Successful Recitations eBook

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JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND.

By Alfred H. *Miles*.

There's a doughty little Island in the ocean,—
  The dainty little darling of the free;
That pulses with the patriots' emotion,
  And the palpitating music of the sea:
She is first in her loyalty to duty;
  She is first in the annals of the brave;
She is first in her chivalry and beauty,
  And first in the succour of the slave!
Then here's to the pride of the ocean!
  Here's to the pearl of the sea!
Here's to the land of the heart and the hand
  That fight for the right of the free!
Here's to the spirit of duty,
  Bearing her banners along—
Peacefully furled in the van of the world
  Or waving and braving the wrong.

There's an open-hearted fellow in the Island,
  Who loves the little Island to the full;
Who cultivates the lowland and the highland
  With a lover's loving care—John Bull
His look is the welcome of a neighbour;
  His hand is the offer of a friend;
His word is the liberty of labour;
  His blow the beginning of the end.
Then here's to the Lord of the Island;
  Highland and lowland and lea;
And here's to the team—be it horse, be it steam—
  He drives from the sea to the sea,
Here's to his nod for the stranger;
  Here's to his grip for a friend;
And here's to the hand, on the sea, or the land,
  Ever ready the right to defend.

There's a troop of trusty children from the Island
  Who've planted Englands up and down the sea;
Who cultivate the lowland and the highland
  And fly the gallant colours of the free:
Their hearts are as loyal as their mother's;

Their hands are as ready as their sire's
Their bond is a union of brothers,—
Who fear not a holocaust of fires!
Then here's to the Sons of the nation
Flying the flag of the free;
Holding the farm and the station,
Keeping the Gates of the Sea;
Handed and banded together,
In Arts, and in Arms, and in Song,
Father and son, united as one,
Bearing her Banners along,
Peacefully furled in the van of the world,
Or waving and braving the wrong!

THE RED ROSE OF WAR.

By F. *Harald Williams*.

God hath gone forth in solemn might to shake
The peoples of the earth,
Through the long shadow and the fires that make
New altar and new hearth!
And with the besom of red war He sweeps
The sin and woe away,
To purge with fountains from His ancient deeps
The dust of old decay.
O not in anger but in Love He speaks
From tempest round Him drawn,
Unveiling thus the fair white mountain peaks
Which tremble into dawn.

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Not otherwise would Truth be all our own
  Unless by flood and flame,
When the last word of Destiny is known—
  God's fresh revealed Name.
For thence do windows burst in Heaven and light
  Breaks on our darkened lands,
And sovereign Mercy may fulfil through night
  The Justice it demands.
Ah, not in evil but for endless good
  He bids the sluices run
And death, to mould His blessed Brotherhood
  Which had not else begun.

For if the great Arch-builder comes to frame
  Yet broader empires, then
He lays the stones in blood and splendid shame
  With glorious lives of men.
He takes our richest and requires the whole
  Nor is content with less,
He cannot rear by a divided dole
  The walls of Righteousness.
And so He forms His grand foundations deep
  Not on our golden toys,
But in the twilight where the mourners weep
  Of broken hearts and joys.

And He will only have the best or nought,
  A full and willing price,
When the tall towers eternal are upwrought
  With tears and sacrifice.
Our sighs and prayers, the loveliness of loss,
  The passion and the pain
And sharpest nails of every noble cross,
  Were never borne in vain.
That fragrant faith the incense of His courts,
  Whereon this dim world thrives
And hardly gains at length His peaceful ports,
Is wrung from bruised lives.

Lo, when grim battle rages and is shed
  A dreadful crimson dew,
God is at work and of the gallant dead
  He maketh man anew.
The hero courage, the endurance stout,

The self-renouncing will,
The shock of onset and the thunder shout
That triumph over ill—
All wreak His purpose though at bitter cost
And fashion forth His plan,
While not a single sob or ache is lost
Which in His Breath began.

Each act august, which bravely in despite
Of suffering dared to be,
Is one with the grand order infinite
Which sets the kingdoms free.
The pleading wound, the piteous eye that opes
Again to nought but pangs,
Are jewels and sweet pledges of those hopes
On which His empire hangs.
But if we travail in the furnace hot
And feel its blasting ire,
He learns with us the anguish of our lot
And walketh in the fire.

He wills no waste, no burden is too much
In the most bitter strife;
Beneath the direst buffet is His touch,
Who holds the pruning knife.
We are redeemed through sorrow, and the thorn
That pierces is His kiss,
As through the grave of grief we are re-born
And out of the abyss.
The blood of nations is the precious seed
Wherewith He plants our gates
And from the victory of the virile deed
Spring churches and new states.

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And they that fall though but a little space
  Fall only in His hand,
And with their lives they pave the fearful place
  Whereon the pillars stand.
God treads no more the winepress of His wrath
  As once He did alone,
He bids us share with Him the perilous path
  The altar and the throne.
When from the iron clash and stormy stress
  Which mark His wondrous way,
Shines forth all haloed round with holiness
  The rose of perfect day.

ENGLAND.

By Eliza cook.

My heart is pledg'd in wedded faith to England's "Merrie Isle,"
I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral pile;
I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade,
I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its mart of trade;
I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
Where every flag that comes 'ere now has lower'd to our own.
Look round the globe and tell me can ye find more blazon'd names,
Among its cities and its streams, than London and the Thames?

My soul is link'd right tenderly to every shady copse,
I prize the creeping violets, the tall and fragrant hops;
The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield,
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
Our songsters too, oh! who shall dare to breathe one slighting word,
Their plumage dazzles not—yet say can sweeter strains be heard?
Let other feathers vaunt the dyes of deepest rainbow flush,
Give me old England's nightingale, its robin, and its thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale, or scale the giant Alp,
Where roses list the bulbul's late, or snow-wreaths crown the scalp;
I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams plash back to boatman's oar,
Or hearken to the Western flood in wild and falling roar;
I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and flower'd,
I ne'er could see too many of the wonders God has shower'd;
Yet though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest heaven,
Could I forget *our* summer sky, *our* Windermere and Devon?

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,
Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my hand;
Let but the deeds be ever such that all the world may know,
And little reck "the place of birth," or colour of the brow;
Yet though I hail'd a foreign name among the first and best,
Our own transcendent stars of fame would rise within my breast;
I'd point to hundreds who have done the most 'ere done by man,
And cry "There's England's glory scroll," do better if you can!

A SONG FOR AUSTRALIA

GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD LAND,

By William Cox Bennet.

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A thousand leagues below the line, ’neath southern stars and skies,
’Mid alien seas, a land that’s ours, our own new England lies;
From north to south, six thousand miles heave white with ocean foam,
Between the dear old land we’ve left and this our new-found home;
Yet what though ocean stretch between—though here this hour we
stand!
Our hearts, thank God! are English still; God bless the dear old
land!
“To England!” men, a bumper brim; up, brothers, glass in hand!
“England!” I give you “England!” boys; “God bless the dear old land!”

O what a greatness she makes ours? her past is all our own, And such a past as she can boast, and brothers, she alone; Her mighty ones the night of time triumphant shining through, Of them our sons shall proudly say, “They were our fathers too;” For us her living glory shines that has through ages shone; Let’s match it with a kindred blaze, through ages to live on; Thank God! her great free tongue is ours; up brothers, glass in hand! Here’s “England,” freedom’s boast and ours; “God bless the dear old
land!”

For us, from priests and kings she won rights of such priceless worth
As make the races from her sprung the freemen of the earth;
Free faith, free thought, free speech, free laws, she won through
bitter strife,
That we might breathe unfetter’d air and live unshackled life;
Her freedom boys, thank God! is ours, and little need she fear,
That we’ll allow a right she won to die or wither here;
Free-born, to her who made us free, up brothers glass in hand!
“Hope of the free,” here’s “England!” boys, “God bless the dear old
land!”

They say that dangers cloud her way, that despots lour and threat;
What matters that? her mighty arm can smite and conquer yet;
Let Europe’s tyrants all combine, she’ll meet them with a smile;
Hers are Trafalgar’s broadsides still—the hearts that won the Nile:
We are but young; we’re growing fast; but with what loving pride,
In danger’s hour, to front the storm, we’ll range us at her side;
We’ll pay the debt we owe her then; up brothers glass in hand!
“May God confound her enemies! God bless the dear old land!”

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

By Eliza cook.

The Sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the Isle;
The Soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while;
But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers' halls,
And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals:

We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-corn,
To wreathe with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the saffron morn;
We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of old England, and her sturdy peasant band!

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The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told,
We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold:
Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there;
God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.

The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust,
But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
Fill up! fill up! with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of old England, and her sturdy peasant band.

THE STORY OF ABEL TASMAN.

(*Discoverer of Tasmania*.)

By Frances S. *Lewin*.

Bold and brave, and strong and stalwart,
  Captain of a ship was he,
And his heart was proudly thrilling
  With the dreams of chivalry.
One fair maiden, sweet though stately,
  Lingered in his every dream,
Touching all his hopes of glory
  With a brighter, nobler gleam.

Daughter of a haughty father,
  Daughter of an ancient race,
Yet her wilful heart surrendered,
  Conquered by his handsome face;
And she spent her days in looking
  Out across the southern seas,
Picturing how his bark was carried
  Onward by the favouring breeze.

Little wonder that she loved him,
  Abel Tasman brave and tall;
Though the wealthy planters sought her,
  He was dearer than them all.
Dearer still, because her father
  Said to him, with distant pride,
“Darest thou, a simple captain,
  Seek my daughter for thy bride?”

But at length the gallant seaman
  Won himself an honoured name;
When again he met the maiden,
  At her feet he laid his fame:
Said to her, “My country sends me,
  Trusted with a high command,
With the ‘Zeehan’ and the ‘Heemskirk,’
  To explore the southern strand.”

“I must claim it for my country,
  Plant her flag upon its shore;
But I hope to win you, darling,
  When the dangerous cruise is o’er.”
And her haughty sire relenting,
  Did not care to say him nay:
Flushing high with love and valour,
  Sailed the gallant far away.

And the captain, Abel Tasman,
  Sailing under southern skies,
Mingled with his hopes of glory,
  Thoughts of one with starlight eyes.
Onward sailed he, where the crested
  White waves broke around his ship,
With the lovelight in his true eyes,
  And the song upon his lip.

Onward sailed he, ever onward,
  Faithful as the stars above;
Many a cape and headland pointing
  Tells the legend of his love:
For he linked their names together,
  Speeding swiftly o’er the wave—
Tasman’s Isle and Cape Maria,
  Still they bear the names he gave.

Toil and tempest soon were over,
  And he turned him home again,
Seeking her who was his guiding
  Star across the trackless main.
Strange it seems the eager captain
  Thus should hurry from his prize,
When a thousand scenes of wonder
  Stood revealed before his eyes.

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But those eyes were always looking,
  Out toward the Java seas,
Where the maid he loved was waiting—
  Dearer prize to him than these.
But his mission was accomplished,
  And a new and added gem
Sparkled with a wondrous lustre
  In the Dutch king's diadem.

Little did the gallant seaman
  Think that in the days to be,
England's hand should proudly wrest it
  From his land's supremacy.

THE GROOM'S STORY.

By A. *Conan Doyle*.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.
I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss,
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part,
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart;
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do.
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffect pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im; we knew as 'e could fly;
But what we couldn't get at was 'ow to make 'im try.
We'd almost turned the job up, until at last one day,
We got the last yard out of 'm in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the name
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same;
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
An' 'e went and bought a motor-car when motor-cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy, engine as can neither buck nor kick.
You've a screw to drive it forard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith's shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an' there,
A frightenin' the 'orses an' a poisenin' the air.
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor!—what *did* 'e know,
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go?

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed and screwed again
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country
lane.
It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do?
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im; an' when we reached the car,
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,
While 'e 'eld 'is 'ead so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

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Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,
And ‘e seemed to say, “Well, bli’ me! wot *will* they ask me next?
I’ve put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far,
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor car!”

Well, master, ‘e was in the car, a-fiddlin’ with the gear,
An’ the ‘orse was meditatin’, an’ I was standin’ near,
When master ’e touched somethin’—what it was we’ll never know—
But it sort o’ spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

“’Old ’ard, old gal!” says master, and “Gently then!” says I,
But an engine wont ‘eed coaxin’ an’ it ain’t no use to try;
So first ‘e pulled a lever, an’ then ’e turned a screw,
But the thing kept crawlin’ forrard spite of all that ’e could do.

And first it went quite slowly, and the ’orse went also slow,
But ’e ’ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;
For the car kept crowdin’ on ‘im and buttin’ ’im along,
An’ in less than ’alf a minute, sir, that ‘orse was goin’ strong.

At first ‘e walked quite dignified, an’ then ’e had to trot,
And then ’e tried to canter when the pace became too ’ot.
’E looked ’is very ’aughtiest, as if ’e didn’t mind,
And all the time the motor-car was pushin’ ’im be’ind.

Now, master lost ’is ’ead when ’e found ’e couldn’t stop,
And ‘e pulled a valve or somethin’ an’ somethin’ else went pop,
An’ somethin’ else went fizzywig, an’ in a flash or less,
That blessed car was goin’ like a limited express.

Master ‘eld the steerin’ gear, an’ kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight.
’E seemed the finest draught ’orse as ever lived by far,
For all the country Juggins thought ’twas ’im wot pulled the car.

‘E was stretchin’ like a grey’ound, ‘e was goin’ all ’e knew,
But it bumped an’ shoved be’ind ’im, for all that ’e could do;
It butted ’im and boosted ‘im an’ spanked ’im on a’ead,
Till ’e broke the ten-mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! ’E done it, sir. That’s true.
The only time we ever found what that ’ere ’orse could do.
Some say it wasn’t ’ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
But ’e broke the ten-mile record, and that’s good enough for us.

You see that ’orse’s tail, sir? You don’t! no more do we,
Which really ain’t surprisin’, for ’e ’as no tail to see;
That engine wore it off ’im before master made it stop,
And all the road was litter’d like a bloomin’ barber’s shop.

And master? Well, it cured ’im. ’E altered from that day,
And come back to ’is ’orses in the good old-fashioned way.
And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far,
Is to ’int as ’ow you think ’e ought to keep a motorcar.

THE HARDEST PART I EVER PLAYED.

By re Henry.

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I come of an acting family. We all took to the stage as young ducks take to the water; and though we are none of us geniuses,—yet we got on.

My three brothers are at the present time starring, either in the provinces or in America; my two elder sisters, having strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage, are married to respectable City men; I, Sybil Gascoigne, have acted almost as long as I can remember; the little ones, Kate and Dick, are still at school, but when they leave the first thing they do will be to look out for an engagement.

