 76. As a dramatist he was very successful; his comedy "The Man of the World" still keeps possession of the stage.]

CHARACTERS:

Sir Pertinax Mostcapitant. Egerton (his Son).

SCENE.—A Library.

Enter Sir Pertinax and Egerton.

Sir P. (To warn resentment). Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it; I insist upon it, you are wrong; you should have paid
your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper
or two, or twenty, till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic,
with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to
mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a
drunken dispute about religion, you silly slung away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted
upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in
order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should
drink out of smal' glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your
drinking more.

Eger. A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir!

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of
the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage;
about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and there-
fore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in
your squabble?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have
contributed to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely;
for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your
little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are
in the humour; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly,
and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tippy,
I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled
the point as I could wish it, among ourselves, before the lawyers
came; but now, sir, I do not kon what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a
seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir; for, sir, when my lord is in his
cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and
guild fellowship: and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that
for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you
shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir; for I understand neither the
philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir; and, what is worse, you never will
understand it, as you proceed: in one word, Charles, I have often
told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvre
of plausibility are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling
and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why you see, sir, I have
acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and how do you think
I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.
Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nay, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it: sir, I raised it—by booring (boors ridiculously loud)—by booring. Sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great man, but always bowed, and bowed, and bowed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booring has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booring, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to bow by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary well, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here. (They sit down). And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a man, whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, as my provision for him was a modicum of Latin, an expertise in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling from the North to try my fortune with them here in the South, and my first step in the world was a leggery clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house here, in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse. Well, sir, seeing myself in this unpromising situation, I reflected deeply: I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon and every mode of prosperity; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition: and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit beauty, beauty, ah! beauty often struck my eye, and played about my heart; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get: for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir, mark!—I
Scene from the Man of the World.

looked out for an ancient, weal-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, paucity, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzor, or an apprensi, and—or, in short, anything, anything that had the sillier —the sillier, for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I gauged to look for this woman with the sillier? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, the independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings: till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon’s glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir; there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the sillier, aha! quid quid, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine eye, till the strings was most cracked again. I watched her motions, hauled her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; touched the sillier; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; (rises) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made to the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and well hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with frin the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my very next step was into parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Caesar himself. Sir, I booted, and watched, and heartened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great men, till I got intill the very bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among
the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snick of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one-half of the golden calves I had been so long a booning to: and was nae that booning to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booning?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booning, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sore and disappointments frae the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular aebeties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the House, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined at any expense, to have surpli by the polished eduction of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Massycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it; Nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent; aw parties like and respect you; and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

SCENE FROM THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

[Thomas Holcroft was born in London 1745, his father following the humble trade of a Bookseller, in which Thomas sometimes assisted. He then became a thriving player, and ultimately got a footing in Drury Lane Theatre. All this time he was a quiet and unknown student. He became a translator of French and German books, and obtained employment from the booksellers. He wrote more than thirty dramatic pieces, of which “The Road to Ruin” was the most popular. One of his pieces produced him more than $600; and there is not on record a more remarkable instance of what an entirely self-educated man can accomplish by perseverance. He died March 3, 1809.]

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Dorton, a rich Banker.    Mr. Silky, Dorton's Managing Clerk.
Harry Dorton, his Son.        Mr. Smith, a Lawyer.
Mr. Milford, a Prodigate.     Footman.

Scene—At the Road to Dorton's House. A Table, Chairs, &c.

Enter Harry Dorton, Milford, and Footman.

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

Harry. I know it.

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

Harry. Is he? Then you go and let your fellow-servant in again.
Scene from the Road to Ruin.

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

Milford. Well.

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

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

Milford. Why.

Milford. I am a hundred and fifty in.

Harry. And I ten thousand out.

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

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

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

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

Milford. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

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

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

Harry. And me too.

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

Harry. No.

Milford. What, not to see the grand match?

Harry. No.

Milford. Oh yes, you will.

Harry. No; I am determined.

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

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

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

Harry. How will you get the money?

Milford. By calculation.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

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

Harry. And very honourably?

Milford. Who doubts it?

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

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

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

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

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

Milford. Then why are you so often there?

Harry. Because I can't keep away.

Milford. What, is it her daughter, Sophia?

Harry. Lovely bewitching innocent!
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Milford. The poor young thing is fond of you?
Harry. I should be half mad if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not.
Milford. Why?
Harry. What a question! Am I not a profligate; and in all probability ruined? Not even my father can overlook this last affair.
Milford. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances.
Harry. In which the widow triumphs.
Milford. She refuses even to pay my debts.
Harry. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow. So, here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

Enter Mr. Sulky.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?
Sulky. Very ill.
Harry. Indeed! I am very sorry. What's your disorder?
Sulky. You.
Harry. Ha, ha, ha!
Sulky. Bankruptcy, infamy.
Harry. The old story.
Sulky. To a new tune.
Harry. Ha, ha, ha!
Sulky. You are—
Harry. What, my good cynic?
Sulky. A fashionable gentleman.
Harry. I know it.
Sulky. And fashionably ruined.
Harry. No: I have a father.
Sulky. Who is ruined likewise.
Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?
Sulky. I say ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.
Harry. No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper, for me.
Sulky. Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you've been driving to ruin more furiously than—
Harry. An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.
Sulky. Sir!
Harry. Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and Jehu head-long on in the dark; Passion and Prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; Wisdom, Prudence, and Virtue are overset and maimed, or mur-
Scene from the Road to Ruin.

Sulky. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.
Harry. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.
Sulky. Your father is at last determined.
Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?
Sulky. You'll find so. And what brought you here, sir? (To Milford.)
Milford. A chaise and four.
Sulky. It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?
Milford. When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice.
Sulky. And which way am I to prevail?
Milford. And which way am I to pay my debts?
Sulky. You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.
Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler; I ruined myself! I wanted no counsellor.
Milford. My father died immensely rich; I ought not to starve.
Sulky. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.
Milford. Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.
Sulky. You would do the same now that you think yourself a man.
Milford. (Firmly.) Indeed I would not.
Sulky. Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pickpockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.
Milford. Which way, sir?
Sulky. The will of your late father is read.
Milford. Read!
Sulky. I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.
Milford. If it should have got into the hands of the widow!
Sulky. Which I suspect it has. You are a couple of pretty gentlemen. But beware! Misfortune is at your heels. Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He has not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.
Milford. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted. [Exit.]
Sulky. Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?
Harry. Yes.
Sulky. Very well, sir. Your fame is increasing daily.
Harry. I am glad to hear it.
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

_Sulky._ Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?
_Harry._ Paragraphed? What? Where?
_Sulky._ In the _St. James's Evening._
_Harry._ Me?
_Sulky._ Stating the exact amount.
_Harry._ Of my loss?
_Sulky._ Yours. You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.
_Harry._ Well said. Be witty when you can, sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my crust of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.
_Sulky._ Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.
_Harry._ Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

_Enter Mr. Dornon, with a newspaper in his hand._

_Dornon._ So, sir!
_Harry._ (Bow ing.) I am happy to see you, sir.
_Dornon._ You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight; and you are here (pointing to the paper) after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality. Are you not a scoundrel?
_Harry._ No, sir; I am only a fool.
_Sulky._ Good night to you, gentlemen. (Going.)
_Dornon._ Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices.
_Sulky._ I have witnessed it a thousand times.
_Dornon._ But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say?
(To Harry.)
_Harry._ I am your son.
_Dornon._ (Calling off.) Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

_Enter Mr. Smith, with papers._

You will not deny that you are an incorrigible squanderer?
_Harry._ I will deny nothing.
_Dornon._ A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature?
_Harry._ A stain that will wash out, sir.
_Dornon._ A redundancy; a negation; a besotted sophisticated insubordination; a jumble of folly; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others.
_Harry._ I am whatever you please, sir.
_Dornon._ Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked. Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy; you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution
Scene from the Road to Ruin.

of common sense; and to your other destructive follies you must
add the detestable vice of gaming.

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

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

Harry. The partners are very kind.

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

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

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

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

Dornton. I’ll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your
arts.

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

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

Harry. That of loving you, sir

Dornton. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely.

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

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

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

Harry. I know I am.

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

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

Sulky. Good night. [Exit]

Harry. Come, sir—

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

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name; dis-
herit me; I deserve it all, and more; but say, “Good night,
Harry!”

Dornton. I wont! I wont! I wont!

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

Dornton. I will not.

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

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

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

Re-enter Mr. Dornton.

Dornton. Good night!

Harry. Good night! [Exit.]
SCENE FROM MONEY.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[The literary career of Lord Bulwer Lytton afforded a striking example of the value of perseverance and a determination to succeed. In the various capacities of poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, orator, and politician, he achieved more or less distinction. Notwithstanding the temptation to lead the life of a mere dilettante, his industry was unflagging. At the time of his death, though suffering from acute pain, he was ensnared upon three works of widely distinct character. He died literally in harness in the year 1873, at the advanced age of seventy.]

CHARACTERS:

ALFRED EVELYN. SHARP. GRAVES.

Evelyn. All parties alike, nothing but Money versus Man!—Sharp—(Sharp rises and goes to him)—come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business, I believe you honest;—but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. (L.) In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. (c.) Mr. Sharp, it exists here in the pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—impeccable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell through reason, body, and soul, too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it! Fools, knaves, hypocrites!—By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday—

[Enter Toke, r., announces Mr. Graves. Exit, r.

Enter Graves, r.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!

Graves. It is an atrocious world!—But, astronomers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

Evelyn. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! (Crosses to Sharp, r. c., Graves places his hat on desk, l.) What do you stand gaping there for?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer?

[Exit Sharp, r.

Evelyn. Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legton—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

Graves. (Groaning) Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Evelyn. Because I am miserable myself!

Graves. You! Pshaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife!
Scene from Money

Evelyn. But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. (Evelyn goes up and brings chairs down, they sit.) I want a confidant!—Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and hand—that's a lie, Graves.

Graves. (L.C.) A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Evelyn. (H.C.) On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar—a Parish!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between rich and poor: it takes a whipwind to move the one—a breath may unroof the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

Graves. And were you loved again?

Evelyn. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark; you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Graves. Perfectly. What were the contents?

Evelyn. After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—'Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favour. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice. My two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that I would seek to bring about before I die.' My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide; you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me! (They rise and push chairs back.)

Graves. But now she would accept you!
Evelyn. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Graves. But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you ought to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it; you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes, it is time to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not!

Evelyn. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous. (Aside) But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria! (Aloud) Yes, my dear friend, as you are sure to be miserable when you are married, you will be as wretched as myself!—When you are married we will mingle our groans together! Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous!

Evelyn. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which she was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed “From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn,” and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

Graves. Why not assure yourself?

Evelyn. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, even against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! (Taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.) No, I can’t recognise the hand.

Graves. I detest that girl.

Graves. Who? Georgina?

Evelyn. No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken some revenge upon her. (Aside) I will offer to say that Mordaunt’s letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

Graves. And didn’t it?

Evelyn. Not a farthing. One of his caprices. Besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I’m glad of it—I’ve paid the money—she’s no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it—owes it to me, no, whom she rejected;—owes it to the poor scholar!—Ha! ha!—there’s some spite in that, eh?

Graves. You’re a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all!

Evelyn. Do you think so?—I’ll go to the house this instant!
Scene from John Bull.

Graves. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could—

Evelyn. No, no; don't think any such thing; women are even worse than men.
Graves. True; to love is a boy's madness!
Evelyn. To feel is to suffer!
Graves. To hope is to be deceived.
Evelyn. I have done with romance!
Graves. Mine is buried with Maria!
Evelyn. If Clara did but write this!
Graves. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears—a vale of tears!
Evelyn. A vale of tears, indeed!
[Exeunt, 2.

Re-enter Graves for his hat.

Graves. And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.

[Exit, 2.

SCENE FROM JOHN BULL.
G. Colman the Younger.

[See page 348.]
CHARACTERS:


An apartment in Job Thornberry's house.

Enter Job Thornberry, L. in a dressing gown, followed by
John Bur.

Bur. Don't take on so—don't you now! Pray listen to reason!
Job. I won't!
Bur. Pray do!
Job. I won't! Reason bid me love my child and help my friend;—what's the consequence? My friends have run one way, and broke up my trade; my daughter has run another, and broke my — No! she shall never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she shan't know she made me.
Bur. Well, but, master——
Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens--starved you at the workhouse—hang them for their want of feeling!—and you were thumped about, a poor, unoffending, ragged boy as you were!—I wonder you haven't run away from me too!
Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never missed a morning.
Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods; you won't have the trouble any longer.

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

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

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

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

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

Job. I know you did.

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

Job. Pahaw! Not the workhouse!

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

Job. I said it in a hurry.

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

Job. (Affected). John, I beg your pardon. [Stretching out his hand.

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

Job. I—

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

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

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

Job. Well, I'll try.

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

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

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

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

Bur. Are you sure you want put it on?

Job. No, I won't. (Bur pauses). No, I tell you!—(Exit Bur, L.)

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

Re-enter John Bur, L.

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

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

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

Job. (Confused). Never mind, Bur, never mind. A little water has dropped on it; but it wont give me cold, I believe.

[A noise without, r.

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

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

Enter Peregrine, r.

Well—who are you?

Per. A friend.

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

Per. Climate and years have been at work on it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings. But do you remember no trace of me?
No, I tell you. If you have anything to say, say it. I have something to settle below with my daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop; they are impatient; and the morning has half run away before she knew I should be up—I mean, before I have had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—I mean—if you have any business, tell it at once.

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

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

'Faust, thirty years since I left England.

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

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

I believe he told a lie there.

Not in that instance, though he did in another.

I remember him; he was a fine bluff boy.

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

Yes, yes, he did: I remember it.

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

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

I am that Peregrine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Job. Served you right.

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

[Silk.

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

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

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

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

Job. I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds—not a penny!

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

Job. My own?

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

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

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

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

Per. Why do you reject it?

Job. I'll tell you as soon as I'm able. Tother day I had a friend—peahaw! rot it! I'm an old fool! (Wiping his eyes). I lent a friend tother day the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking. He walked off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

Per. Decidedly so.

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

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

Job. I won't take it. I'm as thankful to you as if I let you starve, but I won't take it.

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

Job. I have no daughter to provide for now.

Per. Then he misinformed me.

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

Per. Gone!

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

Per. This morning did you say?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Per. Will you receive the money?

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

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.

Edward Bulwer Lytton.

CHARACTERS:

GENERAL DAMAS and CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

Damas. The man who sets his heart upon a woman
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;
From air he takes his colors,—holds his life,—
Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat,
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold!
Oh, woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!

Enter MELNOTTE, pale and agitated, r. 2 e.

I need not tell thee! Thou hast heard—

Mel. The worst!

I have!—

Damas. Be cheerful; others are fair as she is!

Mel. Others!—The world is crumbled at my feet!

She was my world; fill'd up the whole of being—
Smiled in the sunshine—walk'd the glorious earth—
Sits in my heart—was the sweet life of life.
The Past was hers; I dreamt not of a Future
That did not wear her shape! Mem'ry and Hope
Alike are gone. Pauline is faithless!—Henceforth
The universal space is desolate!

Damas. Hope yet.

Mel. Hope, yes!—one hope is left me still—
A soldier's grave! “Glory has died with Love;
“ I look into my heart, and, where I saw
“Pauline, see Death!”

(After a pause.)—But am I not deceived?
I went but by the rumour of the town;
Rumour is false,—I was too hasty! Damas,
Whom hast thou seen?

Damas. Thy rival and her father.

Arm thyself for the truth—He heeds not—

Mel. She

Will never know how deeply she was loved!

“The charitable night, that went to bring
“Comfort to-day, in bright and eloquent dreams,
"Is henceforth leagued with misery! Sleep, farewell,
"Or else become eternal! Oh, the wakening
"From false oblivion, and to see the sun,
"And know she is another's!"

Damas. Be a man!

M. I am a man;—it is the sting of woe
Like mine that tells us we are men!

Damas. The false one
Did not deserve thee.

sīd. Hush!—No word against her!

Why should she keep, through years and silent absence,
The holy tablets of her virgin faith
True to a traitor's name? Oh, blame her not!
It were a sharper grief to think her worthless
Than to be what I am! To-day, to-day!
They said "To-day!" This day, so wildly welcomed—
This day, my soul had singled out of time
And mark'd for bliss! This day! oh, could I see her,
See her once more unknown; but hear her voice.

"So that one echo of its music might
"Make rugs less appalling in its silence."

Damas. Eas'tly done! Come with me to her house;
Your dress—your cloak—moustache—the bronzed hues
Of time and toil—the name you bear—belief
In your absence,—all will ward away suspicion.
Keep in the shade. Ay, I would have you come.
There may be hope. Pauline is yet so young.
They may have forced her to these second bridals

"Out of mistaken love."

M. "No," bid me hope not!

Did me not hope? I could not bear again
To fall from such a heaven! One gleam of sunshine,
And the ice breaks and I am lost! Oh, Damas,
There's no such thing as courage in a man;
The veriest slave that ever crawled from danger
Might spurn me now. When first I lost her, Damas,
I bore it, did I not? I still had hope.
And now I—(Bursts into an agony of grief)."

Damas. What, comrade! all the women
That ever smiled destruction on brave hearts
Were not worth tears like these!

M. "Tis past—forget it.

"I am prepared; life has no further ills!
"The cloud has broken in that stormy rain,
"And on the waste I stand, alone with Heaven."

Damas. "His very face is changed; a breaking heart
Does its work soon!"—Come, Melnotte, rouse thyself:
One effort more. Again thou'lt see her.

M. See her!

There is a passion in that simple sentence
The First Act of London Assurance.

That shivers all the pride and power of reason
Into a chaos!

Damas. Time wanes;—come, ere yet
It be too late.

Mel. Terrible words—"Too late!"

Lead on. Ono last look more, and then—

Damas. Forget her!

Mel. Forget her, yes!—For death remembers not.

[Exeunt, L.

THE FIRST ACT OF LONDON ASSURANCE.

DION BOUCICOURT.

[Mr. Bouicourt was, without doubt, the most prolific English dramatist of our own or any other epoch. His constructive skill was extraordinary, and his power of delineating character in a few lines remarkable. Amongst his best-known works which are destined to live, and have held the stage with unabated success for many years, may be enumerated "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," and "The Streets of London." His earliest play, "London Assurance," was produced in 1841, when the author was barely out of his teens. The first act of this play employs male characters only. He was born about 1820, and died 1890.]

CHARACTERS:

SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, MAX HARKAWAY, CHARLES COURTLY,

DAZZLE, COOL, MARTIN.

Scene.—An ante-room in Sir Harcourt Courtly's house in Belgrave Square, doors, L. L. and C. Four neat chairs, table.

Enter Cool, R. door.

Cool. Half-past nine, and Mr. Charles has not yet returned: I am in a fever of dread. If his father happen to rise earlier than usual on any morning, he is sure to ask first for Mr. Charles. Poor deluded old gentleman—he little thinks how he is deceived.

Enter Martin, lazily, D. L. 2 E.

Well, Martin, he has not come home yet?

Martin. No; and I have not had a wink of sleep all night—I cannot stand this any longer; I shall give warning. This is the fifth night Mr. Courtly has remained out, and I am obliged to stand at the hall window to watch for him.

Cool. You know if Sir Harcourt was aware that we connived at his son's irregularities, we should all be discharged.

Martin. I have used up all my common excuses on his duns—"Call again," "Not at home," and "Send it down to you," won't serve any more; and Mr. Crust, the wine-merchant, swears he will be paid.

Cool. So they all say. Why he has arrests out against him already. I've seen the fellows watching the door—(loud knock and ring heard, L.)—there he is just in time—quick, Martin, for I expect Sir Harcourt's bell every moment (small bell, r. rings)—and there it is. (Exit Martin, slowly, R.) Thank heaven! he will
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

return to college to-morrow, and this heavy responsibility will be taken off my shoulders. A valet is as difficult a post to fill properly as that of prime minister.

*Exit, C.*

*Charles Courtly, (without, L.) Hollo!*

*Dazzle, (without) Steady!*

*Enter Charles Courtly and Dazzle, L.*

*Courtly. Hollo-o-o-o-.*

*Dazzle. Hush! what are you about, howling like a Hottentot.*

Sit down there, and thank heaven you are in Belgrave Square, instead of Bow Street.

*Courtly. D—D—Damn Bow Street.*

*Dazzle. Oh, with all my heart!—you have not yet seen as much of it as I have.*

*Courtly. I say—let me see—what was I going to say?—oh, look here—(he pulls out a large assortment of knockers, bell-pulls, &c., from his pocket). There! darn'me! I'll puzzle the postmen—I'll deprive them of their right of disturbing the neighbourhood. That black lion's head did belong to Old Vampire, the money-lender; this bell-pull to Miss Stitch, the milliner.*

*Dazzle. And this brass griffin—.*

*Courtly. That! oh, let me see—I think—I twisted that off our own hall-door as I came in, while you were paying the cab.*

*Dazzle. What shall I do with them?*

*Courtly. Be kind to 'em—pack 'em in a small hamper, and send 'em to the sitting magistrate with my father's compliments; in the mean time come into my room, and I'll astonish you with some Burgundy. (they rise.)*

*Enter Cool, c. door.*

*Cool. (a.) Mr. Charles—*

*Courtly. (c.) Out! out! not at home to any one.*

*Cool. And drunk—*

*Courtly. As a lord.*

*Cool. If Sir Harcourt knew this he would go mad, he would discharge me.*

*Courtly. You flatter yourself, that would be no proof of his insanity.—(to Dazzle, L.)—This is Cool, Sir, Mr. Cool; he is the best liar in London—there is a pungency about his invention, and an originality in his equivocation, that is perfectly refreshing.*

*Cool. (aside) Why, Mr. Charles, where did you pick him up?*

*Courtly. You mistake, he picked me up. (bell rings, a.)*

*Cool. Here comes Sir Harcourt—pray do not let him see you in this state.*

*Courtly. State! what do you mean? I am in a beautiful state.*

*Cool. I should lose my character.*

*Courtly. That would be a fortunate epoch in your life, Cool.*

*Cool. Your father would discharge me.*

*Courtly. How dare you get drunk—sir?*

*Cool. Retire to your own room, for heaven's sake, Mr. Charles*
The First Act of London Assurance.

Courtly, I'll do so for my own sake. (to Dazzle) I say, old fellow, (staggering) just hold the door steady while I go in.

Dazzle. This way. Now then!—take care!

(-helps him into the room, R.)

Enter Sir Harcourt Courtly in an elegant dressing-gown, and Greek skull-cap and tassels, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Sir H. (c.) Cool, is breakfast ready?

Cool. (r.) Quite ready, Sir Harcourt.

Sir H. Apropos. I omitted to mention that I expect Squire Harkaway to join us this morning, and you must prepare for my departure to Oak Hall immediately.

Cool. Leave town in the commencement of the season, Sir Harcourt? So unprecedented a proceeding.

Sir H. It is. I confess it, there is but one power could effect such a miracle—that is divinity.

Cool. How?

Sir H. In female form of course. Cool, I am about to present society with a second Lady Courtly; young—blushing eighteen;
—lovely! I have her portrait;—rich! I have her banker's account;—an heiress, and a Venus!

Cool. Lady Courtly could be none other.

Sir H. Ha! Ha! Cool, your manners are above your station.

Apropos, I shall find no further use for my brocaded dressing gown.

Cool. I thank you, Sir Harcourt; might I ask who the fortunate lady is?

Sir H. Certainly; Miss Grace Harkaway, the niece of my old friend Max.

Cool. Have you never seen the lady, sir?

Sir H. Never—that is, yes—eight years ago. Having been, as you know, on the Continent for the last seven years, I have not had the opportunity of paying my devoirs—our connection and betrothal was a very extraordinary one. Her father's estates were contiguous to mine;—being a penurious, miserly, ugly old scoundrel, he made a market of my indiscretion, and supplied my extravagance with large sums of money on mortgages, his great desire being to unite the two properties. About seven years ago he died, leaving Grace, a girl, to the guardianship of her uncle, with this will: if on attaining the age of nineteen she would consent to marry me, I should receive those deeds, and all his property as her dowry; if she refused to comply with this condition, they should revert to my hair presumptive or apparent.—She consents.

Cool. Who would not?

Sir H. I consent to receive her fifteen thousand pounds a year.

Cool. (aside) Who would not?

Sir H. So prepare, Cool, prepare. (crosses to L.) But where is my boy? Where is Charles?

Cool. Why—oh, he is gone out, Sir Harcourt; yes, gone out to take a walk.
Sir H. Poor child! A perfect child in heart—a sober, placid mind—the simplicity and verdure of boyhood, kept fresh and unsullied by any contact with society. Tell me, Cool, at what time was he in bed last night?


Sir H. Half-past nine! Beautiful! What an original idea! Reposing in cherub slumbers, while all around him teems with drinking and debauchery. Primitive sweetness of nature! No pilot-coated bear-skinned brawling.

Cool. Oh, Sir Harcourt!

Sir H. No cigar smoking—

Cool. Faints at the smell of one.

Sir H. No brandy-and-water bibbing—

Cool. Doesn’t know the taste of anything stronger than barley-water.

Sir H. Never heard the clock strike twelve, except at noon. In fact, he is my son, and became a gentleman by right of paternity. He inherited my manners.

Enter MARTIN, L.

Martin. Mr. Harkaway.

Enter MAX HARKAWAY, L.

Max. Squire Harkaway, fellow, or Max Harkaway, another time. [MARTIN bows and exit, L.

Ah! ha! Sir Harcourt, I’m devilish glad to see ye. Gi’ me your hand. Dang it, but I’m glad to see ye. Let me see—six—seven years, or more, since we have met. How quickly they have flown.

Sir H. (throwing off his studied manner) Max, Max! give me your hand, old boy. (aside) Ah! he is glad to see me;—there is no clawing pretense about that squeeze. Cool, you may retire. [Exit Cool, R.

Max. Why, you are looking quite rosy.

Sir H. Ah, ah, rosy! Am I too florid?

Max. Not a bit; not a bit.

Sir H. I thought so. (aside) Cool said I had put too much on.

Max. (to) How comes it, Courtly, that you manage to retain your youth? See, I’m as grey as an old badger, or a wild rabbit—while you are as black as a young rock. I say, whose head grew your hair,—oh?

Sir H. Permit me to remark that all the beauties of my person are of home manufacture. Why should you be surprised at my youth? I have scarcely thrown off the giddiness of a very boy—elasticity of limb—buoyancy of soul. Remark this position (throws himself into an attitude); I held that attitude for ten minutes at Lady Addy’s last réunion, at the express desire of one of our first sculptors, while he was making a sketch of me for the Apollo.
The First Act of London Assurance.

Max. (aside) Making a butt of thee for their gibes.
Sir H. Lady Sarah Sarcasm started up, and, pointing to my face, ejaculated, "Good gracious! Does not Sir Harcourt remind you of the countenance of Ajax, in the Pompeian portrait?"
Max. (aside) Ajax!—busy work—Sir H. You are complimentary.
Max. I'm a plain man, and always speak my mind. What's in a face or figure? Does a Grecian nose entail a good temper? Does a waspish waist indicate a good heart? or, do silly perfumed looks necessarily thatch a well-furnished brain?
Sir H. It's an undeniable fact, plain people always praise the beauties of the mind.
Max. Excuse the insinuation; I had thought the first Lady Courly had surprised you with beauty.
Sir H. No; she lived fourteen months with me, and then eloped with an intimate friend. Etiquette compelled me to challenge the seducer; so I received satisfaction, and a bullet in my shoulder at the same time. However, I had the consolation of knowing that he was the handsomest man of the age. She did not insult me, by running away with a d—d ill-looking scoundrel.
Max. That certainly was flattering.
Sir H. I felt so, as I pocketed ten thousand pounds damages.
Max. That must have been a great balm to your sore honour.
Sir H. It was—Max, my honour would have died without it; for on that year the wrong horses won the Derby—by some mistake. It was one of the luckiest chances,—thing that does not happen twice in a man's life,—the opportunity of getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.
Max. Tell the truth, Courly! Did you not feel a little frayed in your delicacy?—your honour, now? Eh?
Sir H. Not a whit. Why should I? I married money and I received it,—virgin gold! My delicacy and honour had nothing to do with hers. The world pities the bereaved husband, when it should congratulate. No,—the affair made a sensation, and I was the object. Besides, it is vulgar to make a parade of one's feelings, however acute they may be: impenetrability of countenance is the sure sign of your highly-bred man of fashion.
Max. So, a man must, therefore, lose his wife and his money with a smile,—in fact, everything he possesses but his temper.
Sir H. Exactly,—and greet ruin with vive la bagatelle! For example,—your modish beauty never decomposes the shape of her features with convulsive laughter. A smile rewards the bon mot, and, also shows the whiteness of her teeth. She never weeps impromptu—tears might destroy the economy of her cheek. Scowls are vulgar,—hysteric obsolete; she exhibits a calm, placid, impenetrable lake, whose surface is reflection, but of unfathomable depth,—a statue, whose life is hypothetical and not a prim facie fact (crosses to L.).
Max. Well, give me the girl that will fly at your eyes in an argument, and stick to her point like a fox to his own tail.
Sir H. But, etiquette! Max, remember etiquette.

Max. Damn etiquette! I have seen a man who thought it snobbish to eat fish with a knife, that would not scruple to rise up and rob his brother of his birthright in a gambling-house. Your thorough-bred, well-blooded heart, will seldom kick over the traces of good feeling. That's my opinion, and I don't care who knows it.

Sir H. Pardon me,—etiquette is the pulse of society, by regulating which the body politic is retained in health. I consider myself one of the faculty in the art.

Max. Well, well, you are a living libel upon common sense, for you are old enough to know better.

Sir H. Old enough! What do you mean? Old! I still retain all my little juvenile indiscretions, which your niece's beauties must teach me to discard. I have not sown my wild oats yet.

Max. Time you did, at sixty-three.

Sir H. Sixty-three! Good gracious!—forty—'pon my life! forty, next March.

Max. Why, you are older than I am.

Sir H. Oh! you are old enough to be my father.

Max. Well, if I am, I am; that's etiquette, I suppose. Poor Gracie! how often I have pitied her fate! Tha young and beautiful creature should be driven into wretched splendour, or miserable poverty!

Sir H. Wretched! Wherefore? Lady Courtly wretched! Impossible!

Max. Will she not be compelled to marry you, whether she likes you or not?—a choice between you and poverty (aside). And hang me if it isn't a tie! But why do you not introduce your son Charles to me? I have not seen him since he was a child. You would never permit him to accept any of my invitations to spend his vacation at Oak Hall,—of course, we shall have the pleasure of his company now.

Sir H. He is not fit to enter society yet. He is a studious, sober boy.

Max. Boy! Why, he's five and twenty.

Sir H. Good gracious! Max, you will permit me to know my own son's age—he is not twenty.

Max. I'm dumb.

Sir H. You will excuse me while I indulge in the process of dressing. Cool!

Enter COOL, r.

Prepare my toilet. [Exit Cool, c.

That is a ceremony which, with me, supersedes all others. I consider it a duty which every gentleman owes to society, to render himself as agreeable an object as possible; and the least compliment a mortal can pay to nature, when she honours him by bestowing extra care in the manufacture of his person, is to display her taste to the best possible advantage; and so, au revoir.

[Exit r. c.
The First Act of London Assurance.

Max (sits n. of table). That's a good soul!—he has his faults, and who has not? Forty years of age!  Oh, monstrous!—but he does look uncommonly young for sixty, spite of his foreign looks and complexion.

Enter Dazzle, r. 2 e.

Dazzle. Who's my friend, with the stick and gaiters, I wonder—one of the family—the governor maybe.

Max (a. c.). Who's this? (rises)  Oh, Charles—is that you, my boy!  How are you?  (aside) This is the boy.

Dazzle. He knows me—he is too respectable for a bailiff.  (aloud)

How are you?

Max. Your father has just left me.

Dazzle. (aside) The devil he has, he's been dead these ten years.

Oh!  I see, he thinks I'm young Courtly.  (aloud) The honour you would confer on me, I must unwillingly disclaim,—I am not Mr. Courtly.

Max. I beg pardon—a friend, I suppose.

Dazzle. Oh, a most intimate friend—a friend of years—distantly related to the family—one of my ancestors married one of his.  (aside) Adam and Eve.

Max. Are you on a visit here?

Dazzle. Yes. Oh! yeah.  (aside) Rather a short one, I'm afraid.

Max. (aside) This appears a dashing kind of fellow—as he is a friend of Sir Harcourt's I'll invite him to the wedding.  (aloud) Sir, if you are not otherwise engaged, I shall feel honoured by your company at my house—Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.

Dazzle. Your name is—

Max. Harkaway—Mr. Harkaway.

Dazzle. Harkaway—let me see—I ought to be related to the Harkaways, somehow.

Max. A wedding is about to come off—will you take a part on the occasion?

Dazzle. With pleasure;—any part but that of the husband.

Max. Have you any previous engagement?

Dazzle. I was thinking—eh!  Why, let me see.  (aside) Promised to meet my tailor and his account to-morrow; however, I'll postpone that.  (aloud) Have you good shooting?

Max. Shooting!  Why there's no shooting at this time of the year.

Dazzle. Oh!  I'm in no hurry—I can wait till the season, of course.  I was only speaking precatiously—you have good shooting?

Max. The best in the country.

Dazzle. Make yourself comfortable!  Say no more—I'm your man—wait till you see how I'll murder your preserves.

Max. Do you hunt?

Dazzle. Pardon me—but will you repeat that?  (aside) Delicious and expensive idea.

Max. You ride?
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Dazzle. Anything!—everything! From a blood to a broomstick. Only catch me a flash of lightning, and let me get on the back of it, and damme if I wouldn't astonish the elements.