I do not think we were ever any of us very much in love with the profession. We took things easily. Of course there were some parts we liked better than others, but we played everything that came in our way—Comedy, Farce, Melodrama. My elder sisters quitted the stage before they had much time to distinguish themselves. They were each in turn, on their marriage, honoured with a paragraph in the principal dramatic papers, but no one said the stage had sustained an irreparable loss, or that the profession was robbed of one of its brightest ornaments.

I was following very much in my sisters' footsteps. The critics always spoke well of me. I never got a slating in my life, but then before the criticism was in print I could almost have repeated word for word the phrases that would be used.

"Miss Gascoigne was painstaking and intelligent as usual."

"The part was safe in the hands of that promising young actress, Sybil Gascoigne."

With opinions such as these I was well content. My salary was regularly paid, I could always reckon on a good engagement, and even if my profession failed me there was Jack to fall back upon, and Jack was substantial enough to fall back upon with no risk of hurting oneself. He was six feet two, with broad, square shoulders, and arms—well, when Jack's arms were round you you felt as if you did not want anything else in the world. At least, that is how I felt. Jack ought to have been in the Life Guards, and he would have been only a wealthy uncle offered to do something for him, and of course such an offer was not to be refused, and the "something" turned out to be a clerkship in the uncle's business "with a view to a partnership" as the advertisements say. Now the business was not a pretty or a romantic one—it had something to do with leather—but it was extremely profitable, and as I looked forward to one day sharing all Jack's worldly goods I did not grumble at the leather. Not that Jack had ever yet said a word to me which I could construe into a downright offer. He had looked, certainly, but then with eyes like his there is no knowing what they may imply. They were dark blue eyes, and his hair was bright brown, with a touch of yellow in it, and his moustache was tawny, and his skin was sunburnt to a healthy red. We had been introduced in quite the orthodox way. We had not fallen in love across the footlights. He seldom came to see me act, but sometimes he would drop in to supper, perhaps on his way from a dinner or

to a dance, and if I could make him stay with us until it was too late to go to that dance, what a happy girl I used to be!

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My mother, with the circumspection that belongs to mothers, told me that he was only flirting, and that I had better turn my attention to somebody else. Somebody else! As if any one were worth even looking at after Jack Curtis. I pitied every girl who was not engaged to him. How could my sisters be happy? Resigned, content, they might be; but to be married and done for, and afterwards to meet Jack—well, imagination failed me to depict the awfulness of such a calamity.

It was quite time he spoke—there can be no doubt of that; although Jack Curtis was too charming to be bound by the rules which govern ordinary mortals. Still, I could not help feeling uneasy and apprehensive. How could I tell how he carried on at those gay and festive scenes in which I was not included? A proud earl's lovely daughter might be yearning to bestow her hand upon him. A duchess might have marked him for her own. Possibly my jealous fears exaggerated the importance of the society in which he moved, but it seemed to me that if Jack had been bidden to a friendly dinner at Buckingham Palace it was only what might be expected.

Well, there came a night when we expected Jack to supper and he appeared not. Only, in his place, a few lines to say that he was going to start at once for his holiday. A friend had just invited him to join him on his yacht. He added in a postscript: "I will write later." He did *not* write. Hours, days, weeks passed, and not a word did we hear. "It is a break-off," said my mother consolingly. "He had got tired of us all, and he thought this the easiest way of letting us know. I told you there was an understanding between him and Isabel Chisholm—any one could see that with half an eye."

I turned away shuddering.

"Terrible gales," said my father, rustling the newspaper comfortably in his easy chair. "Great disasters among the shipping. I shouldn't wonder if the yacht young what's-his-name went out in were come to grief."

I grew pale, and thin, and dispirited. I knew the ladies of our company made nasty remarks about me. One day I overheard two of them talking.

"She never was much of an actress, and now she merely walks through her part. They never had any feeling for art, not one of those Gascoigne girls."

No feeling for art! What a low, mean, spiteful, wicked thing to say. And the worst of it was that it was so true.

I resolved at once that I would do something desperate. The last piece brought out at our theatre had been a "frost." It had dragged along until the advertisements were able to announce "Fifteenth Night of the Great Realistic Drama." And various scathing paragraphs from the papers were pruned down and weeded till they seemed unstinted praise. Thus: "It was not the fault of the management that the new play was so far from

being a triumphant success," was cut down to one modest sentence, "A triumphant success." "A few enthusiastic cheers from personal friends alone broke the ominous silence when the curtain fell," became briefly "Enthusiastic cheers."

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But nobody was deceived. One week the public were informed that they could book their seats a month in advance; the next that the successful drama had to be withdrawn at the height of its popularity, owing to other arrangements. What the other arrangements were to be our manager was at his wit's end to decide. There only wanted three weeks to the close of the season. Fired with a wild ambition born of suspense and disappointment, I suggested that Shakespeare should fill the breach. "Romeo and Juliet," with me, Sybil Gascoigne, as the heroine.

"Pshaw!" said our good-humoured manager, "you do not know what you are talking about. Juliet! You have not the depth, the temperament, the experience for a Juliet. She had more knowledge of life at thirteen than most of our English maids have at thirty. To represent Juliet correctly an actress must have the face and figure of a young girl, with the heart and mind of a woman, and of a woman who has suffered."

"And have I not suffered? Do you think because you see me tripping through some foolish, insipid *role* that I am capable of nothing better? Give me a chance and see what I can do."

"Oh! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,"

I began, and declaimed the speech with such despairing vigour that our manager was impressed.

Well, the end of it was that he yielded to my suggestion.

It seemed a prosperous time to float a new Juliet. At a neighbouring theatre a lovely foreign actress was playing the part nightly to crowded houses. We might get some of the overflow, or the public would come for the sake of comparing native with imported talent. Oh! the faces of my traducers, who had said, "Those Gascoigne girls have no feeling for art," when it was known that they were out of the bill, and that Sybil Gascoigne was to play Shakespeare. I absolutely forgot Jack for one moment. But the next, my grief, my desolation, were present with me with more acuteness than ever. And I was glad that it was so. Such agony as I was enduring would surely make me play Juliet as it had never been played before.

At rehearsals I could see I created a sensation. I felt that I was grand in my hapless love, my desperate grief. I should make myself a name. If Jack were dead or had forsaken me, my art should be all in all.

The morning before the all important evening dawned, I had lain awake nearly an hour, as my custom was of nights how, thinking of Jack, wondering if ever woman had so much cause to grieve as I. Then I rose, practised taking the friar's potion, and throwing myself upon the bed, until my mother came up and told me to go to sleep, or my eyes would be red and hollow in the morning. But I told my mother that hollow eyes and pale

cheeks were necessary to me now—that my career depended upon the depths of my despair.

“To-morrow, mother, let no one disturb me on any account. Keep away letters, newspapers, everything. Tomorrow I am Juliet or nothing.”

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My mother promised, and I got some hours of undisturbed slumber.

Rehearsal was over—the last rehearsal. I had gone through my part thinking of my woes. I had swallowed the draught as if it had indeed been a potion to put me out of all remembrance of my misery. I had snatched the dagger and stabbed myself with great satisfaction, and I felt I should at least have the comfort of confounding my enemies and triumphing over them.

I was passing Charing Cross Station, delayed by the streams of vehicles issuing forth, when in a hansom at a little distance I saw a form—a face—which made me start and tremble, and turn hot and cold, and red and white, all at the same time. It could not be Jack. It ought not, must not, should not be Jack. Had I not to act in suffering and despair to-night? Well, even if he had returned in safety from his cruise it was without a thought of me in his heart. He was engaged—married—for aught I knew. It was possible, nay, certain, that I should never see him again.

And yet I ran all the way home. And yet I told the servant breathlessly—"If any visitors call I do not wish to be disturbed." And yet I made my mother repeat the promise she had given me the previous night. Then I flew to my den at the top of the house; bolted myself in, and set a chair against the door as if I were afraid of anyone making a forcible entry. I stuffed my fingers in my ears, and went over my part with vigour, with more noise even than was absolutely necessary. Still, how strangely I seemed to hear every sound. A hansom passing—no, a hansom drawing up at our house. I went as far from the window as possible. I wedged myself up between the sofa and the wall, and I shut my eyes firmly. Surely there were unaccustomed sounds about, talking and laughing, as if something pleasant had happened. Presently heavy footsteps came bounding up, two steps at a time. Oh! should I have the courage not to answer if it should be Jack?

But it was not. Kitty's voice shouted—

"Sybil, Sybil, come down. Here's——"

"Kitty, be quiet," I called out furiously. "If you do not hold your tongue, if you do not go away from the door immediately, I'll—I'll shoot you."

She went away, and I heard her telling them downstairs that she believed Sybil had gone mad.

I waited a little longer,—then I stole to the window.

Surely Juliet would not be spoiled by the sight of a visitor leaving the house. But there was no one leaving. Indeed, I saw the prospect of a fresh arrival—Isabel Chisholm was coming up the street in a brand new costume and hat to match. Her fringe was curled to perfection. A tiny veil was arranged coquettishly just above her nose. Flesh and

blood could not stand this. Downstairs I darted, without even waiting for a look in the glass. Into the drawing-room I bounced, and there, in his six feet two of comely manliness, stood Jack, my Jack, more bronzed and handsome and loveable than ever. He whom I had been mourning for by turns as dead and faithless, but whom I now knew was neither; for he came towards me with both hands outstretched, and he held mine in such a loving clasp, and he looked at me with eyes which I knew were reading just such another tale as that written on his own face.

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Then when the knock sounded which heralded Miss Chisholm, he said:—

“Come into another room, Sybil; I have so much to say to you.”

And in that other room he told me of his adventures and perils, and how through them all he had thought of me and wondered, if he never came back alive, whether I should be sorry, and, if he did come back, whether I would promise to be his darling little wife, very, very soon.

But all this, though far more beautiful than poet ever wrote, was not Shakespeare, and I was to act Juliet at night—Juliet the wretched, the heartbroken—while my own spirits were dancing, and my pulses bounding with joy and delight unutterable.

Well, I need hardly tell you my Juliet was not a success. I was conscious of tripping about the stage in an airy, elated way, which was allowable only during the earlier scenes; but when I should have been tragic and desperate, I was still brimming over with new found joy. All through Juliet’s grand monologue, where she swallows the poison, ran the refrain—“Jack has come home, I am going to marry Jack.” I had an awful fear once that I mixed two names a little, and called on Jackimo when I should have said Romeo, and when my speech was over and I lay motionless on the bed, I gave myself up to such delightful thoughts that Capulet or the Friar, I forget which, bending over the couch to assure himself that I was really dead, whispered—

“Keep quiet, you’re grinning.”

I was very glad when the play was over. We often read the reverse side of the picture—of how the clown cracks jokes while his heart is breaking; perhaps his only mother-in-law passing away without his arms to support her. But no one has ever written of the Juliet who goes through terror, suffering, and despair, to the tune of “Jack’s returned, I’m going to marry Jack.”

THE STORY OF MR. KING.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

This is the story of Mr. King,
  American citizen—Phineas K.,
  Whom I met in Orkhanie, far away
From freshening cocktail and genial sling.
A little man with twinkling eyes,
And a nose like a hawk’s, and lips drawn thin,
  And a little imperial stuck on his chin,
  And about him always a cheerful grin,
Dashed with a comic and quaint surprise.

That very night a loot of wine
  Made correspondents and doctors glad,
And the little man, unask'd to dine,
  Sat down and shar'd in all we had.
For none said nay, this ready hand
  Reach'd after pillau, and fowl, and drink,
  And he toss'd off his liquor without a wink,
And wielded a knife like a warrior's brand.
With a buccaneering, swaggering look
  He sang his song, and he crack'd his jest,
And he bullied the waiter and curs'd the cook
With a charming self-approving zest.

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We wanted doctors: he was a doctor;
  Had we wanted a prince it had been the same.
Admiral, general, cobbler, proctor—
  A man may be anything. What's in a name?
The wounded were dying, the dead lay thick
In the hospital beds beside the quick.
Any man with a steady nerve
  And a ready hand, who knew how to obey,
In those stern times might well deserve
  His fifty piastres daily pay.

So Mr. King, as assistant surgeon,
  Bandaged, and dosed, and nursed, and dressed,
  And worked, as he ate and drank, with zest,
Until he began to blossom and burgeon
To redness of features and fulness of cheek,
And his starven hands grew plump and sleek.
But for all sign of wealth he wore
He swaggered neither less nor more.
He talked the stuff he talked before,
And bragged as he had bragged of yore,
With his Yankee chaff and his Yankee slang,
And his Yankee bounce and his Yankee twang.
And, to tell the truth, we all held clear
Of the impudent little adventurer;
And any man with an eye might see
That, though he bore it merrily,
He recognised the tacit scorn
Which dwelt about him night and morn.

The Turks fought well, as most men fight
  For life and faith, and hearth and home.
But, from Teliche and Etrepol, left and right,
  The Muscov swirled, like the swirling foam
On the rack of a tempest driven sea.
  And foot by foot staunch Mehemit Ali
  Was driven along the Lojan valley,
  Till he sat his battered forces down
  Just northward of the little town,
And waited on war's destiny.

War's destiny came, and line by line
  His forces broke and fled.
And for three days in Orkhanie town

The arabas went up and down
  With loads of dying and dead;
Till at last in a rush of panic fear,
The hardest bitten warriors there
Turn'd with the cowardly Bazouk
And the vile Tchircasse and forsook
The final fort, in headlong flight,
For near Kamirli's sheltering height;
While through the darkness of the night
  The cannon belched their hate
Against the flying crowd; and far
And near the soldiers of the Tsar
Pour'd onward towards the spoil of war
  In haste precipitate.

And the little adventurer sat in a shed
With one woman dying, and one woman dead.
Nothing he knew of the late defeat,
Nothing of Mehemit's enforced retreat;
For he spoke no word of the Turkish tongue,
And had seen no Englishman all day long.
So he sat there, calm, with a flask of rum,
And a cigarette 'twixt finger and thumb,
Tranquilly smoking, and watching the smoke,
And probably hatching some stupid joke,
When in at the door, without a word,
Burst a Circassian, hand on sword.
And the sword leapt out of its sheath, as a flame
  Breaks from the coals when the fire is stirred.
And Mr. King, with a "What's *your*

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game?”
  Faced the Tchircasse with the wild-beast eyes.
“Naow, what do you want?” said Mr. King.
  Quoth the savage, in English, “The woman dies!”
“Waat,” said the impostor, “you’ll take your fling,
At least in the first case, along of a son
Of Columbia, daughter of Albion.”

The Tchircasse moved to the side of the bed.
  A distaff was leaning against the wall,
    And Mr. King, with arms at length,
    Gave it a swing, with all his strength,
And crashed it full at the villain’s head,
  And dropped him, pistols and daggers and all.
Then sword in hand, he raged through the door,
And there were three hundred savages more,
All hungry for murder, and loot, and worse!

Mr. King bore down with an oath and a curse,
  Bore down on the chief with the slain man’s sword
He saw at a glance the state of the case;
  He knew without need of a single word
That the Turk had flown and the Russ was near,
  And the Tchircasse held *his* midday revel;
So he laid himself out to curse and swear,
  And he raged like an eloquent devil.

They listen’d, in a mute surprise,
  Amaz’d that any single man should dare
  Harangue an armed crowd with such an air,
And such commanding anger in his eyes;
Till, thinking him at least an English lord,
The Tchircasse leader lower’d his sword,
Spoke a few words in his own tongue, and bow’d,
And slowly rode away with all his men.
Then Mr. King turn’d to his task again:
Sought a rough araba with bullocks twain;
Haled up the unwilling brutes with might and main,
Laid the poor wounded woman gently down,
And calmly drove her from the rescued town!

And Mr. King, when we heard the story,
Was a little abash'd by the hero's glory;
And, "Look you here, you boys; you may laff
But I ain't the man to start at chaff.
I know without any jaw from you,
'Twas a darned nonsensical thing to do;
But I tell you plain—and I mean it, too—
For all it was such a ridiculous thing,
I should do it again!" said Mr. King.

THE ART OF "POETRY."

FROM "TOWN TOPICS."

I ask not much! but let th' "dank wynd" moan,
  "Shimmer th' woold" and "rive the wanton surge;"
I ask not much; grant but an "eery drone,"
  Some "wilding frondage" and a "bosky dirge;"
Grant me but these, and add a regal flush
  Of "sundered hearts upreared upon a byre;"
Throw in some yearnings and a "darksome hush,"
  And—asking nothing more—I'll smite th' lyre.

Yea, I will smite th' falt'ring, quiv'ring strings,
  And magazines shall buy my murky stunts;
Too long I've held my hand to honest things,
  Too long I've borne rejections and affronts;
Now will I be profound and recondite,
  Yea, working all th' symbols and th' "props;"
Now will I write of "morn" and "yesternight;"
  Now will I gush great gobs of soulful slops.

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Yea, I will smite! Grant me but “swerveless wynd,”
  And I will pipe a cadence rife with thrills;
With “nearness” and “foreverness” I’ll bind
  A “downflung sheaf” of outslants, paeans and trills;
Pass me th’ “quenchless gleam of Titian hair,”
  And eke th’ “oozing forest’s woozy clumps;”
Now will I go upon a metric tear
  And smite th’ lyre with great resounding thumps.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD’S TESTAMENT.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The noble King of Brentford
  Was old and very sick,
He summon’d his physicians
  To wait upon him quick:
They stepp’d into their coaches
  And brought their best physick.

They cramm’d their gracious master
  With potion and with pill;
They drenched him and they bled him:
  They could not cure his ill.
“Go fetch,” says he, “my lawyer;
  I’d better make my will.”

The monarch’s Royal mandate
  The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
  Did make his heart full gay.
“What is’t,” says he, “your Majesty
  Would wish of me to-day?”

“The doctors have belabour’d me
  With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
  O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two;
  I want to make my will.

“O’er all the land of Brentford
  I’m lord, and eke of Kew:

I've three-per-cents and five-per-cents;
  My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
  I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son;
  A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
  Till now—he's twenty-three—
He never caused disquiet
  To his poor mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him;
  At college, though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
  He creditably pass'd,
And made his year's allowance
  For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
  Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
  Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
  From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
  Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
  That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
  Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
  Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
  A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
  Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
  Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
  My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
  And Ned a *genius*?'

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“You’ll cut him with a shilling,”
  Exclaimed the man of writs:
“I’ll leave my wealth,” said Brentford,
  “Sir Lawyer, as befits,
And portion both their fortunes
  Unto their several wits.”

“Your Grace knows best,” the lawyer said;
  “On your commands I wait.”
“Be silent, sir,” says Brentford,
  “A plague upon your prate!
Come take your pen and paper,
  And write as I dictate.”

The will as Brentford spoke it
  Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
  And turn’d him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
  The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
  Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
  Poor Edward showed his grief:
Tom hid his fat white countenance
  In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned’s eyes were full of weeping,
  He falter’d in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
  But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn
  As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
  That gentle King and just—
With bell and book and candle
  Were duly laid in dust,
“Now, gentlemen,” says Thomas,
  “Let business be discussed.

“When late our sire beloved
  Was taken deadly ill,

Sir Lawyer, you attended him
  (I mean to tax your bill);
And, as you signed and wrote it,
  I prithee read the will”

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
  And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
  Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
  But Tom had ne’er a doubt.

“My son, as I make ready
  To seek my last long home,
Some cares I have for Neddy,
  But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
  You ne’er departed from.

“Ned hath a brilliant genius,
  And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
  On him with doubt and pain.”
("You see, good Ned,” says Thomas,
  “What he thought about us twain.”)

“Though small was your allowance,
  You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
  Shall get a plenty more.”
As the lawyer read this compliment,
  Tom’s eyes were running o’er.

“The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
  Set out at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter,
  The tortoise won the race;
And since the world’s beginning
  This ever was the case.

“Ned’s genius, blithe and singing,
  Steps gaily o’er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it,
  He clears it with a bound;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
  And wind that’s wondrous sound.

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“O’er fruit and flowers alike, Tom,
  You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t’other,
  But onwards go your beat;
While genius stops to loiter
  With all that he may meet;

“And ever as he wanders,
  Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
  Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
  Or basking in the shine.

“Your little steady eyes, Tom,
  Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
  His flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
  To look before your nose.

“Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers
  It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are strongest,
  The witty are not wise;
Oh, bless your good stupidity!
  It is your dearest prize.

“And though my lands are wide,
  And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
  My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that’s thick and heavy,
  A heart that’s dull and cold.

“Too dull to feel depression,
  Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
  Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
  To wealth, Tom, and success.

“Ned sinneth in extravagance,
  And you in greedy lust.”

("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
  Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
  But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
  My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
  My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
  My five and three per cents,

"I leave to you, my Thomas"—
  ("What, all?" poor Edward said,
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
  And Tom's a prudent head ")—
"I leave to you, my Thomas,—
  To you IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
  What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
  Came o'er Prince Tom his face;
The wonder of the company,
  And honest Ned's amaze?

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
  Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
  "'Tis even as I said;
'Twas thus his gracious Majesty
  Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witness'd
  And here's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
  Says Edward with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom;
  We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
  This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament
  That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
  Prince Tom a halfpenny.

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"'He hath a store of money,
  But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never helped his brother;
  The poor he ne'er befriended;
He hath no need of property
  Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
  And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
  And Edward be the lord;
And as the honest labourer
  Is worthy his reward,

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
  And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
  Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
  And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament.
  He did devise his moneys for the best,
  And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
  But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
  He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
  O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew,
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
  Was very much the richer of the two.

UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED.

BY J. BRUNTON STEPHENS.

I.

Biggs was missing: Biggs had vanished; all the town was in a ferment;
  For if ever man was looked to for an edifying end,
With due mortuary outfit, and a popular interment,
It was Biggs, the universal guide, philosopher, and friend.

But the man had simply vanished; speculation wove no tissue
  That would hold a drop of water; each new theory fell flat.
It was most unsatisfactory, and hanging on the issue
  Were a thousand wagers ranging from a pony to a hat.

Not a trace could search discover in the township or without it,
  And the river had been dragged from morn till night with no avail.
His continuity had ceased, and that was all about it,
  And there wasn't ev'n a grease-spot left behind to tell the tale.

That so staid a man as Biggs was should be swallowed up in mystery
  Lent an increment to wonder—he who trod no doubtful paths,
But stood square to his surroundings, with no cloud upon his history,
  As the much-respected lessee of the Corporation Baths.

His affairs were all in order; since the year the alligator
  With a startled river bather made attempt to coalesce,
The resulting wave of decency had greater grown and greater,
  And the Corporation Baths had been a marvellous success.

Nor could trouble in the household solve the riddle of his clearance,
  For his bride was now in heaven, and the issue of the match
Was a patient drudge whose virtues were as plain as her appearance—
  Just the sort whereto no scandal could conceivably attach.

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So the Whither and the Why alike mysterious were counted;
  And as Faith steps in to aid where baffled Reason must retire,
There were those averred so good a man as Biggs might well have
        mounted
  Up to glory like Elijah in a chariot of fire!

For indeed he was a good man; when he sat beside the portal
  Of the Bath-house at his pigeon-hole, a saint within a frame,
We used to think his face was as the face of an immortal,
  As he handed us our tickets, and took payment for the same.

And, Oh, the sweet advice with which he made of such occasion
  A duplicate detergent for our morals and our limbs—
For he taught us that decorum was the essence of salvation,
  And that cleanliness and godliness were merely synonyms;

But that open-air ablution in the river was a treason
  To the purer instincts, fit for dogs and aborigines,
And that wrath at such misconduct was the providential reason
  For the jaws of alligators and the tails of stingarees.

But, alas, our friend was gone, our guide, philosopher, and tutor,
  And we doubled our potations, just to clear the inner view;
But we only saw the darklier through the bottom of the pewter,
  And the mystery seemed likewise to be multiplied by two.

And the worst was that our failure to unriddle the enigma
  In the “rags” of rival towns was made a byword and a scoff,
Till each soul in the community felt branded with the stigma
  Of the unexplained suspicion of poor Biggs’s taking off.

So a dozen of us rose and swore this thing should be no longer:
  Though the means that Nature furnished had been tried without
      result,
There were forces supersensual that higher were and stronger,
 And with consentaneous clamour we pronounced for the occult.

Then Joe Thomson slung a tenner, and Jack Robinson a tanner,
  And each according to his means respectively disbursed;
And a letter in your humble servant’s most seductive manner
  Was despatched to Sludge the Medium, recently of Darlinghurst.

II.

“I am Biggs,” the spirit said (’twas through the medium’s lips he said it;
But the voice that spoke, the accent, too, were Biggs’s very own,
Be it, therefore, not set down to our unmerited discredit,
That collectively we sickened as we recognised the tone).

“From a saurian interior, Christian friends, I now address you”—
(And “Oh heaven!” or its correlative, groaned shuddering we)—
“While there yet remains a scrap of my identity, for, bless you,
This ungodly alligator’s fast assimilating me.

“For although through nine abysmal days I’ve fought with his digestion,
Being hostile to his processes and loth to pulpify,
It is rapidly becoming a most complicated question
How much of me is crocodile, how much of him is I.

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“And, Oh, my friends, ’tis sorrow’s crown of sorrow to remember
  That this sacrilegious reptile owed me nought but gratitude,
For I bought him from a showman twenty years since come November,
  And I dropped him in the river for his own and others’ good.

“It had grieved me that the spouses of our townsmen, and their
    daughters,
  Should be shocked by river bathers and their indecorous ways,
So I cast my bread, that is, my alligator, on the waters,
  And I found it, in a credit balance, after many days.

“Years I waited, but at last there came the rumour long-expected,
  And the out-of-door ablutionists forsook their wicked paths,
And the issues of my handiwork divinely were directed
  In a constant flow of custom to the Corporation Baths.

“’Twas a weakling when I bought it; ’twas so young that you could
    pet it;
  But with all its disadvantages I reckoned it would do;
And it did: Oh, lay the moral well to heart and don’t forget it—
  Put decorum first, and all things shall be added unto you.

“Lies! all lies! I’ve done with virtue. Why should *I* be interested
  In the cause of moral progress that I served so long in vain,
When the fifteen hundred odd I’ve so judiciously invested
  Will but go to pay the debts of some young rip who marries Jane?

“But the reptile overcomes me; my identity is sinking;
  Let me hasten to the finish; let my words be few and fit.
I was walking by the river in the starry silence, thinking
  Of what Providence had done for me, and I had done for it;

“I had reached the saurian’s rumoured haunt, where oft in fatal folly
  I had dropped garotted dogs to keep his carnal craving up”
(Said Joe Thomson, in a whisper, “That explains my Highland colley!”
  Said Bob Williams, *sotto voce*, “That explains my Dandy pup!").

“I had passed to moral questions, and found comfort in the notion
  That fools are none the worse for things not being what they seem,
When, behold, a seeming log became instinct with life and motion,
  And with sudden curvature of tail upset me in the stream.

“Then my leg, as in a vice”—but here the revelation faltered,
  And the medium rose and shook himself, remarking with a smile

That the requisite conditions were irrevocably altered,
  For the personality of Biggs was lost in crocodile.

Now, whether Sludge's story would succeed in holding water
  Is more, perhaps, than one has any business to suspect;
But I know that on the strength of it I married Biggs's daughter,
  And I found a certain portion of the narrative correct.

THE AMENITIES OF SHOPPING.

BY LEOPOLD WAGNER.

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If there is one thing I do dislike, it is to go into a draper's shop. To my mind, it is not a man's business at all; it is one essentially feminine. I have never been able to reconcile, myself to the troublesome formalities one has to go through in these marts of female finery; there seems to be no such thing as to pop inside for a trifling article, lay down your money for it, and get away again. No; the system of trade pursued at such establishments is undoubtedly to get you to sit down, with leisure to look about you, and coax you into buying things you don't want.

Years ago, when I was living in lonely lodgings, I had occasion one Saturday night to slip into the nearest draper's shop for some pins. "I only want a farthing's worth of pins," I observed, apologetically, to the bald-headed shopwalker who pounced down upon me. "Please to step this way." To my astonishment he marched me to the extreme end of the shop, thence through an opening in the side wall, past another long double row of dames and damsels of all sorts and sizes making purchases, and finally referred me to a young lady whose special function in life seemed to consist in selling pins to adventurous young gentlemen like myself. She was an extremely good looking young lady too, and I felt considerably embarrassed at the insignificance of my purchase. "And the next thing, please?" she asked, during the wrapping-up process. I informed her, as politely as I could, that I did not require anything more.

"Gloves, handkerchiefs, collars, shirts, neckties—?"

"No thank you," I returned, "I only came in for the pins." But I was not to be let off so easily.