Max. Ha! Ha!
Dazzle. I'd put a girdle round about the earth, in very considerably less than forty minutes.
Max. Ah! ah! We'll show old Fiddlestrings how to spend the day. He imagines that Nature, at the earnest request of Fashion, made summer days long for him to saunter in the Park, and winter nights, that he might have good time to get cleared out at hazard or at whist. Give me the yelping of a pack of hounds before the shuffling of a pack of cards. What state can match the chase in full cry, each yelping with his fellow which shall be most happy? A thousand deaths fly by unheed in that one hour's life of exile. Time is outran, and Nature seems to grudge our bliss in making the day so short.
Dazzle. No, for then rises up the idol of my great adoration.
Max. Who's that?
Dazzle. The bottle; that lends a lustre to the soul, when the world puts on its nightcap and extinguishes the sun—then comes the bottle. Oh, mighty wine! Don't ask me to apostrophise. Wine and love are the only two indescribable things in nature; but I prefer the wine, because its consequences are not entailed, and are more easily got rid of.
Max. How so?
Dazzle. Love ends in matrimony, wine in soda water.
Max. Well, I can promise you as fine a bottle as ever was cracked.
Dazzle. Never mind the bottle, give me the wine. Say no more, but, when I arrive, just shake one of my hands, and put the key of the cellar into the other, and if I don't make myself intimately acquainted with its internal organisation—well, I say nothing, time will show.
Max. I foresee some happy days.
Dazzle. And some glorious nights.
Max. It mustn't be a flying visit.
Dazzle. I despise the word—I'll stop a month with you.
Max. Or a year or two.
Dazzle. I'll live and die with you.
Max. Ha! ha! Remember, Max Harkaway, Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.
Dazzle. I'll remember—fare ye well. (Max is going, &.) I say, holla!—Tallyho—o—o—o!
Max. Yoicks!—Tallyho—o—o—o! [Exit x. door.
Dazzle. There I am, quartered for a couple of years at the least. The old boy wants somebody to ride his horses, shoot his game, and keep a restraint on the morals of the parish: I'm eligible. What a lucky accident to meet young Courly last night! Who could have thought it?—yesterday, I could not make certain of a
dinner, except at my own proper peril; to-day, I would flirt with a banquet.

Enter CHARLES COURTLY, R. 2 E.

Courly. What infernal row was that? Why (seeing Dazzle), are you here still?
Dazzle. Yes. Ain't you delighted? I'll ring and send the servant for my luggage.

Courly. The devil you will! Why, you don't mean to say you seriously intend to take up a permanent residence here? (he rings bell.)

Dazzle. Now that's a most inhospitable insinuation.

Courly. Might I ask your name?
Dazzle. With a deal of pleasure—Richard Dazzle, late of the Unattached Volunteers, vulgarly entitled the Dirty Buffs.

Enter MARTIN, L.

Courly. Then, Mr. Richard Dazzle, I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning. Martin, show this gentleman the door.

Dazzle. If he does, I'll kick Martin out of it.—No offence.

(Exit MARTIN, L.) Now, Sir, permit me to place a didactic view of your conduct before you. After bringing you safely home this morning—after indulgently waiting whenever you took a passing fancy to a knocker or bell-pull—after conducting a retreat that would have reflected honour on Napoleon—you would kick me into the street, like a mangy cur; and that's what you call gratitude. Now, to show you how superior I am to petty malice, I give you an unlimited invitation to my house—my country house—to remain as long as you please.

Courly. Your house!

Dazzle. Oak Hol, Gloucestershire—one old place—for further particulars see Road Book; that is, it nominally belongs to my old friend and relation, Max Harkaway; but I'm privileged—capital old fellow—say, shall we be honoured?

Courly. Sir, permit me to hesitate a moment. (aside) Let me see—I go back to college to-morrow, so I shall not be missing; tradesmen begin to dun.

(A noise off L. between MARTIN and ISAACS; COOL has entered C., crosses, and goes off, L.)

I hear thunder; here is shelter ready for me.

Re-enter COOL, L.

Cool. Oh, Mr. Charles, Mr. Solomon Isaacs is in the hall, and he swears he will remain till he has arrested you!

Courly. Does he!—sorry he is so obstinate—take him my compliments, and I will let him five to one he will not.

Dazzle. Double or quits, with my kind regards.

Cool. But, Sir, he has discovered the house in Curzon Street; he
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

says, he is aware the furniture, at least, belongs to you, and he will put a man in immediately.

Courtly. That's awkward—what's to be done?

Dazzle. Ask him whether he couldn't make it a woman?

Courtly. I must trust that to fate.

Dazzle. I will give you my acceptance, if it will be of any use to you; it is of none to me.

Courtly. No, Sir; but in reply to your most generous and kind invitation, if you be in earnest, I shall feel delighted to accept it.

Dazzle. Certainly.

Courtly. Then, off we go—through the stables—down the mews, and so slip through my friend's fingers.

Dazzle. But, stay; you must do the polite; say farewell to him before you part. Hang it, don't cut him.

Courtly. You jest!

Dazzle. Here, lend me a card. (Courtly gives him one) Now, then, (writes) "Our respects to Mr. Isaac—sorry to have been prevented from seeing him."—Ha! ha!

Courtly. Ha! ha!

Dazzle. We'll send him up some game.

Courtly. Don't let my father see him. [Exit R.]

Coop. What's this?—"Mr. Charles Courtly, P.P.C., returns thanks for obliging inquiries." [Exit L.

Note.

[Our reproduction of the First Act of "London Assurance" is by the special permission of Messrs. Samuel French & Son, 83, Strand, who must be commended for, and a fee arranged for, whenever publicly represented, where money is charged for admission.]

SCENE FROM BROKEN HEARTS.

W. S. Gilbert.

[Mr. William Schwenck Gilbert has been for many years associated with theatrical firms. His first productions for the stage were pantomimes and burlesques, which attained various degrees of success. His first serious dramatic effort was a piece called "An Old Score," but the play which placed him in the foremost rank of modern dramatists was the now world-famed "Palace of Truth." Latterly he has turned his attention to operatic libretti, written to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" are too well known to need comment.]

CHARACTERS:

Princ Florian, Mousto.

Muost. I left him sleeping soundly in my hut,
He did not drink the wine—but still he sleeps.
(Producing veil.) I stole it from his pillow! Here's a prize!
Poor devil that I am—whose only hope
Of meeting other men on equal terms,
Lies in his chance of keeping out of sight!
Ha! someone comes. I'll hide thee carefully.

(Places it under a stone of coal.)

Some day, maybe, thou'll do as much for me!
Scene from Broken Hearts.

Enter Floriani, angrily.

Flor. So here you are: I've sought you everywhere—

Mons. Ay, I am here. You're early from your bed—

Well, it's no bed for such fine folk as you;

I'm very sorry, but 'twas all I had.

Flor. The bed was well enough. I have been robbed.

Mons. Ay, ay? And how was that?

Flor. There is a thief

Upon this isle.

Mons. It's very possible.

When people come and go invisibly

It's hard to say who is or is not here.

What has the villain robbed? a woman's heart?

Two women's hearts? How many women's hearts?

If there's a thief here, it is you or I,

It comes to that. Now, what is it you've lost?

Flor. My Talisman.

Mons. Your Talisman? Oh, ho!

Flor. I see no cause for jest.

Mons. You don't! Observe—

A prince, or someone who so styles himself,

With power to make himself invisible,

Employs that power to gain admission to

An isle where certain ladies dwell—when there

His Talisman is stolen and he stands

Revealed before their eyes, the helpless butt

Of all their ridicule, with nought to say

But "Ladies, pray forgive me—I had thought

To enter unobserved—to wander here

And watch your movements, also unobserved;

And when grown weary of this novel sport

To take my leave of you—still unobserved;

But as I've failed, so pray you pardon me."

And off he goes, his tail between his legs

Like a well-beaten hound!

Flor. (raising him) Misshapen imp,

Have you so little care for such dog-life

As warms your twisted carcass, that you dare

To bandy jests with me?

Mons. Release me, sir!

Had I your Talisman, do you suppose

I should be here before your eyes? Oh, no—

Whoever has the veil is using it.

There were but six of us besides myself,

If one of these is missing, why, be sure

That one has taken it. I'll go and see. [Exit Mousta.

Flor. The imp is right, and yet the Talisman

Was safe with me last night. * * * * *
There's but one clue to this strange mystery:
She has the Talisman! By what strange means
It found its way into her spotless hands
I've yet to learn.

[Re-enter Mousta.]

Mous. Let me assist you, sir,
I stole it from your pillow as you slept,
And used it for my ends. I took your place
Beside the fountain, and I wo'd her there.
And there she pledged herself to be my wife—
And, as a token, gave this ring to me.

(Flor. Why, miserable ape, hast thou then lost
The sheer life-seeking instinct that inspires
The very meanest of thy fellow-beasts,
That thou hast come to say these things to me?)

Mous. I have! I say these things to you because
I want to die! I've tried to kill myself—
But I'm no hero, and my courage failed.
(Furiously.) She's gone from you for ever—and I come
To work the bitter blighting of your life—
To chuckle at the anguish misery
That eats your heart away! I come to spit
My hate upon you—if my toad's mouth held
The venom of a toad, I would spit that!
Come—have I said enough? Then draw thy sword
And make an end of me—I am prepared!

(Flor. (drawing sword) I needed no assurance, yea or nay,
That some foul planning of thy lecher heart
Had worked this devilry! Thou dost her?
Thou lovest her? Is there no blasphemy
That devils shrink from? Hast thou seen thyself?

(Seizing Mousta and holding his head over the pool.)
Look in the fountain—bend thy cursed head!
Look at it—dog face!

(Mousta struggles.)
Shrink not back appalled—
It will not harm thee, coward—look at it!
What do we do with such a thing as that,
When it dares claim a common right with Man?
We crush it underfoot—we stamp it down,
Lost other reptiles take their clue from it,
And say, "If he is human, so are we!"

(Flinging him on ground.)

Mous. (crouching on ground) Spare me your tongue, I know
well what I am.
And what I've done. My life is forfeited.
Strike at the heart! Be quick—I am prepared!

(Flor. Hast thou no prayer to utter?

Mous. No, not I.)
Scene from It's Never Too Late to Mend.

Curse you, be quick, I say. Yet stay—one word.
Before you pass your sword between my ribs,
Look at yourself, sir knight, then look at me!
You, comely, straight-limbed, fair of face and form—
(I say not this to court your favour, sir—
The Devil take your favour!) I, a dwarf,
Crooked, hump-backed, and one-eyed—so foul a thing
That I am fair to quote my love for women
To prove that I have kinship with mankind.
Well, we are deadly rivals, you and I.
Do we start fair, d'you think? Are you and I
So nicely matched in all that wins a woman
That I should hold myself in honour bound
By laws of courtesy! But one word more,
And I have done. Had I those shapely limbs,
That fair, smooth face, those two great, god-like eyes
(May lightning blast them, as it blasted mine!),
Believe me, sir, I'd use no talisman!
Now kill me—I'm prepared. I only ask
One boon of you—strike surely, and be quick!

(Florian pauses for a moment—then sheaths his sword.)

Flor. Go, take thy life, I'll none of it! with one
Which Heaven hath so defaced, let Heaven deal.
I will not sit in judgment on thy sin!
My wrath has faded—when I look upon
The seal that Heaven hath set upon thy brow,
Why, I could find it in my heart to ask
Thy pardon for the fury of my words!
Go, take thy life, make fairer use of it.

Now, (much moved) I thank you, sir—not for my blighted life,
But for the pitying words in which you grant it.

(With emotion.)

You've moved me very deeply (places the ring that Hilda gave him on Florian's finger—then kisses his hand). Curse these tears.
I am not used to weep, my lord—but then
I am not used to gentleness from men.

[Exit Moustagh.]

Flor. Unhappy creature, go thy ways in peace.
Thou hast atoned.

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SCENE FROM IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Charles Reade.

[The work of genius which placed Mr. Charles Reade in the first rank of English novelists was "Peg Woffington." This was in the year 1862. Later novels of signal merit were "Christie Johnstone," "The Course of True Love," "Love
384 Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

me Little, Love me Long;" "Jack of all Trades," "Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," "White Lies," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Wandering Heir," "A Woman Hater," and "Put Yourself in his Place." The play from which the following extract is taken was written prior to the novel to which it owes its name. It was produced under the title of "Gold," and the plot of this drama was simplified into the great novel, "It's Never Too Late to Mend." The success of the latter excited the cupidity of hack playwrights; the author then, to protect himself from piracy, wrote the drama in its present form. On its first production at the Princess's Theatre, it gave rise to a riot, in consequence of the openly-expressed resentment of certain critics; but the public set the seal of its approval on the play, and for twenty years it has held the stage without any prospect of abatement in its popularity. Born 1814. Died 1885.

CHARACTERS:

Meadow, Isaac Levy, George Fielding.

Meadow (solo). Hallo! here comes another curse I am putting out of my way, the old Jew.

Enter Isaac Levy leaning upon his staff and bowing low.

Levi. Good morning, sir.

Mead. (abruptly). Good morning. If it's about that house, you may keep your breath to cool your broth; the house is mine now

Levi. It is, sir; but I have lived there twenty years. I pay a fair rent, but if you think anyone would give more, you shall lose nothing by me. I will pay a little more, and you know your rent is sure.

Mead. I do.

Levi. Thank you, sir. Well, then——

Mead. Well, then, next Lady-day you turn out, bag and baggage.

Levi. Nay, sir, hear me, for you are younger than I; in the house you have bought, two children were born to me and died from me; and there my Leah died also; and there are times in the silent hours I seem to hear their voices and their feet. In another house I shall never hear them—I shall be quite alone. Have pity on me, sir, an aged and a lonely man. Tear me not from the shadows of my dead. (Pause.) Let me prevail with you.

Mead. No.

Levi. No? Then you must be an enemy of Isaac Levy.

Mead. Yes. You lend money.

Levi. A little, sir, now and then; a very little.

Mead. Well, what you do on the sly, old sixty-per-cent.

Levi. The world is wide enough for us both, good sir.

Mead. It is, and it lies before you, for the little town of Farmborough is not wide enough for me and any man that works my business for his own pocket.

Levi. This is not enmity, sir; it is but a matter of profit and loss. Let me stay here, and I swear to you, by the tables of the law, you shall not lose one shilling per annum by me. Trust me!

Mead. Till trust you as far as I can fling a bull by the tail. You
Scene from It's Never Too Late to Mend. 385

gave me your history—here's mine. I have always put my foot on whatever has stood in my path. I was poor—I am rich—and that is my policy.

Levi. It is frail policy. Some man will be sure to put his foot on you, sooner or later.

Mend. What! Do you threaten me?

Levi. No, sir. But tell you what these old eyes have seen in every nation, and read in books that never lie. Goliath defied armies, yet he fell by a shepherd-boy's sling. Samson tore a lion with his hands, but a woman laid him low. No man can defy his kind. The strong man is sure to find one as strong and more skilful; the cunning man one as adroit and stronger than himself. Be advised, then; do not trample on one of my people. Those that oppress us never thrive. Let me rather have to bless you. An old man's blessing is gold. See these grey hairs! My sorrow has been as many as they are. I have been driven to and fro like a leaf many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent till I rest for ever. Oh, let me die where those I loved have died, and there let me be buried!

Mend. If you like to hang yourself before next Lady-day, I give you leave; but after Lady-day no more Jewish dogs shall die in my house, or be buried for manure in my garden.

Levi (giving way to his pent-up wrath.) Irrelevant cur! D'ye rail on the afflicted of Heaven? (He drops his staff and raises his hands.) I spit on ye, and I curse ye! Be accursed! (Throws his hands up.) Whatever is the secret wish of your black heart, Heaven with it! Ha! ha! ye wince already?—all men have secret wishes. May all the good luck you have be wormwood for want of that—that—that! May you be near it—close to it—upon it—burn for it—and lose it! May it sport, and smile, and laugh, and play with you, till Gehenna burns your soul upon earth!

Mend. (whose wrath has been visibly rising.) I'll smash your viper's tongue!

[Aims a blow at Levi with his stick, when George Fielding dashes in and receives the blow on his riding-whip.]

Field. (coolly.) Not if I know it. (Pausa.) You are joking.

Meadows. Why the man is twice your age; and nothing in his hand but his fist. (To Levi.) Who are you, old man, and what do you want?

Mend. Who is he? A villainous old Jew.

Levi. Yes, young man, I am Isaac Levy, a Jew. (To Meadows.) And what are you? Do you call yourself a heathen? Ye lie, ye cur! The heathen were hot without their starlight from Heaven; they respected sorrow and grey hairs.

Field. Now don't you be so aggravating, daddy. And you, Master Meadows, should know how to make light of an old man's tongue. It is like a woman's—it is all he has got to hit with.

Levi. See—see! he can't look you in the face. Any man that has read men from East to West can see "lion" in your eye, and "cowardly wolf" in his.
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Mead. (trembling with rage). Lady-day, Master Isaac, Lady-day!
Field. Lady-day! Confound Lady-day, and every day of the sort. There, don't you be so spiteful, old man. Why, if he isn't all of a tremble! (Gives him his staff. MEADOWS goes up to gate.)
Now, go into my house, and forget your trouble by my fireside, my poor old man (pointing E. R.).
Levi. I must not eat with you; but I thank you, young man.
Yes, I will go in and compose myself; for passion is unseemly at my years. (Goes towards house, and at the threshold suddenly stops and raises his hands.) Peace be under this roof, and comfort and love follow me into this dwelling. (Turns suddenly and offers his hand.) Isaac Levi is your friend. (Exit into house. GEORGE looks after him.)

Mead. (aside). One more down to your account. (Exit.)
Field. The old man's words seem to knock against my breast.
Meadows has everybody's good word, parson's and all; but somehow I never thought he was the right stuff, and now I'm sure.

(By permission of Chas. L. Bents, Esq.)

SCENE FROM CHARLES THE FIRST.
W. G. WILLS.

[That Mr. Wills, of all our modern dramatists, possesses the purest dramatic instinct, is a matter about which there can scarcely be two opinions. It is certainly a fortuitous circumstance for the peculiar bent of his genius that he should have become so intimately associated with the greatest actor of our time. The scenes here quoted from what is perhaps his finest work, probably caused, at the time of its first production, more controversy than any other dramatic work of the present century. His first play was "The Man o' Airle;" later dramatic triumphs were "Olivia," "Jane Shore," "Medea," and "Faust." It may not be generally known that Mr. Wills was an artist of some repute. He died 1891.]

CHARACTERS:
CHARLES I. CROMWELL. TRETTON.
SCENE.—Witley Hall Palace, in the presence of the King.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Two gentlemen, your Majesty. [Exit ATTENDANT.

Enter CROMWELL and TRETTON.

King. You are welcome. Master Cromwell, I believe.
Crom. The same, so please you.
King. Pray be seated.
Crom. Nay, so please you.
King. (Sitting.) I pray you. (Cromwell sits.)
Lord Hurstly often has commended you
As one who shows high promise of the statesman.
Scene from Charles the First.

One, who with lusty speech can rule a throng;
Holding their passions in his hands, like reins;
To guide them, I believe and hope to good.
Crom. I cannot tell. I know not. If this meeting,
So please your Majesty, is to bear fruit,
I must not wear the muzzle of a courtier.
Under your favour, I am rough of speech——
King. Albeit a gentleman.
Crom. And little used to kingly presence, save,
If I may dare to be so humbly bold,
That kingly presence before whom thyself
And I are equal subjects.
King. Sir, I do trust in this we feel alike;
Touching this meeting, I have but one motive,
And briefly, when you are possess’d of that,
Avoiding all irreverent discourse,
Upon that issue I would challenge candour;
To touch the very nerve, how’er it pain.
Ira. (Aside.) Ay, though the iron entereth the soul.
King. The merit of these unhappy questions
Which stand between me and my Parliament,
I would be left untouched; this is the past.
Crom. So please you ‘tis the knot to be untied.
King. Oh, let us not cleave through it with the sword;
With every sacrifice a King might make,
With what abasement may consist with honour;
I would avert this woful civil war.
Crom. (Rising—sternly.) And yet the first blood-guiltiness was thine!

Prince Rupert has already stain’d his sword;
The Queen has——

King. (Interrupting.) I pray you first—Come you in
privacy,
As by Lord Hunsly I have been advised,
Or with the cognizance of Parliament?
Crom. At a word, I am their ambassador!
King. (Calmly.) Oh! their ambassador?
Crom. Twould scarce befit
My duty or my office to be private;
So please you, as a private man, no weight
Attaches to my words, and honesty
Might pass for disrespect.
King. (Points to paper in Cromwell’s hand.) That paper—what is it?
Crom. Haply ’tis of some import to your Majesty,
And haply not, as this discourse may savour.
King. Then, sir, of it anon.
The footing of our meeting somewhat alters;
Addressing you, am I to understand
That I address my Commons?
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

Crom. If so please you.

King. (Rising, and with dignity.) Then, sir, avert the dangerous mistake—

Saving much time, and fence, and vain manoeuvre—
That this, my overture, is sign of weakness.
Pray, sir, note this; my cause is prosperous!
The good, the brave, the loyal, through in thousands
Around my standard.
It is not, then, distrust of my good cause
Which urged me, at some risk, to seek this meeting;
But from a single motive—a pure hope,
That we, at any cost, may purchase peace.

Crom. Your Majesty, I do not question it.
Towards you we are all love and tenderness,
To the confusion of your evil counsellors.
I, too, may be permitted to set forth
The vigour of your faithful Parliament,
To wit: my lord of Essex has gone forth—
It boots not to say whither—with an army
Of fourteen thousand men, who have one mind—
The stout defence of King and Parliament!

King. Defence, sir, of the King?

Crom. Against himself and evil counsellors!

Northumberland is Admiral of England;
And the fleet lies—where, boots it not to say.
Well man’d, provision’d, watchful off the coast,
For the defence of King, of Parliament!

King. Methinks to ask the King’s leave were as well.

Crom. The train-bands and militia wait our bidding;
And our enlistments outstrip estimate;
All animate, leavèd with Liberty,
Bold in defence of King and Parliament.

King. Nay, sir, enough of this—

Crom. London declares for us.

King. More shame for London!

Now, sir, be brief.

Crom. Please you to hear a message from your Commons?

King. Sir, I am at their service. Pray be seated.

Crom. Your Commons who have never turned aside
From reconciliation with your Majesty,
Have charged me even now, with words of love.

King. So far, sir, it looks fair. Forgive my haste.

Crom. Truly your Commons have a righteous jealousy
Of the false counsellors about your person.
Here is a goodly oak strangled with ivy!
Lop off the ivy—lo! a stately tree!
And we accept its comfortable shade.

Ire. (Aside.) Or peradventure lay the axe to its root.

(Aside to Cromwell as he passes.)

Nay, not too smooth with him.
Scene from Charles the First.

King. So far in courtesy I have heard you out; To business, sir, I pray you. (As he displays a parchment.)
These are the articles, nineteen in all,
Call'd by the Commons a remonstrance?
Crom. I know it, having help'd to draw it up.
It is the same.
King. To stay the civil war now imminent,
All these I sign and seal.
Crom. So please your Majesty
And 'tis well done. Thus many grievous burdens Shall drop from us. To quote your Majesty,
These propositions bear upon the past!
King. Your meaning, sir?
Crom. It was as I may say the gracious seedtime,
When from your hand might fall the germs of freedom,
Or the rank grain of Popery and poison.
The seeds fall anywhere, broadcast about,
Some hopeful sprouts perchance reward the sower;
But I will take the humble boldness here
To tell you, many poison-seeds were mingled;
Malignant seeds of evil counsellors,
And who will now distinguish—who with candle
Of holy writ will search throughout the fields
To ensnare and root them out?

Irc. And least of all,
That enemy that came and sowed the tares!
Crom. Yea, who will now——?
King. Sir, in the cloudiest sky is some faint light,
Which hides the sun behind; but through thy speech-fogs There shines no light of true sincerity.
Crom. Your Majesty invites me to be plain.
Your ill-advisers have begun the war!
Blood hath been shed, and criest out against them.
And for your Majesty's late acts of treason——

King. (Rising in anger.) Treason! Sir, you forget. I am your King.
Crom. Now thou hast set a lion in my path—
That word, "the King"—but I will cope with it.
"The King" is a word of might
When he is a friend and father to the Commons.
The King, distinct from us is but a simple man!
King. Your language, sir, swells to such insensibility.
Our interview had better close at once.
You take advantage of my condescension.
'Tis not for you to limit or set forth
The right divine of an anointed King.
Crom. A people's rights! And are they not divine?
Bethink thee, what concerns the King of kings
The most—a nation, or a crowned man?
King. The people's rights, sir, are indeed divine;
Not so the wrong of rebels.  
The crowned man hath from the King of kings  
Received his seal and mission.  

(CROMWELL turns away incredulous.)

Dost thou scoff  
At rights the hand of God himself indorsed?  
Hast thou no reverence for the marble pile  
Of England's past?  
O sir, 'tis such as thou  
Deface the fairest monuments of history,  
Inscribing with coarse sacrilege their names  
On its most sacred tablets; scorning beauty  
That it took centuries to make, and but an hour to mar.

Crom.  I mean but this.  A king has err'd ere now.  
We treat this error as we treat disease—  
As we might put restraint on the insane.  
So, give me leave to say we now are justified  
In taking arms against our counsellors,  
And in large sense, sooth, to defend the King.

King.  Oh, sir, I've noted  
When men are bent on a deliberate wrong,  
They seldom are at a loss to justify it;  
To thieve with a most honourable pretext,  
And murder with a moral.  
Under the cry of evil counsellors,  
You sim your thrusts at me, and call it loyalty.  
So they stabb'd Caesar for the love of Rome,  
And then fell to, to cutting Roman throats!  
I am responsible for all my acts.  
That scroll contains——?  

Crom.  Further securities  
And pledges to your Commons, of good faith.

King.  So, sir; I still must yield, must yield my right,  
Wronging ourself, and wronging our succession  
Until my office is an empty shell,  
And I have nothing but the name of king.

Ire.  That too, may pass, e'en as a tale that's told,  
If we are put to it.

King.  Who is this rude gentleman?  
Crom.  A gentleman of trust and piety!  (Turns to Ireton.)

Ireton, restrain the movement of thy spirit,  
For fitting time and place.  
Those are the propositions of the Commons,  
Most humbly offer'd to your Majesty.  

King.  (Leads a paper in muttered surprise; then aloud.)  
"Lastly that all friends and counsellors  
Should straight be handed over, to be dealt with  
According to the strictest inquisition."

Even as you did for my good angel, Strafford!  
And is this all?

Crom.  At present, all.  More as the needs shall grow.
Scenes from Charles the First.

As for the safety of your royal person,
I am commanded to assure your Majesty—

King. Yes; my friends murder’d, I have leave to live.

(Rising.)

No. Tender thou my thanks to Parliament.
Our interview is ended.

Crom. (To the King.) Pray you a moment?

Ireton, give us room.

Ireton retires up at back.

Your Majesty in our commenced discourse
Was pleased to bear your gracious testimony
To the most modest weight and influence,
"Humble in outward show, albeit more felt,
Because it underlies—I say th’ acknowledged weight"
My voice and vote obtain’d in Westminster.

King. Well, sir: well, well?

Crom. I speak that I do know, the humble burgess
Of Cambridge hath a reach which doth extend
(Within the bounds of conscience) to the aid
And comfort of your gracious Majesty,
Yes, to the restitution of thy shorn prerogative.

King. What’s your price?

Crom. Your Majesty is much too short with me.

I do not say that I have any price.

King. Then, sir, your motive?

Crom. In pointing to your Majesty’s just rights,
If I might venture, I would couple mine.

King. I’m at a loss—

Crom. The Earl of Essex, General of the Commons,
Is without issue, nor is ever like.
By four descents I draw my pedigree
Straight from Joan Cromwell, who was only sister
To the first Earl of Essex, Thomas Cromwell,
Who married Morgan Williams.

King. Well, sir, well?

Crom. Their son retain’d the noble name of Cromwell;
Heaven knows I say not this vaingloriously.

King. Well, sir?

Crom. Should Essex die—that cold friend to the King——

King. Sir—if I see your drift—and yet such arrogance
May well surpass belief. I——

Crom. I mean nothing, nothing—nothing!
If Essex die still have the Commons generals,
That’s all I mean.

King. And hast thou borne till now so hold a front,
And looke’st me in the face, this in thy heart?
So, the demands and troubles of the people
Before they reach me filter through a medium
Both faithless and corrupt.
Send me some fearless honourable man,
And let him tell me all the round of wrongs
Dramatic Scenes and Dialogues.

My people suffer. I will take that scroll
And place it on the altar of my memory,
Till with a bounteous will all be redress'd,
But for this false concoction of pure malice,
Brought to me here by such a messenger—
Thee, who dost trouble for the wealth and title
Which you pronounce so roundly from the hustings—
A mouthing patriot with an itching palm;
In one hand menace, in the other greed—
For such a lie its proper place is there.
(Dashes paper on the floor and stamps on it.)

There is a trust placed in my hand by God;
I will not barter it to hirelings!

Crom. If we be hirelings, we do not flee
When the wolf cometh. Yea, we shall stand fast.
Treaties on treaties have we offer'd thee;
And thou hast paltred with us year by year.
"Thou chosen champion of our holy Church
Hath ope'd the back door to the Jesuit.
Thy letters have been seized upon the sea,
And out of thine own lips shall we impeach thee:
Thou art the rotten keystone in the arch
Of English liberty. Thou art the patch
On our new garment—
Beware, or we shall know that keystone out;
Take heed, or we shall rend that patch away,
And cast it in the fire, if needs we must!"  (Puts on his hat.)

King. Uncover in the presence of the King!
(Cromwell suddenly uncoors.)

Under our favour, sir, you have spoken much,
Too much, and with a noisy license here
Had cost a better gentleman his head.
Thou hast done more to brace my arm anew
And raise my sinking heart, than thou canst wot of.
If I believed by yielding up my crown,
Peace would descend on this unhappy land,
I think—I know, I should not shrink from it.
But no, the sacrifices were worse than vain.
Now thou art pleased to drop thy patriotic mask
Methinks I see a modern Attila!
One, who if once our dynasty should wan,
Would rally to the front with iron truncheon;
A tyrant, mauldering and merciless;
Anarch of Liberty! At heart a slave!
A scourge, the Commons' plaint to lash themselves;
A heel to tramp their constitution down.
Thou and thy dupes have driven me to war,
And on thy conscience fall its fell account!

Crom. Charles Stuart! Thyself shalt bear this message back.
(Toccro beckons on Soldiers.)
Scene from Charles the First.

King. Traitor! Is this thy faith? (Draws his sword.)
Crom. Advance! Do him no violence.
King. (Throwing down his sword,) I am alone! and will not call my friends.
Which of you touches his anointed King? (Soldiers hold back.)
Crom. (Drawing;) In God's name, that will I.

Enter the Queen.
Queen. (Waving her handkerchief,) God save the King!

Enter HUNTLY and strong force of Cavaliers.
Cavaliers. God save the King!
[CROMWELL and his Soldiers form on one side, HUNTLY and his Cavaliers on the other.
(By permission of the Author.)

THE REPROACH OF CHARLES THE FIRST TO HIS BETRAYER.

W. G. Willis.

[See p. 386.]

[MORAY approaches with downcast head, and gradually sinks on his knees before the King, during his speech.

I saw a picture once by a great master,
'Twas an old man's head.
Narrow and evil was its wrinkled front—
Eyes close and cunning: a dull vulture's smile.
"'Twas called a Judas!" said that painter cruel.
Judas had eyes like thine, of candid blue;
His skin was smooth, his hair of youthful gold;
Upon his brow shone the white stamp of truth;
And lips like thine did give the traitor kiss!
The King, my father, loved thine—and at his death He gave me solemn charge to cherish thee.
And I have kept it to my injury.
It is a score of years since then, my lord.
Hast waited all this time to pay me thus?
[CHARLES turns to CROMWELL.

Sir, you demand my sword. I yield it you!
(By permission of the Author.)

2 c
SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

DRAMATIC.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

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 outshames 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 have wept more than Revenge, for their oaths, have bleared their faces, and made their eyes a blunderbuss. O! 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 villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.
OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

Shakespeare.

[See page 312.]

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal);
I won his daughter.

I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed,
I ran it through, even from my boyish days.
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
Speeches and Soliloquies.

And portance. In my traveller's history
(Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,*)
Rough quarters, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak; such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her hence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not intentionally: I did consent:
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore.—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me:
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOP.
Shakespeare.

[See page 312.]

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, next, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twist his finger and his thumb he held

* Sterile, barren.
Brutus to the Romans.

A pounce-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.—
And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmanfully,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,"
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf;
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay.
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered negligently—I know not what—
He should or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so bright, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (Heaven save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign's thing on earth
Was parmaeosti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity (so it was)
This villanous salt-petre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

——

BRUTUS TO THE ROMANS.

Shakespeare.

[See page 312.]

Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: assured me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as
he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew
him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for
his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that
would be a bondman? If any speak: for him have I offended. Who
is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak: for him
have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country?
If any, speak: for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. . . .
Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you
shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;
his glory not extinguished, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
forced, for which he suffered death. . . . Here comes his body,
mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had a hand in his
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-
wealth: as which of you shall not! With this I depart: that, as I
slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same success
for myself; when it shall please my country to need my death.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

Shakespeare.

[See page 312.]

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely play'rs;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. First the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ere'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and board of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
In second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sansthing.
MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CESAR'S BODY.

[Shakespeare.]

[See page 312.]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor had cried, Caesar had wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he thrice refused. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fiev to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. . . .
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it! . . .
You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? . . .
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this manacle; I remember,
The first time ever Caesar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overran the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Cassius made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it.
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel?
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffing up his face,
E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel,
The dint* of pity: these are gracious drops:

* Impression.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors...
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny...
Yet, hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak...
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your love?
Alas! you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of,
Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,—
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards.
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO OPPOSE CAESAR
SHAKESPEARE
[See page 312.]

Honour is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but for my single self,
I'd rather not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself,
I was born free as Caesar. So were you.
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter’s cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar’st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did,
The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,
Cæsar cry’d "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
Then as Ancus, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: ’tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry’d, "Give me some drink, Cælius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men sometimes have been masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, if doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what means doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the Great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, who talk'd of Rome.
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome;
As easily as a king.

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HAMLET’S SOLiloquy ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312].

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—to die—to sleep—
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—”tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there’s the rub!
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There’s the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover’d country from whose bourne
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great price and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action!

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See p. 312.]

Buckingham. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Buck. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clare. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And citied up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What fearful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems.
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Buck. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clare. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
Clarence's Dream.

But another'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to cast it in the sea.

_Brak._ Awaked you not with this sore agony?
_Clar._ O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night;
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud,—what scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field of Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of soul-hounds
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

_Brak._ No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, I have doen these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

_Brak._ I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!

(CLARENCE reposeth himself on a chair.)

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
GLOSTER’S SOLILOQUIY.
Shakespeare.
See p. 212.]

Glos. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that lour’d upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our stern alarm’d chang’d to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag’d war hath smooth’d his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
He capers nimbly in a lady’s chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am curtail’d of this fair proportion,
Deform’d, unfinish’d, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unFashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
Plots have I laid, by prophecies and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other;
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

DOUGLAS’S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.
[See page 311.]

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks: a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
MORDAUNT TO LADY MABEL.

MORDAUNT TO LADY MABEL.

"THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER."

J. WESTLAND MARSTON, LL.D.

Dr. Marston was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, Jan. 30, 1829. He was articled to a solicitor in London, but relinquished the law for the more genial, though frequently less profitable, profession of literature. His fine tragedy, "The Patrician's Daughter," produced some years ago, at once stamped him as a dramatist of the highest order. He afterwards produced "The Heart and the World," a play; "Strathmore," a tragedy; "Aun Blake," a play; "A Life's Ransom," a play; and, in 1865, "Pure Gold," a play. Dr. Marston was the author of several novels; and contributed many charming lyrics to the "Athenæum." He died 1890.

SAY:\
Before we part, I have a word or two
For Lady Mabel's ear—I know right well
The world has no tribunal to avenge
An injury like mine; you may allure
The human heart to love, warm it with smiles,
To aspirations of a dream-like bliss,
From which to wake is madness; and when spells
Of your enchantment have enslaved it quite,
Its motives, feelings, energies, and hopes,
Abstracted from all objects save yourself,
So that you are its world, its light, its life,
And all beside is void, and dark, and dead;
I say, thus very heart, brought to this pass,
You may spurn from your path, pass on and jest,
And the crowd will jest with you; you will glide
With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,
And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,
As though the angel’s pen had failed to trace
The record of your crimes; and every night
Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep,
As do the innocent;—but it is crime,
Deep crime, that you commit. Had you, for sport,
Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,
Pride of the garden, or, in wantonness,
Cast in the sea a jewel not your own,
All men had held you guilty of offence.

And is it then no sin,
To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,
With all the incipient beauty in the bud,
Which know no second growth?—to cast our faith
In human-kind, the only amulet
By which the soul walks tearless through the world,
Into those floods of memoried bitterness,
Whose awful depths no diver dares explore;—
To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet
On the world’s threshold, and existence’ self
To drain of all save its inert endurance?
To do all this unprovoked, I put it to you,
Is this sin? To the unsleeping eye
Of Him who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs
No laws save j’s: redress, I make appeal
To judge between us. There’s an hour will come,
Not of revenge, but righteous retribution!

CLAUSE MELNOTTE ON PRIDE,
EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,
[See p. 260.]
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee,
From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee:
I saw thee midst the flow'res the lowly boy
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well; this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from Kings,
Have sloop'd from their high sphere; how Love like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!
At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn
That very hour—when passion, turn'd to wrath,
Resembled Hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
Speeches and Soliloquies.

The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turn'd and stung thee!

RICHIEIEU'S SOLILLOQUY.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[See p. 360.]

Rich. (reading). "In silence, and at night, the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,
Thou wert the Patriarch's ladder reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-sleeping on the earth,
I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine thro' wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their airy towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologus of Kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many voiced unfathom'd Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And, with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Ofttimes the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of circumstance,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unrex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops; ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfieverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Cato's Soliloquy.

Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

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CATO'S SOLiloquy.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[See page 117.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught?—Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven's herself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man,
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold: If there's a Power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where! This world was made for Cesar!
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death, my life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
Whilst this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall hide away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements.
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
Speeches and Soliloquies.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S FARREWELL.

W. G. WILLS.

[See p. 385.]

King. Oh, my loved solace on my thorny road,
    Sweet clue in all my labyrinth of sorrow,
What shall I leave to thee?
To thee do I consign my memory!
Oh, banish not my name from off thy lips
Because it pains awhile in naming it.
Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music:
Red-eyed Regret that waiteth on thy steps
Will daily grow a gentle, dear companion,
And hold sweet converse with thee of thy dead.
I fear me I may sometime fade from thee,

[QUEEN presses to him.]

That when the heart expelleth gray-stained grief
I live no longer in thy memory;
Oh! keep my place in it for ever green,
All hung with the immortalles of thy love.
That sweet abiding in thine inner thought
I long for more than sculptured monument
Or proudest record 'mongst the tombs of kings.

[Soldiers enter, drawing up on either side of door. Bell tolls. Whilst the QUEEN seems to stiffen in grief, CHARLES kneels, kisses her and goes to door.]

[Mournfully.] REMEMBER!

(By permission of the Author.)

SPEECH OF LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

O'er the dead body of Lucretia.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[Mr. Payne was an American by birth, long settled in England. He wrote
"Brutus," a Tragedy, and several other successful dramatic pieces; among
them "Clarit, the Maid of Milan," in which occurs the ever popular song of
"Home, sweet home." Born 1723; died 1802.]

Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story:
And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask necessity has made me wear!
When the ferocious malice of your king—
King, do I call him!—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?
Speech of Lucius Junius Brutus.

Would you know why I have summon'd you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clothed with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time—
The mould in which each female face was form'd—
The very shrine and sacristy of virtus!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her:—The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,
Amid the dandle, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose;—
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted; but, array'd in purest grace,
She bloom'd unseal'd beauty. Such perfections
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture:—such a mind
Might have abash'd the boldest lib'raric,
And turn'd desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen,
You all can witness that when she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome:--old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there! Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies,
That beautiful flower—that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would you seek instruction? Would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye to conscious walls,
Which saw his poison'd brother!—saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry—Revenge!
Ask ye deserted street, where Tarliss drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry—Revenge!
Ask yonder Senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry—Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son;
Their unappeas'd ghosts will shriek—Revenge!
The temples of the gods—the all-viewing heavens—
The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!
WILFRID DENVER'S DREAM.

"THE SILVER KING."

Denver. Stay. I fell asleep. Jaikes, you don't know what a murderer's sleep is? It is the waking time of conscience! It is the whipping-post she ties him to while she lashes and stings and maddens his poor helpless guilty soul! Sleep? It is a bed of spikes and horrors! It is a precipice for him to roll over, sheer upon the jaggs and forks of memory! It is a torchlight procession of devils raking out every infernal sewer and cranzy of his brain! It is ten thousand mirrors dangling round him to picture and re-picture to him nothing but himself! Sleep! Oh God there is no hell but sleep!

Jaikes. Master Will! My poor Master Will.

Denver. That's what my sleep has been these four years past. I fell asleep and I dreamed that we were over in Nevada, and we were seated on a throne, she and I, and all the people came to offer us their homage and loving obedience. And it was in a great hall of justice, and a man was brought before me charged with a crime; and just as I opened my mouth to pronounce sentence upon him, Geoffrey Ware came up out of his grave with his eyes staring, staring, as they stared on me on that night, and as they will stare at me till my dying day; and he said "Come down! Come down you whitened sepulchre! How dare you sit in that place to judge men?" And he leapt up in his grave-clothes to the throne where I was, and seized me by the throat and dragged me down, and we struggled and fought like wild beasts. We seemed to be fighting for years, and at last I mastered him, and held him down and throttled him, and rammed him tight into his grave again, and kept him there and wouldn't let him sit, and then I saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long bony hand with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws, and it came slowly out of the sky reaching for miles it seemed: slowly, slowly, it reached down to the very place where I was and it fastened in my heart, and it took me and set me in the justice hall in the prisoners' dock, and when I looked at my judge it was Geoffrey Ware! And I cried out for mercy, but there was none! And the hand gripped me again as a hawk grips a wren, and set me on the gallows, and I felt the plank fall from under my feet, and I dropped, dropped, dropped,—and I awoke!

Jaikes. For mercy's sake, Master Will, no more.

Denver. Then I knew that the dream was sent to me as a message to tell me that though I should fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, as high as the stars are above, or as deep—the deepest sea bed is below, there is no hiding-place for me, no rest, no hope, no shelter, no escape!

(By permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett.)
RECITATIONS.

THE LIFEBOAT.

GEORGE B. SIMS.

[Mr. Sims is essentially a poet for the people. From the commencement of his career he has identified himself with the masses, their lives, sufferings, and recreations. His works, "How the Poor Live," "The Social Kaleidoscope," "Rogues and Vagabonds," and "The Ring o' Bells," are typical of a style of writing which has endeared him to the great body of the nation. His "Degenet Ballads" are very popular with rustics. His plays, comprise "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," "The Last Chance," "In the Ranks," and "The Harbour Lights," the two last-named written in conjunction with another dramatist.]

Bven out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, often enough!
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what we calls rough!
It's when there's a gale a-blowing, and the waves run in and break
On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake;

When the sea is a hell of waters and the bravest holds his breath
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons may be to death.
That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can't get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last year?
Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;
That night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad;
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was shooked.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir, but here, when a man lies dead,
'Tain't only the husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay
Recitations.

I only heerd it after, for that night I was kept away,
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where she lay nigh her end,
She'd been a-linin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that death's hand might yet be stayed,
I heerd the wild wind howlin' and I looked on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck, as had come in the ragin' storm;
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life.
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbour lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie.
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;
Then he bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk call wild,
From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse,
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse.
And the night as the Royal Helen went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, when her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side,
Then half to herself she whispered, "where's Jack, to say good-bye?"
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside
With tho news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!"
their leader cried.
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right,
There's a dozen of lives may be, John, as lie in our hands to-night!"
The Lifeboat.

'Twas old Ben Brown, the Captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt, We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
"I can't go, mate," I murmured, "in an hour she may be dead,
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the rough' sea.
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."
Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinkin' may be, some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away,
"Go John, and the Lord watch o'er you! and spare me to see the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out o' the storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said,
"I'll see her again, may be lads, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;
But our boat she stood it bravely, and, weary and wet and weak
We drew in haul of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.
But just as we came upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dash by;
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then I stumbled, and struck my forrad, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here in my homes ashore.
My forehead was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed.
I'd slipp'd so they told me arter, and a rillock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round;
At first I could scarcely hear them, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;
Recitations.

But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak.
I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake,
I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;
So I lift my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here!
I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."
Not one of 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as my poor old wife is dead?"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my aching head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry, "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside standin' up and well was my wife;
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went
To the wreck of the Royal Helen; 'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—
He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

(By permission of the Author.)

A TALE OF THE DOVER EXPRESS.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

[Mr. Clement W. Scott has, within a comparatively short time, raised himself to a position of considerable eminence in the world of letters. His published works comprise "Lays of a Londoner," "Poppy Land," and "Round About the Isles;" he has written and adapted numerous productions for the stage with conspicuous success.]

How did I do it? Well, sit you down, if you're got ten minutes to spare,
And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to me—well to me and my mate out there.
Don't put it all down to our boast and brag, for I'll take my oath we try,
We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we happen to live or die,
It isn't because with filth and grease we are covered from foot to head
That we haven't got pluck like soldier Bill in his uniform smart and red.
We haven't got bands to tootle to us, nor women, nor mates to cheer,
We march at the sound of the station-bell, and the scream of the wind in our ear;
We have gals to love us, and children, too, who cling to the face and neck,
Though we're never called to the grand parade, or march'd to the hurricane deck,
A man's a man when he does his work—well, it may be more or less,
But in Fenian days you should say your prayers when driving the Dover Express!
We started off—'twas a night in June—and the beautiful moon shone bright
Through the silent glass of the station, when our guard sang out
"All right!"
He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but me and my mate just then
Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives of the women and men.
Away we went at a splendid pace when we'd coupled and left Herne Hill,
Behind was the roar of a city on fire, in front was the country still.
Then we came to a point where we always turn, and mutter a sort of pray'r
For the wife, and the young 'uns asleep in the town, from the men in the engine's glare.
It wasn't like that in the train, I bet; did anyone trouble a rap?
The honeymoon couples were locked in fast, and the others were playing at 'nap;'
Papers, and smoking, and gossip, and chaff; does it ever strike them that a nervous
Is required from the men who must drive in the dark an express round the Chatham curve?
I looked at my watch, we were up to time, and the engine leapt and sped
To the river we cross as it runs to the sea, with the Rochester lights ahead!
I often think of the train behind and the passengers fast asleep,
As we slow on the pace just to tackle the curve round Stroud and Rochester Keep.
It puzzles those foreigner chaps who cross where the river in silence flows,
With the Castle one minute miles away and the next right under your nose.
Recitations.

You have felt the jerk? Well, that's no odds, may be you'd have felt more odd.

With a mate by your side at the engine-fire, who suddenly cried, "My God!"

There's something ahead on the six-foot way! Look there!" And I held my breath.

A something! And what? on the rails ahead—we must drive for our lives or death!

There wasn't a second to pause or think, though I saw by the light of the train

The river, the viaduct, scenes of home we never should visit again.

"What shall you do?" Then I turned and saw Tom's piteous face and sad.

"What shall I do? Hold fast, my boy! I shall cram on the pace like mad!"

Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in a second a crash, a leap,

Right into the iron the engine tore, with the passengers fast asleep.

It reeled at the shock did their devilish snare, to the rush and the roar and the beat,

Before was dear life and the light and the air; behind was the dust of defeat!

Away to the rear went Rochester town, its danger, its storms and stress,

We'd taken a pledge, and we kept it, sir, in saving the Dover Express!

They're sending the hat round! thank you, kind, for me and my mate, you say.

Well, the money will come in easy like, when we're laid on the shelf some day.

It's only right that the women and men who arrived at Dover town,

And were saved that night round Rochester curve should cheerfully "plank it down."

But we don't want money for what we've done—there's something far better than gain

If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in charge of a railway train!

If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck, and is thoroughly English made,

As well in front of a fierce express as in rear of a bold brigade!

But there's something far better than money to me, though it's terrible hard in Town

To give the young'uns their annual shoes, and the missus a decent gown,

I'd give your money up every cent, and the moment I'd gladly bless
When you hand us the villain who wanted to wreck our lives on the Dover Express!

(By permission of the Author.)
THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Richard Parker Willis was born in Portland, U.S.A., January 20, 1817. Many of his poems were written when he was in the seventeenth year of his age. He died 1867.]

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary; he had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his depth of wofullness.

*     *     *     *     *     *     *
Recitations.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tussels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judas's daughters.

His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.

The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.

A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Then, who was made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb?
My proud boy, Absalom!"

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee:
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee
And hear thy sweet 'My Father!' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!"

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!"

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
The Inchcape Rock.

How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Years for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up;—
With death so like a slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had worn thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

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THE INCHCAPE ROCK
R. Southery.

[See p. 110.]

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 screamed as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.
Recitations.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A dark 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 curse himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.
Beth Gelert.

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

---

BETH GELERT.

Hon. Wm. Robert Spencer.

[Was the younger son of Lord Charles Spencer, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. In 1786, he publish'd a translation of Bürger's "Lenore." He held the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. Born 1779; died 1834.]

Thus spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a breath, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh! where doth faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chivalry rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward bled,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The bound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!
Recitations.

Llewellyn, gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Flesh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'turn'd his Infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd coverts rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood bespreat.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hail-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And, to the hilb, his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakencd nigh,
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherib-boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The galliant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!"
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"
The Glove and the Lions.

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marches storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass
Or forest unmove'd;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

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THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

[Born Oct. 19, 1784, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He commenced writing at twenty-one, and finished only at his death, August 26, 1859.]

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glare'd, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love d'earthed the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dipp'd her glove to prove his love; then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild!
Recitation.

The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"Well done!" cried Francis, "bravely done!" and he rose from
where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that!"

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[See p. 202]

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

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

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came tapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the
door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

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

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
"Tis the wind, and nothing more."

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

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore!"
"Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

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

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Recitations.

Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er;
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footsteps tinkled on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I; "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me! tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aitenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door;
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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

THOMAS HOOD.

[Thomas Hood was the son of a bookseller, one of the firm of Vernoy and Hood, of the Poultry, City of London, where he was born on the 23rd May, 1799. He was apprenticed to an engraver; but his health failing, was sent to a relation in Scotland. On his return to London, in 1821, he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," and from this time his literary avocations commenced. His collected works have enjoyed a large sale since his death, but in his lifetime he was constantly struggling with want and difficulties. He died in 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green, where a handsome monument erected by public subscription, is placed over his remains.]

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cements;
Whilst the waves constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully;
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Dash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clumsily.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?
Recitations.

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, or a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God’s providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life’s history,
Glad to death’s mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plung’d boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Hohenlinden.

Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair,
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity,

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Bold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest;

Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owing her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

HOHENLINDE.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[See page 216.]

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrdden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce you level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Han,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

Clément W. Scott.

[See p. 418.]

Brave, novelists, your note-book! bring, dramatists, your pen!
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles Head!
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oyster-mouth!
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone.
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blow, or the storm-bell tolled, or when
The Women of Mumbles Head.

There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launch'd, and a desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
Proud to the bones of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who about the coast, 'twas said,
Had saved some hundred lives a piece—at a shilling or so a head!
So the father launch'd the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns,
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love.
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?

'It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
Then at last on the poor doomed lifeboat a wave broke mountains high!

"God help us, now!' said the father. "It's over my lads,
Good bye!'"
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form,
It might be a grey-haired father, then the women held their breath,
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships;
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the worst,
and more;
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.
'Twas only aid he wanted, to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
Recitations.

What are a couple of women? Well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—and
Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went!

"Come back," cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's sake, girls,
"come back!"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce
attack.
"Come back!" moaned the grey-haired mother; as she stood by
the angry sea,
"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nothing left to me,"
"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint
and pale,
"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you
brave the gale!"
"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not, go tell it to all the
town,
We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"
"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch
of your hand!
Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to
land!
Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe
to shore."
Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know
the rest—
Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles
Head!"

(By permission of the Author.)

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

W. A. Eaton.

["The Fireman's Wedding," and one or two other pieces by this Author, have
been popular on the platform for several years. They are certainly well adapted
for oral delivery.]

"What are we looking at, guv'nor?
Well, you see those carriages there?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;
And aren't they a beautiful pair?
The Fireman's Wedding.

"They don't want no marrow-bone music,
There's the fireman's band come to play;
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day!

"They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb.

"They won't be out for a minute,
So if you've got time and will stay,
I'll tell you right from the beginning
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

"One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—
'That sounds like an engine!' I said.

"So I jumped up and opened the window:
'It's a fire sure enough, wife,' says I;
For the people were running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

"I kicked off my old carpet slippers
And on with my boots in a jiff;
I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

"The wife, she just grumbled a good 'un,
But I didn't take notice of that,
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

"I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

"The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose;
The 'peelers,' were pushing the people,
And treading on every one's toes.

"I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.
Recitations.

"Ah, sir, it was grand! but 'twas awful!
The flames leaped up higher and higher,  
The wind seemed to get underneath them,  
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire!

"I was just looking round at the people,  
With their faces lit up by the glare,  
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,  
'Oh, look! there's a woman up there!'

"I shall never forget the excitement,  
My heart beat as loud as a clock;  
I looked at the crowd, they were standing  
As if turned to stone by the shock.

"And there was the face at the window,  
With its blank look of haggard despair—  
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,  
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

"The staircase was burnt to a cinder,  
There wasn't a fire-escape near;  
But a ladder was brought from the builder's,  
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

"The ladder was put to the window,  
While the flames were still raging below:  
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,  
To see who would offer to go!

"When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,  
As a sailor would climb up a mast;  
We saw him go in at the window,  
And we cheered as though danger were past.

"We saw nothing more for a moment,  
But the sparks flying round us like rain;  
And then as we breathlessly waited,  
He came to the window again.

"And on his broad shoulder was lying,  
The face of that poor fainting thing,  
And we gave him a cheer as we never  
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

"He got on the top of the ladder—  
I can see him there now, noble lad!  
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,  
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.
Over the Hill to the Poor-House.

"But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way,
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

"He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang with a cry to the ground;
And then, you would hardly believe it.
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

"I took off my old hat and waved it:
I couldn’t join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

"And now, sir, they’re going to get married,
I bet you, she’ll make a good wife;
And who has the most right to have her?—
Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

"A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!
We’ll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!"

(By permission of the Author.)

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

[Will Carleton, the poet, must not be confounded with the author of “Traits of the Irish Peasantry,” bearing the same name. The latter was an Irishman, born 1796, died 1839. The former an American, still living, is best known by his “Farm Ballads,” “Farm Festivals,” and “Farm Legends.”]

Over the hill to the poor-house I’m trudgin’ my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, an’ only a trifle grey—
I, who am smart an’ chipper, for all the years I told,
As many another woman that’s only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can’t quite make it clear—
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I’ve taken a-toolin’ to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin’ on me a pauper’s shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, not yet so awful stout,
But charity ain’t no favour, if one can live without.
Recitations.

I am willin' and anxious and ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul,
Once my cheeks was roses, and my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use a-boastin', or talkin' overfree,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer have I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married sure he was good an' smart,
And he and all the neighbours would own I'd done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young, an' strong,
I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen and all grown and nest,
And went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the children an' raised them every one;
Worked for 'em summer an' winter, just as we ought to 've
only perhaps we humoured 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's children's a heap the best to them.

Strange, how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rules of love; but when we're old and grey,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, excepting Charlie, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer and nearer come, and dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day and took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, and never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charlie, for Charlie was now my all;
And Charlie was pretty good to me, with a scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was conceit, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard an' proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, an' that was good for her,
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carrying things too fur;
Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

And I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, an' I another one;
And a very little cottage, one family will do,
But I never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, I never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent; and then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charlie turned agin me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, an' what with children three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

And then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd a cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the children was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for anyone so old,
And 'ther had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charlie went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'n dear, good bys!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

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MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Robert Southey.

[See page 110.]

Who is yonder poor maiden, 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.
Recitations.

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 deathly 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 welcom'd 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 burn'd 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 schoolboy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head:
And could fancy I saw, half persnaded 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 sider that grows in the aisle."
Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

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 a 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 pant'd fearfully now.
The wind blew, the hoarse dry shoch over her head,
    She listen'd,—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sank 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 seize's 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 gaz'd 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.
Recitations.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
    For a moment she has 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.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
    Battle his bones over the stones!
    He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
    Battle his bones over the stones!
    He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world:
    Battle his bones over the stones!
    He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;
It's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
    Battle his bones over the stones!
    He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed—
Behold what respect to a clody it paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
    Battle his bones over the stones!
    He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!
The Sack of Baltimore.

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

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

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

THOMAS DAVIS.

[Thomas Davis was one of that band of advanced Irish patriots who thought that they could supersede in Ireland, “Moore’s Irish Melodies,” because they did not go far enough for them. Fortunately for Davis’s chance of future fame, he did not confine his lyrics to political ones. We are told that he wrote the greater portion of them in a single year, 1844; and this, too, in addition to a great quantity of other writing for the journal with which he was connected—“The Nation.” Apart from his political songs, he wrote with great tenderness. He was born in 1814, and died in 1854.]

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery’s hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel’s rough defiles—
Old Inishkeen’s crumbled fame looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o’er—
Upon that cozy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

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

* Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O’Driscoll’s, and was, after his rule, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See “The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork,” by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. 1, p. 576. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—Author’s Note.
Recitations.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street:
And these must be the lover’s friends, with gently gliding feet.—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! “the roof is in a flame!”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre’s fall,
And o’er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of “Allah!” breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

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

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
They see not now the milking-maids—deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon’s town—
These lookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours’ blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clèire, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

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

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

WILL CARLETON.

[See p. 439.]

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a' plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'lint struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here's she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell mell!
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a losin'er man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now with a scratch of pen, she's let my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll sometime rue this day!
She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grive she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.
Recitations.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so!

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried them in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that hansomer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur!
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'ware holdin' her!
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that!

'Twas only the other day, she called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell;
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I would that death had severed us two apart,
You've lost a worshipper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as you used to kneel before you ran away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some influence up there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (entering).

Why, John, what litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've lost or found?
And here's my father here, awaiting for supper too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "hansomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John,
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking you know, I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (aside).

Well, now, if this ain't a joke, with rather a bitter cream?
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
A Bunch of Primroses.

And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!
'Twas one of her practical drives—why didn't I understand?
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell!
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A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

[See p. 415.]

'Tis only a faded primrose, dying for want of air,
I and my drooping sisters lie in a garret bare.
We were plucked from the pleasant woodland only a week ago,
But our leaves have lost their beauty, and our heads are bending low.

We grew in a yellow cluster under a shady tree,
In a spot where the winds came howling straight from the Sussex sea;
And the brisk breeze kissed us boldly as we nodded to and fro
In the smiling April weather, only a week ago.

Only a week this morning! Ah, me! but it seems a year
Since the only dew on our petals was a woman's briny tear;
Since the breeze and the merry sunshine were changed for this stifling gloom,
And the soot of the smoky chimneys rob us of our bloom.

We grew in a nook so quiet, behind a hedge so high!
We were hid from the peeping children who, laughing, passed us by,
But a primrose-gatherer spied us—his cruel hand came down;
We were plucked in the early morning, and packed and sent to town.

We were tossed in a busy market from grisy hand to hand,
Till a great rough woman took us, and hawked us about the Strand;
Clutched in her dirty fingers our tender stalks were tied,
And "a penny a bunch, who'll buy 'em?—fine primroses!" she cried.

We lay on the woman's basket till a white-faced girl came past;
There was, O such a world of yearning in the lingering look she cast—
Cast on the troubled bunches—a look that seemed to say,
"O, if I only had you!"—but she sighed and she turned away.
Recitations.

She was only gone for a moment, and then she was back again;
She'd the look on her pale, pinched features that told of the hunger pain;
She held in her hand the penny that ought to have bought her bread,
But she dropped it into the basket and took us home instead.

Home—how we seemed to wither, as the light of day grew dim,
And up to a London garret she bore us with weary limb!
But her clasp it was kind and gentle, and there shone a light in her eyes
That made us think for a moment we were under our native skies.

She stole in the room on tiptoe, and “Alice!” she softly said;
“See what I've brought you, Alice!” Then a sick girl raised her head,
And a faint voice answered, “Darling, how kind of you to bring
The flowers I love so dearly—I've longed for them all the spring.

“I've thought of it so often, the green bank far away,
And the posies we used to gather—it seems but the other day;
Lay them beside my pillow, they'll last as long as I—
How quickly in cruel London the country blossoms die!”

We pined in our gloomy prison, and we thought how sweet we were,
Blooming among the hedgerows out in the balmy air,
Where we gladened the eyes that saw us, all in our yellow pride,
And we thought how our lives were wasted as we lay by a sick bedside.

We thought how our lives were wasted until we grew to know
We were dear to the dying workgirl for the sake of the long ago;
That her anguish was half forgotten as she looked upon us and went
Back in her dreams to the woodland filled with the primrose scent.

We primroses are dying, and so is Alice fast;
But her sister sits beside her, watching her to the last,
Working with swollen eyelids for the white slave's scanty wage,
And starving to save her dying and to still the fever's rage.

We stood on the little table beside the sick girl's bed,
And we know by the words she murmurs that she wanders in her head;
She stretches her hand to take us, and laughs like a child at play—
She thinks that she sees us growing on the old bank far away.

Forgotten the gloomy garret, the fierce and the fevered strife—
Forgotten the weary journey that is ending with her life;
The black, black night has vanished, and the weary workgirl lies
Back to her country childhood, plucking a primrose prize.
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

We have banished awhile her sorrow, we have brought back the
sunny smile
That belongs to the children's faces in the days that are free from
guilt.
The Babylon rear comes floating up from the street below,
Yet she lists to the gentle splashing of a brook in its springtide
flow.
The gurgling brook in the meadow, with its primrose-laden
briar,
How thick were the yellow clusters on the bank where she sat
with him!
With him who had loved and lost her, who had trampled a blossom
down.
Ah, me! for the country blossoms brought to the cruel town!
Thank God for the good brave sister who found the lost one there;
Who toiled with her for the pittance that paid for that garret bare;
Who slaved when the wasted fingers grew all too slow to sew,
And bid all her troubles bravely that Alice might never know.
We have brought one country sunbeam to shine in that garret
bare;
But to-morrow will see us lifeless—killed by the poisoned air.
Then the primrose dream will vanish, and Alice will ask in vain
For the poor little yellow posy that made her a child again.

On to our faded petals there falls a scalding tear,
As we lie to-night in the bosom of her who held us dear.
We shall go to the grave together—for the workgirl lies at rest,
With a faded primrose posy clasp'd to her joy breast.

(By permission of the Author.)

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.
[See page 216.]
A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."
"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy waves?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;"
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud space,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather:
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child.
And he was left lamenting.
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Gray was born in London in 1716, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and
he entered himself at the Inner Temple for the purpose of studying for the
bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in
his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1743 he published his "Ode
on a distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1745 his ever-famous "Elegy
written in a Country Churchyard." His principal poem is "The Bard," pub-
lished in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of Laureate,
vacant by the death of Prior. In 1748 he was appointed Professor of Modern
History at Cambridge. He died 1771.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind round slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his druy flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bow'rs,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where leaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittrering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the evening horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grudge hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
Recitations.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impune to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Imploring the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies:
Some pious drop the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
"Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.
Recitations.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Lord Byron.

[See page 205.]

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 lie:
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—
Lady Clare.

There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother—his 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!

LADY CLARE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[See page 132.]

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air.
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give to his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse.
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he wedds with me."

"Oh! God be thanked!" said Alice, the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have you done,
Oh! mother," she said, "if this be true.
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."
"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie;
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diadem necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can.
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice, the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."
"Oh! mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower:
"Oh! Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."
The Wreck of the Hesperus.

Oh! and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail!
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. Longfellow.

[See page 101.]

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spoke an old sailor
Had sailed the Spanish Main—
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
Recitations.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and passed like a frightened steed,
Then leapt her cable’s length.

"Come hither—come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her in his seaman’s coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh! father! I hear the church-bells ring—
Oh! say, what may it be?
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh! father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"Oh! father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh! say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the halm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gust between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows:
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.
Horatius keeps the Bridge.

She struck where the white and decky waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she strove and sank—
"Ho! ho! the breakers roared!"

At day-break, on the black sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Horatius keeps the Bridge.

Lord Macaulay.

[See page 89.]

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

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 dallied 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?"
Recitations.

"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 Lartius;
A Roman proud was he;
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titan 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 army
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romeas 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.
Now while the Three were tightening
The harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And fathers mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.
Horatius keeps the Bridge.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth the Three came spurring
Before that deep array,
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Iltus' mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that great crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius buried down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clave him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sick to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare.
Recitations.

Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
Where, growing low, a fierce old bear
Lies midst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been piled;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all,
"Back, Horatius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.
Horatius keeps the Bridge.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Falstath
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river,
That rolls by the towers of Rome,

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take them in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With panting lip and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by mouths of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
Recitations.

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore,
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

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-blare 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,
The Leap of Roushan Beg.

And the long howling of the wolver
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidsu
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 mercifully
Cuts 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.

(Permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steal
Reach the dust-cloud in his course,
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Revitations.

Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore.
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen.
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Rayhan the Arab, of Orfah,
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La il Allah-Allah-la!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyvat's forehead, neck, and breast
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyvat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyvat mine,
O thou soul of Kurrglou!"

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thine hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine.
Leap, and rescue Kurrglou!"

Kyvat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.
As the ocean surge o'er silt and sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyran safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Rouhan's tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath,
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurogica!"

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BARBARA FRIENTHIE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[See page 170.]

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Friechie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten:
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down:
In her attic-window the staff she set.
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of your grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
E'er its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Friechie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Friechie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!
MAHMOUD.
LEIGH HUNT.

[See page 427.]

There came a man, making his hasty moan,
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
And I will see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right, as king with king;
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,
Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorr'd,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed;—I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."
"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud—"No;—he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"
The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,
(For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the sultan re-appeared,
And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vex'd man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window flutter'd in affright:
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."
The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark:
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life
"Now light the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
"Twas done; he took it in his hand and bow'd
Over the corpus, and look'd upon the face;
Then turn'd and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there came
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.
Recitations.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh’d his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.
The man amaz’d, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan’s feet with many prayers,
And begg’d him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detain’d him in the place.
The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done,
Must be some lord of mine,—ay, e’en perhaps a son.
For this I had the light put out: but when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
Whose work I had perform’d through pain and fear;
And then I rose and was refresh’d with food,
The first time since thy voice had marr’d my solitude."

THE DELUGE.

The judgment was at hand. Before the sun
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which, blackening, spread
Until their blended masses overwhelmed
The hemisphere of day: and adding gloom
To night’s dark empire, swift from zone to zone
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,
And covering the encircling firmament
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.
Anon the o’ercharged garners of the storm
Burst with their growing burden; fierce and fast
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,
And roaring, fled to air channels; the calm lakes
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.
The lightning flickered on the deluged air,
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom
The Deluge.

A little brightened, when the lurid morn
Rose on the starless midnight, 'twas to show
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily
The shivering multitudes of human doomed
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were belnt, and the leviathan
Was borne aloft on the ascending seas
To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now
Were the sole land-marks, and their sides were clothed
With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste
Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,
Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of death
Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew
The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves
Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour,
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life
Was the sole instinct, and the strong-limbed son,
With imprecations, smote the palied sire
That clung to him for succour. Woman trod
With wavering steps the precipice's brow,
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness
Sat like an incubus on every heart,
Smothering the voice of love. The giant's foot
Was on the stripling's neck; and oft despair
Grappled the ready steel, and heaved blood
Polluted the last remnant of that earth
Which God was deluging to purify.
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons
The midew of succeeding centuries
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength
Crush'd through the solid crowds; and fiercest birds
Beat down by the ever-rushing rain,
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains
That mapped out nations, sank; until at length
One Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,
Becoming a sunken world. And of the tribes
That blackened every Alp, one man survived:
And he stood shuddering, hopeless, shelterless,
Upon that fragment of the universe.
The surges of the universal sea
Broke on his naked feet. On his grey head,
Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud
Poured its un pitying torrents; while around,
In the green twilight dimly visible,
Recitations.

Rolled the grim legions of the ghastly drowned,
And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms
Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,
And, maddened, would have leaped to their embrace,
When, lo! before him riding on the deep,
Loomed a vast fabric, and familiar sounds
Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more
Cheered the wan outcast, and imploringly
He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,
And cried aloud for mercy. But his prayer
May not answer, whom his God condemned.
The ark swept onward, and the billows rose
And buried their last victim!

Then the gloom
Broke from the face of heaven, and sunlight streamed
Upon the shoreless sea, and on the roof
That rose for shelter o'er the living germ
Whose increase should repopulate a world.

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THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

[See page 394.]

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 enobling star
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 rain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain,
The Ocean.

The wrecks are all thy deeds, 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 babbling 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 wield
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
Glares 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
Recitations.

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.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Thomas Hood.

[See p. 431.]

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

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

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

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

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
The Song of the Shirt.

It seems so like my own,
Because of the facts I keep.
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

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

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

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

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

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

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red.
Recitations.

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Fling her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”
(By permission of Messrs. Mason and Co.)