Utterly ignoring the humble penny that I had laid down on the counter, she showed me samples of almost everything in the shop suitable for male wear. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I implored her to spare herself further trouble, as my wardrobe was already extensive. Then she showed me a sample silk umbrella. I was unwilling to rush away abruptly from the presence of such a charming young lady, but she provoked me to it; indeed, I was only prevented from carrying out my design by my failure to discern the hole in the wall through which I had been inveigled into that department. "If you would be so good as to give me my change," I stammered out, feeling heartily ashamed at the thought of wanting the change at all. "Certainly sir." Then she proceeded to make out the bill. "Oh, never mind about the bill," I said, "I'm rather in a hurry." Of this appeal she took no notice. "Sign, please," she said to the young lady at her elbow. "Pins, one farthing," she added to my utter confusion. The second young lady made a wild flourish over the bill with her pencil and turned away. My fair tormentor slowly wrapped my penny in the bill, screwed up the whole inside a large wooden ball, jerked a dangling cord at her elbow, then stood looking me straight in the face as the ball went rolling along a set of

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tramway lines over our heads to the other end of the shop. That was the most melancholy game at skittles I ever took part in. It seemed an age before the ball came back to us, whereupon the young lady took out the bill and my change—a halfpenny. “We haven’t a farthing in the place,” she said innocently, “What else will you take for it?” “Oh, it doesn’t matter at all,” I returned, anxious only to rush away from the spot—which I did. It was a good quarter-of-an-hour before I gained the street. During that interval, I strayed into the carpet department, upset an old lady, fell sprawling over a chair, rushed into the arms of the shopwalker, knocked down a huge stack of flannels, trod on some unfortunate young fellow’s corn, making him howl with pain, and last, not least, ran foul of a perambulator laden with a baby and the usual Saturday night’s marketing in the doorway.

I entered that shop full of hope and promise; I left it a melancholy man.

Though not quite so exciting as the foregoing, there is an intimate connection between that incident and the one I shall now dwell upon. Let me tell the tale as I told it to my wife. The other day I brought home a neat little Japanese basket—a mere knick-knack, costing only twopence. “Oh, how pretty!” exclaimed my wife. “Wherever did you get this?” “I bought it at a large shop in Regent Street,” I answered, “but it cost me a great deal of trouble to get it.” Pressed for particulars, I continued:

“I was amusing myself by looking at the shops, when I saw a lot of these little Japanese baskets in the corner of a large window, plainly marked twopence each. So I stepped inside to buy one. The door was promptly opened for me by a black boy, resplendent in gold-faced livery. He made me a profound salaam, as a gentleman of aristocratic bearing came forward to meet me. ’And what may I have the pleasure of showing you?’ he inquired. ‘Oh!’ I returned, not without some misgivings, ’I only want one of those little Japanese baskets which you have in one corner of the window, marked, I believe, twopence each.’ ’Certainly, sir. Will you be so kind as to step into this department?’ he said.

“Meekly I followed him through long avenues of silks, damasks, brocades, and other costly examples of Oriental luxury in all the tints of the rainbow. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable at the thought of causing him so much trouble, when he paused at the entrance to another department, and called out, ’Japanese baskets, please.’ Then turning to me, he said, ’If you will be good enough to step forward, they will be most happy to serve you.’ I did so, and found myself on the threshold of an Eastern bazaar. Another nobleman now took me in hand. ‘And what may I have the pleasure——’ he began, making a courteous bow. ’I only want one of those little Japanese baskets which you have in a corner of your window, marked, I believe, twopence each—or, possibly, they may be two shillings?’ I said in a shaky voice.

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‘No, sir, quite right—they are twopence each,’ he replied, to my great relief; for I had begun to suspect they might be two guineas. ‘Will you do me the favour to step this way?’ While following at his side, I asked myself whether, at the end of my travels, I should ever be able to find my way back again; so bewildering were the ramifications through which we passed. Presently he handed me over to another nobleman, who, having learned my pleasure (which by this time had developed rather painful tendencies), graciously escorted me to the further end of a long counter, and begged me to take a chair. A stylishly-dressed young lady sailed towards us behind the counter. ’I shall feel extremely obliged,’ said the nobleman to her, ’If you will be so good as to request Miss Doubleyou to step down, and serve this gentleman. ’Yes, sir,’ answered the young lady, as she vanished somewhere behind me; for my eyes were now following the retreating figure of the nobleman. After a little while I heard a pattering of feet, and, looking round, beheld some tokens of a young lady descending a spiral staircase. She was behind the counter the next moment and then I made a discovery. It was the same young lady who had served me with the farthing’s worth of pins years before! I recognised her at once, and I suspect the recognition was mutual. But, of course, she never betrayed the least emotion.’And what article may I have the pleasure to serve you with?’ she asked, m the still small voice of a duchess. There was a gulping sensation in my throat as I answered, ’You have, I believe, in one corner of one of your windows a number of little Japanese baskets, marked, if my eyes did not deceive me, twopence each. (The graceful nod of her head was reassuring.) I should be very glad to become the possessor of one of those articles.’ ’Certainly, sir, I’ll bring it to you,’ she answered. ‘Oh, thank you!’ I returned, delighted at the prospect; and so she departed on her errand of mercy.

“Whether, by the rules of the establishment, it was necessary for her to obtain a written permission from each of those three noblemen to pass over their territory and invade the shop window, or whether she lost herself in the numerous windings and turnings through which I had been conducted in perfect safety, I cannot say; I only know that she was gone a very long time. But when at last she made her reappearance with one of those little Japanese baskets in her hand, and beaming with smiles, I felt I owed her an everlasting debt of gratitude. She did not ask me if there was any other article she could have the pleasure of showing me; she had asked me that before and she remembered that I was proof against her persuasiveness! The fair creature simply made a movement towards the spiral staircase, as I thought, to fetch down a witness to the important transaction, until my eyes rested on some tissue paper. ’Pray don’t stay to wrap it up,’ I exclaimed, ‘my pockets are ample,’ and my thanks were profuse.

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Seizing the coveted treasure, I laid my twopence down on the counter and walked straight forward in a contrary direction to that by which I had entered, gladdened by the prospect that I was making direct for the street. If anyone had arrested my progress for the sake of further formalities, I should unquestionably have knocked them down. But everyone must have seen the glare of defiant desperation flashing from my restless eyes and no one dared to bar my egress. As I emerged from that shop into Regent Street, I felt as exhausted as if I had just bought a grand piano or a suite of furniture. 'Really,' I said to my wife in conclusion, 'if I could have foreseen all the trouble in store for me over buying this little Japanese basket, price twopence, it would have been still reposing with its companions in the corner of that magnificent shop window in Regent Street.'"

She promised to prize it all the more on that account. And now, when I look at that little Japanese basket, my mind wanders back to the farthing's worth of pins I purchased in my old bachelor days.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.—
There was trial by jury goin' on in the light,
And martial-law hangin' the lavins by night
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he got past the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sintance,
The divil an hour they gev for repintance.
An' it's many's the boy that was then on his keepin',
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin';
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned for to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the *heath* for their *barrack, revenge* for their *pay*.

The bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all,
Was Shamus O'Brien, o' the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were 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,
And his cheeks never warmed with the blush of the red;
But for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash crossing the depth of the night;
He was the best mower that ever was seen,
The handsomest hurler that ever has been.
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
Be gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.

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An’ it’s he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An’ it’s often he run, an’ it’s often he fought,
An’ it’s many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an’ it’s often heerd tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin’ four,
An’ stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.—

But the fox *must* sleep sometimes, the wild deer *must* rest,
An’ treachery play on the blood iv the best.—
Afther many brave actions of power and pride,
An’ many a hard night on the bleak mountain’s side,
An’ a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An’ take your last look on her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;—
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An’ one at the sheltering, far-distant wood.
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An’ farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin’ an’ wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.—

An’ twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An’ the turnkey resaved him, refusin’ all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an’ the sthrong hands wor bound,
An’ he laid down his length on the cowld prison ground.
An’ the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle an’ soft as the sweet summer air;
An’ happy rememberances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry 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;
Then he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An’ he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, an’ the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering low in the grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;

His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he *lived*, and undaunted he'd *die*.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There *was sich* a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
The sodgers on guard, the dhragoons sword-in-hand.
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered.
Attorneys an' criers were just upon smothered;
An' counsellers almost gev over for dead.
The jury sat up in their box overhead;
An' the judge on the bench so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an

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illigent wig;
Then silence was called, and the minute ’twas said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An’ they heard but the turn of a key in a lock,—
An’ Shamus O’Brien kem into the dock.—

For a minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An’ he looked at the irons, so firm and so strong,
An’ he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance of escape, nor a word to defend;
Then he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin’, a yard long at laste,
An’ Jim didn’t hear it, nor mind it a taste,
An’ the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
“Are you guilty or not, Jim O’Brien, av you plase?”
An’ all held their breath in the silence of dhread
As Shamus O’Brien made answer and said:

“My lord, if you ask me, if ever a time
I have thought any treason, or done 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 and the world I would 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 me counthry from op’ning to close,
An’ shed the heart’s blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, *Yes*; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, I glory that *then*
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
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 sowl, it’s himself was a crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin’ he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus’ mother in the crowd standin’ by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
“O, judge! darlin’, don’t, O, O, don’t say the word!
The crathur is young, O, have mercy, my lord;

He was foolish, he didn’t know what he was doin’;—
You don’t know him, my lord—don’t give him to ruin!—
He’s the kindliest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;—
Don’t part us for ever, that’s been so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An’ God will forgive you—O, don’t say the word!”

That was the first minute O’Brien was shaken,
When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An’ down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears kem runnin’ one afther th’ other;
An’ two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
But the sthrong manly voice seem’d to falther and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his griefs swelling tide,

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“An’,” says he, “mother, darlin’, don’t break your poor heart
For, sooner or later, the dearest *must* part;
And God knows it’s betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast
From labour, and 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’ undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!”
Then facin’ the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An’ that minute the solemn death-sintance 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 street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An’ why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?—
O, Shamus O’Brien! pray fervent and 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’ fasther an’ fasther, the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
An’ whisky was sellin’, an’ cussamuck too,
An’ the men and the women enjoying the view.
An’ ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There was no sich a sight since the time of Noah’s ark;
An’ be gorra, ’twas thrue too, for never sich scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge.
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
All waitin’ such time as the hangin’ kem on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An’ out came the sheriffs an’ sodgers in state,
An’ a cart in the middle, an’ Shamus was in it,
Not *paler*, but *prouder* than ever, that minute,
An’ as soon as the people saw Shamus O’Brien,
Wid prayin’ an’ blessin’, and all the girls cryin’,

The wild wailin’ sound it 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 sodgers go steadily on;
At every side swellin’ around of the cart,
A sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.

Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An’ the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An’ the priest, havin’ blest him, goes down on the ground,
An’ Shamus O’Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an’ the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill,
An’ the rope bein’ ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An’ the good priest has left him, havin’ said his last prayer.

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But the priest has done *more*, for his hands he unbound, And with one daring spring Jim has leaped to the ground; Bang! bang! go the carbines, and clash goes the sabres; He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbours. Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,— By heaven he's free!—than thunder more loud, By one *shout* from the people the heavens were 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', it's yourself you must hang; To-night he'll be sleeping in Atherloe Glin, An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.— The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that, An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat; An' the sheriffs were both of them punished severely, An' fined like the divil for bein' done fairly.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

Sawtan i' the law court
Wis once, sae I've heard tell—
"Oh! but hame is hamely!"
Quo' Sawtan to himsel.'

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

BY W.M. THACKERAY.

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 pairs 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 sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
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 Latakie
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-bottom’d chair.

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Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, 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-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd 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 bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd 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-bottom'd chair.

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-bottom'd 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-bottom'd chair.

THE ALMA.

September 20th,

1854. BY WILLIAM C. BENNET.

Yes—clash, ye pealing steeples!
Ye grim-mouthed cannon, roar!
Tell what each heart is feeling,
From shore to throbbing shore!
What every shouting city,
What every home would say,
The triumph and the rapture
That swell our hearts to-day.

And did they say, O England,
That now thy blood was cold,
That from thee had departed
The might thou hadst of old!
Tell them no deed more stirring
Than this thy sons have done,
Than this, no nobler triumph,
Their conquering arms have won.

The mighty fleet bore seaward;
We hushed our hearts in fear,
In awe of what each moment
Might utter to our ear;
For the air grew thick with murmurs
That stilled the hearer's breath,
With sounds that told of battle,
Of victory and of death.

We knew they could but conquer;
O fearless hearts, we knew
The name and fame of England
Could but be safe with you.
We knew no ranks more dauntless
The rush of bayonets bore,
Through all Spain's fields of carnage,
Or thine, Ferozepore.

O red day of the Alma!
O when thy tale was heard,
How was the heart of England
With pride and gladness stirred!
How did our peopled cities
All else forget, to tell
Ye living, how ye conquered,
And how, O dead, ye fell.

Glory to those who led you!
Glory to those they led!
Fame to the dauntless living!
Fame to the peaceful dead!
Honour, for ever, honour
To those whose bloody swords
Struck back the baffled despot,
And smote to flight his hordes!

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On, with your fierce burst onward!
On, sweep the foe before,
Till the great sea-hold's volleys
Roll through the ghastly roar!
Till your resistless onset
The mighty fortress know,
And storm-won fort and rampart
Your conquering standards show.

Yes—clash, ye bells, in triumph!
Yes—roar, ye cannon, roar!
Not for the living only,
But for those who come no more.
For the brave hearts coldly lying
In their far-off gory graves,
By the Alma's reddened waters,
And the Euxine's dashing waves.

For thee, thou weeping mother,
We grieve; our pity hears
Thy wail, O wife; the fallen,
For them we have no tears;
No—but with pride we name them,
For grief their memory wrongs;
Our proudest thoughts shall claim them,
And our exalting songs.

Heights of the rocky Alma,
The flags that scaled you bore
"Plassey," "Quebec," and "Blenheim,"
And many a triumph more;
And they shall show your glory
Till men shall silent be,
Of Waterloo and Maida
Moultan and Meanee.

I look; another glory
Methinks they give to fame;
By Badajoz and Bhurtpoor
Streams out another name;
From captured fleet and city,
And fort, the thick clouds roll,
And on the flags above them
Is writ "Sebastopol."

THE MAMELUKE CHARGE.

BY SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

Let the Arab courser go
Headlong on the silent foe;
Their plumes may shine like mountain snow,
Like fire their iron tubes may glow,
Their cannon death on death may throw,
Their pomp, their pride, their strength, we know,
But—let the Arab courser go.

The Arab horse is free and bold,
His blood is noble from of old,
Through dams, and sires, many a one,
Up to the steed of Solomon.
He needs no spur to rouse his ire,
His limbs of beauty never tire,
Then, give the Arab horse the rein,
And their dark squares will close in vain.
Though loud the death-shot peal, and louder,
He will only neigh the prouder;
Though nigh the death-flash glare, and nigher,
He will face the storm of fire;
He will leap the mound of slain,
Only let him have the rein.

The Arab horse will not shrink back, Though death confront him in his track, The Arab horse will not shrink back, And shall his rider's arm be slack? No!—By the God who gave us life, Our souls are ready for the strife. We need no serried lines, to show A gallant bearing to the foe. We need no trumpet to awake The thirst, which blood alone can slake. What is it that can stop our course, Free riders of the Arab horse?

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Go—brave the desert wind of fire;
Go—beard the lightning's look of ire;
Drive back the ravening flames, which leap
In thunder from the mountain steep;
But dream not, men of fifes and drums,
To stop the Arab when he comes:
Not tides of fire, not walls of rock,
Could shield you from that earthquake shock.
Come, brethren, come, too long we stay,
The shades of night have rolled away,
Too fast the golden moments fleet,
Charge, ere another pulse has beat;
Charge—like the tiger on the fawn—
Before another breath is drawn.

MY LADY'S LEAP.

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

My lady's leap! that's it, sir,—
That's what we call it 'ere;—
It's a nasty jump for a man, sir,
Let alone for a woman to clear.
D'ye see the fencing around it?
And the cross as folk can tell,
That this is the very spot, sir,
Where her sweet young ladyship fell?

I've lived in his lordship's family
For goin' on forty year.
And the tears will come a wellin'
Whenever I think of her;
For my mem'ry takes me backwards
To the days when by my side
She would sit in her tiny saddle
As I taught her the way to ride.

But she didn't want much teachin';—
Lor' bless ye, afore she was eight
There wasn't a fence in the county
Nor ever a five-barred gate
But what she'd leap, aye, and laugh at.
I think now I hear the ring

Of her voice, shouting, “Now then, lassie!”
As over a ditch she’d spring.

How proud I was of my mistress,
When round the country-side
I’d hear folks talking of her, sir,
And how she used to ride!
Every one knew my young mistress,
“My lady of Hislop Chase;”
And, what’s more, every one loved her,
And her sunny, angel face.

Lord Hislop lost his wife, sir,
When Lady Vi’ was born.
And never man aged so quickly:
He grew haggard and white and worn
In less than a week. Then after,
At times, he’d grow queer and wild;
And only one thing saved him—
His love for his only child.
He worshipped her like an idol;
He loved her, folks said too well;
And God sent the end as a judgment,—
But how that may be who can tell?

I don’t know how it all happened—
I heard the story you see,
In bits and scraps,—just here and there;
But, sir, ’atween you and me,
In putting them all together,
I think I’ve a good idea
As how the Master got swindled,
And things at the “Chase” went queer.
He’d a notion to leave Miss Vi’let
Rich, I fancy, you know;
For now and ag’in I noticed
He’d take in his head to go

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Away for a time—to London,—
And I, who knew him so well,
Could see as he came home worried.
Aye, sir! I could read—could tell
As things had gone wrong with Master.
I was right: ’twas that tale so old!
He’d lost in that great big gamble,
In that cursed greed for gold.

And then the worst came to the worst, sir.
“The old Chase must go from us, Vi’!”
Her father told her one morning,
“My child! oh, my child! I would die
Ten thousand deaths rather than tell you
What price our freedom would cost.”
And then, in a voice hoarse and broken,
He told her how all had been lost.
They say, sir, the girl answered proudly,
“I know, father, what you would say:
The man who has swindled you, duped you,
Will return you your own if you pay
His price—my hand. Don’t speak, father!
You know what I’m saying is true;
And, father, I know Paul Delaunay,
Yes, better, far better, than you.
Go, tell him I’ll wed him to-morrow,
On this one condition—list here,—
That he beats me across the country
From Hislop to Motecombe Mere.
But say that should I chance to beat him
He must give back everything—all
Of what he has robbed you, father:
That’s the message I send Sir Paul.”

Two men watched that ride across country
At the break of an autumn day:
Young Hilton, the son of the Squire,
And I, sir. They started away
And came through the first field together,
Then leaped the first fence neck and neck;

On, on again, riding like mad, sir,
Jumping all without hinder or check.
In this, the last field ’fore the finish,
You could save half a minute or more
By leaping the stone wall and brooklet;
But never, sir, never before,
Had anyone ever attempted
That leap; it was madness, but, sir,
My young mistress knew that Delaunay
Was too great a coward and cur
To follow; and, what’s more, she knew, sir,
That she *must* be first in the race—
For the sake of the Hislop honour,
To win back the dear old Chase.

I looked at young Hilton beside me—
A finer lad never walked:
I don’t think he thought as I knew, sir,
Their secret, for I’d never talked;
But I’d known for a long time, you see, sir,
As he and my lady Vi’
Had loved and would love for ever.
At last from his lips came a cry,
“Good God! she never will clear it!”
Then he turned his face to the ground;
While I—I looked on in terror,
Watched her, sir, taking that bound.
With a cold sweat bathing my forehead,
I saw her sweep onward, and gasped—
“For Heaven’s sake, stop, Lady Vi’let!”
A laugh was her answer. She passed
On, on, like a shimmer of lightning,
And then came her last great leap—
The next, sir, I saw of my lady
Was a crushed and mangled heap.
Delaunay? No, he didn’t follow,
Nor even drew rein when she fell;
But rode on, the longest way round, sir.
When he came back to claim her—well,
She was dead in the arms of her lover—
Claspt tight in his mad embrace;—
With her life-blood staining her tresses,
And a sad, sweet smile on her face.

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I heard the last words that she uttered—
“My love! tell my father I tried
To do what was best for his honour;
For you and for him I have died.”

A SONG FOR THE END OF THE SEASON.

BY J.R. PLANCHE.

(*FROM THE “DRAMATIC COLLEGE ANNUAL.”*)

Sir John has this moment gone by
In the brougham that was to be mine,
But, my dear, I’m not going to cry,
Though I know where he’s going to dine.
I shall meet him at Lady Gay’s ball
With that girl to his arm clinging fast,
But it won’t, love, disturb me at all,
I’ve recovered my spirits at last!

I was horribly low for a week,
For I could not go out anywhere
Without hearing, “You know they don’t speak;”
Or, “I’m told it’s all broken off there.”
But the Earl whispered something last night,
I sha’n’t say exactly what past,
But of this, dear, be satisfied quite,
I’ve recovered my spirits at last!

THE AGED PILOT MAN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

On the Erie Canal, it was,
All on a summer’s day,
I sailed forth with my parents
Far away to Albany.

From out the clouds at noon that day
There came a dreadful storm,
That piled the billows high about,
And filled us with alarm.

A man came rushing from a house,
“Tie up your boat I pray!
Tie up your boat, tie up, alas!
Tie up while yet you may.”

Our captain cast one glance astern,
Then forward glanced he,
And said, “My wife and little ones
I never more shall see.”

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
In noble words, but few—
“Fear not, but lean on Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through.”

The boat drove on, the frightened mules
Tore through the rain and wind,
And bravely still in danger’s post,
The whip-boy strode behind.

“Come ’board, come ’board,” the captain cried,
“Nor tempt so wild a storm;”
But still the raging mules advanced,
And still the boy strode on.

Then said the captain to us all,
“Alas, ’tis plain to me,
The greater danger is not there,
But here upon the sea.

So let us strive, while life remains,
To save all souls on board,
And then if die at last we must,
I ... *cannot* speak the word!”

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
Tow’ring above the crew,
“Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through.”

“Low bridge! low bridge!” all heads went down,
The labouring bark sped on;
A mill we passed, we passed a church,
Hamlets, and fields of corn;

And all the world came out to see,
And chased along the shore,
Crying, “Alas, the sheeted rain,

The wind, the tempest's roar!
Alas, the gallant ship and crew,
Can *nothing* help them more?"

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And from our deck sad eyes looked out
Across the stormy scene:
The tossing wake of billows aft,
The bending forests green,

The chickens sheltered under carts,
In lee of barn the cows,
The skurrying swine with straw in mouth,
The wild spray from our bows!

“She balances?
She wavers!
Now let her go about!
If she misses stays and broaches to
We’re all”—[then with a shout,]
“Huray! huray!
Avast! belay!
Take in more sail!
Lor! what a gale!
Ho, boy, haul taut on the hind mule’s tail!”

“Ho! lighten ship! ho! man the pump!
Ho, hostler, heave the lead!”
“A quarter-three!—’tis shoaling fast!
Three feet large!—three-e feet!—
’Tis three feet scant!” I cried in fright,
“Oh, is there *no* retreat?”

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
As on the vessel flew,
“Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through.”

A panic struck the bravest hearts,
The boldest cheek turned pale;
For plain to all, this shoaling said
A leak had burst the ditch’s bed!
And, straight as bolt from crossbow sped,
Our ship swept on, with shoaling lead,
Before the fearful gale!

“Sever the tow-line! Stop the mules!”
Too late! .... There comes a shock!

* * * * *

Another length, and the fated craft
Would have swum in the saving lock!

Then gathered together the shipwrecked crew
And took one last embrace,
While sorrowful tears from despairing eyes
Ran down each hopeless face;
And some did think of their little ones
Whom they never more might see,
And others of waiting wives at home,
And mothers that grieved would be.

But of all the children of misery there
On that poor sinking frame,
But one spake words of hope and faith,
And I worshipped as they came:
Said Dollinger the pilot man—
(O brave heart strong and true!)—
“Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
For he will fetch you through.”

Lo! scarce the words have passed his lips
The dauntless prophet say’th,
When every soul about him seeth
A wonder crown his faith!

And count ye all, both great and small,
As numbered with the dead!
For mariner for forty year,
On Erie, boy and man,
I never yet saw such a storm,
Or one ’t with it began!

So overboard a keg of nails
And anvils three we threw,
Likewise four bales of gunny-sacks,
Two hundred pounds of glue,
Two sacks of corn, four ditto wheat,
A box of books, a cow,
A violin, Lord Byron’s works,
A rip-saw and a sow.

A curve! a curve; the dangers grow!
“Labbord!—stabbord!—s-t-e-a-d-y!—so!—
Hard-a.-port, Dol!—hellum-a-lee!

Haw the head mule!—the aft one gee!
Luff!—bring her to the wind!”

For straight a farmer brought a plank,—
(Mysteriously inspired)—
And laying it unto the ship,
In silent awe retired.
Then every sufferer stood amazed
That pilot man before;
A moment stood. Then wondering turned,
And speechless walked ashore.

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TIM KEYSER’S NOSE.

BY MAX ADELER.

Tim Keyser lived at Wilmington,
He had a monstrous nose,
Which was a great deal redder
Than the very reddest rose,
And was completely capable
Of most terrific blows.

He wandered down one Christmas-day
To skate upon the creek,
And there upon the smoothest ice
He slid along so slick,
The people were amazed to see
Him cut it up so quick;

The exercise excited thirst,
And so, to get a drink,
He cut an opening in the ice,
And lay down on the brink.
Says he, “I’ll dip my nose right in,
And sip it up, I think.”

But while his nose was thus immersed
Six inches in the stream,
A very hungry pickerel
Was attracted by the gleam,
And darting up, it gave a snap,
And Keyser gave a scream.

Tim Keyser then was well assured
He had a famous bite;
To pull that pickerel up he tried,
And tugged with all his might;
But the disgusting pickerel had
The better of the fight.

And just as Mr. Keyser thought
His nose would split in two,
The pickerel gave his tail a twist,
And pulled Tim Keyser through,

And he was scudding through the waves
The first thing that he knew.

Then onward swam the savage fish
With swiftness towards its nest,
Still chewing Mr. Keyser's nose,
While Mr. Keyser guessed
What kind of policy would suit
His circumstances best.

Just then his nose was tickled
With a spear of grass close by;
Tim Keyser gave a sneeze which burst
The pickerel into "pi,"
And blew its bones, the ice, and waves
A thousand feet on high.

Tim Keyser swam up to the top,
A breath of air to take,
And finding broken ice, he hooked
His nose upon a cake,
And gloried in a nose that could
Such a concussion make.

His Christmas dinner on that day
He tackled with a vim;
And thanked his stars, as shuddering
He thought upon his swim,
That that wild pickerel had not
Spent Christmas eating him.

THE LOST EXPRESSION.

BY MARSHALL STEELE.

Oh! I fell in love with Dora, and my heart was all a-glow,
For I never met before a girl who took my fancy so;
She had eyes—no! cheeks a-blushing with the peach's ripening flush,
Was ecstatically gushing—and I like a girl to gush.
She'd the loveliest of faces, and the goldenest of hair,
And all customary graces lovers fancy in the fair.

Now, she doated on romances, she was yearnful and refined,
She had sentimental fancies of a most aesthetic kind,
She was sensitive, fantastic, tender, too, as she was fair,
But alas! she was not plastic, as I owned in my despair.

And, for all she was so gentle, yet she gave me this rebuff—
Though I might be sentimental, I'd not sentiment enough.

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Then I *did* grow sentimental, for that seemed to be my part,
And I talked in transcendental fashion that might move her heart,
Sighed to live in fairy grottoes with my Dora all alone,
And I studied cracker mottoes, which I quoted as my own.
Thus I strove to be romantic, but I failed upon the whole,
And she nearly drove me frantic when she said I had not “soul.”

So, despair tinged all my passion, sorrow mingled with my love,
Though I wooed her in a fashion which the stones of Rome might move,
Though I wrote her fervid sonnets with the fervour underlined,
Though I bought her gloves and bonnets of the most artistic kind,
Yet for me life held no pleasure, and my sorrow grew acute
That she smiled upon my presents, but she frowned upon my suit.

All in vain seemed love and longing till upon one fateful day
Hopes anew came on me thronging, as I heard my Dora say—
“Richard mine, I saw you sobbing o’er my photograph last night,
With a look that set me throbbing with unspeakable delight.
Wide your eyelids you were oping and your look was far from hence
With a passionate wild hoping that was soulful and intense.

“I have seen that look on Irving and sometimes on Beerbohm Tree,
And it seems to be observing joy and rapture yet to be.
In the nostril elevated and the lip that lightly curled
Was a cold scorn indicated of this vulgar nether world.
I could marry that expression. Show it once again then, do!
And I meekly make profession—I—I—I will marry you!”