THE BOAT-RACE.

W. C. BENNET.

[Mr. William Cox Bennett is the son of a watchmaker, of Greenwich, where he was born, 1829. About 1848 he began to contribute poems to the various periodicals; but it was not until the publication of his “Belo May and other Poems,” and his “Worn Wedding Ring and other Poems,” 1861, that he attracted the attention he deserved. Since then his fame may be said to be established, and he now occupies a prominent position among the minor poets of the day.]

“Then, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!
Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!
I’d have you, boy, a man, with thaws and strength
To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
Both for your own, and for your mother’s sake:
So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her.” With a broad, loud laugh,
A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
He left the subject; and across the wine,
We talked,—or rather, all the talk was his,—
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast.
Of Jesus,—and young Edmonds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,
There was young Chester might be named with them;
“Why, boy, I’m told his room is lit with cups
Won by his souls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;
Small chance for you, boy!” And again his laugh,
With its broad thunder, turn’d my thoughts to gall;
But yet I mask’d my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
But, on its sun-Deck’d seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden’s paths
Wander’d my eye, in rapid quest of one...
The Boat-race.

Sweeter than all its roses, and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There, in the orchard’s greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep’d at through blossoms,—that the summer airs
Waver’d down blossoms on, and amorous gold,
Warm as that rain’d on Danaé. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass’d; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought?) my murmur’d “Kate”
Shock’d up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm’d the daylight.” Then I told her all,
And told her that her father’s jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kiss’d her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east
Gleam’d through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, locks, and whisper’d words
Remember’d for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still’d to happy dreams,
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine).
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,
And baby crowns, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford’s yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting “Sunyson, and books and rhymes,
I throng’d my brain with talk of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furnish’d up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood’s seats away,
And made me book-worm; all that day, my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthen’d on my sight,
Its by-laid cunning back; so day by day,
From when dawn touch’d our elm-tops, till the moon
Gleam’d through the slumberous leafage of our lawns,
I flash’d the flowing Isis from my oars
And dream’d of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Recitations.

Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came; how well I mind that day!
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brink,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
On, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness! yearning with what love!
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine!
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?
There was a murmur in my heart of "yes,"
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—
A large moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and at the gun we went,
As in a horse-race, all at first a-crowd;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,
Till, rounding the moor's mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengthis a stern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife,
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,
Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we close
The swarming waters, raving streams of toil;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
 Held on, enduring—mine still wanting more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?
The War of the League.

The cup's not worth the meaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. 'Tush! boy, I must win.'
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst; "Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"
"Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win."
He answered: "Faith! my boy, I pity you."
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—
What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!'" O thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; one only look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,
I was before him, through the teary eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foil'd at last!"
O how I turn'd to him! with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That rang'd us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

Lord Macaulay.

[See p. 80.]

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

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array:
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's emurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of file, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the husseling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

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

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
The Old Grenadier's Story.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

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THE OLD GRENADE'ER'S STORY.

George Walser Thornbury.

[Mr. Thornbury's "Lays and Legends of the New World," and "Songs of
the Cavaliers and Roundheads," both prove that he has studied to advantage.
In prose he has written the "History of the Buccaneers," and "Shakespeare's
England"—works which exhibit great research, and breathe a pure antiquarian
spirit. A successful novel, entitled "Every Man his own Trumpeter," and
numerous contributions to the leading magazines, make up the rest of his lite-
rary labours. Mr. Thornbury was born in 1828; died 1876.]

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

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

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

I saw Salence, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries:
Recitations.

One hit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

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

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

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

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

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye.
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
The Dream of Eugene Aram.

Yet when I think of such a boy
I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

(By permission of the Author.)

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

[See p. 481.]

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamsome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasingly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.
Recitations.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp?"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook:
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowned unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is the death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain;
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clot;
And unknown facts of guilty acts,
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.
"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life’s sacred stream?
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name;

"Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wratched, wratched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil’s price:
A dozen times I groaned, the dead
Had never groaned but twice;
Recitations.

"And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice,
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight."

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the archers young
That evening in the school!

"Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared against at sleep;
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!
The Dream of Eugene Aram.

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where!
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood stones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!
Recitations.

"Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
    Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain
    The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
    Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
    Will wave or mould allow:
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
    It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
    Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
    The urchin’s eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynæ,
    Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between
    With gyres upon his wrists.

WHERE?

F. Horæ Menscord.

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with before it can be delivered before a paying audience.]

Oh where shall I take me? Where? Where?
    Where there is peace and rest,
Oh where shall I take me from care—
    Care of the sore unblest?

Oh where shall I hide my sorrow?
    Where all my shame is
Oh where is the bliss’d to-morrow?
    Where, oh where shall I turn?

Oh where is my husband-lover?
    Where is my child of sin?
Oh where is there ought to cover
    Shame of the thoughts within?

Oh where is the bourn they have gained.’
    Lover and child both dead.
Oh where shall I lay this o’er-pained,
    Weary and aching head?

Oh where but in wild repentance
    Waste through this mortal pain?
Our Folks.

Oh where escape the vile sentence
Earn'd by an earthly stain?
Oh where was my soul the moment,
That moment when I fell?
Oh where shall I hide from torment,
Torment of living Hell?
Oh where are the Christian matrons,
Where are the Christian men
Who'll venture to be my patrons
When they have heard, oh when

The charity never spoken
Here, in this callous life,
Would save a weak soul, all broken,
Broken with heavy strife?

Then where shall I find this pity,
Charity—what you will—
Yes, where? In this cruel city?
Out upon yonder hill?

No! No! I know the world better—
Better! Ah, bad for me!
They'd say I was still their debtor,
Debtor for charity,

If toiling and drudging daily
Water and bread I got,
While they through the world go gaily
I may go starve and rot.

Thank God, there's a river flowing!
Death is the where for me;
To death I can go, well knowing
Rest's in Eternity.

(By permission of the Author)

OUR FOLKS.

"Ethel Lynn."

[Mr. Ethelinda Deers ("Ethel Lynn") is best known as the author of "All Quiet along the Potomac." Born New Jersey, U.S.A., 1857; died 1879.]

"Hi! Harry! Halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two;
You've been on furlough? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do?—
It's long ago since I was there—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks:—
When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of 'our folks'?"
Recitations.

You did? shake hands. That warms my heart; for, if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling! People think a soldier's heart is nought but tough.
But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and
smokes,
While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his
folks.

"And did you see them—when? and where? The Old Man—is he heartly yet?
And Mother—does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis—has she grown tall? And did you see her friend—you know—that Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes—
Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks.'"

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely, for they're always there:
Not Sunday? No?—a funeral? Who, Harry, how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out—what ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with 'our folks'?
"

"I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well; for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west.
Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—fair Annie blooms no more! and that's the matter with
your 'folks.'"

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom from her breast;
And look—your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend!" . . . . Nobody speaks; only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still; there's some bad news from Grainger's 'folks.'"

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to woe's relief;
Then answers:—"Thank you, Hal, I'll try; but in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among 'our folks.'"
"I dare say she is happier now; but that I can't help thinking, too,
I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true—
But may be not. . . . She's safe up there! and, when God's hands
deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in
'our folks."

THE BRIDGE-KEEPER'S STORY.

W. A. Eaton.

[See p. 436.]

"Do we have many accidents here, sir?"
Well, no! but of one I could tell,
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story,
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open
When the vessels come in from the bay,
When the New York express comes along, sir!
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,
A child, sir, could manage it well,
My brave little chap used to do it,
But that's part of the tale I must tell!

It is two years ago come the autumn,
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;
I was sitting at work in the house here,
And the boy played just outside the door!

You must know, that the wages I'm getting
For the work on the line are not great,
So I picked up a little shoemaking,
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,
And singing as bithe as could be!
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,
Was tying a tail on his kite;
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.
Recitations.

When the telegraph bell at the station
Rang out the express on its way;
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,
"Remember, I'm pointsman to-day!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,
I heard the bridge swing on its way,
And there came a cry from my darling,
A cry, filled my heart with dismay.

"Help, father! oh help me!" he shouted.
I sprang through the door with a scream,
His clothes had got caught in the windlass,
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,
I saw the fleet oncoming train;
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy, ere I reached him,
He fell in the river below.
I saw his bright curls on the water,
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,
But there was the onrushing train,
And hundreds of lives were in peril,
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,
I turned, and his mother stood there,
Looking just like a statue of marble,
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent
While the train went headlong to its fate,
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,
And go to his rescue too late?

I looked at my wife and she whispered,
With choking sobs stopping her breath,
"Do your duty, and Heaven will help you
To save our own darling from death!"

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,
And fastened the bridge with a crash,
Then just as the train rushed across it,
I leaped in the stream with a splash.
The Bridge-Keeper's Story.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water,
How I battled till hope almost fled,
But just as I thought I had lost him,
Up floated his bright golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,
As a miser would clutch at his gold,
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,
And caught at his bright clustering hair,
And biting my lip till the blood came,
I swam with the strength of despair!

We had got to a bend of the river,
Where the water leaps down with a dash,
I held my boy tighter than ever,
And steeld all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool
Engulfed us, I struggled for breath,
Then caught on a crag in the current,
Just saved, for a moment, from death!

And there on the bank stood his mother,
And some sailors were flinging a rope,
It reached us at last, and I caught it,
For I knew 'twas our very last hope!

And right up the steep rock they dragged us,
I cannot forget, to this day,
How I clung to the rope, while my darling
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him
Till the colour came back to his face,
And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture
As I felt his warm, loving embrace!

There, sir, that's my story, a true one,
Though it's far more exciting than some,
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,
"Do your duty, whatever may come!"

(By permission of the Author.)
THE STROLLERS.

ROBERT REESE.

Mr. Reese is principally known as a pantomime and burlesque author. His little extravaganzas, "Perfect Love," is an elegant specimen of poetic fancy and refined humour. Many charming lyrics, too, have emanated from his pen, and may be found among his various operatic libretti, notably in the English version of the abnormally successful "Les Cloches de Corneville," written in conjunction with Mr. H. B. Farnie. As a pantier he would have excited the intense wrath of Dr. Johnson. He was born in 1828, and died in 1891.

Then little village, all astir,
Has turned out, to a man, to greet them!
And anxious urchins, wide agape,
Run down the leafy lanes to meet them;
The crone who banks her wintry hair
Half hidden in a russet hood,
Looks up and wisely shakes her head,
And murmurs, "Player folks no good!"
The sturdy clay-streaked plowmen pause,
As two by two the strollers pass,
And wonder if the Squire will swear
At folk who "‘furrer up his grass."
The busybodies of the place
Watch as the bills are posted there,
And know exactly who these are,
And how they’ve seen them at the Fair.
How, "‘him the thin one walking yon—
Him with the lass that moves so slow,
And leads the child with golden hair,
Had played in Lunnon years ago!
And through their faces seem so wan,
Them too, could play the King and Queen,
And look—ah! moral fine at night!"

Then slowly wags the lumbering cart
And slowly rises stage and tent,
And through the cracks of yawning planks
Sly youngsters peep in wonderment.
And ere the sun has quite gone down,
The band—a fiddle, horn, and drum—
Parambulate the lane, and urge
Reluctant villagers to come.
Whilst, ere they play kings, queens, and knaves,
And ere one half the seats are taken,
The company has rallied forth
To buy their humble eggs and bacon.
What if they strut and fume and make
Sad havoc with the text and action
They have their mystery, their fame,
The Strollers.

And "give their patrons satisfaction."
And children point and wonder how
That stooping man with face so long,
With husky cough and dragging gait,
"Be chap as sang that funny song!"
And that same meagre figure there,
So worn, so broken, and so m.i.n.
Could be the haughty tyrant king
Who slew his wife and cursed his child?
Ah! little fleeting fame ye seek!
And little fleeting means of life!
Too little for the hard-worked man,
Too little for the ailing wife.
No wonder if the tyrant seems
So stern, so bony, and so gaunt;
No wonder if his captive acts
And "looks" so well disease and want!
The ghost is halfway to his grave,
And weakness gives his measured walk,
And poor Ophelia's face is pale
Without the adventitious chalk.
The testy dotard of the stage,
The "heavy father," as they say,
Is heavy only in his heart,
Nor wants a wig to make him gray,
And he, whom vacant minds applaud
And roar at ere his jest is sped,
May have his private tragedy,
And scarce a place to lay his head.
Ah! pardon all their little faults
For the great woes they struggle through,
And, when you quit the booth to-night,
Pray God to bless the strollers too!

(By permission of the Author.)
WIT AND HUMOUR.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK!

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

(The Rev. Mr. Barham was born at Canterbury, 1799, and educated at Oxford. He was a minor canon of St. Paul's, and rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith's, London. Mr. Barham's mind literally overflowed with wit, and he never attempted to restrain it; but he tempered it with the learning and classical knowledge he brought to bear upon every subject that he touched. It has been truly said of him, "for originality of style and diction, for quaint illustration and the musical flow of his muse, his poetry is not surpassed by anything of the same kind in the English language." Mr. Barham contributed many papers to the "Edinburgh Review," "Blackwood," and "Bentley's Miscellany;" it was in the latter, chiefly, that the "Ingoldsby Legends" first appeared. He died 1845.)

FITTE I.

"Look at the Clock!" quoth Winnifred Pryce,
As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,
Then pangs'd to give him a piece of advice,
"You natty warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you
Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?
Out all night?
Me in a fright!
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Winnifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a common'd one, her petticoats green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tuck'd through the pocket-holes;
A face like a ferret
Betokens'd her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.
"Look at the Clock!"

Now David Pryce
Had one darling rice;
Remarkably partial to anything nice,
Nought that was good came to him amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!
Especially ale—
If it was not too stale
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;
Not that in Wales
They talk of their Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,
As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots
The whole afternoon, at the Goat-in-Boots,
With a couple more soakers,
Thoroughbred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrap-p'd in repose,
They were roaring out "Shankin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the Moon!"
What have we with day to do?
Mrs. Winnifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door:
And then came that knock,
And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock!"
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan,
And often, among their mother and rest,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,
Pryce would drop a cool hint,
With an ominous squint
At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a "Spout."
That horrid word "Spout"
No sooner was out
Than Winnifred Pryce would turn her about,
And with scorn on her lip,
And a hand on each hip,
"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip,
"You thundering willin,
I know you'd be killing
Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shilling!
You may do what you please,
You may sell my chemise.
(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her smock.)
But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue rang long and ran fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient.
So he threw it instead,
Direct at her head,
It knock'd off her hat;
Down she fell flat;
Her case perhaps was not much mended by that;
But whatever it was—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
Or her tumble produced a concussion of brain,
I can't say for certain—but this I can,
When sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winnifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne!

The fearful catastrophe
Named in my last strophe
As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,
Made a great noise; and the shocking fatal
Ran over, like wild-flre, the whole Principality,
And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.
Mr. Pryce, to commence
His "ingenious defence,"
Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's good sense:
"The world he must defy
Ever to justify
Any presumption of 'Malice Prepense.'"
The unlucky lick
From the end of his stick
He "deplored"—he was "apt to be rather too quick;"
But, really, her prating
Was so aggravating:
Some trifling correction was just what he meant:—all
The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental!"
Then he calls Mr. Jones,
Who depones to her tones,
And her gestures, and hints about "breaking his bones;"
While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys
"Look at the Clock!"

Declaration

Had styled him "a Beast,"

And swear they had witnessed with grief and surprise,
The allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.
The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,
Return'd about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict, "We find, Some her right!"

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winnifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely and moped; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her saloon.

Not far from his dwelling,
From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far,
On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.
Its first syllable, "Pryce,"
Is pronounceable;—then
Come two L's, and two H's, two F's, and an N;
About half a score R's, and some W's follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "Pryce."

Well—the moon shone bright
Upon "Pryce" that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side
With that sort of stride
A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.
Mounting higher and higher,
He began to perspire.
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling oppress
By a pain in his chest,
He panted, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest;
A walk all up hill is apt, we know.
To make one, however robust, puff and blow,
So he stopped and look'd down on the valley below.

O'er fell and o'er fen,
O'er mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and there.
All the patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught.
Wit and Humour.

Of her Heroes of old,
So brave and so bold—
Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold—
Of King Edward the First,
Of memory accurst—
And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
Killing Poets by dozens,
With their uncles and cousins,
Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved—
Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Catherine's lap;
And how Mr. Tudor
Successfully woo'd her,
Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,
On Gryfith ap Conan, and Owen Glendour;
On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a tribe,
And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce;
When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,
Which went pit-a-pat
As he cried out, "What's that?"
That very queer sound?
Does it come from the ground?
Or the air—from above—or below—or around?
It is not like Talking,
It is not like Walking.
It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
Or the tramp of a horse—or the tread of a man—
Or the hum of a crowd—or the shouting of boys—
It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!
Not unlike a cart's—but that can't be; for when
Could "all the King's horses, and all the King's men,"
With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up "PEN?"

Pryce, usually briskful of valor when drunk,
Now experienced what schoolboys denominate "funk."
In vain he look'd back
On the whole of the track
He had traversed; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,
And did not seem likely to pass away soon;
While clearer and clearer,
'Twas plain to the hearer,
Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,
And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,
Very much "like a coffin a-walking upstairs."
"Look at the Clock!"

Mr. Pryce had begun
To "make up" for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray
Shone out on the way.
He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winnifred's "Grandmother's Clock!"
"Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,
And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;
"Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
The two little wunder-holes turned into eyes
Blazing with ire;
Like two coals of fire;
And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,
And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
No!—he could not mistake it—"twas Sun to the life!
The identical face of his poor defunct wife!

One glance was enough,
Completely "Quaint. suff."
As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff."
Like a weathercock whirled by a vehement puff,
David turned himself round;
Ten feet of ground
He cleared, in his start, at the very first bound!
I've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses—
I've seen ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—
As Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,
And one from a bailiff much faster than that:
At football I've seen lads run after the bladder—
I've seen Irish bricklayers run up a ladder—
I've seen little boys run away from a canoe—
And I've seen (that is, read of) good running in Spain;'
But I never did read
Of, or witness, such speed
As David exerted that evening.—Indeed
All I have ever heard of boys, women, or men,
Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "Fen!"

He reaches his brow—
He has past it—and now
Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity:
But runs as he will,
Or roll down the hill.
The bugbear behind him is after him still!

I-run is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort.
And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,  
The terrible Clock keeps on ticking and striking,  
Till exhausted and sore,  
He can’t run any more,  
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis’s door;  
And screams when they rush out, alarm’d at his knock,  
"Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Miss Davis looked up, Miss Davis looked down,  
She saw nothing there to alarm her; — a frown  
Came o’er her white forehead;  
She said, "It was horrid  
A man should come knocking at that time of night,  
And give her Mamma, and herself such a fright;—  
To squall and to bawl  
About nothing at all!"

She begged "he’d not think of repeating his call:  
His late wife’s disaster  
By no means had past her;"  
She’d, "have him to know she was meat for his master!"  
Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,  
She turn’d on her heel and she turn’d up her nose.

Poor David in vain  
Implored to remain;  
He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."  
Why the fair was obdurate  
None knows,—to be sure, it  
Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate.  
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole  
Pryce found to creep into that night was the coal-hole!  
In that shady retreat,  
With nothing to eat,  
And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,  
All night close he kept;  
I can’t say he slept;  
But he sighed, and he sobbed, and he groaned, and he wept;  
Lamenting his sins,  
And his two broken skins,  
Revolving his fate, with contortions and grins,  
And her he once thought a complete Nona Davis,  
Consigning to Satan—viz., cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"  
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,  
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall  
To make a grand speech,  
And to preach, and to teach  
Pecole that "they can’t brew their malt liquor too small,"  
That an ancient Welsh Poet, one YNDAR AP TUDOR,  
Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR!"
The Red Fisherman.

Which means "The pure Element
Is for man's belly meant!"
And that Gin's but a Snare of Old Nick the deluder!

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
Will get into "The Chair,"
And make all his guadans associates stare
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
"Patsy, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
The dial he constantly watches; and when
The long hand's at the "XII.," and the short at "X.,"
He gets on his legs,
Drains his glass to the dregs,
Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
With his president's hammer bestows his last knock,
And says solemnly—"Gentlemen!
"Look at the Clock!!!"

(By permission of Mr. Bentley.)

THE RED FISHERMAN.

W. M. FRADEN.
[Born 1802; Died 1880.]
The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And downed his sandal sloop,
And wandered forth alone to look
Upon the summer moon;
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound;
It was not an hour, nor a scene for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the seeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads:
If he look'd to the Heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well:
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot was loth to tell.
Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore,
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head,
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged, and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
The space of half a rood:
The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pumped;
And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy:
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree;
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
Above,—below!—
Lightly and brightly they glide and go;
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy;
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
The Red Fisherman.

'In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one!
All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reed and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare:
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double;
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets;
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin
Till hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago:
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

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

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

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

There was turning of keys, and cracking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a hunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell;
Never a muck that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded at close of day.

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

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sate;
And the priest was ready to vomit
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and cracking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
The Red Fisherman.

That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.
Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Still'd whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words.

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

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair:
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.

"Ah, ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,

"Her gallant was hooked before,"—
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shaws!

There was turning of keys, and cracking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he hung with a frown aside:
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of inlaid, robes of priz;
Tombs of heresy, loaded doces,
Add golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was prest from the Burgundy vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the Abbot shook
As the Fisherman armed his golden book;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises.
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's forlorn crown,
As the swelling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He beat no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.
There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine;
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth."
The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation:
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

SEJJEANT BUZFUZU'S ADDRESS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See page 42.]

SEJJEANT BUZFUZU rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Pegg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the Jury as follows:—
Serjeant Buzfuz's Address.

Never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz: "you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at 1500L. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen—the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentleman, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed husband, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'

"I now treat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman.' Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—my single gentleman I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best im-
pulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the supper and mining was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell’s house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

“Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany.

“I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

“I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell’s house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he passed the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any alley love or cowmaneyes lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—How should you like to have another father?” I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that
his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the
charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his un-
manly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when
he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her
marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should
be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to
draw to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most
unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on
that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his
arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed
between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the
handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed.
These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not
open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the languag
of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded com-
munications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched
in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—let-
ters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—
letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mis-
lead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall.
Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.
—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what
does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!
Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the
happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away,
by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date what-
ever, which is in itself suspicious—'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be
at home till to-morrow. Slow coach! And then follows this
very, very remarkable expression—'Don't trouble yourself about the
warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does
trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of
mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan,
which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen,
a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell
so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan,
unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden
fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise,
agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully con-
trived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and
which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this
allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be
a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been
a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but
whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose
wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be
greased by you!

"But enough of this, gentlemen; it is difficult to smile with an
aching heart: it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are
awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is
Wit and Humour.

no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. 'Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tore' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected: he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell-street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the award—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.' With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Steereleigh woke up.

(By permission of the Author.)

MONSIEUR TONSON.

JOHN TAYLOR.

[John Taylor was grandson of the famous Chevalier John Taylor, sculptor to the principal sovereigns of Europe. In 1704, he published a poem, entitled "The Stage." In 1811, "Poems on Several Occasions," and in 1817, "Poems on Various Subjects," 2 vols. Mr. Taylor was connected with the periodical press for upwards of half a century, and was the original editor and one of the proprietors of the Sun newspaper. Born 1756; died 1822.]

There lived, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant night on town, yclep'd Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke,
In short, for strokes of humour quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrival'd shone—
Choice spirit, grave freemason, buck and blood,
Would crow his stories and bon mot to hear,
And none a disappointment s'er could fear,
His humour how'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown;
Monsieur Tonson.

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials bright;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by the name of refugees—
The rod of persecution from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well, our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When in a window near a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rs the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock),
"I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here."
"Thompson?" cries the other, "who the devil is he?"
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call culotte;
An old striped woolen nightcap graced his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused, he courteous smiled,
And soon address'd our way in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, sir, what want you, dat you come so late?
I beg your pardon, sir, to make you wait:
Pray, tell me, sir, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanced to-night to go—
But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear—
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?"
Wit and Humour.

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find The business of this unimportant kind, Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer, Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break, Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spake, "No, sire, no Monsieur Tounson lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped, While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed; But King resolved not thus to drop the jest, So the next night, with more of whim than grace, Again he made a visit to the place. To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before; No footstep seem'd approaching to the door, Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound; King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again, Firm on his post determined to remain; And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep, Wond'ring what bend again disturb'd his sleep. The wag salutes him with a civil leer; Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise (While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes), "Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright— "'Y, sire, I'm sure I told you, sire, last night— (And here he laboured with a sigh sincere) No Monsieur Tounson in de varid I know, No Monsieur Tounson here—I told you so; Indeed, sire, dare no Monsieur Tounson here!"

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes, And the old Frenchman sought once more repose. The rogue next night pursued his old career— 'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh, And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry, "Sire, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tounson here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid, And the next night came forth a prattling maid, Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster— Anxious she strove his errand to inquire. He said, "'Tis vain her pretty tongue to tire, He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state, The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate. And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
Monsieur Tonson.

King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she obliged to wait,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes, he rises, and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs
When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage his crest began to rear—
"Sear, vat the devil make you treat me so?'
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
I swear no Monsieur Tonson, lodges here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away;
At length to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Ut'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood—
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit;
They throw out water, for the watch they call,
But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur, at last, was forced his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime.
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace.
"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."
Wit and Humour.

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while his eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, even our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiendlike, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same,
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hearn.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore,
Then starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur Tomsow come again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!

THE SHOWMAN'S SONG, FROM "LITTLE DOCTOR.
FAUST."

Henry J. Byron.

[Mr. Byron, one of the most prolific and versatile of modern dramatists, was born in the year 1815. His earliest works for the stage consisted of burlesques and pantomimes, which, meeting with unqualified success, encouraged him to essay his abilities upon farces and comedies. His most successful piece was "Dundreary Married and Settled," and his first comedy was "The Old Story." These were succeeded by "War to the Knife" and "£100,000," both of which still hold the stage. Meantime he continued to write a brilliant series of burlesques, until at length he produced his finest work entitled "Cyril's Success," which placed him in the front rank of modern writers of comedy. Of his most enduring piece, the following may be enumerated: "Our Boys," "Married in Haste," "Partners for Life," "Blow for Blow," "Old Soldiers," and "Open House." He died April 11, 1886.]

If you'll walk into my Show, sirs,
I've no end of things you know, sirs,
I've a dappled dromedary who can very nearly speak;
I've a race of ring-tailed monkeys,
Quite obedient as dunkays,
I've an ostrich who can see into the middle of next week,
I've a clever marmozet, too,
Who will tell you where you get to
With his eyes severely bandaged;
I've an educated flea;
I've a brace of learned ponies,
And two cobras who are cronies,
I've a camel with a weakness for a winkle with his tea.
The Showman's Song.

I've a zebra who likes rum, sirs,
   And a large aquarium, sirs,
Where the cod-fish, and the turtle, and the tadpole sing a glee.
   And the octopus and gurnet
Spend their money when they earn it
In the Field and Land and Water, which they always lend to me.
There's an eel so eel-ongated,
   A sea-serpent it is rated,
We've a whale we call Llangollen—it's so wonderfully prime;
   We've a prawn that's prone to larking,
We've a dog-fish caught at Barking,
   We've a scallop that reads Trollope, and a crab that's full of rhyme.
We've a splendid aviary,
   With a "polly" that's called "Mary."
We've a pheasant, most unpleasant, who will always disagree
   With the eldest of the chickens,
Who quotes Thackeray and Dickens.
We've a cockatoo that counts so, he'd give any cockerthree.
   We've a personal old vulure,
Who most grossly will insult yer,
And a cassowary who's extremely vulgar when he's vexed;
   We've an elderly flamingo,
Who remarks at times "by Jingo."
We've a peacock with a tail "to be continued in our next."
We've a very learned lizard,
   Who is as deep as any wizard,
We've a cockroach who can whistle all the operatic airs;
   We've a beetle who can cuper,
And a toad that reads the paper,
And a saltatory oyster who skips up and down the stairs.
   We've a musical old mussel,
Who can sing like Henry Russell.
We've a Cheshire feline specimen who's always on the grin.
   And a lunatic old locust,
Who's very nearly huccused,
By the artful armadillo, who designs upon his tin.
We've fossilised Iguanodons,
   And Ipecacuanhadons,
And mummies who've been dummies for these many thousand years;
   If up the stairs you'll follow me,
We'll show you right "toe-closlemy."
You pays your money, and you takes your choice, my little dears.
   There's no show in the fair at all,
That with us can compare at all,
We're bound to lick creation—though the simile is low,
Wit and Humour.

It expresses what we mean, sirs,
That there never yet was seen, sirs,
Such a scorching exhibition, as this 'ere part'n'ler Show.

(By permission of Messrs. Twelvet Brothers, by whom also the music is published.)

VAT YOU PLEASE.
J. B. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

James Robinson Planché was the oldest and one of the most successful dramatists of his day; his first burlesque was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, subsequently he produced upon the stage nearly two hundred pieces. All Mr. Planché's pieces exhibit a facile command of versification, a flow of genuine, not forced, wit, with occasional dashes of true poetry. As an antiquarian he took a high position, his works on ancient costume being the recognized authorities. Mr. Planché held the appointment of Rouge Croix Pursuivant until his death, which occurred in 1839.)

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 shou'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 coroines 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-maires an abrupt farewell,
And here he came, pull-mall,
Some cash, some clothes, and almost some everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,
Half-starved, but toujours gay
(No vessels o'er were thinner),
Trudged up to town from Dover;
Their slender store exhausted on the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition;
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve.
Stomach and pocket in the same condition!
At length by mutua' 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 greechly he snuff'd the luscious gale in,
That from the kitchen window was exhalin,
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 aly 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?"
"Safre! you are very good, safe! 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 at once;
Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
Exulting in the merry thought that won it.
Pie follows goose, and after pudding comes cheese—
"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"Ah! eat 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!
"Bonjour, good William."—"No, sir, stay;
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay."
"Pay, pay, mau foi!
I call for noting, see—pardonz 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, the 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,
Laugh'd 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 how he'd taken Joan 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 address'd his master:
"These vile moineau 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,—
Owes 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'Hôtel
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 whilst 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!
"Sera, sera! misericorde, parbleu!
Oh dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so?
Vat you call dis?" "Oh, d'ye know? Thar's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?" Your friend, although I paid dear for his cunning,
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 bastin."
Modern Logic.

With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle’s home.
Arrived, and passed 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 pie-on!”
“Bravo!” Sir Peter cries, “Logic for ever!
It beats my grandmother—and she was clever!
But, sounds, 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 races!
“Oh, what a dash I’ll cut at Epsom races!”

He went to bed and went 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-harr’d gates, and crossing ditches;
Left his warm bed an hour before the dark,
And dragged his Unels, 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 crop’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 besides?”
“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 dusty, 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?”
LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

[See page 344.]

Who has e'er been in London, that over-grown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same! and the next! and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week past after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well, there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise.—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics, and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!"
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."
"The oven!" says Will;—says the host, "Why this passion? In that excellent bed died three people of fashion. Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will, in a taking, "Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms: cried the host, with a sneer, "Well, I see you've been going away half a year.

"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel," Will said, "But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

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My Swallow-Tail.

LeoPold Wagner.

I bought it many years ago,
When I was well to-do,
And friends I counted by the score;
When happy times I knew;
It cost me just a five-pound note;
It made me feel quite smart;
But ah! I did not dream that we
Were destined ne'er to part!

I wore it at the Opera,
'Mid strains of rare delight;
I sired it grandly in the blaze,
Of gilded rooms o'er night;
At parties and receptions too
How well it suited me!
Nor did I then anticipate
My future low degree.

For by and by my lucky star
Descended from its height,
And with my fortune, so my friends,
All melted from my sight;
In vain I tried each cherished art
To help me in my need:
The Press, the Stage, and Music, too,
With small success indeed.

How'er I strove to make my way,
Because I scorned to fail:
I next became a lecturer,
And donned my swallow-tail;
But very soon experience proved
(How great was my dismay)
That lectures on one's own account
But very rarely pay.
A new profession I embraced
My fortunes to recoup;
I learnt the art of ‘blackening-up’;
And joined a minstrel troupe;
Alas! in time that, too, collapsed;
The ‘ghost’ forgot to walk;
So with a heavy heart I bade
A long farewell to Cork.

I took to comic singing next,
For perhaps a month or two;
Then caught a cold, and lost my voice
Despairing what to do.
No longer, then, my swallow-tail
Proved useful as of yore;
For every week my prospects grew
More hopeless than before.

My wardrobe vanished piece by piece;
My purse I’d thrown away;
My vouchers from the pawnbroker
Increased from day to day;
At length, when nothing else remained
To save me from the sin
Of parting with my swallow-tail—
He wouldn’t take it in!

I suffered long and grievously,
My lot was hard to bear;
Until in time good fortune came
To rescue me from care;
And now, that self-same swallow-tail,
Which once I thought so grand,
Becomes me none the less to-day,
As a waiter in the Strand!

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CHATEAUX D’ESPAGNE.

HENRY S. LEESE.

[Born 1838; died 1884.]

Once upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary
With his quaint and curious humours set the town in such a roar,
With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently tapping—
For the man in charge was napping—at the money-taker’s door.
It was Mr. Buckstone’s playhouse where I lingered at the door—
Paid half-price and nothing more.
Most distinctly I remember, it was just about December—
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been before—
Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow,
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor.
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor;
(I have been so once before).

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before;
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking
With their glasses on the tablè, I had witness'd o'er and o'er,
Since the half-forgetten period of my innocence was o'er;
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no longer;
"Miss," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the goodness
To inform me if the drama is from Gaul's enlightened shore?"
For I knew that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore;
Adaptations—nothing more.

So I put the question lowly; and my neighbour answered slowly—
"'Tis a British drama wholly, written quite in days of yore;
'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue is poor!"
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue was poor;
Very flat and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew centr'd
In her figure and her features, and the costume that she wore.
And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music; so I mutter'd
To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your playbill, I implore.
Who's that rare and radiant maiden?" Tell, oh, tell me, I implore."
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
"Miss, or madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more;
Tell me who, then, was the maiden that appeared so sorrow-laden?
In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door?"
(With a bust of Julius Caesar up above the study floor.)
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

* * * * *
I've her photograph from Lacy's, that delicious little face is
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),
And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light fails
From the wretched tallow-candles on my gloomy second floor
(For I have not got the gas-light on my gloomy second floor.)

Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

(From "Carols of Cookery," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

THE Jabberwocky.

Lewis Carroll.

[The author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," and
"The Hunting of the Snark," made his reputation in the world of letters by,
perhaps, the most charming works for children embodying both fancy and
humour, without any of that imbecility which is usually apparent in books of
this description. As a writer of a peculiarly delicate and rhythmical verse, he
can hold his own with the best of his contemporaries.]

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jumbly bird,
And shun the frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in unhonourable thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came:

One, two! One, two, and through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves,
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

(By permission of the Author.)
THE HUMOROUS QUACK.
LOEFOEL WAGNER.

If the veracity of our informant is to be relied upon, a certain class of our latter-day itinerants must be regarded as purveyors of wit as well as of medicine. The following is said to have been overheard on a recent evening within a stone's-throw of the Borough side of London Bridge:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Gather round the establishment of Professor Passeymonquod, Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Wunkeywollop, and all the Crowned Heads of Europe. (Stand on one side, you youngsters, if you please, and run away home to tell your mothers the professor is now on view, and if they have got any complaints, let them come and lay them before me.) Ladies and gentlemen, of every description and of both sexes,—If there are any among you afflicted with the ills of life which flesh is heir to,—whether rheumatism, sciatica, consumption, liver complaint, heartburn, sea-sickness, or impotency; whether inflammation of the lungs, concentration of the nose, acclimatization of the spinal marrow, or a want of vitality in the vegetable marrow; gravel, stone, or asphalt, fits and starts and feeling anyhow, an attack of the blues, whether male or female,—in short, for every complaint under the sun, whether known or unknown, mortal or immortal, curable or incurable, I invite you to pay heed to some of the most wonderful cures which have been effected by my Oriental Restorative Medicines. Here is a bottle which I hold up for your inspection. I shall, however, not allow this bottle to be sold until I have explained its peculiar virtues and the ingredients of which it is composed. My medicines, ladies and gentlemen, are compounded out of the finest roots, herbs, and barks throughout the whole of a kingdom, and as gathered by my numerous assistants in every part of the habitable globe. The chief ingredients of this bottle are as follows: Fig leaves from the giant trees of California, dandelion from Epping Forest, Turkey rhubarb from Asia Minor, balsam from the gum-trees of Arabia, cod-liver oil from Bilingsgates, quinine from Canada, elder flowers from South Africa, phosphorus from the Desert of Sahara, palm twigs from Palestine, burnt sienna from Primrose Hill, rock rose and stinging-nettle from Clapham Common, and a hundred other active medicinal virtues from both hemispheres, all powdered up together in a very concentrated form. Every year, ladies and gentlemen, I spend fifteen months abroad in personally superintending the preparation of my wonderful medicines; and if you were to ask me what they are good for, I would tell you that they are good for everything. They will make the blind to walk, the lame to hear, and the deaf to speak. They will even bring the dead to life again, provided there's some breath left in the body, and none of the parts missing.

I therefore hold up this bottle for your inspection; but I will not even tell you the price of it until I have read to you a few choice testimonials as follows:

"Dear sir,—I had my head smashed
with a quart pot; cured with one bottle." "I had the buffer of a railway carriage run into my stomach; it had to be extracted by means of a steam crane; cured with one bottle." "I had my right arm crushed in my mother's wringing machine; but after a regular dose of your medicine for breakfast every morning, my arm was completely restored." "I was tickled to death with a flea-bite; but three doses of your medicine completely brought me to." "I was jammed into a pancake between two fat women in a crowd. They carried me to the nearest apothecary's, where they administered your medicine, and now I'm as round as a bullet." "I was knocked down and trampled upon by the mob in Piccadilly; cured with half a bottle. Your excellent medicine, however, failed to restore my watch and chain." "Dear sir,—Happening to take a walk down Westminster during the recent dynamite explosions, I was blown into ten thousand fragments. My head was picked up in St. James's Park, one of my legs found its way down to Woolwich, my left arm dropped on to Highgate Archway, and my body, in descending, blocked up the funnel of a penny steamer as it was passing under Waterloo Bridge. I was taken to the hospital unconscious, and discharged as incurable. There I was recommended to take your medicine, and now I'm as well as ever I was." Ladies and gentlemen, having now read to you five hundred testimonials of the most questionable character, I shall keep you in suspense no longer, but proceed to inform you that the price of my medicine, Government stamp and income-tax included, is only five shillings per bottle; and I not only charge you nothing for the bottle, but I present you also with a concise history of my own life and extraordinary career abroad, as reprinted by permission. In conclusion, I would beg you not to neglect this golden opportunity of purchasing my medicines. I attend all the important races, fairs, and markets, not forgetting the Whitechapel pavement. But to-day, being my birthday, it is only by an extraordinary freak of nature that I am here at all. I can, therefore, do no more than exhort you to consult your own welfare, and to take care of your feeble health, feeling sure that, if you should go home to-night and die before the morning, you would be blaming yourselves for ever afterwards for not having purchased my Oriental Restorative Medicines!

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NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.

[See page 431.]

BEA Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war’s alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
Nelly Gray.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray,
So he went to pay her his dowers,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Judas's breeches!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feet of arms!"

"Oh! false and fickle Nelly Gray,
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my Nell?"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.
So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line.
One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course,
He soon was off his legs.
And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.
A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[Mr. Holmes was an American physician, and was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809. He commenced writing in the American periodicals about 1836. His collected poems have commanded a large sale. He died in 1894.]

I'd not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember;
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;—
For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing:
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing,—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground
As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a bowl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches.
I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darling and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell." I faintly cried,—
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.
I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
For ever and for ever!
And not till late has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

THOMAS PARRY.

[Thomas Parry was born at Bridgnorth, in Salop, 1728, and educated at Christchurch, Oxford. He became chaplain to the King, was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, and advanced to the bishopric of Dromore, where he died in 1811. In 1765 he published his "Reliques of English Poetry," a selection of the best lyrical pieces then known; many of which, however, he tampered with in a manner not altogether in accordance with antiquarian taste. He was himself a tender and graceful poet.]

As ancient story I 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 I tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold shaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I hear 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 golds so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of births,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrinck,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shawle wit,
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.

* Deere—here.
Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepherd 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 doth 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, frown 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 town.
"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 father 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 sest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
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.⁶
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

* Meaning probably St. Boteiph.
Wit and Humour.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same, Until the next morning he riseth again; 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. John, "I did not think it could be gone so soon! —Now from the third question thou must not shrink, But tell me here truly what do I think?"

"Yes, that I shall do, and make your grace merry: You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury; But I'm his poor shepherd, 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, "Ille make thee lord abbot this day in his place!" "Nowe nayse, my liege, be not in such speede, For, alacke, I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a weeks 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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WIT AT A PINCH.

Anonymous.

"Twas on a dark December night, When all was cold and dreary, A man that was a merry night, Did spur and ride with all his might, To gain some shelter cheery.

Across a common wet and long, While sleet and snow were dropping, With chattering teeth and frozen tongue, He galloped fast, and smacked his thong, Till at an ale-house stopping.

'Twas small and snug, and with his eyes Through windows eager shining, A roasting, crackling fire he spies, And table of inviting size, Where jovial guests were dining.

Down drops he then from off his horse, And, all agog to enter, Uncompliments takes his course, Seeking his hasty way to force Even to the kitchen's centre.
Parson Turell's Legacy.

But not a foot of room was there,
The guests were wedg'd together;
They had no single thought to spare
From landlord's fire and landlord's fare,
Nor rook'd they now the weather.

The traveller roused look'd about;
At length, with lungs most able,
He bids Will ostler carry out
A peck of oysters fresh and stout,
To Dobbin in the stable.

"A peck of oysters! oats, good heart!"
Cries Will, with peals of laughter:
"No! oysters, fellow! quick, depart!"
Out runs the man—and at one start
The whole mob rushes after.

All mad to see this wondrous steed,
(By serious aspect cheated)
They guess him of some monstrous breed,
Some strange sea-horse; while now with speed,
The traveller gets seated.

Back posts the ostler; all, as fleet,
The troop of foals pursue him:
"Lord, sir!" said Will, "I never see'd
Such a thing!—your horse won't eat
The oysters that I threw him."

"The dunce he went! then faith, I must!
So place me here a table—
And bring me bread, both crumb and crust,
Pepper and vinegar; and I trust
That I'm both glad and able."

PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY: A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[See p. 532.]

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair
At Cambridge. It is kept in the College there,
Seems but little the worse for wear.
That's remarkable when I say
It was old in President Holyoke's day
(One of the boys, perhaps you know,
Died, at one hundred, years ago.
He took lodging for rain or shine
Under green bed-clothes in '99.
Know Old Cambridge?—Hope you do,—
Born there?—Don't say so! I was too.
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,—
Standing still, if you must have proof,—
"Gambrel?—Gambrel?"—Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
First great angle under the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)
—Nicest place that ever was seen,—
Colleges red and Common green,
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies
When the canker-worms don't rise,—
When the dust that sometimes flies
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
In a quiet slumber lies,
Not in the shape of unbaked pies
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbour it seems to be,
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.
Rows of gray old Tudors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand;
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen,—
One wave, two waves, three waves, four,
Sliding up the sparkling floor;
Then it ebbs to flow no more,
Wandering off from shore to shore
With its freight of golden ore;
—Pleasant place for boys to play;—
Better keep your girls away;
Hearts get rolled as pebbles do
Which countless fingering waves pursue,
And every classic beach is strown
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red stone.

But this is neither here nor there;—
I'm talking about an old arm-chair,
You've heard, no doubt, of Parson Turell—
Over at Medford he used to dwell;
Married one of the Mather's folk;
Got with his wife a chair of oak—
Funny old chair, with seat like wedge,
Sharp behind and broad front edge,—
One of the oddest of human things,
Turned all over with knots and rings,—
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand,—
Fit for the worthies of the land,—
Chief-Justice Sewall a cause to try in,
Or Cotton Mather to sit—and lie—in.
—Parson Turell bequeathed the same
To a certain student, Smith by name;
These were the terms, as we are told:
"Said Smith said Chaires to have and hold.
When he doth graduate, then to pass
To ye eldest Youth in ye Senior Classe.
On Payment of"—(naming a certain sum)
"By him to whom ye Chaire shall come;
He to ye eldest Senior next,
And soe forever"—(thus runs the text),—
"But one Crown lesse then he gave to claims,
That being his Debts for use of same."

Smith transferred it to one of the Browns,
And took his money,—five silver crowns,
Brown delivered it up to Moore,
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.
Moore made over the chair to Lee,
Who gave him crowns of silver three.
Lee conveyed it unto Drew,
And now the payment, of course, was two.
Drew gave up the chair to Dunn,—
All he got, as you see, was one,
Dunn released the chair to Hall,
And got by the bargain no crown at all.

And now it passed to a second Brown,
Who took it and likewise claimed a crown.
When Brown conveyed it unto Ware,
Having had one crown, to make it fair,
He paid him two crowns to take the chair;
And Ware, being honest (as all Wares be),
He paid one Potter, who took it, three.
Pour got Robinson; five got Dix;
Johnson primus demanded six;
And so the sum kept gathering still
Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill,—
When paper money became so cheap,
Folks wouldn't count it, but said "a heap."
A certain Richards, the books declare,—
(A.M. in '90? I've looked with care
Through the Triennial,—name not there),
This person, Richards, was offered then
Eight score pounds, but would have ten;
Nine, I think, was the sum he took,—
Not quite certain,—but see the book.—
By and by the wars were still,
And nothing had altered the Parson's will.
The old arm-chair was solid yet,
But saddled with such a monstrous debt!
Things grew quite too bad to bear,
Paying such sums to get rid of the chair!
But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,
And there was the will in black and white,
Plain enough for a child to spell,
What should be done no man could tell,
For the chair was a kind of a nightmare curse,
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort to clear the doubt,
They got old Governor Hancock out,
The Governor came, with his Light-horse Troop,
And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop;
Halberds glittered and colours flew,
French horns whirled, and trumpets blew.
The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth,
And the humblie-bee bass drums boomed beneath;
So he rode up with all his band,
Till the President met him cap in hand—
The Governor hefted the crowns, and said,—
"A will is a will, and the Parson's dead."
The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,—
"There is your pint. And here's my fee.
These are the terms you must fulfil.—
On such conditions I break the will!"
The Governor mentioned what these should be.
(Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)
The President prayed. Then all was still,
And the Governor rose and broke the will!—
"About those conditions?" Well, now you go
And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.
Once a year, on Commencement-day,
If you'll only take the pains to stay,
You'll see the President in the chair,
Likewise the Governor sitting there.

The President rises; both old and young
May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,
The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,
Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?
And then his Excellency bows,
As much as to say that he allows.
The Vice-Gub, next is called by name;
He bows like 'tis other, which means the same.
And all the officers round 'em bow,
As much as to say that they allow.
And a lot of parchments about the chair
I Remember, I Remember.

Are handed to witnesses then and there,
And then the lawyers hold it clear
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live,
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat;
For there never was pitcher that wouldn't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will.

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I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Rev. R. H. Barham.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy
One fine morning in December
Uncle brought me home a toy;
I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
"Then," said he, "you little fat-head,
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma, a shrewd observer,
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"
While mamma, my form caressing,
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good."

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;
I remember Billy Dawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt.

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb;
She exclaimed with fond affection,
"Gracious goodness! look at him!"
Wit and Humour.

Pa cried, when he saw my garment.—
"Twas a newly-purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little warment,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.
Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—"twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! save him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.
And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said,
"Little boys when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed."

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

H. G. BEIL.

They're stepping off, the friends I knew,
They're going one by one:
They're taking wives, to tame their lives—
Their jovial days are done:
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They're all grown grave domestic men,
They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sobered down—
The merry boys and true;
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew;
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round
In formidable groups

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace—
Nothing to Wear.

I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state;
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

How strange! they go to bed at ten,
And rise at half-past nine;
And seldom do they now exceed
A pint or so of wine:
They play at whist for sixpences,
They very rarely dance;
They never read a word of rhyme,
Nor open a romance.

They talk, indeed, of politics,
Of taxes and of crops,
And very quietly, with their wives,
They go about to shops;
They get quite skilled in groceries,
And learned in butcher-meal,
And know exactly what they pay
For everything they eat.

And then they all have children, too,
To squall through thick and thin,
And seem quite proud to multiply
Small images of sin;
And yet you may depend upon't,
E'er half their days are told,
Their sons are taller than themselves,
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I've lost.
When no warm feeling of the heart
Was chilled by early frost.
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

W. A. BUTLER

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison-square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind—above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in colour and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crêpe, velvet, and satin;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of.
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes;
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany.
Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Nothing to Wear.

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found (I won't say, I caught) her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
She turned, as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now, will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stockups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, mon cher,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stockup horizon." She turned up her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink—"
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin."—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the bunch—"
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown moire-antique!"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker!"
"The pearl-coloured!"—"I would, but that plague dressmaker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lace,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more comme il faut—""Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stockup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superbe point d'algue, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarletane, that rich grenadine—"
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen."
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed,
"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crashed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last Spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously turned up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash."

And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling!
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is smiled, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Fickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive; and then its arrows
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.
Improvized on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russians to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?
The Vision of the Alderman.

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent-street,
From its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold,
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter, and the tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

THE VISION OF THE ALDERMAN.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

An Alderman sat at a festive board,
Quaffing the blood-red wine,
And many a Bacchanal stave outpour'd
In praise of the fruitful vine.
Turtle and salmon and Strasbourg pie,
Pippins and cheese were there;
And the bibulous Alderman wink'd his eye,
For the sherris was old and rare.

But a cloud came o'er his gaze oftsoons,
And his wicked old orbs grew dim;
Then drink turn'd each of the silver spoons
To a couple of spoons for him.
He bow'd his head at the festive board,
By the gaslight's dazzling gleam;
He bow'd his head and he slept and snor'd,
And he dream'd a fearful dream.

Far, carried away on the wings of Sleep,
His spirit was onward borne,
Till he saw vast holiday crowds in Chepe
On a ninth November morn.
Guns were booming and bells ding-dong'd,
Eskiop minstrels play'd;
And still, wherever the burgheers throng'd,
Brisk jongleurs drove their trade.

Scarlet Sheriffs, the City's pride,
With a portly presence fill'd
The whole of the courtyard just outside
The hall of their ancient Guild.
And, in front of the central gateway there,
A marvellous chariot roll'd,
(Like gingerbread at a country fair
'Twas cover'd with blazing gold).

And a being, array'd in pomp and pride,
Was brought to the big stone gate;
And they begg'd that being to mount and ride
In that elegant coach of state.
But, oh! he was fat, so ghastly fat
Was that being of pomp and pride,
That, in spite of many attempts thereat,
He couldn't be push'd inside.

That being was press'd, but press'd in vain,
Till the drops bedew'd his cheek;
The gilded vehicle rock'd again,
And the springs began to creak.
The slumbering alderman groan'd a groan,
For a vision he seem'd to trace
Father William.

Some horrible semblance to his own
In that being's purple face.

And, "Oh!" he cried, as he started up;
"Sooner than come to that,
Farewell for ever the baneful cup
And the noxious turtle fat!"—
They carried him up the winding-stair;
They laid him upon the bed;
And they left him, sleeping the sleep of care,
With an ache in his nightcap'd head.

(From "Carols of Cebayne," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

FATHER WILLIAM.
LEWIS CARROLL.

[See p. 528.]

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."
"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an ear on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

(By permission of the Author.)

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

Robert Southey.

[See page 110.]

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind both an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from the cock-crow he had been travelling;
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."
"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
      The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
      I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon'd her,
      She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
      Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
      For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
      God help the husband then!
"The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
      And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes?"
      He to the Cornish-man said:
"But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
      And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
      And left my wife in the porch,
"But I' faith she had been wiser than me,
      For she took a bottle to church."

ONLY SEVEN!
A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.
HENRY S. LEEK.
[See p. 626.]
I marvelled why a simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I asked her why she cried;
The damsel answered with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!"

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven;"
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?"
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I;
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven;"
The maiden answer'd with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles;
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

"Now, if you won't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven.
But all in vain; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.
To borrow Wordsworth's name were wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
"Lines after ACHER-INSIDE.

(From "Carols of Cockayne," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

WANTED—A LANDLADY!

LEOPOLD WAGNER.

A LANDLADY worthy the name, you must know,
(Not one of the slatternly sort),
A woman that's motherly, homely and clean,
Discharging her work as she ought;
Contented to let off her rooms with a view
Of meeting the rent that's so great,
Because she has taken a much larger house,
Than warranted by her estate.

A landlady, then, with a bedroom to spare,
And the use of a parlour, we'll say;
Whose house-front looks tidy to each passer-by;
Whose door-step gets clean'd ev'ry day;
Whose rooms are not stuffy for lack of a scour;
Whose furniture harbours no dust;
The Owl Critic.

Whose ceilings are free from the cobwebs we loath;
Whose fenders are free from all rust.

A landlady careful to air her clean sheets
Before they are put on the bed;
Who closes her windows when evening sets in,
To keep out the damp overhead;
Who thinks of her lodger as well as herself;
Who's sorry if he should catch cold;
Who's willing to stitch up a rent in his clothes;
And darn up his socks when they're old.

A landlady clever at counting the time,
And bles with a memory too;
Who never forgets that her lodger exists,
No matter whate'er she may do;
Who sees that his breakfast is ready betimes;
Who's ready again with his tea;
Who'll polish his boots at the heels as elsewhere;
And who's smart in each minor degree.

A landlady prone to be generous and kind,
Whenever of luck there's a dearth;
Who'd scorn to be hard on her lodger because
He may be in want of a berth;
Who'll nurse him thro' sickness, who'll cheer him in health;
Who'll strive to be homely and nice—
If only a creature like this could be found,
A lodger might know Paradise!

(Copyright of the Author.)

THE OWL CRITIC.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop!
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The Duty, the Herald, the Post, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How fastened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wretch 'Tis!
I make no apology,
I've learned owl-ology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.

"'Tis against all bird laws,
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Anduben scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down:
Have him stuffed again, Brown!""

And the barber kept on shaving.
"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl.
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another, Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

(From "Harper's Magazine.")

THE COCKNEY.

John Godfrey Saxe.

[An American author, born in 1816. He was a prolific contributor of humorous verse to the U.S. periodicals. Died 1887.]

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Wit and Humour.

Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honour,—
Though of course 'twas very queer,—
That he doubted if the Romans
'D the hart of making beer.

When I named the Colosseum,
He observed, "'Tis very fair;
I mean, you know, it would be
If they'd put it in repair;
But what progress or improvement
Can those cursed Italians 'ope.
While they're under the dominion
Of that blasted muff, the Fopo?"

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That Americans talked Hinglish,
But he deemed it quite Jabsurd;
Yet he felt the deepest interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

LAUGH AND GET FAT.

W. M. Praed.

[See page 505.]

There's nothing here on earth deserves
One half the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do so well without it.
Laugh and Get Fat.

If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found.
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run,
And when he'll leave us altogether.
Now, matters it a pebble-stone,
Whether he dines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Another spins from out his brains,
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed and laughed at for his labours;
Fame is his star! and fame is sweet:
And praise is pleasanter than honey—
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money:
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed
And raved all day and night about her!
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died.
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
Yet sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the gazer's brightest star.
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But, as I'm not particular,
Please God I'll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!
Ah! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
Why feel abhorst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoever they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never cry while you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

BRET HARTE.

[Francis Bret Harte was born in 1836. His "Lot of Rosining Camp," is,
perhaps, the finest specimen of its kind in American literature. Died 1892.]

Beating walls with ivy grown,
Frowning heights of mossy stone;
Turret, with its flaunting flag
Plunged from battlemented crag;
Dungeon-Keepe and fortaice
Looking down a precipice
O'er the darkly glancing wave
By the lurline-haunted cave;
Robber haunt and maiden bower,
Home of Love and Crime and Power,—
That's the scenery, in fine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed
Bigamist and paricide,
And, as most the stories run,
Partner of the Evil One;
Injured innocence in white,
Fair, but idiotic quite,
Wringing of her lily hands;
Valour fresh from Paynim lands,
Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,
Minstrel fraught with many a tale,—
Are the actors that combine
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed dragons round a board;
Suits of armour, shield, and sword;
Kerchief with its bloody stain;
Ghost of the untimely slain;
Thunder-clap and clanking chain;
Headman's block and shining axe;
Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks;
Wanted—a Governess.

Midnight-tolling chapel bell,
Heard across the gloomy fell,—
These, and other pleasant facts,
Are the properties that shine
In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows
Underneath the linden boughs;
Murder, bigamy, and theft;
Travellers of goods bereft;
Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil,—
Everything but honest toil.
Are the deeds that best define
Every Legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,
But quicker when it wears a sword;
That Providence has special care
Of gallant knight and lady fair;
That villains, as a thing of course,
Are always haunted by remorse,—
Is the moral I opine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

George Dugmore.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill—
In a gentleman’s family highly genteel.
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that’s correct and estimable;
Morals of pure unexceptionability;
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.
The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen—
And besides (though ‘tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There is one little boy—but he only learns Latin.
The lady must teach all the several branches
Whereinto polite education now launches;
She’s expected to teach the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative;
Italian she must know à fond, nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she may have with Spanish;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.
The harp and piano—_coda vo coda dura._
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil and chalks, and the tinting
That’s called Oriental, she must not be stint in;
She must paint upon paper, and satin, and velvet;  
And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it.  
Dancing, of course, with the newest gambadées,  
The Polish mazurka, and best galopées;  
Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,  
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,  
Grammar, and satin-stitch, netting, geography,  
Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography.  
'Twere also as well she should be callithenical,  
That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.  
Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,  
Must be superintended without intermission:  
At home, she must all habits check that disparage,  
And when they go out must attend to their carriage.  
Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable,—  
Health good—and reference quite undeniable.  
These are the principal matters. As rest,  
Address, Bury-street, Mrs. General Pesta.  
As the salary's moderate, none need apply  
Who more on that point than comfort rely.

THE TINKER AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Dr. John Wolcot.

[Better known as "Peter Pindar." Born 1738; died 1819.]  
The meanest creature somewhat may contain,  
As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.  
Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling tinker,  
In Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,  
Pass'd in some village near a miller's door,  
Where, lo! his eyes did most astonish'd catch  
The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,  
Deform'd and monstrous ugly to be sure.  
Struck with the uncommon form, the tinker started,  
Just like a frighten'd horse, or mur'd're carted,  
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope;  
Turning his brain about, in a brown study  
(For, as I've said, his brain was not souddy),  
"Zounds!" quoth the tinker, "I have now some hops.  
Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance."  
And then began to rub his hands and dance.  
Now, all so full of love, o'joyed he ran,  
Embrac'd and squeeze'd Miss Grist, and thus began:  
"My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,  
Now may I never need a kettle more,  
If ever I saw one like you before!"

Then nothing loth, like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.
The Tinker and the Miller’s Daughter.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist,
Thought opportunity should not be miss’d;
Knowing that prudence oft lets slip a joy;
Thus was Miss Grist too prudent to be coy.

For really ’tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain when offers are but scarce.

She did not scream, and cry, “I’ll not be woo’d;”
Keep off, you dingy fellow—don’t be rude;
I’m fit for your superiors, tinker.”—No,
Indeed she treated not the tinker so.

But lo! the damsel with her usual quirk,
Suffered her tinker-lover to imprint
Sweet kisses on her lips, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in love’s plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or even a reprimand.
Soon won, the nymph agreed to be his wife,
And, when the tinker chose, be tied for life.

Now to the father the brisk lover bied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
Grinding, and taking handsome toll of corn,
Sometimes, indeed, too handsome to be borne.

“Ho! Master Miller,” did the tinker say—
Forth from his cloud of flour the miller came:
“Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—
Heaven’s very kind.”—The miller said the same.

“Now, miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about:
’Tis this, then—know, I love your daughter Bess:—
There, Master Miller!—now the riddle’s out.

I’m not for miring matters, sir! I d’ye see—
I like your daughter Bess, and she likes me.”

“Poh!” quothe the miller, grinning at the tinker,
“Thou dost not mean to marry a tinker to persuade her;
Ugly as is Old Nick, I needs must think her,
Though, to be sure, she is as heavy has made her.

“No, no, though she’s my daughter, I’m not blind;
But, tinker, what hath now possessed thy mind;
Thou’rt the first offer she has met, by dud—
But tell me, tinker, art thou drunk or mad?”

“No—I’m not drunk nor mad,” the tinker cried,
“But Bet’s the maid I wish to make my bride;
No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel.”
"Why, fool!" the miller said, "Bet hath a hump! And then her nose—the nose of my old pump."
"I know it," quoth the tinker, "I know it well."

"Her face," quoth Grist, "is freckled, wrinkled flat; Her mouth as wide as that of my tom cat; And then she squints a thousand ways at once— Her waist a corkscrew; and her hair how red! A downright bunch of carrots on her head— Why, what the devil has got into thy sconce?"

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

THE SONG OF THE SEASON.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

[Mr. Edwards was a London journalist and musical critic. He wrote a "History of the Drama," and several volumes of fiction, politics, and biography.]

At ten o'clock your maid awakes you,
You breakfast when she's done your hair,
At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
From twelve to one you ride with vigour,
Your horse how gracefully you sit!
Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
As all your cavaliers admit.
One other habit I could mention—
I hope your feelings won't be hurt;—
But you receive so much attention
I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

At two you've lunch, at three it's over,
And visitors in shoals arrive;
Admirers many, perhaps a lover—
Your next event is tea at five,
At six o'clock you go out driving
From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
To occupy yourself contriving
Till dinner-time comes round at eight.
Each hour as now the night advances
A Practical Lesson in Ancient History.

Some fresh attraction with it brings,
A concert followed by some dances,
The opera if Patti sings.
Of course you're not, &c.

At twelve you waltz, at one you've leisure
To try some chicken and champagne;
At two you do yourself the pleasure
Of starting off to waltz again;
At three your partners hate each other,
You scarcely know which loves you best,
Emotion you have none to smother,
But lightly with them all you jest.
At four your chaperon gives warning
That it is really time to go;
You wish good night, and say, next morning
At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.
Of course you're not, &c.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
I've often thought, upon my life,
That it would be a downright pity
To look upon you as a wife;
I don't think your ideas of marriage
With those of many would accord;
The opera, horses and a carriage
Are things so few men can afford.
And then you need so much devotion,
To furnish it who would not try?
But each would find it, I've a notion,
Too much for one man to supply.
Of course you're not, &c.
(By permission of the Author.)

A PRACTICAL LESSON IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

"MAX ADLER."  

[Charles Heber Clark is among the most popular of American humourists. His chief works are "Out of the Hurly-Burly," "Elbow-Room," "Random Shots," and "Transformations."]

Mr. Barnes, the master, read in the Educational Monthly that boys could be taught history better than in any other way by letting each boy in the class represent some historical character, and relate the acts of that character as if he had done them himself. This struck Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he resolved to put it in practice. The school had then progressed so far in its study of the history of Rome as the Punic wars, and Mr. Barnes immediately divided the boys into two parties, one Romans and the other Carthaginians, and certain of the boys were named after the
leaders upon both sides. All the boys thought it was a fine thing, and Barnes noticed that they were so anxious to get to the history lesson that they could hardly say their other lessons properly.

When the time came, Barnes ranged the Romans upon one side of the room and the Carthaginians on the other. The recitation was very spirited, each party telling about its deeds with extraordinaryunction. After a while Barnes asked a Roman to describe the battle of Cannae, whereupon the Romans hurled their copies of Wayland's Moral Science at the enemy. Then the Carthaginians made a battering-ram out of a bench and jammed it among the Romans, who retaliated with volleys of books, slates and chewed paper-balls. Barnes concluded that the battle of Cannae had been sufficiently illustrated, and he tried to stop it; but the warriors considered it too good a thing to let drop, and accordingly the Carthaginians dashed over to the Romans with another battering-ram, and thumped a couple of them savagely.

When the Romans turned in, and the fight became general, a Carthaginian would grasp a Roman by the hair and hustle him around over the desk in a manner that was simply frightful, and a Roman would give a fiendish whoop and knock a Carthaginian over the head with Greenleaf's arithmetic. Hannibal got the head of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and Scipio, in his efforts to break away, stumbled, and the two generals fell and had a rough-and-tumble fight under the blackboard. Caius Gracchus prodded Hamilcar with a ruler, and the latter, in his struggles to get loose, fell against the stove and knocked down about thirty feet of stove-pipe. Thereupon the Romans made a grand rally, and in five minutes they chased the entire Carthaginian army out of the schoolroom, and Barnes along with it; and then they locked the door and began to hunt up the apples and bunch in the desks of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they went to the windows and made disagreeable remarks to the Carthaginians, who were standing in the yard, and dared old Barnes to bring the foe once more into battle array. Then Barnes went for a policeman; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened, and all the Romans were found busy studying their lessons. When Barnes came in with the defeated troops he went for Scipio Africanus; and pulling him out of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that great military genius with a rattan until Scipio began to cry, whereupon Barnes dropped him and began to paddle Caius Gracchus. Then things settled down in the old way, and next morning Barnes announced that history in future would be studied as it always had been; and he wrote a note to the Educational Monthly to say that, in his opinion, the man who suggested the new system ought to be led out and shot. The boys do not now take as much interest in Roman history as they did on that day.
ADDITIONAL READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[See page 48.]

 Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;
 Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bar'd;
 Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were.
 Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether;
 But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.
 My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;
 Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dogs are not dry.
 Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,
 That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors—
 Ward of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
 Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her knees!—
 That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—
 Thus for the good of your peoples—that for the Pride of the Race.
 Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
 I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength
 is yours:

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
 That our house stand together and the pillars do not fall.
 Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
 And the law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.
 This for the waxen heath, and that for the wattlebloom,
 This for the maple-leaf, and that for the southern broom.
 The law that ye make shall be law, and I do not press my will,
 Because ye are sons of The Blood, and call me mother still.
 Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
 After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
 Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
 Banishing the end half-won for an instant del of praise.
 Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
 Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.

(From "The Seven Seas." By kind permission of the Author and Messrs.
Messrs. and Co.)
HANGING A PICTURE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

[Jerome Klapka Jerome was born at Walsall, 1859. He has successively occupied the positions of clerk, schoolmaster, actor, journalist, editor, and author. His best-known books are "Idle thoughts of an Idle Fellow" (1880); "Three Men in a Boat" (1899), from which our reading is taken; "Three Men on the Bummel" (1900).]

Harris always reminds me of my poor Uncle Podger. You never saw such a commotion up and down a house in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's, and he standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say—

"Oh, you leave that to me, don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that."

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpence worth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim!—you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Tal's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lead him his spirit-level?" And don't you go, Marnie, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and, Tom!—where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat; and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word, I didn't. Six of you!—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the—"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out—

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and
the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would cry, in an injured tone; "now the nail's gone!"

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair and grumble, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time he would have lost the hammer!

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great Heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on the chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and was trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And with the first blow he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort."
And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow,
the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer
after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with
force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and string again, and a new hole
was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very
crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had
been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and
wretched—except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair
on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess lie had
made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had
a man in to do a little thing like that!"

(By permission of the Author, and Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.)

DAVID HARUM IN SOCIETY.

E. N. Westcott.

[Edward Noyes Westcott was born at Syracuse, N.Y., in September, 1847,
and died there in March, 1899. He was engaged in the banking business in
his native city, but near the end of his life he essayed a character sketch of
the horse-dealing country banker of the district he knew so well. The
manuscript was only completed on his death-bed, and the work was published
a few months after his decease. "David Harum," who gives his name to this
clever book, is a neglected, ill-treated boy, who runs away from home on ten
cents, but ultimately becomes a prosperous man.]

"Speaking of canals," says Dave, "I was thinkin' of somethin'.
That old ditch I'm Albany to Buffalo was an almighty big enter-
prise in them days, an' a great thing for the prosperity of the
State, an' a good many better men 'n I be walked the left tow-path
when they was young. Yes, sir, that's a fact. 'Wa'al,' some years
ago I had somethin' of a deal on with a New York man by
the name of Price. He had a place in Newport where his family spent
the summer, an' where he went as much as he could git away.
I was down to New York to see him, an' we hadn't got things
quite straightened out, and he says to me, 'I'm goin' over to
Newport, where my wife an' family is, fer Sunday, an' why can't
you come with me,' he says, 'an' stay over till Monday? an' we c'n
have the day to ourselves over this matter?' 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I'm
only down here on this bus'nis, an' as I left a hem on, up home, I'm
willin' to save the time 'stid of waitin' here fer you to git back, if
you don't think.' I says, 'that it'll put Miss' Price out any to bring
home a stranger without no notice.'