Joy was then my heart’s possession, joy and rapturous content,
For I’d practised that expression, and I knew just what she meant:
So my eyebrows up I lifted and I stared with all my might
And my right-hand nostril shifted somewhat further to the right,
But I quite forgot—sad error was this dire mnemonic slip!—
I forgot in doubt and terror how to move my lower lip!

With one eyebrow elevated down I dropped my dexter lid,
Never mortal dislocated all his features as I did,
For I moved them in my folly right and left and up and down,
Till she asked if I was qualifying for the part of clown.
And I left in deep depression when she showed me to the door,
Saying, “Bring back that expression, sir, or never see me more!”

Then before my looking-glass I sought, and sought for months in vain,
That expression which, alas! I had forgotten, to my pain,

And I said then, feeling poorly, “I’ll go seek the haunts of men,
I could reproduce it surely, if I met with it again:
For, whose-ever—peer’s or peasant’s—face that heavenly look might
wear,
He should never leave my presence till I copied it, I swear.”

Could I meet a schoolboy, madly pleased the day that school begins,
Or a father smiling gladly, when the nurse says “Sir, it’s twins!”
Or a well-placed politician who no better place desires,
But achieves his one ambition on the day that he retires,
That expression—’tis my sure hope—on their faces I should get,
So I searched for them through Europe, but I haven’t found them yet.

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Then I lunched one day with Irving, once I dined with Mr. Tree,
Who in intervals of serving made such faces up at me.
But they failed me, though the former once a look upon me hurled,
Which expressed how the barn-stormer shows disdain of all the world,
And his look of rapture when I rose to go was quite immense,
Though not either now or then I thought it soulful or intense.

But at last, some long months later—'twas a dinner I was at
In the City—"Bring me, waiter," someone said, "some more green fat."
'Twas my *vis-a-vis* was speaking, and an Alderman was he;
On his radiant face, and reeking, was the hope of joy to be.
He had all that lost expression, every detail showing plain,
Soulfulness, hope of possession, joy, intensity, disdain.

Then I sought to make him merry, and I plied him with old port,
Claret, burgundy, Bass, sherry, and a little something short;
And this guzzler, by me aided, kept on soaking all the while,
Till that lost expression faded to an idiotic smile,
And his speech grew thick and thicker, and his mind began to roam,
Till he finished off his liquor and I drove him to my home.

There with coils of rope I strapped him to my sofa, firm and fast,
Douched him, doused him, bled and tapped him, till I sobered him at
last,
To that lost expression led him—that was all that I was at—
As for days and weeks I fed him on suggestions of green fat.
Thus I caught that lost expression, and I cried, "Thrice happy day!
Once again 'tis my possession." Then I turned and fled away.

Without swerving or digression to my Dora straight I sped,
And she gazed at that expression, then she clapped her hands and
said—
"You have found it—who'd have thought it?—you have brought it me
again!"
"Yes!" I cried, "and as I've brought it, make me happiest of men."
But—oh! who could tell her sorrow, as she cried in wistful tones?—
"Dick, I'd marry you to-morrow, but I'm Mrs. Bowler Jones!"

A NIGHT SCENE.

BY ROBERT B. BROUGH.

Out of the grog-shop, I've stepp'd in the street.
Road, what's the matter? you're loose on your feet;
Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the knees:
Some on your heads—in the gutter some sunk—
Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! look at the moon—
Shining up there like a paper balloon,
Winking like mad at me: Moon, I'm afraid—
Now I'm convinced—Oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon: Look at the stars—
Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus, and Mars,
Dancing quadrilles; caper'd, shuffl'd and hopp'd.
Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopp'd.

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Down come the houses! each drunk as a king—
Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing;
Inside the bar it was safe and all right,
I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

KARL, THE MARTYR.

BY FRANCES WHITESIDE.

It was the closing of a summer's day,
And trellised branches from encircling trees
Threw silver shadows o'er the golden space.
Where groups of merry-hearted sons of toil
Were met to celebrate a village feast;
Casting away, in frolic sport, the cares
That ever press and crowd and leave their mark
Upon the brows of all whose bread is earned
By daily labour. 'Twas perchance the feast
Of fav'rite saint, or anniversary
Of one of bounteous nature's season gifts
To grateful husbandry—no matter what
The cause of their uniting. Joy beamed forth
On ev'ry face, and the sweet echoes rang
With sounds of honest mirth too rarely heard
In the vast workshop man has made his world,
Where months of toil must pay one day of song.

Somewhat apart from the assembled throng
There sat a swarthy giant, with a face
So nobly grand that though (unlike the rest)
He wore no festal garb nor laughing mien,
Yet was he study for the painter's art:
He joined not in their sports, but rather seemed
To please his eye with sight of others' joy.
There was a cast of sorrow on his brow,
As though it had been early there.
He sat In listless attitude, yet not devoid
Of gentlest grace, as down his stalwart form
He bent, to catch the playful whisperings,
And note the movements of a bright-hair'd child
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding a tiny brother by the hand.

He was the village smith (the rolled-up sleeves
And the well-charred leathern apron show'd his craft);
Karl was his name—a man beloved by all.
He was not of the district. He had come
Amongst them ere his forehead bore one trace
Of age or suffering. A wife and child
He had brought with him; but the wife was dead.
Not so the child—who danced before him now
And held a tiny brother by the hand—
Their mother's last and priceless legacy!
So Karl was happy still that those two lived,
And laughed and danced before him in the sun.

Yet sadly so. The children both were fair,
Ruddy, and active, though of fragile form;
But to that father's ever watchful eye,
Who had so loved their mother, it was plain
That each inherited the wasting doom
Which cost that mother's life. 'Twas reason more
To work and toil for them by night and day!
Early and late his anvil's ringing sound

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Was heard amidst all seasons. Oftentimes
The neighbours asked him why he worked so hard
With only two to care for? He would smile,
Wipe his hot brow, and say, "'Twas done in love
For sake of those in mercy left him still—
And hers: he might not stay. He could not live
To lose them all." The tenderest of plants
Required the careful'st gardening, and so
He worked on valiantly; and if he marked
An extra gleam of health in Trudchen's cheeks,
A growing strength in little Casper's laugh,
He bowed his head, and felt his work was paid.
Even as now, while sitting 'neath the tree,
He watched the bright-hair'd image of his wife,
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding her tiny brother by the hand.

The frolics pause: now Casper's laughing head
Rests wearily against his father's knee
In trusting lovingness; while Trudchen runs
To snatch a hasty kiss (the little man,
It may be, wonders if the tiny hand
With which he strives to reach his father's neck
Will ever grow as big and brown as that
He sees imbedded in his sister's curls).
When quick as lightning's flash up starts the smith,
Huddles the frightened children in his arms,
Thrusts them far back—extends his giant frame
And covers them as with Goliath's shield!

Now hark! a rushing, yelping, panting sound,
So terrible that all stood chilled with fear;
And in the midst of that late joyous throng
Leapt an infuriate hound, with flaming eyes,
Half-open mouth, and fiercely bristling hair,
Proving that madness tore the brute to death.
One spring from Karl, and the wild thing was seized,
Fast prison'd in the stalwart Vulcan's gripe.

A sharp, shrill cry of agony from Karl
Was mingled with the hound's low fever'd growl.
And all with horror saw the creature's teeth
Fixed in the blacksmith's shoulder. None had power
To rescue him; for scarcely could you count
A moment's space ere both had disappeared—
The man and dog. The smith had leapt a fence
And gained the forest with a frantic rush,
Bearing the hideous mischief in his arms.

A long receding cry came on the ear,
Showing how swift their flight; and fainter grew
The sound: ere well a man had time to think
What might be done for help, the sound was hushed,
Lost in the very distance. Women crouched
And huddled up their children in their arms;
Men flew to seek their weapons. 'Twas a change
So swift and fearful, none could realise
Its actual horrors—for a time. But now,
The panic past, to rescue and pursuit!

Crash! through the brake into the forest track;
But pitchy darkness, caused by closing night
And foliage dense, impedes the avengers' way;
When lo! they trip o'er something in their path!

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It was the bleeding body of the hound,
Warm, but quite dead. No other trace of Karl
Was near at hand; they called his name; in vain
They sought him in the forest all night through;
Living or dead, he was not to be found.
At break of day they left the fruitless search.

Next morning, as an anxious village group
Stood meditating plans what best to do,
Came little Trudchen, who, in simple tones,
Said, “Father’s at the forge—I heard him there
Working long hours ago; but he is angry.
I raised the latch: he bade me to be gone.
What have I done to make him chide me so?”
And then her bright blue eyes ran o’er with tears.
“The child’s been dreaming through this troubled night,”
Said a kind dame, and drew the child towards her.
But the sad answers of the girl were such
As led them all to seek her father’s forge
(It lay beyond the village some short span).
They forced the door, and there beheld the smith.

His sinewy frame was drawn to its full height;
And round his loins a double chain of iron,
Wrought with true workman skill, was riveted
Fast to an anvil of enormous weight.
He stood as pale and statue-like as death.

Now let his own words close the hapless tale:
“I killed the hound, you know; but not until
His maddening venom through my veins had passed.
I knew full well the death in store for me,
And would not answer when you called my name;
But crouched among the brushwood, while I thought
Over some plan. I know my giant strength,
And dare not trust it after reason’s loss.
Why! I might turn and rend whom most I love.
I’ve made all fast now. ’Tis a hideous death.
I thought to plunge me in the deep, still pool
That skirts the forest—to avoid it; but
I thought that for the suicide’s poor shift
I would not throw away my chance of heaven,
And meeting one who made earth heaven to me.
So I came home and forged these chains about me:

Full well I know no human hand can rend them,
And now am safe from harming those I love.
Keep off, good friends! Should God prolong my life,
Throw me such food as nature may require.
Look to my babes. This you are bound to do;
For by my deadly grasp on that poor hound,
How many of you have I saved from death
Such as I now await? But hence away!
The poison works! these chains must try their strength.
My brain's on fire! with me 'twill soon be night."

Too true his words! the brave, great-hearted Karl,
A raving maniac, battled with his chains
For three fierce days. The fourth saw him free;
For Death's strong hand had loosed the martyr's bonds;
Where his freed spirit soars, who dares to doubt?

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THE ROMANCE OF TENACHELLE.

BY HERCULES ELLIS.

On panting steeds they hurry on,
Kildare, and Darcy's lovely daughter—
On panting steeds they hurry on;
To cross the Barrow's water;
Within her father's dungeon chained,
Kildare her gentle heart had gained;
Now love and she have broke his chain,
And he is free! is free again.

His cloak, by forest boughs is rent,
The long night's toilsome journey showing;
His helm's white plume is wet, and bent,
And backwards o'er his shoulders flowing;
Pale is the lovely lady's cheek,
Her eyes grow dim, her hand is weak;
And, feebly, tries she to sustain,
Her falling horse, with silken rein.

"Now, clasp thy fair arms round my neck,"
Kildare cried to the lovely lady;
"Thy weight black Memnon will not check,
Nor stay his gallop, swift and steady;"
The blush, one moment, dyed her cheek;
The next, her arms are round his neck;
And placed before him on his horse,
They haste, together, on their course.

"Oh! Gerald," cried the lady fair,
Now backward o'er his shoulder gazing,
"I see Red Raymond, in our rear,
And Owen, Darcy's banner raising—
Mother of Mercy! now I see
My father, in their company;
Oh! Gerald, leave me here, and fly,
Enough! enough! for one to die!"

"My own dear love; my own dear love!"
Kildare cried to the lovely lady,
"Fear not, black Memnon yet shall prove,

Than all their steeds, more swift and steady:
But to guide well my gallant horse,
Tasks eye, and hand, and utmost force;
Then look for me, my love, and tell,
What see'st thou now at Tenachelle?"

"I see, I see," the lady cried,
"Now bursting o'er its green banks narrow,
And through the valley spreading wide,
In one vast flood, the Barrow!
The bridge of Tenachelle now seems,
A dark stripe o'er the rushing streams;
For nought above the flood is shown,
Except its parapet alone."

"But can'st thou see," Earl Gerald said,
"My faithful Gallowglasses standing?
Waves the green plume on Milo's head,
For me, at Tenachelle commanding?"
"No men are there," the lady said,
"No living thing, no human aid;
The trees appear, like isles of green,
Nought else, through all the vale is seen."

Deep agony through Gerald passed;
Oh! must she fall, the noble-hearted;
And must this morning prove their last,
By kinsmen and by friends deserted?
Sure treason must have made its way,
Within the courts of Castle Ley;
And kept away the mail-clad ranks
He ordered to the Barrow's banks.

"The chase comes fast," the lady cries;
"Both whip and spur I see them plying;
Sir Robert Verdon foremost hies,
Through Regan's forest flying;
Each moment on our course they gain,
Alas! why did I break thy chain,
And urge thee, from thy prison, here,
To make the mossy turf thy bier?"

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“Cheer up! cheer up! my own dear maid,”
Kildare cried to the weeping lady;
“Soon, soon, shall come the promised aid,
With shield and lance for battle ready;
Look out, while swift we ride, and tell
What see’st thou now at Tenachelle.
Does aught on Clemgaum’s Hill now move?
Cheer up, and look, my own dear love!”

“Still higher swells the rushing tide,”
The lady said, “along the river;
The bridge wall’s rent, with breaches wide,
Beneath its force the arches quiver.
But on Clemgaum I see no plumes;
From Offaly no succour comes;
No banner floats, no trumpet’s blown—
Alas! alas! we are alone.

“And now, O God! I see behind,
My father to Red Raymond lending,
His war-horse, fleeter than the wind,
And on our chase, the traitor sending:
He holds the lighted aquebus,
Bearing death to both of us;
Speed, my gallant Memnon, speed,
Nor let us ’neath the ruffian bleed.”

“Thy love saved *me* at risk of life,”
Kildare cried, “when the axe was wielding;
And now I joy, my own dear wife,
To think my breast *thy* life is shielding;
Thank Heaven no bolt can now reach thee,
That shall not first have passed through me;
For death were mercy to the thought,
That thou, for me, to death were brought.”

And now they reach the trembling bridge,
Through flooded bottoms swiftly rushing;
Along it heaves a foaming ridge,
Through its rent walls the torrent’s gushing.
Across the bridge their way they make,
’Neath Memnon’s hoofs the arches shake;
While fierce as hate, and fleet as wind,
Red Raymond follows fast behind.

They've gained, they've gained the farther side!
Through clouds of foam, stout Memnon dashes;
And, as they swiftly onward ride,
Beneath his feet the vext flood splashes.
But as they reach the floodless ground,
The valley rings with a sharp sound;
The aquebus has hurled its rain,
And by it gallant Memnon's slain.