"'Wa'al,' he says, laughin', 'I guess she c'n manage fer once,'
an' so I went along. When we got there the was a carriage to
meet us, an' two men in uniform, one to drive an' one to open the
door, an' we got in an' rode up to the house—cottige he called it, but it was built of stone, an' wa'n't only about two sizes smaller 'n the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Some kind o' doin's was goin' on, for the house was blazin' with light, an' music was playin'.

"What's on?" says Price to the feller that let us in.

"Sir and Lady Somebody's dinin' here to-night, sir," says the man.

"Dar'n," says Price, 'I forgot all about the cussed thing. Have Mr. Haram showed to a room," he says, 'an' serve dinner in my office in a quarter of an hour, an' have somebody show Mr. Haram there when it's ready.'

"Wa'al, I was showed up to a room. The was lace coverin's on the bed-pillers, an' silk an' lace spread, an' more drap trinkits an' bottles an' lookin'-glasses 'n you c'd shake a stick at, an' a bathroom, an' Lord knows what; an' I washed up, an' putty soon one o' them fellers come an' showed me down to where Price was waitin'. Wa'al, we had all manner of things fer supper, an' champagne, an' so on, an' after we got done, Price says—"I've got to ask you to excuse me, Harem," he says, 'I've got to go an' dress an' show up in the drawin'-room," he says. 'You smoke your cigar in here, an' when you want to go to your room, just ring the bell.'

"All right,' I says, 'I'm about ready to turn in anyway.'

"Wa'al, next mornin' I got up an' shaved an' dressed, an' set 'round waitin' fer the breakfast bell to ring till nigh on to half-past nine o'clock. Bom-by the' came a knock at the door, an' I says, 'Come in,' an' in come one o' them fellers. 'Beg pah'din, sir,' he says. 'Did you ring, sir?"

"No,' I says, 'I didn't ring. I was waitin' to hear the bell.'

"Thank you, sir," he says. 'An' will you have your breakfast now, sir?"

"Where?" I says.

"Oh,' he says, kind o' grinnin', 'I'll bring it up here, sir. Dreelly,' he says, an' went off. Putty soon come another knock, an' in come the feller with a silver tray covered with a big napkin, a b'led egg done up in another napkin, a cup an' saucer, a little chiney coffee-pot, a little pitcher of cream, some leaf sugar in a silver dish, a little pancake of butter, a silver knife, two little spoons like the childern play with, a silver pepper cruster an' salt dish, an' an orange. Oh, yes, the' was another contraption—a sort of a chiney wineglass. The feller set down the tray an' says, 'Anythin' else you'd like to have, sir?"

"No,' I says, lookin' it over, 'I guess there's enough to last me a day or two; ' an' with that he kind o' turned his face away fer a second or two. 'Thank you, sir,' he says. 'The second breakfast is at half-past twelve, sir,' an' out he put. Wa'al, the bread an' butter was all right enough, exceptin' they'd forgot the salt in the butter, an' the coffee was all right; but when it come to the egg, dum'd if I wa'n't putty nigh out of the race; but I made up my mind it must be hard-b'led, an' tackled it on that idee.

569
"Wa'al, sir, that dam'd egg was about 's near raw as it was when I 'twas laid, an' the' was a crack in the shell, an' fust thing I knowed it kind o' c'capsed, an' I give it a grab, an' it squirited all over my pants, an' the floor, an' on my coat an' vast an' up my sleeves, an' all over the tray. Scat my——! I looked gen'ally like an abolition orator before the war. You never see such a mess. I believe that dam'd egg held more 'n a pint.

"Funny, wa'n't it? But that wasn't the kind of emotion it kicked up in my breast at the time. I cleaned myself up with a towel well's I could, an' thought I'd step out an' take the air before the feller 'd come back to git that tray, an' mebbe rub my nose in 't.

"Yes, sir, I allowed 't I'd walk 'round with my mouth open a spell, an' git a little air on my stomach to last me till that second breakfast; an' as I was pockin' around the grounds I come to a sort of arbor, an' there was Price, smokin' a cigar.

"'Mornin', Harum; how you feelin'?' he says, gettin' up an' shakin' bands; an' as we passed the time o' day, I noticed him noticin' my coat. You see as they dried out, the egg spots got to showin' again.

"'Got somethin' on your coat there,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, tryin' to scratch it out with my finger-nail.

"'Have a cigar?' he says, handin' one out.

"'Never smoke on an empty stomach,' I says.

"'What?' he says.

"'Bad for the up'tite,' I says, 'an' I'm savin' mine fer that second breakfast o' yourn.'

"'What?' he says, 'haven't you had anythin' to eat?' An' then I told him what I ben tellin' you. Wa'al, sir, fust he looked kind o' mad an' disgusted, an' then he laughed till I thought he'd bust, an' when he quit he says, 'Excuse me, Harum, it's too bad; but I couldn't help laughin' to save my soul. An' it's all my fault too,' he says. 'I intended to have you take your breakfast with me, but somethin' happened last night to upset me, an' I woke with it on my mind, an' I forgot. Now you jest come right into the house, an' I'll have somethin' got fer you that'll stay your stomach better 'n air,' he says. 'No,' I says, 'I've made trouble enough fer one day, I guess,' an' I wouldn't go, though he urged me agin an' agin.

"You don't fall in with the customs of this region?' I says to him.

"'Not in that partic'lar, at any rate,' he says. 'It's one o' the fool notions that my wife an' the girls brought home I'm Europ. I have a good solid meal in the mornin', same as I always did,' he says."

[Mr. Harum stopped talking to relight his cigar, and after a puff or two, "When I started out," he said, "I hadn't no notion of goin' into all the highways an' byways, but when I git begun one thing's apt to lead to another, an' you never c'n tell just where I will fetch up. Now I started off to tell somethin' in about two words, an' I'm putty near as fur off as when I begun."

"Well," said John, "it's Saturday night, and the longer your
story is the better I shall like it. I hope the second breakfast was more of a success than the first one," he added with a laugh.

"I managed to average up on the two meals, I guess," David remarked.)

"Waal!" he resumed, "Price an' I set round talkin' bus'nis an' things till about twelve or a little after, mebbe, an' then he turned to me an' kind o' looked me over an' says, 'You an' me is about of a build, an' if you say so I'll send one of my coasts an' vests up to your room an' have the man take yours an' clean 'em.'

"I guess they's rather more egg showin' than the law allows,' I says, 'an' mebbe that'd be a good idea; but the pasts caught it the wust, I says.

"'Mine'll fit ye,' he says.

"'What'll your wife say to seein' me airiffin' round in your git-up?' I says. He gin me a funny kind o' look. 'My wife?' he says. 'Lord, she don't know more about my close'n you do.'

"'That struck me as bein' rather curious," remarked David.

"Wouldn't it you?"

"Very," replied John, gravely.

"Yes, sir," said David. "Waal, when we went into the catin'-room the table was full, mostly young folks, chatterin' an' laughin'. Price introduced me to his wife, an' I set down by him at the other end of the table. The' wanst nothin' with mentionin': nobody paid any attention to me 'cept now an' then a word from Price, an' I wasn't fer talkin' anyway—I'd have eat a raw dog. After breakfast, as they called it, Price an' I went out on to the veranda an' had some coffee, an' smoked an' talked for an hour or so, an' then he got up an' excused himself to write a letter. 'You may like to look at the papers awhile,' he says. 'I've ordered the horses at five, an' if you like I'll show you 'round a little.'

"'Wont' your wife be wantin' 'em?' I says.

"'No; I guess she'll git along,' he says, kind o' smilin'.

"'All right,' I says, 'don't mind me.' An' so at five up come the horses an' the two fellers in uniform an' all. I was lookin' the horses over when Price come out. 'Waal, what do you think of 'em?' he says.

"'Likely pair,' I says, goin' over an' examinin' the nigh one's feet an' legs. 'Sore for'rd?' I says, lookin' up at the driver.

"'A trifle, sir,' he says, touchin' his hat.

"'What's that?' says Price, comin' up an' examinin' the critter's face an' head. 'I don't see anythin' the matter with his forehead,' he says. I looked up an' give the driver a wink, an' he give a kind of a chokin' gasp, but in a second was lookin' as solemn as ever.

"'I can't tell ye jest where we went,' the narrator proceeded,

"but anyway it was where all the nabobs turned out, an' I seen more style an' git-up in them two hours 'n I ever see in my life, I reckon. The' didn't appear to be no one we run across that, accordin' to Price's talk, was wuth under five million, though we may 'a' passed one without his lookin'; an' the' was a good many that run to
fifteen an' twenty an' over, an' most on 'em, it appeared, was I'm New York.

"Wa'al, fin'ly we got back to the house a little 'fore seven. On the way back, Fries says, 'The' are goin' to be three four people to dinner to-night in a quiet way, an' the ain't no reason why you shouldn't stay dressed jest as you are, but if you would feel like puttin' on evenin' clo'es—that's what he called 'em—why, I've got an extra suit that'll fit ye to a tee," he says.

"'No,' I says; 'I guess I better not. I reckon I'd better git my grip an' go to the hotel. I sh'd be rather bashful to wear your swallertails; an' all them folks 'll be strangers," says L. But he insisted on't that I sh'd come to dinner anyway, an' fin'ly I gin in, an' thinkin' I might as well go the hull hog, I allowed I'd wear his clo'es; 'but if I do anythin' or say anythin', 't you don't like," says I, 'don't say I didn't warn ye. What would you a' done?" Mr. Harum asked.

"Worn the clothes without the slightest hesitation," replied John. "Nobody gave your costume a thought."

"They didn't appear to, for a fact," said David; "an' I didn't either, after I slipped up once or twice on the matter o' pockets. The same fellas brought 'em up to me that fished the stuff in the mornin'; an' the rig was complete—coat, vest, pants, shirt, white necktie, an' by gum! shoes and silk socks, an', sir, scat my—! the hull outfit fitted me as if it was made for me. 'Shell I wait on you, sir?' I says the man. 'No,' I says; 'I guess I'll go into the thing; but mebbe you might come up in 'bout quarter of an hour an' put on the finishin' touches; an' here,' I says, 'I guess that brand o' eggs you give me this mornin' 's worth about two dollars apiece.'

"'Thank you, sir,' he says grinin', 'I'd like to furnish 'em right along at that rate, sir; an' I'll be up as you say, sir."

"You found the way to his heart," said John, smiling.

"My experience is," said David, dryly, "that most men's hearts is located rather closer to their britches pockets than they are to their breast pockets."

"I'm afraid that's so," said John.

"But this fellas," Mr. Harum continued, "was a putty decent kind o' a chap. He come up after I'd got into my togs, an' pulled me here, and fixed me there, an' fixed my necktie, an' hitched me in gen'r'l so fast I wasn't neither too tight nor too free, an' when he got through, 'You'll do now, sir,' he says.

"'Think I will?' says I.

"'Couldn't nobody look more fit, sir,' he says. An' I'm dum'd," said David, with an assertive nod, "when I looked at myself in the looking-glass I sorely knewed myself, an', with a confidential lowering of the voice, "when I got back to New York, the very first hard work I done was to go an' buy the hull rig-out; an'," he added with a grin, "strange as it may appear, it ain't wore out yet!"

"How about the dinner?" John asked after a little interlude.

"Was it pleasant?"
"Fust rate," declared David. "The young folks was out somewhere else, all but one o' Price's girls. Th' was twelve at the table, all told. I was introduced to all of 'em in the parlour, an' putty soon in come one of the fellows an' said somethin' to Miss Price that meant dinner was ready, an' the girl come up to me an' took hold of my arm. 'You're goin' to take me out,' she says, an' we formed a procession an' marched out to the dinin'-room. 'You're to sit by manner,' she says, showing me, an' there was my name on a card, sure enough. 'Wa'al, sir, that table was a show! I couldn't begin to describe it to ye. Th' was a hull flower garden in the middle, an' a worked table-cloth; four five glasses of all colours an' sizes at ev'ry plate, an' a nosegay, an' five six different forks an' a lot o' knives, though fer that matter," remarked the speaker, "th' wasn't but one knife in the lot that amounted to anything; the rest on 'em wouldn't hold nothin'. An' th' was three four sort of chimney slates what they call—the—you'n me—"


"I guess that's it," said David, "but that wasn't the way it was spelt. Wa'al, I set down an' tucked my napkin into me neck, an' though I noticed none o' the rest on 'em seemed to care, I allowed that 't wasn't my shirt, an' mebbe Price might want to wear it agin' fore it was washed."

John put his handkerchief over his face and coughed violently.

David looked at him sharply. "Subject to them spells?" he asked.

"Sometimes," said John, when he recovered his voice, and then, with as clear an expression of innocence as he could command, but somewhat irrelevantly he asked, "How did you get on with Mrs. Price?"

"Oh," said David, "nicer 'n a cotton hat. She appeared to be a quiet sort of woman, that might 'a' lived anywhere, but she was dressed to kill—an' so was the rest on 'em, fer that matter," he remarked with a laugh. "I tried to tell Polly about 'em afterwards, an' be, he, he!—she shut me up mighty quick, an' I thought myself at the time, thinks I, 'It's a good thing it's warm weather,' I says to myself."

"Oh yes, Miss Price made me feel quite at home, but I didn't talk much the first part of dinner, an' I s'pose she was more or less took up with havin' so many folks at table; but finally she says to me, 'Mr. Price was so annoyed about your breakfast, Mr. Harum.'"

"'Was he?' I says. 'I was afraid you'd be the one that 'd be vexed at me.'"

"'Vexed with you? I don't understand,' she says.

"'Bout the napkin I spilled,' I says. 'Mebbe not actually spilled,' I says; 'but it'll have to go into the wash 'fore it can be used again.' She kind o' smiled, an' says, 'Really, Mr. Harum, I don't know what you are talkin' about.'"

"'Bain't nobody told ye?' I says. 'Well, if they hain't they will, an' I may's well make a clean breast o' it. I'm awfully sorry,'
Readings and Recitations.

I says, 'but this mornin', when I come to the egg, I didn't see no way to eat it 'cept to peel it, an' fast I knew it kind of exploded and daubed ev'rythin' all over creation. Yes'm,' I says, 'it went off, 's ye might say, like old Elder Maybee's powder.' I guess that I must 'a' be'n talkin' ruther louder'n I thought, fer I looked up an' noticed that putty much ev'ry one on 'em was lookin' our way, an' kind o' laughin', an' Price in particul'lar was grinbin' straight at me.

'What's that,' he says, 'about Elder Maybee's powder?'

'Oh, nothin' much,' I says; 'just a little surprise party the elder had up to his house.'

'Tell us about it,' says Price.

'Oh, yes, do tell us about it,' says Mis' Price.

'Wa'al,' I says, 'the ain't much to it in the way of a story, but seein' dinner must be most through,' I says, 'I'll tell ye all the' was of it. The elder had a small farm bout two miles out of the village,' I says, 'an' he was great on raisin' chickins an' turkeys. He was a slow, putterin' kind of ole foolie, but on the hull a putty decent citizen. Wa'al,' I says, 'one year when the poultry was comin' along, a family o' skunks moved on to the premises an' done so well that putty soon, as the elder said, it seemed to him that it was comin' to be a chloe between the chickin bus'nis an' the skunk bus'nis, an' though he said he'd heard the was money in it, if it was done on a big enough scale, he hadn't ben educated to it, he said, and didn't take to it anyways. So,' I says, 'he scratched 'round an' got a lot o' traps an' set 'em, an' the very next mornin' he went out an' found he'd ketched on ole he-one—president of the comp'ny. So he went to git his gun to shoot the critter, an' found he hadn't got no powder. The boys had used it all up on woodchucks, an' the wasn't nothin' fer it but to git some more down to the village, an', as he had some more things to git, he hitched up 'long in the forenoon an' drove down. At this,' said David, 'one of the ladies, wife to the judge, name o' Pomfort, spoke up an' says, 'Did he leave that poor creature to suffer all that time? Couldn't it have been put out of its misery some other way?'

'Wa'al, marm,' I says, 'I never happened to know but one fellar that set out to kill one o' them things with a club, an' he put in most o' his time fer a week or two up in the woods batin' himself,' I says. 'He didn't mingle in gen'l society, an' in fact,' I says, 'he had the hull road to himself, as ye might say, fer a putty consid'able spell.'

John threw back his head and laughed. 'Did she say any more?' he asked.

'No,' said David with a chuckle. 'All the men set up a great laugh, an' she coloured up in a kind of huff at first, an' then she begun to laugh too; an' then one o' the watter fellers put somethin' down in front of me, an' I went eatin' agin. But putty soon Price, he says, 'Come,' he says, 'Harum, ain't you goin' on? How about that powder?'
David Harum in Society.

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'mebbe we had ought to put that critter out of his misery. The elder went down an' bought a pound o' powder an' had it done up in a brown paper bundle, an' put it with his other stuff in the bottom of his dem'crat wagon; but it come on to rain some while he was ridin' back, an' the stuff got more or less wet, an' so when he got home he spread it out in a dishpan an' put it under the kitchen stove to dry, an' thinkin' that it wasn't dryin' fast enough, I s'pose, made out to assist Nature, as the sayin' is, by stirrin' on't up with the kitchen poker. Wa'al,' I says, 'I don't jest know how it happened, an' the elder c'ert'nly didn't, fer after they'd got him untangled I'm under what was left of the woodshed an' the kitchen stove, an' tied him up in cotton battin', an' set his leg, an' put out the house, an' a few things like that, bow-by by he come round a little, an' the fast thing he says was, 'Wa'al, wa'al, wa'al!' "'What is it, pa?" says Miss Maybee, bendin' down over him. "That powder! I was jest stirrin' on't little, an' it went o-f-f, it went o-f-f," he says, "seem-in'-ly—in—a—minute!" An' that, I says to Mis' Price, 'was what that egg done.'

"'We'll have to forgive you that egg,' she says, laughin' like everything, 'for Elder Maybee's sake.' An' in fact,' said David, "they all laughed except one feller. He was an Englishman—I forget his name. When I got through he looked kind o' puzzled, an' says" (Mr. Harum imitated his style as well as he could), "'But really, Mr. Harum, you know that's the way powdah always goes off, don't you know,' an' then," said David, "they laughed harder 'n ever, an' the Englishman got redder 'n a beet.'"

"What did you say?" asked John.

"Nuthin'," said David. "They was all laughin' so 't I couldn't git in a word at 'm, an' then the waiter brought me another plate of somethin'. Sot my —!" he exclaimed, "I thought that dinner 'd go on till kingdom come. An' wine! Wa'al! I begun to feel somethin' like the old feller did that swallowed a full tumbler of white whisky, thinkin' it was water. The old feller was temp'rance, an' he says put up a job on him one hot day at gener'l trainin'. Somebody ast him afterwuds how it made him feel, an' he said he felt as if he was sittin' straddle the meetin' house, an' ev'y shingle was a Jew's-harp. So I kep' mum fer while. But jest before we finnly got through, an' I hadn't said nothin' fer a spell, Mis' Price turned to me an' says, 'Did you have a pleasant drive this afternoon?'

"'Yes,' I says, 'I seen the hull show, putty much. I guess poor folks must be 't a premium 'round here. I reckon,' I says, 'that if they'd club together, the folks your husband pinted out to me to-day could almost satisfy the requirements of the American Society fer For'n Missions.' Mis' Price laughed, an' looked over at her husband. 'Yes,' says Price; 'I told Mr. Harum about some of the people we saw this afternoon, an' I must say he didn't appear to be as much impressed as I thought he would. How's that, Harum?' he says to me.
"'Wa'al,' says I, 'I was thinkin' 'twould be easy; two dollars, then.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but I tell you what. If all the people we see this afternoon, that air over fifty, c'd be got together, an' some one was suddenly to holler 'Low bridge!' that nineteen out o' twenty 'd duck their heads.'"

"And then?" queried John.

"Wa'al," said David, "all on 'em laughed some, but Price—he jest lay back an' roared, an' I found out afterward," added David, "that ev'ry man at the table, except the Englis'man, know'd what 'low bridge' meant from actual experience. Wa'al, sear me ——!" he exclaimed, as he looked at his watch; "it ain't hardly worth while undressin'" and started for the door. As he was halfway through it he turned and said, "Say, I s'pose you'd 'a' known what to do with that egg?" But he did not wait for a reply.


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TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER."

T. C. HARBOUGH.

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown, and its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town, and all the scholars—all the papers favourably commented on it, for 'twas said each female member wore a forty-dollar bonnet. Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer, who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir; he was poor, but gentle-looking, and his hair as snow was white, and his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might. His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords, and nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words of the hymns: and 'twas no wonder; he was old and nearly blind, and the choir rattle onward always left him far behind. The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow, and then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago. At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, time, that the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day seven influential members who subscribe more than they pray, and having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two, they put their heads together to determine what to do. They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York," who last year made a million on a sudden rise in pork, rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer, and proceed to rate him lively "for disturbin' of the choir." Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile, and we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style. Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest
The Legend Beautiful.

thing for to make God understand him when the brother tried to sing. We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town, we pay the steepest salary to our pastor, Brother Brown; but if we must humour ignorance because it's blind and old—if the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold.

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach-and-four, with the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door; and the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb, as they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the junk. They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair, and the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair; he was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low, but the angels understood him,—'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation, to discuss a little matter that affects the congregation."

"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge.

"And the choir, too!" he echoed, with the gravest of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus, that it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us; if we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother, it will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another. We don't want any singing except that we've bought! The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught; and so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?—that you'll have to stop your singin', for it fruittates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear, and on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear; his feeble hands pushed back the locks, white as the silvery snow, as he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low—

"I've sung the Psalms of David for nearly eighty years; they've been my staff and comfort, and calmed life's many tears. I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong; but when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song. I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet, in the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up higher, if the angel-band will chide me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head; the carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead! Yes, dead! His hand had raised the veil the future hungs befoe us, and the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

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THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 181.]

"Hast thou stayed, I must have fled!"

That is what the Vision said.
In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noontide by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneel the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When aike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
The Legend Beautiful.

For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Knept in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration;  
Should he go, or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight his visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear:  
"Do thy duty; that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision beat,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor.
Readings and Recitations.

What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou dost
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou dost unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor,
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN.

HENRY LAWSON.

[Henry Lawson is a colonial journalist who has written many clever sketches of gold-diggers, settlers, drovers, loafers, and other bush characters. Under the general title, "While the Billy boils," a number of these have been collected from New Zealand and Australian newspapers, and published in book form.]

Jack Drew sat on the edge of the shaft, with his foot in the loop and one hand on the rope, ready to descend. His elder brother,
When the Sun went down.

Tom, stood at one end of the windlass, and the third mate at the other. Jack paused before swinging off, looked up at his brother, and impulsively held out his hand—

“You ain't going to let the sun go down, are you, Tom?”

But Tom kept both hands on the windlass handle, and said nothing.

“Lower away!”

They lowered him to the bottom, and Tom shouldered his pick in silence and walked off to the tent. He found the tin plate, pint pot, and things set ready for him on the rough slab table under the bush shed. The tea was made, the cabbage and potatoes strained and placed in a billy near the fire. He found the fried bacon and steak between two plates in the camp-oven. He sat down to the table, but he could not eat. He felt mean. The inexperience and hasty temper of his brother had caused the quarrel between them that morning; but then Jack admitted that, and apologized when he first tried to make it up.

Tom moved round uneasily and tried to smoke; he could not get Jack's last appeal out of his ears: “You ain't going to let the sun go down, are you, Tom?”

Tom found himself glancing at the sun. It was less than two hours from sunset. He thought of the words of the old Hebrew—or Chinese—poet; he wasn't religious, and the authorship didn't matter. The old poet's words began to haunt him—

“Let not the sun go down upon your wrath—Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.”

The line contains good, sound advice; for quick-tempered men are often the most sensitive, and when they let the sun go down on the aforesaid wrath that quality is likely to get them down and worry them during the night.

Tom started to go to the claim, but checked himself, and sat down and tried to draw comfort from his pipe. He understood his brother thoroughly, but his brother never understood him—that was where the trouble was.

Presently he got thinking how Jack would worry about the quarrel, and have no heart for his work. Perhaps he was fretting over it now, all alone by himself, down at the end of the dump, dark drive. Tom had a lot of the old woman about him, in spite of his unsociable ways and brooding temper.

He had almost made up his mind to go below again, on some excuse, when his mate shouted from the top of the shaft—

“Tom! Tom! For Christ's sake come here!”

Tom's heart gave a great thump, and he ran like a kangaroo to the shaft. All the diggers within hearing were soon on the spot. They saw at a glance what had happened. It was madness to sink without timber in such treacherous ground. The sides of the shaft were closing in. Tom sprang forward and shouted through the crevice—

“To the face, Jack! To the face, for your life!”
"The old workings!" he cried, turning to the diggers. "Bring a fan and tools. We'll dig him out."

A few minutes later a fan was rigged over a deserted shaft close by, where, fortunately, the windlass had been left for bailing purposes, and men were down in the old drive. Tom knew that he and his mates had driven very close to the old workings.

He knelt in the damp clay before the face, and worked like a madman; he refused to take turn about, and only dropped the pick to seize a shovel in his strong hands and snatch back the loose clay from under his feet; he reckoned that he had six or perhaps eight feet to drive, and he knew that the air could not last long in the new drive—even if that had not already fallen in and crushed his brother. Great drops of perspiration stood out on Tom's forehead, and his breath began to come in choking sobs, but he still struck strong, savage blows into the clay before him, and the drive lengthened quickly. Once he paused a moment to listen, and then distinctly heard a sound as of a tool or stone being struck against the end of the new drive. Jack was safe!

Tom dug on until the clay suddenly fell away from his pick and left a hole, about the size of a plate, in the "face" before him.

"Thank God!" said a hoarse, strained voice at the other side.

"All right, Jack?"

"Yes, old man; you are just in time; I've hardly got room to stand in, and I'm nearly smothered." He was crouching against the "face" of the new drive.

Tom dropped his pick and fell back against the man behind him.

"Oh, God! my back!" he cried.

Suddenly he struggled to his knees, and then fell forward on his hand and dragged himself close to the hole in the end of the drive.

"Jack!" he gasped. "Jack!"

"Right, old man; what's the matter?"

"I've hurt my heart, Jack! Put your hand—quick! ... The sun's going down."

Jack's hand came out through the hole; Tom gripped it, and then fell with his face in the damp clay.

They half carried, half dragged him from the drive, for the roof was low, and they were obliged to stoop. They took him to the shaft and sent him up, lashed to the rope.

A few blows of the pick, and Jack scrambled from his prison and went to the surface, and knelt on the grass by the body of his brother. The diggers gathered round and took off their hats. And the sun went down.

(By special permission of the Author.)
GEMINI AND VIRGO.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

[Charles Stuart Calverley was born at Martley, Worcestershire, in 1831. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and in 1851 won the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. Afterwards proceeding to Cambridge, he won high honours and a Fellowship of Caius's College. In 1855 he was called to the Bar in the Inner Temple. His verses are chiefly parodies and translations, but the former are quite as good poetry as those parodied. A complete edition of his works was issued in four vols. in 1888. Mr. Calverley died 1894.]

Some vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanished from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum;
And such was he—a calm-browed lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a fanatic.
(Why haters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.)

He was what nurses call a "limb"—
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, though their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:
And, if you asked of him to say
What twice ten was, or three times seven,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And not so much esteemed was he
Of the Authorities; and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing somebody to care for,
And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:
And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.
We did much as we chose to do;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;
And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that exorcising aches
Resulted if we ate too many.
And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came:
Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was to us both, a passion.
Old Posey snored like a horse:
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, course—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing;
All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose, I thought I should have fainted.
The people said that she was blue:
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two;
And I was then eleven, nearly.
I did not love as others do;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of.)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet—as to the toil-worn man
The far-off sound of rippling river;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—
To me was Anna; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unfinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us:
And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
The Dinglebury Testimonial.

Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

Once I saw him squeeze her hand,
There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign or stand.
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.
We met, we "planted" blows on blows;
We fought as long as we were able:
My rival had a bolder nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,
When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaster;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love another's;
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only: that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker;
Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, O Thomas!

And where'er we meet again,
On this or that side the equator,
If I've not turned testotal then,
And have wherewith to pay the waiter,
To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
Ignite with thee the mild Havana,
And we will wait, while liquorizing up,
Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

THE DINGLEBURY TESTIMONIAL.

Arthur F. Knight.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I think it would be only fair for me to tell you at the start that Dinglebury is not a city. No one ever heard of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Dinglebury. Dinglebury is not a town. You have never read of the doings
of the Dinglebury Local Board, or the Dinglebury Public Baths Committee. Dinglebury is a hamlet, and rejoices in the possession of a fire brigade and a brass band.

The principal buildings in Dinglebury proper are the almshouse, the public-house, and the dead-house; the dead-house was erected to commemorate the Jubilee, and is not yet paid for.

Dinglebury is bounded on the North by Dinglebury Common, on the East by Dinglebury Moor, on the West by Dinglebury Wood, and on the South by the River Dingle, with Dinglebury Hill in the background. The various residences of importance in the district have the word "Dingle" or "Dinglebury" as a prefix to their names. Thus we have "The Dingles," "Dinglebury Abbey," "Dinglebury Towers," "Dinglebury Manor," "Dinglebury Hall," "Dinglebury Grange," "Dinglebury Grove," "Dingle-croft," "Dingle-dene," "Dingle-ton," "Dingle-view," "Dinglewood," "Dingleholme," and "Dinglehurst." The village inn is called the "Dinglebury Arms." We are proud of Dinglebury.

If you search the Doomsday Book you will find that Dinglebury is mentioned as the birthplace of Phineas Taylor Barnum, a young person who is popularly supposed to have discovered America. It is also referred to as the place where Lord Nelson and Wolseley slept on the eve of the battle of Hastings.

The living of Dinglebury is of the annual value of twelve hundred pounds (£1200), and the rector is the Reverend Septimus Cramp. He is assisted in the ministry by a curate, and it is the Curate of Dinglebury who plays an important part in this story.

If you hear a vulgar boy exclaim, "He's dipped his stockings in the mustard-pot!" you know full well that a blue-coat boy is somewhere above the horizon. If you hear that child remark, "Here y' are, Bill! Fireworks!" you may be sure our curate is at hand.

Mortimer Marmaduke Monmouth Twibb, clerk in holy orders, is twenty-four. He is comely, he has nice teeth and pretty hair. But his principal recommendation is his name. Twibb. How delicious it sounds! It is quite a linguistic curiosity. Dinglebury thinks so, too.

By the literary he is called Mr. Nib; by the domesticated, Mr. Bib; by the sporting fraternity, Mr. Jib; and by the vulgar, Mr. Squibb.

Mr. Twibb's stipend is fifty-four pounds per annum. This, considering the ridiculously inadequate endowment of Dinglebury church, a poor, pauper £1200 a year, is accounted both a sufficient and magnificent remuneration.

Mr. Twibb is in love. He loves not wisely but too well. He loves Miss Mabel Cramp, the eldest daughter of his rector. She is an heiress.

Mortimer Marmaduke Monmouth Twibb is brimful of zeal. As a consequence, and with a strong recommendation from his rector, he will to-morrow start for the kingdom of Carrabanca.
to take charge of a missionary station. Mabel Cramp will not accompany him.

Last night I attended the most remarkable and unique function that has been held in Dinglebury since the latter end of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.

When Mr. Twibb's departure was first talked of, the Dinglebury peep-show suggested that the valuable services he had rendered to the parish deserved to be recognized in a practical manner. The idea was a capital one, and it caught on immediately. One parishioner thought a display of fireworks would meet the case; another, a bazaar in aid of the Day Nursery; a third, a Christmas tree for the school children. But, as it could not be shown in what way Mr. Twibb would be personally affected by any of these schemes, they fell to earth, and the matter was rapidly drifting away from the region of Dinglebury practical politics, when the idea of a testimonial cropped up. That settled it. A subscription list was at once started, and the necessary coin flowed in rapidly—well, rapidly for Dinglebury.

The remarkable function referred to was the ceremony at which the Dinglebury testimonial was presented to the Rev. Mortimer Marmaduke Measom Twibb; and, like all the other ceremonies for which Dinglebury is so justly famous, it was a truly astonishing affair.

It was held in the infant school-room, and there were present, the rector and his family, the Dinglebury Fire Brigade and the Dinglebury Fire Brigade's families, the élite of the neighbourhood, and the élite of the neighbourhood's families, the Dinglebury Brass Band and the Dinglebury Brass Band's families, also the tag-rag-and-bobtail, with the tag-rag-and-bobtail's families.

At eight o'clock precisely, the rector rose to make a few cheerful and appropriate remarks. He said, 'Kind friends, a collection will be made at the end of Part I, to defray expenses. Oh! In consequence of the absurd length of the programme there will be no encores. The—the—the new stove, it will be lighted on Sunday next: subscriptions must be sent to the sexton. I regret that the epidemic of small-pox which is raging amongst us is alarming on the increase. This is not to be wondered at; there has been but one person vaccinated in this parish within the year. I regret I have observed no falling off in the amount of copper coin placed weekly in the alms-bag. This is greatly to be deplored. You will be glad to know that I have secured the services of a new curate. He will be pleased to accept fifty pounds (500) a year. This is a distinct gain to the church of four pounds. Oh! The two songs for which my daughter's name is placed upon the programme, 'Hope on, my Love,' and 'My Heart will surely break, Love,' they will not be sung. They were recommended to her by Mr. Twibb, but I find upon examination that they are quite unsuited to an entertainment of this character. I will now call upon Lieut.-Col. Vintner, M.P., to announce the various items.' (Prolonged cheers.)
Lieut.-Col. Vintner, M.P., is chairman for the evening. He is an active partner in a London distillery, and is very short-sighted. You will therefore understand how heartily the audience laughed when he arose and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I think it would save a great deal of time if I were to read the programme right through. The—the first song will be a piano-forie solo, by the brass band, entitled the 'Petticoot Gallipot.' No—er—I mean the 'Pelican Galop' by Dryup. Then, a violin solo will be sung by the Rev. M. M. Twibb called the 'Heart baked Brown.' No—I—er—The Heart bowed down.' Then we have a song which Miss Sophie Scraper will play on the Polonaise in G major, entitled 'Violin Solo.' Next, a recitation called 'Miss Lily Treat,' which will be sung by Sir Arthur Sullivan. After that Master Montague Memory will play 'Little Jim.' Then follows the pretty ballad 'Sissy's thrown away her Crumpet.' I—I mean 'Sister blows a Silver Trumpet,' which will be recited by Miss Julia Mag. Mr. N. Quiry will then 'Ask a Pleeseman'—er—I—but I really beg your pardon, for I see that you all have a copy of the printed programme." (Hear, hear.)

With regard to the programme, I may say that the vocal items were far too classical to be popular. We had "He's a wrong 'un," "We were on it," "We were in it," and others, whilst amongst the instrumental selections we had a septett on the post-horn by the members of the Fire Brigade, entitled "Fleety-foot she wanted to scoot." This was very pleasing. But the very best item in Part I was the recitation, "Little Jim," by Master Montague Memory. It went something like this:—

**Little Jim.**

The cottage was a thatched one
The outside old and mean
But everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean
He goes on Sunday to the church—
John Gilpin was a citizen—a citizen—
And sits amongst his boys
He hears the parson pray and preach
He hears his daughter's voice
A train-band captain eke was he—
Long long years I've rung the curfew
Tried to do it just and right
Now I'm old I still must do it
Curfew it must ring to-night
Noah of old three babies bad
Or grown-up children rather
Shem Ham and Japhet they were called
Now who was Japhet's father
The boy stood on the burning deck
Up above the world so high
The Dinglebury Testimonial.

Whence all but he had fled
Like a diamond in the sky—
The light from off the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead
Oh stay my father shall I stay
Oh say my father shall I stay
Oh stay my say my father stay
My father say oh shall I stay
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

[Note.—The above poetry should be gobbled through breathlessly, regardless of punctuation. The reciter must break down and cry loudly at its close.]

I feared the little idiot would stay all night, but a voice at the back of the room suddenly thundered: "Stay? No! Go home, you confounded little jackanapes!" And he went.

After this interesting feature, a collection was made. Then the chairman addressed the meeting, and the real business of the evening commenced.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "I—er—I feel both proud and pleased to be with you this evening. We are met here for the purpose of recognizing in a practical manner the inauguration of a new fluted cast-iron stove, which has been placed by public subscription in the church of St. Martin, Dinglebury; and—I'm sure—no—no—to—er—to recognize in a suitable manner the labour of love which has been carried on in this parish for upwards of two years by the Reverend Mr. (aside) what's his name?—er—Mr. Twibb. As you well know, a subscription was recently started in his behalf, and I am pleased to state that our appeal has been most generously responded to—(cheers)—the whole of the gentry of this neighbourhood having contributed with conspicuous liberality, the result being the magnificent sum of three pounds two shillings (3£ 2s.). (Tremendous cheering.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Gribb is about to take up his abode in a tropical clime. A land where sherbet is at a premium, and where flannel night-gowns are a drug in the market. Your Committee, therefore, have thought it advisable to present him with a silk muffler, as a safeguard against chills, and a silver pencil-case. With the latter he will be enabled to make sketches of objects of interest he may come across, or total up his laundry bills. The pencil-case cost us twelve and ninepence (12s. 9d.). The silk muffler was exactly five and eleven (5s. 11d.).

"So that you see we have presented to Mr. Ribb useful articles of the value of eighteen and eightpence (18s. 8d.). The remainder of the sum, amounting to two pounds three shillings and fourpence (2£ 3s. 4d.), we have expended on a new horse-hair cushion with a plush covering, and four scarlet kneelers for the Rectory pew.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, you are doubtless well aware that Mr. Gribb has done an immense amount of work in this parish. All
classes have been affected by his presence, but no cause has benefited more by his energy—er—than the cause of Temperance—than the Temperance cause. At such a time as this, when good French brandy can scarcely be bought, it behoves every frugal person to consider how best he may invest his savings. Whiskey is, of course, an excellent thing. In fact, I can supply you with a dozen of the very best at £4, 72 under proof, and three weeks in bottle. Then, with regard to port. Well, ports, except, perhaps, of the very newest vintage, are very bad. A good cordial gin is better worth your money. If you should require a dozen or so, I can allow you a liberal discount. But—I—I'm afraid I'm travelling a little wide of the mark. Here's Mr. Michael Thumper, the oldest inhabitant in Dinglebury, waiting to present to Mr. Fib the Dinglebury Testimonial." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

"Brother Oddfellows," Michael began, "I be eighty-two years old to-day, an' I don't look no more'n eighteen. These 'ere evenin's amusement 'as give I the lumbago, but I don't mind that—'cos why? Ain't I a-goin' to receive a present? This 'ere muffler 'll go! I the throatache, but my old 'oman 'll be very glad wi' un, 'cos why? she ain't got no beard like I got."

At this point the chairman informed Michael that the present in question was for Mr. Twibb, whereupon Michael got a little rusty, and observed—

"What? Young Squibb? What good's he? A ugly little testottalin' crab-apple! Why, when Bismark was Lord Mayor sich a thing wouldn't ha' bin possible. The young fool! I won't have nothin' to do wi' it!"

Here Michael went back to his seat, and the chairman suggested that the second part of the programme had better commence, adding, "Mr. Bibb, I—I believe these few things are for you."

Whereupon poor little Mr. Twibb advanced, blushed, bowed, placed both the pencil-case and the silk muffler in his hat, and regained his seat.

The second part of the programme was certainly the best. We had a banjo solo in four sections, by Captain Stringer—(a) andante moderato, (b) basso profundo, (c) crescendo pianissimo, and (d) diminuendo expresso.

The gem of the evening, however, was a recitation of Longfellows "Excelsior." This was given in fine style by Major Bangie. Major Bangie had rather a husky voice, and a wooden arm. His memory, moreover, was defective. He knew the first verse, and the first line of most of the others, but he always finished them with the following repetition:—

"A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
And still he answered with a sigh.

'Excelsior!'"

The effect of his wooden arm, which was made to perform the various actions of a real one, was highly amusing.

[Note]:—The reciter should endeavour to give the various speeches in the
**The Cane-bottomed Chair.**

manner and dialect most suited to the characters represented. In giving "Excelsior" the left arm represents the wooden one. The hand should wear a right-hand white kid glove, put on wrong way round, with the finger-tips screwed into points. And the limb should be assisted in all its movements by the right one. It should be made to move in a jerky and unnatural manner at all its joints. At the word "Excelsior" a violent push at the elbow raises it suddenly aloft, and it is brought again to the side by a tremendous slap from the right hand. The movement is repeated with slight alteration for each verse.

After this the Reverend Mortimer Marmaduke Monmouth Twibb arose and made a pathetic farewell speech. He said—

"My dear friends, after the very many kind things you have said about me this evening I feel that I can now leave Dinglebury with feelings of unmixed pleasure, and without one single pang of regret. I don't know that I can say more. I can only express a hope that the new horse-hair cushion with the plush covering, and the four scarlet kneelers, which you have so generously provided for the Rectory pew, may prove an everlasting memorial of that unexcelled charity which has ever been a distinguishing feature of Dinglebury society."

Then the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and when I had once more reached the outer air I adjourned to the "Dinglebury Arms," where I took a cup, and drank it up, for I feared that and acquaintance, so far as poor little Mr. Twibb was concerned, would very soon be quite forgotten.

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**THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.**

W. M. T.[achee.[y.

[William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, 1811. After education at Charterhouse and Cambridge, he studied art at Rome, but soon abandoned art for literature. Under the pseudonym of "Michael Angelo Tiramirth," he contributed to Fraser's Magazine and Punch. The publication of "Vanity Fair" (1847) at once placed him in the front rank of novelists. This was followed by many other works, including "Pendennis" (1849), "Esmond" (1852), "The Newcomes" (1854), and "The Virginians" (1858). He died on Christmas Eve, 1863.]

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.
This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms;
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair—
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince,
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.
The Castaways.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

THE CASTAWAYS.

F. R. STOCKTON.

[Francis Richard Stockton was an American author whose popularity is as great in Britain as in his own country. He was born at Philadelphia in the year 1834, and died in 1902. He wrote so many books that we have not space to enumerate their titles, but the following list probably includes those by which he is best known in this country: "Rudder Grange" (1873); "The Lady or the Tiger?" (1884); "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (1886), from which our reading is extracted; "The Squirrel Inn" (1891); "Pomona's Travels" (1894); "Mr. Clift's Yacht" (1896); "The Vizier of the Two-kerned Alexander" (1899).

Mr. Craig, the narrator of the following incident, is on his way from San Francisco to Yokohama when, two days after leaving Honolulu, the vessel collides with another in a fog, and all hands have to take to the boats. Mr. Craig is persuaded by two elderly widows to accompany them in a boat, which is afterwards found to be unseaworthy and sinks under them.

I am used to swimming, and have never hesitated to take a plunge into river or ocean, but I must admit that it was very trying to my nerves to stand up this way and wait for a boat to sink beneath me. How the two women were affected I do not know. They said nothing, but their faces indicated that something disagreeable was about to happen, and that the less that was said about it the better.

The boat had now sunk so much that the water was around Mrs. Aleshine's feet, her standing place being rather lower than ours. I made myself certain that there were no ropes nor any other means of entanglement near my companions or myself, and then I waited. There seemed to be a good deal of buoyancy in the bow and stern of the boat, and it was a frightfully long time in sinking. The suspense became so utterly unendurable that I was tempted to put one foot on the edge of the boat, and, by tipping it, put an end to this nerve-rack; but I refrained, for I probably would throw the women off their balance, when they might fall against some part of the boat and do themselves a hurt. I had just relinquished this intention, when two little waves seemed to
rise on each side of Mrs. Aleshine, and gently flowing over the side of the boat, they flooded her feet with water.

"Hold your breath!" I shouted. "And now I experienced a sensation which must have been very like that which comes to a condemned criminal at the first indication of the pulling of the drop. Then there was a horrible sinking, a gurgle, and a splash, and the ocean appeared to rise up and envelop me.

In a moment, however, my head was out of the water, and, looking about me, I saw, close by, the heads and shoulders of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The latter was vigorously winking her eyes, and blowing from her mouth some sea-water that had got into it; but as soon as her eyes fell upon me she exclaimed: "That was ever so much more suddint than I thought it was goin' to be!"

"Are you both all right?"

"I suppose I am," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but I never thought a person with a life-preserver on would go clean under the water."

"But since you've come up again you ought to be satisfied," said Mrs. Lecks. "And now," she added, turning her face towards me, "which way ought we to try to swim? and have we got everythin' we want to take with us?"

"What we haven't got we can't get," remarked Mrs. Aleshine; "and as for swimmin', I expect I'm goin' to make a poor hand at it."

* * * * * * * *

I now swam in front of my companions, and endeavoured to instruct them in the best method of propelling themselves with their arms and their hands. If they succeeded in this, I thought I would give them some further lessons in striking out with their feet. After watching me attentively, Mrs. Lecks did manage to move herself slowly through the smooth water, but poor Mrs. Aleshine could do nothing but splash.

"If there was anythin' to take hold of," she said to me, "I might get along, but I can't get any grip on the water, though you seem to do it well enough. Look there!" she added in a higher voice. "Isn't that an oar floatin' over there? If you can get that for me, I believe I can row myself much better than I can swim."

This seemed an odd idea, but I swam over to the floating oar, and brought it her. I was about to show her how she could best use it, but she declined my advice.

"If I do it at all," she said, "I must do it in my own way." And taking the oar in her strong hands, she began to ply it on the water, very much in the way in which she would handle a broom. At first she dipped the blade too deeply, but soon began to paddle herself along at a slow but steady rate.

"Capital!" I cried. "You do that admirably!"

"Anybody who's swept as many rooms as I have, ought to be able to handle anythin' that can be used like a broom."
"Isn't there another oar?" cried Mrs. Lecks, who had now been left a little distance behind us. "If there is, I want one."

Looking about me I soon discovered another floating oar, and brought it to Mrs. Lecks, who, after holding it in various positions, so as to get "the hang of it" as she said, soon began to use it with as much skill as that shown by her friend. If either of them had been obliged to use an oar in the ordinary way, I fear they would have had a bad time of it; but considering the implement in the light of a broom, its use immediately became familiar to them, and they got on remarkably well.

"After you are fairly in the water," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she swept along, although without the velocity which that phrase usually implies, "it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. For one thing, it don't feel a bit salt, although I must say it tasted horribly that way when I first went into it."

"You didn't expect to find pickle-brine, did you?" said Mrs. Lecks. "Though if it was, I suppose we could float on it sittin'."

"And as to bein' cold," said Mrs. Aleshine, "the part of me that's in is actually more comfortable than that which is out."

"There's one thing I would have been afraid of," said Mrs. Lecks, "if we hadn't made preparations for it, and that's sharks."

"Preparations!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you prepare for sharks?"

"Easy enough," said Mrs. Lecks. "When we went down into our room to get ready to go away in the boats we both put on black stockin's. I've read that sharks never bite coloured people, although if they see a white man in the water they'll snap him up as quick as lightnin'; and black stockin's was the nearest we could come to it. You see I thought as like as not we'd have some sort of an upset before we got through."

"It's a great comfort," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm very glad you thought of it, Mrs. Lecks. After this I shall make it a rule—black stockin's for sharks."

"I suppose in your case," said Mrs. Lecks, addressing me, "dark trousers will do as well?"

To which I answered that I sincerely hoped they would.

"Another thing I'm thankful for," said Mrs. Aleshine, "is that I thought to put on a flannel skirt."

"And what's the good of it," said Mrs. Lecks, "when it's soppin' wet?"

"Flannel's flannel," replied her friend, "whether it's wet or dry; and if you'd had the rheumatism as much as I have, you'd know it."

To this Mrs. Lecks replied with a sniff, and asked me how soon I thought we would get sight of the ship, for if we were going the wrong way, and had to turn round and go back, it would certainly be very provoking.
I should have been happy indeed to be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question. Every time that we rose upon a swell I threw a rapid glance around the whole circle of the horizon, and at last, not a quarter of an hour after Mrs. Leeks' question, I was rejoiced to see, almost in the direction it ought to be, the dark spot which I had before discovered.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it seems as if there was somethin' to work for," and she began to sweep her oar with great vigour.

"If you want to tire yourself out before you get there, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Leeks, "you'd better go on in that way. Now what I advise is that we stop rowin' altogether and have somethin' to eat, for I'm sure we need it to keep up our strength."

"Eat!" I cried. "What are you going to eat? Do you expect to catch fish?"

"And eat 'em raw?" said Mrs. Leeks. "I should think not. But do you suppose, Mr. Craig, that Mrs. Aleshine and me would go off and leave that ship without takin' somethin' to eat by the way? Let's all gather here in a bunch, and see what sort of a meal we can make. And now, Barb'ry Aleshine, if you lay your oar down there on the water, I recommend you to tie it to one of your bonnet-strings, or it'll be floatin' away, and you won't get it again."

As she said this Mrs. Leeks put her right hand down in the water, and fumbled about apparently in search of a pocket. I could not but smile as I thought of the condition of food when, for an hour or more, it had been a couple of feet under the surface of the ocean; but my ideas on the subject were entirely changed when I saw Mrs. Leeks hold up in the air two German sausages, and shake the briny drops from their smooth and glittering surfaces.

"There's nothin'," she said, "like sausages for shipwreck and that kind o' thing. They're very sustainin', and bein' covered with a tight skin, water can't get at 'em, no matter how you carry 'em... Have you a knife about you, Mr. Craig?"

"Now don't go eatin' sausages without bread, if you don't want 'em to give you dyspepsy," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was tugging at a submarine pocket.

"I'm very much afraid your bread is all soaked," said Mrs. Leeks.

To which her friend replied that that remained to be seen, and forthwith produced with a splash a glass preserve-jar with a metal top.

"I saw this, nearly empty, as I looked into the ship's pantry, and I stuffed into it all the soft biscuits it would hold. And now, Mrs. Leeks," she continued triumphantly, as she unscrewed the top, "that rubber ring has kept 'em as dry as chips."

Floating thus, with our hands and shoulders above the water, we made a very good meal from the sausages and soft biscuit.

(By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)
“Jude, they say you have heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York?”

“T did, in the cool.”

“Well, tell us all about it.”

“What! Me? I might’s well tell you about the creation of the world.”

“Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead.”

“Well, sir, he had the blankest, biggest, catty-cornered planner you ever laid your eyes on; something like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was holsted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn’t, he’d store the entire sides clean out, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven.”

“Played well, did he?”

“You bet he did; but don’t interrupt me. When he first sat down he peered to keer mighty little ‘bout playin’, and wish he hadn’t come. He tweedle-deedled a little on the tribble, and tweedle-deedled some on the bass—just foolin’ and boxin’ the thing’s jaws for bein’ in his way. And I says to the man settin’ next to me, s’I, ‘What sort of fool-playin’ is that?’ And he says, ‘Hush!’ But presently his hands began chasin’ one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin’ through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel turning the wheel of a candy-cage.

“Now,” I says to my neighbour, ‘he’s a-showin’ off. He thinks he’s a-doin’ of it, but he isn’t got no idea, no plan of nothin’. If he’d play a tune of some kind or other, I’d—”

“But my neighbour says, ‘Hush!’ very impatient.

“I was just about to git up and go home, bein’ tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking away off in the woods, and callin’ sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up, and I see that Rubin was beginnin’ to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of the day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowsed gentle and fresh, some birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin’ together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fall upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it tetch the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was the broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they’d split their throats; all the leaves were movin’ and flashin’ diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin’.

“And I says to my neighbour, ‘That’s music, that is.’

“But he glared at me like he’d cut my throat.
"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up and a kind of thick grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground, some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see music, especially when the bushes on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in the pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see the boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with five ladies in the set-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but never got a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could 'a' cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up and there and then preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for—not a blamed thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my lion herculean, and blew my nose well to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But several stared at me as mad as Tucker. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He rip'd and he rarr'd, he tip'd and he tard', and he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peered to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head ready to look at any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all going on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks; he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not being able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang into my seat, and jest hollered—"

"'Go it, my Rub!'"

"Every man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! Put him out!'"

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month,' I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!'"
Jul Brownin's Account of Rubinstein's Playing. 599

"With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rube out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He bopt-night ladies, and tiptoed fine gentlemen from end to end of the key-bord. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit; one by one I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's End to the world's End; and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, much less told about, and began to drop—drop, drop, drip, drip, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that, it was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obliged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or two to catch breath. Then he got mad. He ran his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a little further, he crug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianero. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheek till she fairly yelled. He knock't her down, and he stamp't on her shamesful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she shrieked like a rat, she howled like a hound, she screamed like a pig, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the barn, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, thro' the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fochsized his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, where the notes was finer than the points of camphor needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianero go. He fuced twod, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to parle, he chessed right and left, back to your places, be all hands'd arount, ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double bow-knots.

"By Jinks! It was a mistery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianero go. He focht up his right wing, he focht up his left wing, he focht up his center, he focht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by companies, by regiments, by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk. the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails,
Readings and Recitations.

my Mary Ann, Hallelujah, Sweet Caesar in a simmer tree, Jerusalem,
Thump Thompson in a tumbler cart, noodle-ooble-ooble-ooble-ooble,
riddle-udder-udder-udder, riddle-udder-udder-udder, riddle-udder-
udder-udder, riddle-udder-udder, noodle-ooble-ooble-ooble-ooble,
per lang! per lang! per lang! per lang! per lang! per lang! per lang!

With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he
come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows,
and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianer at
the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen
hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two
hemi-semi-quaevons; and I know no mo'."

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

[The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., the Rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon,
was born at Exeter, 1834. Educated at Clare College, Camb., he took his
M.A. degree in 1859. Entered the Church, and was appointed Curate in 1864,
Vicar of Dalton, 1869; Rector of East Mere, 1871. Succeeded to the family
living of Lew Trenchard in 1881. He has written over seventy works in many
departments of literature, but he is best known by his novels, "Mahalab,"
(1869), "The Broom Squire" (1889); and his "Lives of the Saints," sixteen vols. (1872-77).]

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent
On the imperial city's due embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up, and cried,

"There is no worthy minister edified
Unto the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
The One Eternal, and the Only Wise.
Solomon the Great a temple built, of old,
To the Omnipotent at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As reddish gold excels the yellow brass.
I too a stately church will dedicate,
Worthy of God's majesty and my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportion filled,
And said, "In name of wisdom build.
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
But I, Justinian, build the church alone.
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,
With trumpet-blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august, pacific majesty:
The Building of St. Sophia.

And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourselves the whole expense will bear!"  
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, "Now, when this flesh is dead,
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
What, ho! Justinian comes magnifical,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom, uncreate,
A church did build, endow, and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod,
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God."

Now day and night the workmen build space,
The church arises, full of form and grace;
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers;
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow, the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings.
And cherubs circle round the King of Kings,
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes;
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,
Their names beside them, twelve apostles stand,
Six on the left, and six on the right hand.
And from a nimbus set with jewelled rays
Looks calm, majestic, down, the Saviour's face.
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire;
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave:
"This house to God, Justinian, Emperor, gave."

And now, with trumpet-blast and booming gong,
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along,
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare
Against the sweet blue sky above the square.
In front, the church of Hagia Sophia glows,
A pile of jewels set in burnished snows.

Besommed and purple wreathed, the sacred sign
Labarum moves, standard of Constantine.
Then back the people start on either side,  
As ripples past a molten silver tide  
Of Asian troops in polished mail; next pass  
Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.  
And then, with thunder tramp, the Varanger bands  
Of champions gathered from grey Northern lands;  
Above whom Odin’s raven flap its wing;  
And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring  
Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed  
In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,  
Justinian rides in all his pomp to see  
His gift made over to God’s majesty.  
With fuming frankincense and flickering lights,  
The vested choir come forth as he alights.  
Now shrill the silver clarions, loud and long,  
And clash the cymbals, bellows forth the gong,  
A wild barbaric clash. Then on the ear  
Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear:  
“Lift up your heads, ye gates, and open swing,  
Ye everlasting doors, before the King!”  
Back start the valves—in sweeps the train,  
Then flood the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian, entering, halts a little space  
With haughty exultation on his face,  
And in a glance the stately church surveys.  
Then reads above the portal of the nave:—  
“This house to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave.”  
“What, ho!” he thunders, with a burst of ire,  
As to his face flashes a scarlet fire.  
“Where is the sculptor? Silence, all you choir!  
Where is the sculptor?”  
Ceases the choral song,  
A bush falls instant on the mighty throng.  
“Bring forth the sculptor, who ye sentence wrought,  
His merry jest he’ll find full dearly bought!”  
Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,  
The graver. “Cesar, God-preserved!” he said;  
“I cursed not that!” Exchanged has been the name  
For that I chiselled. I am not to blame.  
This is a miracle, for no mortal hand  
Could banish one, and make another stand,  
And on the marble leave no scar, nor trace,  
Where was the name, deep cut, it did efface.  
Beside the letters, Sire, the stone is whole!”  
“Hah!” scoffed the Emperor, “now by my soul,  
I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away!”  
Forth stepped the Patriarch, and said, “Sire, I pray,  
Harken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,  
Thy name and title which have fled the stone.
And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine.
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar’s doom, in Babel’s sculptured hall;
The finger that, which cut in years before
On Sinai’s top, on tables twain, the Law.”

Justinian’s brow grew dark with wrath and fear:
“Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,
This lady who my orders sets at naught,
And robe me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia?” But none spake a word.
“‘What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?’
Again upon the concourse silence fell,
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.
‘What! no man know! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found.”

Then said a priest, and faltered: “Of that name
Is one, but old and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay,
But she, most surely, Sire, it cannot be.”
“Let her be brought.” Then came the widow seek,
And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak,
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.
“Euphrasia,” said the monarch, sternly; “speak!
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break,
Contributing, against my orders, to this pile?”
The widow answered simply, with faint smile,
“Sire, it was nothing, for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire, I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me, as in bed I lay,
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore,
I from my mattress pulled a little straw,
And cast it to the oxen—I did nothing more.”
“Look;” said the Caesar, “read above that door!
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above;
And mine rejected, as the gift of pride,
By Him who humble lived and humble died.
Widow, God grant, hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet!”
MEMBRANOUS GROUP.

"MARK TWAIN."

(Abridged.)

[Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known by his pseudonym "Mark Twain," was born at Florida, Missouri, 1835. Commanding his business life as a printer at the age of 19, he has been successively a pilot on the Mississippi, newspaper reporter, editor, lecturer, author, and publisher. Among his numerous books may be mentioned: "The Jumping Frog" (1867); "The Innocents Abroad" (1869); "Tom Sawyer" (1876); "A Tramp Abroad" (1889); "Huckleberry Finn" (1885); "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" (1900).]

It was when that frightful and inexcusable disease, membranous group, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, that I called Mrs. McWilliams' attention to little Penelope one morning, and said—

"Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine-stick if I were you."

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick; for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it—that is, married women.

I replied, "Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bridled perceptibly, and said—

"Hubby, you know better than that; you know you do. Doctors all say that the turpentine in pine-wood is good for weak back and the kidneys."

"Ah! I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician has recommended——"

"Who said the child's spine and kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said——"

"Bother what I said! I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too. So there, now!"

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine-wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I——"

"Oh, please go along to your office, and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up, and go to arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do."

"Very well; it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which——"
Membranous Croup.

However, she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night, at dinner, she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet—

"Oh, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken."

"Membranous croup?"

"Membranous croup."

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. Oh, what is to become of us?"

By-and-by a nurse brought in our Penelope, to say good-night, when she gave a slight cough! My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up, and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bedroom; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot-bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night?—and she blanched again, poor thing!

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said—

"Suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope?"

This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribes of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person, and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved downstairs; but there was no place there to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an insalutable help. So we returned, bag and baggage, to our own bedroom once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffed birds that have found their nest again.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"Oh, why don't that doctor come! Mortimer, this room is too warm. This room is certainly too warm. Turn off the register—quick!"

I shut it off, and now the coachman arrived from down town with the news that our physician was ill, and confined to his bed. Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice—

"There is a Providence in it. He was never ill before. Never. We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself; I never can forgive myself."

I said, without intent to hurt, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon baby, too?"
Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed—
"The doctor must have sent medicines!"
I said, "Certainly. They are here."
"Well, do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now? But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows that the disease is incurable?"
I said that while there was life there was hope.
"Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would— As I live, the directions say give one tea-spoonful once an hour! Once an hour! As if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a table-spoonful, and try to be quick!"
"Why, my dear, a table-spoonful might——"
"Don't drive me frantic!—There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty, bitter stuff, but it's good for Nellie—good for mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—— Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a table-spoonful every half-hour will—— Oh! the child needs belladonna, too; I know she does, and aconite, too. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."
We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me.
"Darling, is that register turned on?"
"No."
"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold."
I turned it on, and presently fell asleep again. I was aroused once more.
"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."
I moved it, but had a collision with the rug, and woke up the child. I dozed off once more. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness—
"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—it's on the mantel-piece in the nursery."
I fetched the goose-grease, and went to sleep again. Once more I was called.
"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch the match to."
I dragged myself out, and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.
"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."
As I was stepping in, she said—
Membranous Croup.

"But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it, and grease it all over with the goose-oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once more I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draught, I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draught. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it; and collided with the rug again, which I threw in the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it, and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up, by request, and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast, and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I reorganized the flax-seed poultices, and applied sinapsisms and other sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out, and my wife wanted me to go down cellar and get some more. I said—

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough, with her extra clothing. Now mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and——?"

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I haggled wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in, and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down upon me, and gasping.

As soon as she could command her tongue, she said—

"It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring. What shall we do?"

"Mercy! How you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her, and put her in the draught again——?"

"Oh, idiot! There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he must come, dead or alive."

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed, and brought him. He looked at the child, and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door.

Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder, and disclose the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or so.
Readings and Recitations.

"This child has no membranous cry," said he. "She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind and got some little shivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt."

"No," said I; "I can well believe that. Indeed, the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain, and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. Hence the tide of our days flows by in deep and untroubled serenity.

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

J. SHERIDAN LE FAYE.

[J. Sheridan Le Fanu, who was born at Dublin, in 1814, was the author of more than a dozen novels, chiefly published during "the sixties," but many have been since reprinted. He was proprietor of the Dublin University Magazine. He was grand-nephew of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Died 1873.]

Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight
As soon as the boys wer' all scattered an' but,  'Twas the custom, whenever a pe'sant was got, To hang him by trial—barrin' sich as was shot, There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight, And the martial-law hangin' the lavin's by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest goosoon; If he missed av the judges he'd meet a dragoon;  An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence, The devil a much time they allowed for repentance.  An' many's the fine boy was then on his keepin',  Wid small share of restin', or eatin', or sleepin'.

An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it, A prey for the bloodhound—a mark for a bullet— Unsheltered by night and unrested by day, With the breath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' hardestiest boy iv them all Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town iv Glengall. His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light, An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white; But his face was as pale as the face of the dead, An' his cheeks never warmed with the blush of the red; An' for all that, he wasn't an ugly young b'y,

For the devil himself couldn't blame with his eye— So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright, Like a fire-dash that crosses the depth of the night. An' he was the best mower that ever has been; An' theiligatest hurter that ever was seen;
Shemus O'Brien.

In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he tate Tom Moloney a foot;
An' for lightness of foot there was not his peer,
For, begorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer;
An' his dancin' was sick that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare;
An' sure the whole word gave in to him there!
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought.
An' it's many the one can remember quite well
The quare things he done; and I've often heerd tell
How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirlally,
An' escaped through the sodiers in Ahoree valley,
An' leathered the yeomen, himself spin four.
An' stretched the four strongest on old Baltimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prays on the blood of the best:
After many a brave action of power an' of pride,
An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast,
In the darkness of night, he was taken at last.
An' twelve sodiers took him to Maryboro' jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The feet limbs wor chained, an' the strong hands wor bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cold prison-ground;
An' the dhrones av his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air—
Bringin' fresh to his minory days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceess that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good and the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His inimies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosum might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
For undaunted he'd lived and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over an' gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There was sich a crowd, there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodiers on guard, and dhragons sworl in hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv being smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so determin'd an' big,
With his gown on his back, an' an elegant wig;
An' "Silence!" was called, an' the munit 'twas said,
The court was as still as the heart of the dead.
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock—
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong.
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone.
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at least—
Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a baste.
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says:
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, ar you plass?"
An' all held their breath in the silence of dread,
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear.
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God an' the world I will answer you, No!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike.
An' fought for old Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes—
I answer you, Yes, an' I tell you again.
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed old chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shemus's mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"Ooh, Judge darlin', don't—oh, don't say the word!
The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord!
You don't know him, my lord; oh, don't give him to ruin!
He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin'!
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted;
Don't part as for ever, we that's so long parted!
Judge Mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord!
An' God will forgive you—oh, don't say the word!"
That was the first munit O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken!
An' down his pale cheek, at the words of his mother,
The big tears were runnin', one after the other,
An' two or three times he endeavoured to speak,
But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break.
But at last, by the sthrength of his high-mountin' pride,
He conquered an' mastered his grief's swelling tide,
An' says he: "Mother darlin'—don't break your poor heart!
Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part.
An' God knows it's betther than wanderin' in fear
On the bleak trackless mountain among the wild deer
To lie in the grave, where the heart, head, an' breast
From labour an' sorrow for ever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,
No thre man can say that I died like a craven."
Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head,
An' that mimit the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate?
What come they to talk of?—what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die!
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered thare,
Boys, horses an' gingerbread, jist like a fair;—
An' whiskys was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
An' old men an' young women enjoyin' the view.
An' old Tim Molloy, he made the remark—
"There wasn't a sight since the time av Noah's Ark."
An' begorra, 'twas true for him, for divil sich a scurge,
Sich divarshin' an' crowds, was known since the Diluge:
For thousan's wor gathered thare, if there was one,
Waitin' till sich time as the hangin' id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs an' soldiers in state;
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it—
Not paler, but prouver than ever that mimit;
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wild prayin' an' blessin', an' all the girls cryin',
A wild wallin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the soldiers go steadily on.
An' at every side, swellin' round iv the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that 'd open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
And the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand.
An' the priest, havin' 't rest him, gets down on the ground.
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, an' warm hearts turned chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the rope of the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' 'd his last prayer.
But the good priest did more, for his hands he unbound,
An' with one darin' spring, Jim has leaped to the ground!
Bang! bang! go the carbines, and clash go the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive! now stand to him, neighbours!
By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' 'tis yourselves you must hang!
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe gin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agin.
The soldiers ran this way, the yeomen ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
The sheriffs were both of them punished severely,
An' fined like the devil, 'cause Jim done them fairly.

LORD FAUNTLEROY AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

Miss F. Hodgson Burnett.

[Mrs. Frances Hodgson (Burnett) Townsend, novelist and dramatist, was born in Manchester, November 24, 1849; but at the age of sixteen she went with her parents to the United States. Here, in 1873, she married Dr. Burnett, of Washington; in 1899 she married Mr. Stephen Townsend, with whom she has collaborated in several dramatic works. Her best-known books include "That Last of Lowrie's" (1877), "Haworth's" (1878), "Louisiana" (1880), "Through One Administration" (1885), "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1886), "A Lady of Quality" (1886), "In Connection with the De Willebois Claim" (1895).]

[Captain Errol, the youngest son of the Earl of Dorincourt, had incensed his father by marrying an American girl. The earl's three sons die—Captain Errol leaving a widow and little son. The old earl, realizing that this boy is now Lord Fauntleroy and must one day succeed him in the eredit, wishes to get some influence over him, and to see that he has an education to fit him for his future position. So he invites the mother to occupy a house adjoining the castle, and resolves to have the boy with him, but]
refuses to meet his daughter-in-law. The meeting between the earl and Lord Fauntleroy is described in the following extract.