And now behind loud rose the cry—
"The bridge! beware! the bridge is breaking!"
Backwards the scared pursuers fly,
While, like a tyrant, his wrath wreaking,
Rushed the flood, the strong bridge rending,
And its fragments downwards sending;
In its throat Red Raymond swallowed,
While above him the flood bellowed.

Hissing, roaring, in its course,
The shattered bridge before it spurning,
The flood burst down, with giant force,
The oaks of centuries upturning.
The awed pursuers stood aghast;
All hope to reach Kildare's now past
Blest be the Barrow, which thus rose,
To save true lovers from their foes!

And now o'er Clemgaum's Hill appear,
Their white plumes on the breezes dancing,
A gallant troop, with shield and spear,
From Offaley with aid advancing.
Quick to Kildare his soldiers ride,
And raise him up from Memnon's side;
Unhurt he stands, and to his breast,
The Lady Anna Darcy's pressed.

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“Kinsmen and friends,” exclaimed Kildare,
“Behold my bride, the fair and fearless,
Who broke my chain, and brought me here,
In truth, in love, and beauty, peerless.
Here, at the bridge of Tenachelle,
Amid the friends I love so well,
I swear that until life depart,
She’ll rule my home, my soul, my heart!”

MICHAEL FLYNN.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

Said Michael Flynn, the lab’ring man,
“Yis, sorr, although oi’m poor,
Sooner than live on charity
I’d beg from door to door.”

A NIGHT WITH A STORK.

BY WILLIAM G. WILCOX.

Four individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself, occupy one of a row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domesticated man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my dwelling between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., my heart is usually at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we have not enjoyed that perfect peace which was ours during the first years of our married life, yet his powerful little lungs, I am bound to say, have failed to make ours a noisy house.

Up to the time when the incident occurred which I am going to tell you about our regularity had remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and took tea at the same time, day after day. Well, as I say, we had been going on in this clockwork fashion for a considerable time, when the other morning the postman brought a letter to our door, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom—hem! for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms.

“What can Uncle Martin have to write about?” was our simultaneous exclamation. “The present for baby at last, I do believe, James,” added my wife; “a cheque, perhaps, or ——” I opened the letter and read:—

“MARTIN HOUSE, HERTS.,
“*October 17th*.

“DEAR NEPHEW,—You may perhaps have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to-morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be obliged by your taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning. With my respects to your good lady,

“I remain,

“Your affectionate Uncle,

“RALPH MARTIN.”

We looked at each other for a moment in silence, and then my wife said, “James, what is a stork?”

“A stork, my dear, is a—a—sort of ostrich, I think.”

“An ostrich! why that’s an enormous——”

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“Yes, my dear, the creature that puts its head in the sand, and kicks when it’s pursued, you know.”

“James, the horrid thing shall *not* come here! If it should kick baby we should never forgive ourselves.”

“No, no, my dear, I don’t think the *stork* is at all ferocious. No, it can’t be. Stork! stork! I always associate storks with chimneys. Yes, abroad, I think in Holland, or Germany, or somewhere, the stork sweeps the chimneys with its long legs from the top. But let’s see what the Natural History says, my dear. That will tell us all about it. Stork—um—um—-’hind toe short, middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe.’ Well, *that* won’t matter much for one night, will it, dear? ‘His height often exceeds four feet.’”

“*Four* feet!!!” interrupted my wife. “James, how high are you?”

“Well, my dear, really, comparisons are exceedingly disagreeable—um—um—’appetite extremely voracious,’ and his food—hulloa! ‘frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels!’”

“Frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels,” repeated my wife. “James, do you expect me to provide supper and breakfast of this description for the horrid thing?”

“Well, my dear, we must do our best for baby’s sake, you know, for baby’s sake,” and, getting my hat, I left as usual for the office. I passed anything but a pleasant day there, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o’clock I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as “the one with the crowd on the quay.” On driving up I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea voyage, or the leaving his home, or, that being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the persistent swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy looking object in my life.

I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain’s face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage; but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half shoved, half hauled all the way. Even then he persisted in getting outside of every bar—like this. After a great deal of trouble we got him to the top. I hurried him into the cab, and telling the man to drive as quickly as possible, got in with my guests. At first I had to keep dodging my head about to keep my face away from his bill, as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding that I kept pulling him back. Consequently when we drove up to

my house there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as well as I could, and shut the door.

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How can I describe the spending of that evening? How can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you of the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements, walking slowly from room to room, and standing on one leg till his curiosity was satisfied, or how describe the expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to the banisters, and found out that, owing to our limited accommodation he was to remain in the hall all night, or picture the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite. How can you who have *not* had a stork staying with you have any idea of the change that came over his temper after his supper, how he pecked at everybody who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how at last we outmanoeuvred him by throwing a tablecloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

Added to all this we had to endure language from that parrot which was really shocking: indeed, so scurrilous did he become that we had at last to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, owing to the darkness of his bedroom, or from fatigue, he presently swore himself to sleep.

Well, by this time, we were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness which, we hoped, sleep would bring with it; but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A.M. my wife clutched my hair and woke me up. "James, James, listen!" I listened. I heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door. "The water running into the cistern, my dear," I said sleepily.

"James, don't be absurd; that horrid thing has broken its string, and is coming upstairs."

I listened again. It really sounded like it.

"James, if you don't go at once, *I* must. You know the nursery door is always left open, and if that horrid thing should get in to baby——"

"But, my dear," said I, "what am I to do in my present defenceless state of clothing, if he should take to pecking?"

My wife's expression of contempt at the idea of considering myself before the baby determined me at once, come what might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and there, sure enough, he was on the landing resting himself after his unusual exertion by tucking up one leg. He looked so subdued that I was about to take him by the string and lead him downstairs, when he drew back his head, and in less time than it takes to relate, I was back in my room, bleeding from a severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and determined to let the infamous bird go where he liked. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork

wandering about the house prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt that he was spending some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our surplus crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

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In the morning I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then sent for a large sack, and with the help of the tablecloth, and the boy who cleans our boots, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and confided him and the parrot to the guard of the early train. As the train moved off, I heard a yell and a very improper expression from the guard. I have reason to believe that the stork had freed himself from the wrapper, and had begun pecking again.

We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will, we will never again have anything to do with any foreign birds, however much he may ask and desire it.

AN UNMUSICAL NEIGHBOUR.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

I once knew a man who was musical mad—
A hundred years old was the fiddle he had;
I never complained, but whenever he played
I wished I had lived when that fiddle was made.

THE CHALICE.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Swift, storm-scud, raced the morning sky,
As light along the road I fared;
Stern was the way, yet glad was I,
Though feet and breast and brow were bared;
For fancy, like a happy child,
Ran on before and turned and smiled.

The track grew fair with turf and tree,
The air was blithe with bird and flower.
Boon nature's gentlest wizardry
Was potent with the bounteous hour:
A raptured languor o'er me crept;
I laid me down at noon and slept.

I woke, and there, as in a dream,
Which holds some boding fear of wrong,
By fog-bound fen and sluggard stream
I dragged my leaden steps along.

My blood ran ice; I turned and spied
A shrouded figure at my side.

“And who art thou that pacest here?”
He answered like a hollow wind,
Not heard by any outer ear,
But in dim chambers of the mind.
“I walk,” he said, “in ways of shame,
The comrade of thy wasted fame.”

A passion clamoured in my breast,
For mirthless laughter, and I laughed;
In mine the phantom’s cold hand pressed
A cup, and in self’s spite I quaffed.
It clung like slime; ’twas black like ink:
Death is less bitter than that drink.

“This chalice scarce can fail,” said he,
“Till thou and I shall fail from earth;’
And we will walk in company,
And waste the night with shameful mirth.
I pledge thy fate; now pledge thou mine.”
I pledged him in the bitter wine.

“Had’st thou not slept at noon,” he said,
“Thou should’st have walked in praise and fame.
Now loathest thou thine heart and head,
And both thine eyes are blind with shame.”
His voice was like a hollow wind
In dim death-chambers in the mind.

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He turned; he bared a demon face;
He filled the night with ribald song;
For many a league, in evil case,
We danced our leaden feet along.
And every rood, in that foul wine,
I pledged his fate: he drank to mine.

“What comfort has thou?” suddenly
To me my phantom comrade saith.
“I know,” said I, “where’er I lie,
The end of each man’s road is death.
I pray that I may find it soon;
I weary of night’s changeless moon.”

Then, in such lays of hideous mirth
As never tainted human breath,
He cursed all things of human worth—
Made mock of life and scorn of death.
“Art weary?” quoth he; and said I:
“Fain here to lay me down and die.”

“Then join,” he saith, “my roundelay;
Curse God and die, and make an end.
Fled is thine hope, and done thy day;
The fleshworm is thine only friend.
Thy mouth is fouled, and he, I ween,
Alone can scour thy palate clean.”

I said: “I justify the rod;
I claim its heaviest stripe mine own.
Did justice cease to dwell with God,
Then God were toppled from His throne!
Fill up thy chalice to the brink—
Thy bitterest, and I will drink.”

With looks like any devil’s grim,
He poured the brewage till it ran
With fetid horror at the brim.
“Now, drink,” he gibed, “and play the man!”
He stretched the chalice forth. It stank
That my soul failed me, and I drank.

With loathing soul and quivering flesh
I drank, and lo! the draught I took

Was limpid-clear, and sweet and fresh
As ever came from summer brook
Or fountain, where the trees have made
Long from the sun a pleasant shade.

He hurled the chalice to the sky;
A bright hand caught it; and was gone.
He blessed me with a sovereign eye,
And like a god's his visage shone,
And there he took me by the hand,
And led me towards another land.

LIVINGSTONE.

Buried in Westminster Abbey, April, 1874.

BY HENRY LLOYD.

With solemn march and slow a soldier comes,
In conquest fallen; home we bring him dead;
Stand silent by, beat low the muffled drums,
Uncover ye, and bow the reverent head.

Where ghostly echoes dwell and grey light falls,
Where Kings and Heroes rest in honoured sleep;
Their names steel bitten on the sacred walls,
Inter his dust, while England bends to weep.

Stir not ye Kings and Heroes in your rest,
Lest these poor bones dishonour such as you;
This man was both, though nodding plume or crest
Ne'er waved above his eye so bright and true.

By no sad orphan is his name abhorred,
A hero, yet no battered shield he brings.
Nor on his bier a blood encrusted sword;
Nor as his trophies Kings, nor crowns of Kings.

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War hath its heroes, Peace hath hers as well,
Armed by Heaven's King from Heaven's armoury;
And this dead man was one, who fought and fell,
Life less his choice, than death and victory.

To do his work with purpose iron strong,
To loose the captive, set the prisoner free;
To heal the hideous sore of deadly wrong
Kept festering by greed and cruelty;

Love on his banner, Pity in his heart;
His lofty soul moved on with single aim;
'Mid deadly perils bore a noble part,
And, dying, left a pure, unsullied name.

Thro' dreary miles of foul eternal swamp,
And over lonely leagues of burning sand,
He wrought his purpose; Faith his quenchless lamp,
And Truth his sword held as in giant's hand.

His lot was as his sorrowing Master's lot,
Nowhere to lay his weary honoured head;
"My limbs they fail me, and my brow is hot;
Build me a hut—wherein—to die," he said.

"Ah, England, I shall see thee nevermore.
Farewell, my loved ones, far o'er ocean's foam;
Ye watch in vain on that dear mother shore,"
He looked to Heaven and cried, "I'm going home."

Home, sweetest word that ever man has made,
Home, after weariness and toil and pain;
Home to his Father's house all unafraid,
Home to his rest, no more to weep again.

How found they him, this hero of all time?
Dead on his knees, as if at last he said:
"Into thy hands, O God!" with faith sublime;
And death looked on, scarce knowing he was dead.

O British land, that breedeth sturdy men,
Be proud to hold our hero's honoured bones;
Land that he wrought for with his life and pen,
Write, write his glory in enduring stones.

Tell how he lived and died, how fought and fell,
So in the world's glad future, looming dim;
The children of the lands he loved so well,
Shall learn his name and love to honour him.

IN SWANAGE BAY.

BY MRS. CRAIK.

"'Twas five-and-forty year ago,
  Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
  The reapers in the corn;
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
  As sure as you were born.

"My tale's all true, young gentlemen,"
  The fond old boatman cried
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
  Who vain obedience tried:
"Mind what your father says to you,
  And don't go out this tide.

"Just such a shiny sea as this,
  Smooth as a pond, you'd say,
And white gulls flying, and the crafts
  Down Channel making way;
And the Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,
  Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

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“The Battery Point, the Race beyond,
  Just as to-day you see;
This was, I think, the very stone
  Where sat Dick, Dolly, and me;
She was our little sister, sirs,
  A small child, just turned three.

“And Dick was mighty fond of her:
  Though a big lad and bold,
He’d carry her like any nurse,
  Almost from birth, I’m told;
For mother sickened soon, and died
  When Doll was eight months old.

“We sat and watched a little boat,
  Her name the ‘Tricksy Jane,’
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
  But we could see her plain.
To see her and not haul her up
  Cost us a deal of pain.

“Said Dick to me, ’Let’s have a pull;
  Father will never know:
He’s busy in his wheat up there,
  And cannot see us go;
These landsmen are such cowards if
  A puff of wind does blow.

“’I’ve been to France and back three times—
  Who knows best, dad or me,
Whether a ship’s seaworthy or not?
  Dolly, wilt go to sea?’
And Dolly laughed and hugged him tight,
  As pleased as she could be.

“I don’t mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick:
  What he did, sure I’d do;
And many a sail in ‘Tricksy Jane’
  We’d had when she was new.
Father was always sharp; and what
  He said, he meant it too.

“But now the sky had not a cloud,
  The bay looked smooth as glass;

Our Dick could manage any boat,
  As neat as ever was.
And Dolly crowed, ‘Me go to sea!’
  The jolly little lass!

“Well, sirs, we went: a pair of oars;
  My jacket for a sail:
Just round ’Old Harry and his Wife’—
  Those rocks there, within hail;
And we came back.——D’ye want to hear
  The end o’ the old man’s tale?

“Ay, ay, we came back past that point,
  But then a. breeze up-sprung;
Dick shouted, ‘Hoy! down sail!’ and pulled
  With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
  So terrible and strong.

“I pulled too: I was blind with fear;
  But I could hear Dick’s breath
Coming and going, as he told
  Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so:
  We rowed for life or death.