The sensations of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorincourt could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily bewildered, because he had seen a great deal of the world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. He had never cared for children; he had been so occupied with his own pleasures that he had never had time to care for them. His own sons had not interested him when they were very young—though sometimes he remembered having thought Cedric's father a handsome and strong little fellow. He had been so selfish himself that he had missed the pleasure of seeing unselfishness in others, and he had not known how tender and faithful and affectionate a kind-hearted little child can be, and how innocent and unconscious are its simple, generous impulses. A boy had always seemed to him a most objectionable little animal, selfish and greedy and boisterous when not under strict restraint; his own two eldest sons had given their tutors constant trouble and annoyance, and of the younger one he fancied he had heard few complaints because the boy was of no particular importance. It had never once occurred to him that he should like his grandson; he had sent for the little Cedric because his pride impelled him to do so. If the boy was to take his place in the future, he did not wish his name to be ridiculous by descending to an uneducated boor. He had been convinced the boy would be a clownish fellow if he were brought up in America. He had no feeling of affection for the lad, his only hope was that he should find him decently well-featured, and with a respectable share of sense; he had been so disappointed in his other sons, and had been made so furious by Captain Errol's American marriage, that he had never once thought that anything creditable could come of it. When the footman had announced Lord Fauntleroy, he had almost dreaded to look at the boy, lest he should find him all he had feared. It was because of this feeling that he had ordered that the child should be sent to him alone. His pride could not endure that others should see his disappointment if he was to be disappointed. His proud, stubborn old heart therefore had leaped within him when the boy came forward with his graceful easy carriage, his fearless hand on the big dog's neck. Even in the moments when he had hoped the most, the earl had never hoped that his grandson would look like that. It seemed almost too good to be true that this should be the boy he had dreaded to see—the child of the woman he so disliked—this little fellow with so much beauty and such a brave, childish grace! The earl's stern composure was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

And then their talk began; and he was still more curiously moved, and more and more puzzled. In the first place, he was so used to seeing people rather afraid and embarrassed before him,
that he had expected nothing else but that his grandson would be timid or shy. But Cedric was no more afraid of the earl than he had been of the dog. He was not bold; he was only innocently friendly, and he was not conscious that there should be any reason why he should be awkward or afraid. The earl could not help seeing that the little boy took him for a friend and treated him as one, without having any doubt of him at all. It was quite plain, as the little fellow sat there in his tall chair and talked in his friendly way, that it had never occurred to him that this large, fierce-looking old man could be anything but kind to him, and rather pleased to see him there. And it was plain, too, that, in his childish way, he wished to please and interest his grandfather. Cross and hard-hearted and worldly as the old earl was, he could not help feeling a secret and novel pleasure in this very confidence. After all, it was not disagreeable to meet some one who did not distrust or shrink from him, or seem to detect the ugly part of his nature; some one who looked at him with clear, unsuspecting eyes—if it was only a little boy in a black velvet suit.

So the old man leaned back in his chair, and led his young companion on to telling him still more of himself, and with that odd gleam in his eyes watched the little fellow as he talked. Lord Fauntleroy was quite willing to answer all his questions, and chatted on in his genial little way quite composedly. In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July and the Revolution, and was just becoming enthusiastic, when he suddenly remembered something, and stopped very abruptly.

"What is the matter?" demanded his grandfather. "Why don't you go on?"

Lord Fauntleroy moved rather uneasily in his chair. It was evident to the earl that Lord Fauntleroy was embarrassed by the thought which had just occurred to him.

"I was just thinking that perhaps you mightn't like it," he replied. "Perhaps some one belonging to you might have been there. I forgot you were an Englishman."

"You can go on," said my lord. "No one belonging to me was there. You forgot you were an Englishman too."

"Oh! no," said Cedric, quickly. "I'm an American!"

"You are an Englishman," said the earl, grimly. "Your father was an Englishman."

It amused him a little to say this, but it did not amuse Cedric. The lad had never thought of such a development as this. He felt himself grow quite hot up to the roots of his hair.

"I was born in America," he protested. "You have to be an American if you are born in America. I beg your pardon," with serious politeness and delicacy, "for contradicting you. Mr. Hobbs told me, if there were another war, you know, I should have to—to be an American."

The earl gave a grim half-laugh—it was short and grim, but it was a laugh.

"You would, would you?" he said.
Lord Fauntleroy and his Grandfather. 615

He hated America and Americans, but it amused him to see how serious and interested this small patriot was. He thought that so good an American might make a rather good Englishman when he was a man.

They had not time to go very deep into the Revolution again—and, indeed, Lord Fauntleroy felt some delicacy about returning to the subject—before dinner was announced.

Cedric left his chair and went to his noble kinsman. He looked down at his gouty foot.

"Would you like me to help you?" he said politely. "You could lean on me, you know. Once when Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato-barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me."

The big footman almost perilled his reputation and his situation by smiling. He was an aristocratic footman, who had always lived in the best of noble families, and he had never smiled, indeed, he would have felt himself a disgrace and vulgar footman if he had allowed himself to be led by any circumstance whatever into such an indiscretion as a smile. But he had a very narrow escape. He only just saved himself by staring straight over the Earl's head at a very ugly picture.

The Earl looked his valiant young relative over from head to foot.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked gruffly.

"I think I could," said Cedric. "I'm strong. I'm seven, you know. You could lean on your stick on one side, and me on the other. Dick says I've a good deal of muscle for a boy that's only seven."

He shut his hand and moved it upward to his shoulder, so that the Earl might see the muscle Dick had kindly approved of, and his face was so grave and earnest that the footman found it necessary to look very hard indeed at the ugly picture.

"Well," said the Earl. "you may try."

Cedric gave him his stick, and began to assist him to rise. Usually the footman did this, and was violently sworn at when his lordship had an extra twinge of gout. The Earl was not a very polite person as a rule, and many a time the huge footmen about him quaked inside their imposing liveries.

But this evening he did not swear, though his gouty foot gave him more twinges than one. He chose to try an experiment. He got up slowly and put his hand on the small shoulder presented to him with so much courage. Little Lord Fauntleroy made a careful step forward, looking down at the gouty foot.

"Just lean on me," he said, with encouraging good cheer. "I'll walk very slowly."

If the Earl had been supported by the footman he would have rested less on his stick and more on his assistant's arm. And yet it was part of his experiment to let his grandson feel his burden as no light weight. It was quite a heavy weight indeed, and after a few steps his young lordship's face grew quite hot, and his heart beat rather fast, but he braced himself stoutly, remembering his muscle and Dick's approval of it.
"Don't be afraid of leaning on me," he panted. "I'm all right—if it isn't a very long way."

It was not really very far to the dining-room, but it seemed rather a long way to Cedric before they reached the chair at the head of the table. The hand on his shoulder seemed to grow heavier at every step, and his face grew redder and hotter, and his breath shorter, but he never thought of giving up: he stiffened his childish muscles, held his head erect, and encouraged the earl as he limped along.

"Does your foot hurt you very much when you stand on it?" he asked. "Did you ever put it in hot water and mustard? Mr. Hobbs used to put his in hot water. Arnica is a very nice thing, they tell me."

The big dog stalked slowly beside them; and the big footman followed; several times he looked very queer as he watched the little figure making the very most of all its strength, and bearing its burden with such good will. The earl, too, looked rather queer, once, as he glanced sidewise down at the flushed little face.

When they entered the room where they were to dine, Cedric saw it was a very large and imposing one, and that the footman who stood behind the chair at the head of the table stared very hard as they came in.

But they reached the chair at last. The hand was removed from his shoulder, and the earl was fairly seated.

Cedric took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"It's a warm night, isn't it?" he said. "Perhaps you need a fire because—because of your foot, but it seems just a little warm to me."

His delicate consideration for his noble relative's feelings was such that he did not wish to seem to intimate that any of his surroundings were unnecessary.

"You have been doing some rather hard work," said the earl.

"Oh, no!" said Lord Fauntieroy, "it wasn't exactly hard, but I got a little warm. A person will get warm in summer-time."

And he rubbed his damp curls rather vigorously with the gorgeous handkerchief. His own chair was placed at the other end of the table, opposite his grandfather's. It was a chair with arms, and intended for a much larger individual than himself; indeed, everything he had seen so far—the great rooms, with their high ceilings, the massive furniture, the big footman, the big dog, the earl himself—were all of proportions calculated to make this little lad feel that he was very small indeed. But that did not trouble him; he had never thought himself very large or important, and he was quite willing to accommodate himself even to circumstances which rather overpowered him.

Perhaps he had never looked so little a fellow as when seated now in his great chair, at the end of the table. Notwithstanding his solitary existence, the earl chose to live in considerable state. He was fond of his dinner, and he dined in a formal style. Cedric
Lord Fauntleroy and his Grandfather.

looked at him across a glitter of splendid glass and plate, which to his unaccustomed eyes seemed quite dazzling. A stranger looking on might well have smiled at the picture—a great stately room, the big livered servants, the bright lights, the glittering silver and glass, the fierce-looking old nobleman at the head of the table, and the very small boy at the foot.

"You don't wear your coronet all the time?" remarked Lord Fauntleroy, respectfully.

"No," replied the earl, with a grim smile; "it is not becoming to me."

"Mr. Hobbs said you always wore it," said Cedric; "but after he thought it over, he said he supposed you must sometimes take it off to put your hat on."

"Yes," said the earl, "I take it off occasionally."

And one of the footmen suddenly turned aside and gave a singular little cough behind his hand.

Cedric finished his dinner first, and then he leaned back in his chair and took a survey of the room.

"You must be very proud of your house," he said, "it's such a beautiful house. I never saw anything so beautiful; but, of course, as I'm only seven, I haven't seen much."

"And you think I must be proud of it, do you?" said the earl.

"I should think any one would be proud of it," replied Lord Fauntleroy. "I should be proud of it if it were my house. Everything about it is beautiful. And the park, and those trees, how beautiful they are! and how the leaves rustle!"

Then he paused an instant and looked across the table rather wistfully.

"It's a very big house for just two people to live in, isn't it?" he said.

"It is quite large enough for two," answered the earl. "Do you find it too large?"

His little lordship hesitated a moment.

"I was only thinking," he said, "that if two people lived in it who were not very good companions, they might feel lonely sometimes."

"Do you think I shall make a good companion?" inquired the Earl.

"Yes," replied Cedric, "I think you will. Mr. Hobbs and I were great friends. He was the best friend I had except Dearest."

The earl made a quick movement of his bushy eyebrows.

"Who is Dearest?"

"She is my mother," said Lord Fauntleroy, in a rather low, quiet little voice.

Perhaps he was a little tired, as his bedtime was nearing, and perhaps, after the excitement of the last few days, it was natural he should be tired, so perhaps, too, the feeling of weariness brought to him a vague sense of loneliness in the remembrance that to-night

2 a
he was not to sleep at home, watched over by the loving eyes of that "best friend" of his. They had always been "best friends," this boy and his young mother. He could not help thinking of her, and the more he thought of her the less was he inclined to talk, and by the time the dinner was at an end the Earl saw that there was a faint shadow on his face.

When the footman left them alone, Cedric sat down upon the hearth-rug near Dougal. For a few minutes he stroked the dog's ears in silence and looked at the fire.

The Earl watched him. The boy's eyes looked wistful and thoughtful, and once or twice he gave a little sigh. The Earl sat still, and kept his eyes fixed on his grandson.

"Fauntleroy," he said at last, "what are you thinking of?"

Fauntleroy looked up with a manful effort at a smile.

"I was thinking about Dearest," he said, "and—and I think I'd better get up and walk up and down the room."

He rose up, and put his hands in his small pockets, and began to walk to and fro. His eyes were very bright, and his lips were pressed together, but he kept his head up and walked firmly. Dougal moved husly and looked at him, and then stood up. He walked over to the child, and began to follow him uneasily. Fauntleroy drew one hand from his pocket and laid it on the dog's head.

"He's a very nice dog," he said. "He's my friend. He knows how I feel."

"How do you feel?" asked the Earl.

It disturbed him to see the struggle the little fellow was having with his first feeling of home-sickness, but it pleased him to see that he was making so brave an effort to bear it well. He liked this childish courage.

"Come here," he said.

Fauntleroy went to him.

"I never was away from my own house before," said the boy, with a troubled look in his brown eyes. "It makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. But Dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that—and—and I'm seven—and I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case.

"This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!"

He had come close to the Earl's chair, and, as he drew forth the little case, he leaned against the arm of it, and against the old man's arm too, as confidingly as if children had always leaned there.

"There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile.

The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty young face—a face so like the child's at his side—that it quite startled him.
"I suppose you think you are very fond of her?" he said.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, in a gentle tone, and with simple directness; "I do think so, and I think it’s true. You see Mr. Hobbs was my friend, and Dick and Bridget and Mary and Michael, they were my friends too; but Dearest—well, she is my close friend, and we always tell each other everything. My father left her to me to take care of, and when I am a man I am going to work and earn money for her."

"What do you think of doing?" inquired his grandfather.

His young lordship slipped down upon the hearth-rug, and sat there with the picture still in his hand. He seemed to be reflecting seriously before he answered.

"I did think perhaps I might go into business with Mr. Hobbs," he said: "but I should like to be a President."

"We'll send you to the House of Lords instead," said his grandfather.

"Well," remarked Lord Fauntleroy, "if I couldn’t be a President, and if that is a good business, I shouldn’t mind. The grocery business is dull sometimes."

Perhaps he was weighing the matter in his mind, for he sat very quiet after this, and looked at the fire for some time.

The earl did not speak again. He leaned back in his chair and watched him. A great many strange new thoughts passed through the old nobleman’s mind. Dougal had stretched himself out and gone to sleep with his head on his huge paws. There was a long silence.

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR.

From "The Boy’s Own Paper."

The Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster’s chair:
The Rector, and Curates two, were there,
The Doctor, the Squire, the heads of the choir,
And the gentry around of high degree,
A highly distinguished company;
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See!

And there, below,
A goodly show,
Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little school children, row upon row;
For the Bishop had said (’twas the death-blow to schism)
He would hear those dear children their Catechism.

I think I have read,
Or at least heard it said:
"Boys are always in mischief, unless they’re in bed."

I put it to you,
I don’t say it’s true;
But if you should ask for my own private view,
I should answer at once, without further ado,
"I don't think a boy can be trusted to keep
From mischief in bed—unless he's asleep!"

But the Schoolmaster's eye hath a magic spell,
And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
For boys; and the girls—but 'tis needless to say
Their conduct was perfect in every way;
For I'm sure 'tis well known in all ranks of society,
That girls always behave with the utmost propriety.

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand;
And the children prepared for his questions stand;
With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name
And who gave it the same,
And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
They knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
And the number of pence which make up a pound;
And the oceans and seas which our island bound;
That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round;
Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
And the Bishop at last, completely astound—ed, cried:
"You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
You've spelled knife with a 'k,' and wrong with a 'w.'"

"And now that my pleasing task's at an end,
I trust you will make of me a friend:
You've answered my questions, and 'tis but fair
That I in replying should take a share;
So if there is aught you would like to know,
Pray ask me about it before I go.

"I'm sure it would give me the greatest pleasure
To add to your knowledge, for learning's a treasure
Which you never can lose and which no one can steal
It grows by imparting, so do not feel
Afraid or shy,
But boldly try,
Which is the cleverer, you or I!"

Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,
His Lordship made of his speech an ending,
And a murmur went round, "How condescending!"
But one bright little boy didn't care a jot
If his Lordship were condescending or not.
The Bishop and the Caterpillar.

For, with scarce a pause
For the sounds of applause,
He raised his head,
And abruptly said:

"How many legs has a caterpillar got?"

Now the Bishop was a learned man—
Bishops always were since the race began—
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine;
And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six—
So he felt in a pretty considerable fix!

But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied:

"The caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy!
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief."

Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,

"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely know."

But the Rector gravely shook his head,
He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain:

"The caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free,
And it eats and eats, and it grows and grows,
(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows)."

But the Schoolmaster said that that kind of knowledge
Was not the sort he had learned at college.

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon
It spins for itself a soft cocoon,
And then it becomes a chrysalis—
I wonder which child can spell me this.
'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—
(Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell)."

But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her gray curls,

"She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!
And the Bishop began to get into a fright,
His face grew red—it was formerly white—
And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;
Readings and Recitations.

So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,
And stop all the people you chance to meet,
I don't care who,
Any one will do;
The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
Or respectable people who deal at the shops;
The crossing-sweeper, the organ-grinder,
Or the fortune-teller if you can find her.
Ask any or all,
Short or tall,
Great or small, it matters not—
How many legs has a caterpillar got?"
The Beadle bowed and was off like a shot.

"The caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months—a slumber long and deep,
Brown and dead
It looks, 'tis said;
It never even requires to be fed;
And except that sometimes it waggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail!
But one morning in spring,
When birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming;
When the violets blue
Are wet with dew,
And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue!

"When on all is seen
The brightest sheen—
When the daisies are white, and the grass is green;
Then the chrysalis breaks,
The insect awakes,—
To the realms of air its way it takes;
It did not die,
It soars on high.
A bright and a beauteous butterfly!"
Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye;
The Beadle was quietly standing by,
And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
Whispered, softly and sadly, "Nobody knows!"
The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
But to make the best of it he was fain:
So he added, "Dear children, we ever should be
Prepared to learn from all we see,
And the beautiful thoughts of home and joy
Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy.
Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
To know the exact allotted share
Editha's Burglar.

Of legs the creature possessed at its birth,
When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth.
Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
Your answers so far have pleased me well."
Then he looked around with benignant eye,
Nor long did he wait for the reply,
For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
Said, “Six, for I counted 'em yesterday!”

MORAL.

“To all who have children under their care,”
Of two things, say, three things, I pray you beware—
Don’t let them go in for examination,
Unless you have given them due preparation.
Or the questions, asked with the kindest intention,
May be rather a strain on their powers of invention.
Don’t pretend you know everything under the sun,
Though your school-days are ended, and theirs but begun,
But honestly say, when the case is so,
“This thing, my dear children, I do not know;”
For they really must learn, either slower or speedier,
That you’re not a walking Encyclopedia!

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EDITHA’S BURGLAR.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton lived in a suburb of London. Their only child, Editha, was a bright little girl about eight years of age. One morning she said, “Papa, what do you think of burglars as a class?”

“‘As a class, Edie?’”

“Yes, papa, as a class.”

“I think they are a bad lot, Edie, a very bad lot.”

“Are there no good burglars, papa?”

“Well, no, Edie, I think not. As a rule they are a class of gentlemen not distinguished for moral rectitude and blameless character.”

“Whatever has possessed the child? Why do you talk of burglars, Edie?”

“Well, mamma, I’m rather sorry for them; they must be often up all night.”

“Sorry for them, the scoundrels! If I should waken and find a burglar in my room, I think I should die.”
One afternoon Mr. Hamilton said, "I must go down to Glasgow by the 9.15 Pullman to-night."

"Oh, Frank, whatever shall I do? You know the servants sleep in the attics. I shall be so frightened!"

"Nonsense, Polly. I'll leave Edie in charge of you."

That night Editha couldn't go to sleep. She thought of her father rushing through the dark night on his way to Scotland. At last she did doze off. About midnight something wakened her. Listening she heard a sound like a stealthy flinging as of iron. "It's a burglar; he'll frighten mamma." She slipped out of bed, out of the room, and down the stairs. The flinging had stopped, but she heard a footstep in the kitchen as she quietly opened the door. Imagine the astonishment of that burglar when he saw a little girl in white, on whom the light of his lantern shone—a little girl whose large lustrous eyes looked at him in a by no means unfriendly way.

"Oh Lor, what a start!"

"Hush! don't be frightened, Mr. Burglar: I don't want to hurt you!"

"She don't want to hurt me! Oh my eye!"

"Hush! I've come to ask a favour from you. Are you really a burglar?"

"Not at all, my dear. I'm a friend of yer par's, and not a-wishin' to disturb the servants by a-ringing the bell, I stepped in through the winder. D'ye twig, little un?"

"Well, my papa is from home, and my mamma is so easily fright-ened, and if you are going to burglie—would you please to burgle as quiet as you can?"

"Well, I'm blowed."

"Why don't you say 'blown'? It isn't correct to say 'blowed,' you know."

"Now, look 'ere, little un, I ain't got no time to waste, yer know."

"No, I don't suppose you have. Well, what are you going to burglie first? I'll show you some things you might burglie."

"Wot things?"

"Well, you can burglie my things."

"Wot kind o' things?"

"Well, there's my gold watch, my gold locket, my pearl necklace and earrings; they're worth a great deal of money; and then there is my books."

"I don't want no books."

"Don't you? thank you very much. Shall I go upstairs for my jewel-box?"

"No, not yet; come into the pantry—I wants to have a squint o' the knives and forks fast."

"It's very curious, Mr. Burglar, that you should know exactly where to look for things, and that your keys should fit our locks!"

"Well, yes, it is kin' o' singular; o' course there's a great deal in bein' edicated, yer know."
"And were you educated, Mr. Burglar?"
"Did yer think as 'ow I weren't?"
"Well, you pronounce words so strangely."
"Oh, hit's all a matter o' taste; Hoxford and Cambridge, Hedinburg and Glasgow 'as different vocabularies, don't cher know."
"And did you go to college?"
"Did yer think as 'ow I didn't? Well, I'm blowed—blown."
"Would you be so kind as to leave a few silver knives and forks? we won't have any to use at breakfast."
"Ain't yer got no steel uns?"
"Oh yes; but we don't use steel ones to fish, you know. You can burtle my knife and fork, but please do leave one for my dear mamma."
"Oh, very well; it's agin the rules o' the perfession, but there's a knife and fork for yer precious mar."
"Thank you very much; you are very kind and considerate. Talking of professions—would you rather be a burglar than anything else?"
"Well, no, can't say I would, now I comes to think on it. I'd ruther be the Lord Mayor—lor a member o' the 'ouse o' Lords—lor hev'n 'is Royal Lghness Halbert Hedard, Prince o' Wales."
"Oh, you couldn't be the Prince of Wales, you know!"
"Well, no, there has a few holestacies in the way."
"I meant some other profession. My papa is an editor—how would you like that?"
"Fust rate. Now I comes to think on it, I'm a born heditur."
"I'm afraid my papa wouldn't change professions with you."
"Oh, d'ye think not?"
"No; but if you were to give me your name and address, he might speak to his friends about you."
"Well, now, only to think. If I ain't went and forgot my card-case; I left it on the platter. I'm sich a bloomin' forgetful cove, I'm always a-learnin' my card-case."
"If you were to tell me your name and address, I think I could remember them."
"No, I'm afraid yer couldn't."
"I think I could."
"On, yer thinks so? Well, 'ere goes—my name is Lord Halbert Hedard Halgermon Depentonsville, Hyde Park, London."
"Are you really a lord? How very strange!"
"Well, yes, it is kin' o' singular; I've often thought so myself. And now show's the libery—I wants to inspect yer par's things."
"Very well; come this way. This is my papa's room. Will you please do me another favour, Mr. Burglar? I'll make you a present of all my jewels, if you won't burtle any of papa's things. He is very fond of them, and he is very good!"
"Oh, very well, go and fetch yer jewels as yer calls them. She's the rummiest little cove I ever seed."
She came back in a few moments.
"My papa gave me this gold watch, my mamma gave me this gold locket, my grandmamma left me these earrings and the necklace, and my dear grandmamma is in Heaven."

"Oh! yer grandmar's in 'Eaven, is she? Then she's all right, little un. And now I thinks I'll be movin'."

She followed him back to the kitchen.

"Are you going out by the window, my lord?"

"Well, yes; yer see it's a kin' o' a sort o' a 'abit o' mine. I prefers 'em to doors, 'cause why? My medical hadwiser says the exercise is good for my constituton."

"Well, good-bye, my lord, and thank you very much forburgling so quietly."

She said nothing to her mother about the night's singular experience. Nothing till her father came home. "I can't understand how the only thing stolen from upstairs is poor Edie's box ofjewels."

"I gave it to the burglar myself, papa!"

"You what, Edie?—you gave it to the burglar?"

"Yes, papa. I heard him in the kitchen, and I slipped downstairs, and stayed with him all the time."

"You stayed with that bad man, Edie?"

"Yes, mamma; but he wasn't a bad burglar; he told me he was a lord, and he only burgles because his medical adviser says the exercise is good for his constitution."

One day an officer from Newgate called at Mr. Hamilton's house.

"We have a prisoner, sir, who wants to see your little girl."

Mr. Hamilton took her to the gaol. The moment she entered the cell she recognized her old friend the burglar. "How do you do, my lord?"

"Not up to the mark at all, my little dear. This 'ere confine-ment don't agree wi' my constitution. Them's yer jewels, little un. I kep' em for yer, 'cause why? I took a regular fancy to yer."—"I've seed many a curos sight, sir, but never nothing so curos as that little kid o' you'n a-standin' at the kitchen door, and sayin' she didn't want to 'urt me, and please would I burgle quiet so's not to frighten her mam. I tol' yer, sir, I did get a start when I first seed her a-standin' there like a little hangel. There's yer gimmeracks, little un, an' may yer live long to wear 'em."

"I am very much obliged to you, my lord. My papa would have helped you if he could, but he is afraid that you would not do for an editor. He says it requires a different sort of education from your profession."

A few weeks after this, a parcel was left at Mr. Hamilton's house by a very shabby-looking man. It contained a very large old-fashioned silver watch, on the lid of which were scratched these words. "To the little un, from her friend and well-wisher, Lord Halbert Hedard Halgernon Depentonville, 'Ido Park, London."
INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Adams, Moses, 597
Addison, Joseph, 117, 323, 411
Adelphi, Max, 683
Alexander, Mrs. C. F., 242
Allingham, William, 344
Austen, Dr., 179
Austen, F., 199
Bailey, T. Haines, 236
Berham, Rev. B. H., 408, 541
Buring-Hold, Rev. Sabine, 600
Bunruck, W. P., 382
Bell, H. Glassford, 542
Bennett, William C., 473
Boucicaut, Dior, 371
Broughan, Lord, 276, 294
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 142, 199, 240
Browning, Robert, 154
Buchanan, Robert, 109
Burke, Edmund, 592
Burnard, F. C., 196
Burnett, Mrs. F. Hodgson, 612, 623
Burns, Robert, 208
Burnett, Eliza, 45
Butler, W. A., 543
Byron, H. J., 518
Byron, Lord, 200, 222, 455, 474
Calverley, C. S., 583
Campbell, Thomas, 216, 438, 451
Canning, George, 207
Carey, Alice, 207
Carleton, William, 438, 447
Carlyle, Thomas, 88, 80
Carpenter, J. E., 184, 301
Carroll, Lewis, 328, 549
Chalmer, Thomas, 98
Channing, William Ellery, 82
Chatham, Lord, 288
Clare, John, 194
Coleridge, Samuel T., 467
Colman, George, the younger, 344, 363
Cowper, William, 106
Davis, Thomas, 445
Derzhavin, G. R., 180
Dickens, Charles, 42, 69, 95, 510
Diers, Benjamin, 247, 270
Dryden, John, 156
Dubouy, George, 509
Elton, W. A., 436, 438
Edwards, H. S., 362
Elliot, Ebenezer, 176
Fields, J. T., 553
Franklin, Dr. Thomas, 327
Gay, John, 238
Gilbert, W. S., 880
Gladstone, William Ewart, 308
Goldsmith, Oliver, 146
Gray, Thomas, 453
Griffith, Gerald, 153, 218
Grossmith, George, 121
Hall, Rev. Newman, 370
Hall, Robert, 265
Harbough, T. C., 276
Harte, Bret, 658
Hay, Hon. John, 229
Hemans, Mrs., 190
Henry, Patrick, 286
Hervey, T. K., 216
Hogge, James, 211
Holmes, O. Wendell, 582, 537
Home, Rev. John, 341, 456
Hook, Thomas, 381, 416, 530
Hewitt, Mary, 182
Hugo, Victor, 166, 249
Hunt, Leigh, 437, 471
Ingeley, Jens, 156
Iring, Sir Henry, 253
Irving, Washington, 79, 88
Jerome, J. K., 566
Jerrold, Douglas, 114
Johnson, Ben, 250
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Keats, John</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kingsley, Charles</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kipling, Rudyard</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knight, Arthur F.</td>
<td>385</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowles, Theodore</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laidlaw, Allan</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb, Charles</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larcom, Lucy</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawson, Henry</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le Fanu, J. S.</td>
<td>808</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leigh, Henry S.</td>
<td>595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lockhart, J. G.</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longfellow, H. W.</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lytton, Earl of</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lytton, Lord Belvoir</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macaulay, Lord</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackay, Charles</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macklin, Charles</td>
<td>550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marston, J. Westland</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massey, Gerard</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mazzini, Joseph</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mervyn, F. H.</td>
<td>490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merry and Berthelet</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Thomas</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton, John</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mosquito, Percy G.</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris, William</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton, Thomas</td>
<td>531</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison, Rev. J.</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noel, Thomas</td>
<td>444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Connell, Daniel</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Otway, Thomas</td>
<td>925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmerston, Lord</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peel, Sir Robert</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percy, Bishop</td>
<td>553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pencz, J. R.</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poe, Edgar Allen</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pope, Alexander</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frew, W. M.</td>
<td>505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raleigh, Sir Walter</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reade, Charles</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reaf, Richard</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reeve, Robert</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosebery, Lord</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruskin, John</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sala, George Augustus</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawyer, William</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saxo, J. G.</td>
<td>555</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott, Clement W.</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shakespeare, William</td>
<td>312, 316, 319, 394, 395, 396, 398, 399, 401, 405, 404, 409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelley, Percy B.</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheridan, R. B.</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sims, George R.</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Sydney</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Souther, Robert</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer, EDM. W. R.</td>
<td>425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stockton, F. H.</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, Barclay</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, John</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennyson, Alfred</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thackeray, W. M.</td>
<td>591</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thornbury, G. Walter</td>
<td>463</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trench, Archbishop</td>
<td>536</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twain, Mark</td>
<td>594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ubiand, Johann L.</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagner, Leopold</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren, Samuel</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts, Alain A.</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Webster, Daniel</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westcott, E. Noyes</td>
<td>588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whittier, J. Greenleaf</td>
<td>170, 469</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie, Nathaniel R.</td>
<td>451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilt, W. G.</td>
<td>586</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Professor</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolcot, Dr. John</td>
<td>509</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, William</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Accompanied on the Flute, 100
Address to the American Congress, 290
Alexander's Feast, 199
Alma, The, 295
Almighty, Ode to the, 129
American War, Chatham's Protest against, 288
Art of Acting, 392
At a Wrong Lecture, 121

Bachelor's Lament, 542
Borna Frieachie, 469
Battle of Marguerita, 190
Beautie, Influences of, 187
Bella, The, 309
Beth Gelse, 425
Bishop and the Caterpillar, The, 619
Boat-Race, 473
Bridge-Keeper's Story, 493
Bridge of Sighs, 491
Broken Heirs, 380
Brutus to the Romans, 397
Building of St. Sophia, The, 609
Bunch of Primroses, 449
Burial of Moses, The, 242
Burns, Fate of, 90

Conse-bottomed Chair, The, 291
Cassius instigating Brutus, 401
Cataways, The, 598
Cateract of Lodore, 130
Cato and Decius, 329
Cato's Soliloquy, 411
Character of Dr. Johnson, 89
Charles the First, 386, 388, 412
Chateaux d'Espange, 529
Child and the Dewdrops, The, 184
Child's Harlot's Farewell, 223
Clarence's Dream, 404
Claude Melanotte on Pride, 498
Clouds, The, 39
Clown out of Service, 118
Cockney, 555

Competitive Examinations, 290
Constitution, On the, 278
Cowper's Grave, 199
Cruelty to Animals, 98
Cry of the Children, 142

David Harum in Society, 508
Death of Abelson, 421
Death of Nelson, 119
Death of the Firstborn, 225
Death of Wellington, 273
Deluge, The, 472
Deserted Village, 146
Dignity of Labour, The, 270
Dinglebery Testimonial, The, 585
Douglas's Account of himself, 496
Dover Express, A Tale of the, 415
Dream, A, 244
Dream of Eugene Aram, 485
Dying Gladiator, 456

Earl of Warwick, 337
Early Struggles of a Physician, 55
Editha's Bargain, 628
Elegy in a Country Churchyard, 453
Ellin, 207
Exchanched Shirt, The, 399
England's Answer, 565
Evelyn Hope, 154
Every Man in his Humour, 320
Excelsis, 173

Fair Child, The, 179
Fate of Robert Burns, 89
Father William, 549
Fireman's Wedding, 496
First Grey Hair, 286
Fishers, Threes, 217
Florence, A Legend of, 150
Flower of the Forest, 73
Franchise, The, 308

Gemini and Virgo, 586
Gildersoy, 216
Glasgow University, Speech at, 358
### Index of Subjects

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gielde and the Lions, 437</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Madness, 395</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldsmith in Green-Arbor Court, 79</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldsmith's Daughter, The, 186</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goos with a Handsome Man, 447</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet's Advice to the Players, 394</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet's Soliloquy, 408</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanging a Picture, 569</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Town Councillor, 284</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hastings, Impeachment of Warren, 292</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Tide, The, 156</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobeminden, 483</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Again, 174</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heratius keeps the Bridge, 461</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horseman's Account of the Pop, 396</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How May was first made, 184</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humorous Quack, 529</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impeachment of Warren Hastings, 292</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incompepe Rock, 423</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Influence of Beauty, 157</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I remember, I remember, 541</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron Chest, 344</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's never too late to mend, 388</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jabberwocky, 598</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January Wild, 139</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Character of Dr., 89</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jud Brown's Account of Rubenstein's Playing, 597</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, 386</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Robert of Sicily, 191</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kossuth's Farewell, 288</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Labour, 38</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Clara Vere de Vere, 120</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Clare, 457</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady of Lyons, 389, 409</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Leman by Night, 305</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latest Power of England, 267</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latin and Greek, On the Study of, 98</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laugh and get Fat, 556</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leap of Roussen Beg, 467</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lecture, At a Wrong, 121</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend Beautiful, The, 377</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend of Florence, A, 130</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legends of the Rhine, 558</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lessons of Creation, 61</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty of the Press, 249</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lifeboat, The, 413</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Nell, Death of, 69</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lodgings for Single Gentlemen, 524</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Assurance, 371</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look at the Clock, 488</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Fauntleroy and his Grandfather, 412</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Ellin's Daughter, 451</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycidas, 122</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magee, In Defence of Mr., 292</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maimoud, 471</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man of the World, 350</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Antony's Oration, 380</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martyrs of Cozenza, To the Memory of the, 309</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary in Heaven, To, 298</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary the Maid of the Inn, 411</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maud Müller, 170</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memnonius Group, 403</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memory, 329</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merchant of Venice, 312</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ministry of May, 218</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Gallantry, 58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Logic, 522</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moneys, 260</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monseur Tonson, 514</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mordaunt to Lady Mabel, 467</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morceau, Battle of, 190</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother's Lament, The, 213</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mourning Mother of the Dead Blind, The, 540</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Holiday at Wretchedville, 63</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Swallow-tail, 525</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Napoleon's Midnight Review, 213</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro Emancipation, 254</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelly Gray, 583</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nightingale's Nest, The, 184</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nightingale, To the, 210</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norval and Glesalve, 241</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing to Wear, 515</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ocean, The, 474</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day, 197</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to the Almighty, 180</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Grenadier's Story, 483</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man at the Gate, 114</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Mac's Idyll, An, 214</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Niche the Highest, 46</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On his Mother's Picture, 193</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Seven, 501</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello's Address to the Senate, 205</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Our Folks, 491</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Over the Hill to the Poor-house, 429</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Owl Cryin, The, 553</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Panegyric on Justice, 296</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parson Tarell's Legacy, 387</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Dembey, Death of, 32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penny's Drive, 444</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peroration on War, 265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phantom, The, 285</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>