“We almost reached the sheltered bay,
  We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty here,
  His sickle in his hand;
The houses white, the yellow fields,
  The safe and pleasant land.

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“And Dick, though pale as any ghost,
  Had only said to me,
‘We’re all right now, old lad!’ when up
  A wave rolled—drenched us three—
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
  And roar of blinding sea.

“I don’t remember much but that:
  You see I’m safe and sound;
I have been wrecked four times since then—
  Seen queer sights, I’ll be bound.
I think folks sleep beneath the deep
  As calm as underground.”

“But Dick and Dolly?” “Well, Poor Dick!
  I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of the boat—
  Floating keel up—and sing
Out loud, ’Where’s Doll?’—I hear him yet
  As clear as anything.

“‘Where’s Dolly?’ I no answer made;
  For she dropped like a stone
Down through the deep sea; and it closed:
  The little thing was gone!
‘Where’s Doll?’ three times; then Dick loosed hold,
  And left me there alone.

* * * * *

“It’s five-and-forty year since then,”
  Muttered the boatman grey,
And drew his rough hand o’er his eyes,
  And stared across the bay;
“Just five-and-forty year,” and not
  Another word did say.

“But Dolly?” ask the children all,
  As they about him stand.
“Poor Doll! she floated back next tide
  With sea-weed in her hand.
She’s buried o’er that hill you see,
  In a churchyard on land.

"But where Dick lies, God knows! He'll find
  Our Dick at Judgment-day."
The boatman fell to mending nets,
  The boys ran off to play;
And the sun shone and the waves danced
  In quiet Swanage Bay.

BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

"O, whither sail you, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?"
  Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the pole
  I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
  As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
  No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
  And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong, if he is right;
  Bear off to westward then."

"O, whither sail you, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?"
  Cried the little Esquimaux.
"Between your land and the polar star
  My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"
  The little Indian said;
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
  Your vessel for a sled."

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But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
  And the crew laughed with him, too:—
“A sailor to change from ship to sled,
  I ween were something new!”

All through the long, long polar day,
  The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sails of Sir John were blown,
  The ice gave way and fled:

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
  And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
  And closed where he sailed before.

“Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
  The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian’s sled!”
  The crew laughed out in glee.

“Sir John, Sir John, ’tis bitter cold,
  The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
  The very sunbeams freeze.”

“Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
  We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer’s sun goes down,
  On yonder sea we’ll steer.”

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
  And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
  And furled the useless sail

“The summer’s gone, the winter’s come,
  We sail not yonder sea:
Why sail we not, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?”
  A silent man was he.

“The summer goes, the winter comes—
  We cannot rule the year.”

“I ween we cannot rule the ways,
  Sir John, wherein we’d steer!”

The cruel ice came floating on,
  And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
’Twas ice around, behind, before—
  Oh God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
  What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
  To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
  The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
  And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
  And on the decks were laid:
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
  Sank down beside his spade.

“Sir John, the night is black and long,
  The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard green ice is strong as death—
  I prithee, Captain, speak!”

“The night is neither bright nor short,
  The singing breeze is cold;
The ice is not so strong as hope—
  The heart of man is bold!”

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“What hope can scale this icy wall,
  High o’er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient settled stare,
  Look down on us and laugh.”

“The summer, went, the winter came—
  We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
  Whereon our ships shall steer.”

The winter went, the summer went,
  The winter came around:
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
  Yet caught at every sound.

“Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
  And there, and there again?”
“’Tis some uneasy iceberg’s roar,
  As he turns in the frozen main.”

“Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
  Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!”
  “Ye pray for the silly seal.”

“Sir John, where are the English fields,
  And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
  That open in the breeze?”

“Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
  You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
  The grass, and the waving grain.”

“Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
  My Mary waits for me.”
“Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
  And pray at her trembling knee?”

“Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
  Think not such thoughts again.”
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
  He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
  The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
  More patient than before.

“Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
  We’ll ever see the land?
’Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
  Without a helping hand.

“’Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
  So far from help and home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lord of the Admiralty
  Would rather send than come.”

“Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
  Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is found, the secret won—
  We passed the Northern Sea!”

PHADRIG CROHOORE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Oh, Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
  And he stood six feet eight;
And his arm was as round as another man’s thigh,—
  ’Tis Phadrig was great.

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His hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And it hung over scars got in many a fight.
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,
And his eye flashed like lightning from under a cloud,—
And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,
Sorra matter how cross, but he could come round her;
But of all whom he smiled on so sweetly, but one
Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone.
As warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,
Was the love of the heart of young Phadrig Crohoore.
He would die for a smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But one Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore—and that same I can tell.
And O'Brien liked him, for they were all the same parties—
The O'Hanlons, O'Briens, O'Ryans, M'Carthies;
And they all went together in hating Crohoore,
For many's the bating he gave them before.
So O'Hanlon makes up to O'Brien, and says he:
"I'll marry your daughter if you'll give her to me."

So the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on
The company assembled—three hundred if one!
The O'Hanlon's, of course, turned out strong on that day,
And the pipers and fiddlers were tearing away;
There was laughing, and roaring, and jigging, and flinging,
And joking and blessing, and kissing and singing,
And they were all merry; why not, to be sure,
That O'Hanlon got inside of Phadrig Crohoore;
And they all talked and laughed, the length of the table,
Aiting and drinking while they were able—
With the piping and fiddling, and roaring like thunder,
Och! you'd think your head fairly was splitting asunder;
And the priest shouted, "Silence, ye blabblers, agin,"
And he took up his prayer-book and was going to begin,
And they all held their funning, and jigging, and bawling,
So silent, you'd notice the smallest pin falling;
And the priest was beginning to read, when the door
Was flung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood six feet eight;

His arm was as big as another man's thigh,—
'Tis Phadrig was great.

As he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a dark cloud moves on through the stars in the sky—
None dared to oppose him, for Phadrig was great,
Till he stood, all alone, just in front of the seat
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,
Were seated together, the two side by side.
He looked on Kathleen till her poor heart near broke,
Then he turned to her father, O'Brien, and spoke,
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,
And his eyes flashed like lightning from under a cloud:

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“I did not come here like a tame, crawling mouse;
I stand like a man, in my enemy’s house.
In the field, on the road, Phadrig never knew fear
Of his foemen, and God knows he now scorns it here.
I ask but your leave, for three minutes or four,
To speak to the girl whom I ne’er may see more.”
Then he turned to Kathleen, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the days when he called her his own;
And said he, “Kathleen, bawn, is it true what I hear—
Is this match your free choice, without threat’ning or fear?
If so, say the word, and I’ll turn and depart—
Cheated once, but once only, by woman’s false heart.”
Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb;
She tried hard to speak, but the words wouldn’t come,
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,
Struck cold on her heart, like the night-wind in winter,
And the tears in her blue eyes were trembling to flow,
And her cheeks were as pale as the moonbeams on snow.
Then the heart of bold Phadrig swelled high in its place,
For he knew by one look in that beautiful face,
That though strangers and foemen their pledged hands might sever,
Her heart was still his, and his only, for ever.

Then he lifted his voice, like an eagle’s hoarse call,
And cried out—“She is mine yet, in spite of ye all.”
But up jumped O’Hanlon, and a tall chap was he,
And he gazed on bold Phadrig as fierce as could be;
And says he—“By my fathers, before you go out,
Bold Phadrig Crohoore, you must stand for a bout.”
Then Phadrig made answer—“I’ll do my endeavour;”
And with one blow he stretched out O’Hanlon for ever!

Then he caught up his Kathleen, and rushed to the door,
He leaped on his horse, and he swung her before;
And they all were so bothered that not a man stirred
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard.
Then up they all started, like bees in a swarm,
And they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;
And they ran, and they jumped, and they shouted galore;
But Phadrig or Kathleen they never saw more.

But those days are gone by, and his, too, are o’er,
And the grass it grows over the grave of Crohoore,
For he wouldn’t be aisy or quiet at all;

As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall,
So he took a good pike—for Phadrig was great—
And he died for old Ireland in the year ninety-eight.

CUPID’S ARROWS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
  And besought him to look at his arrow;
“’Tis useless,” he cried, “you must mend it, I say,
  ’Tisn’t fit to let fly at a sparrow.
There’s something that’s wrong in the shaft or the dart,
  For it flutters quite false to my aim;
’Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
  And the world really jests at my name.

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“I have straighten’d, I’ve bent, I’ve tried all, I declare,
  I’ve perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;
’Tis feather’d with ringlets my mother might wear,
  And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching—I’ll break it, I vow,
  For there’s Hymen beginning to pout;
He’s complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,
  That Zephyr might puff it right out.”

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
  Till Vulcan the weapon restored;
“There, take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail,
  I will ask neither fee nor reward.”
The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made,
  The wounded and dead were untold;
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
  For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

THE CROCODILE’S DINNER PARTY.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

FROM “GOOD CHEER.”

A wily crocodile
Who dwelt upon the Nile,
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.
“Economy,” said he,
“Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be—as I’m a sinner!”

With paper, pen and ink,
He sat him down to think;
And first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The northern wolf who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united.

Then Mr. Fox the shrewd—
No lover he of good—
And Madam Duck with sober step and stately;
And Mr. Frog serene

In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitations sent.
The day was come—his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait
Their hunger waxes great;
And still the host in conversation dallies.
At last the table's laid,
With covered dishes spread,
And out in haste the hungry party sallies.

But when—the covers raised—
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention;
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small;—
She softly swallowed him, and made no mention!

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying, "By your leaves,
Some punishment is due for this transgression."
He gobbled her in haste,
Then much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession!

The Wolf without a pause,
In spite of teeth and claws,
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mince meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head;
"Since I am king," he said,
"It ill befits the king to lack his dinner!"
Then on the Leopard sprang,
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner!—

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Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak, with feelings of distraction;
“Since all of you have dined
Well suited to your mind,
You surely cannot grudge *me* satisfaction!”

And sooth, a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
As down his throat the roaring lion hasted;
“Economy with me,
Is chief of all,” said he,
“And I am truly glad to see there’s nothing wasted.”

“TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.”

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

“My soul is at the gate!”
The sighing lover said.
He wound his arms around her form
And kissed her golden head.

“My *sole* is at the gate!”
The maiden’s father said.
The lover rubbed the smitten part,
And from the garden fled.

A RISKY RIDE.

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

“A risky ride,” they called it.
  Lor bless ye, there wasn’t no risk:
I knew if I gave ’er ’er head, sir,
  That “Painted Lady” would whisk
Like a rocket through all the horses,
  And win in a fine old style,
With “the field” all a-tailin’ behind ’er
  In a kind of a’ Indian file.

* * * * *

You didn’t know old Josh Grinley—
  “Old Josh o’ the Whitelands Farm,”
As his father had tilled afore ’im,
  And his afore ’im.—No harm
Ever touched one of the Grinleys
  When the ’Ollingtons owned the lands;
But they ruined themselves through racing,
  And it passed into other hands.
Ain’t ye heard how Lord ’Ollington died, sir,
  On that day when “Midlothian Maid”
Broke down when just winning the “Stewards’”?
  Every farthing he’d left was laid
On the old mare’s chance; and vict’ry
  Seemed fairly within his grasp
When she stumbled—went clean to pieces.
  With a cry of despair—a gasp—
Lord ’Ollington staggered backwards;
  A red stream flowed from his mouth,
And he died—with the shouts ringing round him:
  “Beaten by Queen o’ the South!”
But I’m going on anyhow,—ain’t I?
  I began about my ride;
And I’m talking now like a novel
  Of how Lord ’Ollington died.

Don’t ask me to tell how I’m bred, sir;
  Put my “pedigree” down as “unknown,”
But a good ’un to go when he’s “wanted,”
  From whatever dam he was thrown.
Old Joshua—he’s been my mother
  And father all rolled into one;—
It was ’im as bred and trained me;
  Got me “ready” and “fit” to run.
It’s been whispered he saved my life, sir—
  Picked me up one winter’s night,
Wrapped up in a shawl or summat,—
  The tale’s like enough to be right.

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It's just what he would do,—bless 'im!
  Yes, I owed every atom to him:
So you'll guess how I felt that mornin',
  When, with eyes all wet and dim,
He told me the new folk would give 'im
  But two weeks to pay his arrears;
Then he cried like a little child, sir.
  When I saw the old fellow's tears,
My young blood boiled madly within me;
  I knew how he'd struggled and fought
'Gainst years of bad seasons and harvests;
  How nobly but vainly he'd sought
To make both ends meet at the "Whitelands."
  "They never will do it!" I cry.
"You've lived all your life at the 'Farm,' Josh,
  And you'll still live on there till you die!
'Tain't for me to tell stable secrets,
  But I know—well, just what I know:
Go! say that in less than a month, Josh,
  You'll pay every penny you owe."

* * * * *

"A couple o' hundred" was wanted
  To pull good old Joshua right;
I was only a lad; but I'd "fifty"—
  My money went that night,
Every penny on "Painted Lady"
  For the "Stakes" in the coming week.
I should 'ave backed her afore, sir;
  But waited for master to speak
As to what he intended a-doing,
  I thought 'twas a "plant"—d'ye see?
With a bit o' "rope" in the question,
  So I'd let "Painted Lady" be.
I knew she *could* win in a canter,
  As long as there wasn't no "fake."
And now—well, I meant that she *should* win,
  For poor old Josh Grinley's sake.

* * * * *

The three-year old “Painted Lady”
  Had never been beat in her life;
And I’d always ’ad the mount, sir;
  But rumours now ’gan to get rife
That something was wrong with the “filly”.
  The “bookies” thought everything “square”—
For them—so they “laid quite freely”
  Good odds ’gainst the master’s mare!
When he’d gone abroad in the summer
  He had given us orders to train
“The Lady” for this ’ere race, sir;
  We’d never heard from him again.
And, seeing the “bookies” a-layin’,
  I thought they knew more than I:
But *now* I thought with a chuckle,
  Let each look out for his eye.
The morning before the race, sir,
  The owner turned up. With a smile
I showed ’im the mare—“There she is, sir,
  Goin’ jist in ’er same old style.
We’ll win in a common canter,
  ‘Painted Lady’ and I, Sir Hugh,
As we’ve always done afore, sir;
  As we always mean to do.”

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He looked at me just for a moment,
A shade of care seemed to pass
All over his handsome features.
Then he kicked at a tuft o' grass,
In a sort of a pet, then stammered,
As he lifted his eyes from his shoes,
"I'm sorry, my lad—very sorry,
But to-morrow the mare must *lose*."
He turned on his heel. I stood stroking
My "Lady's" soft shining skin,
Then I muttered, "I'm sorry, sir, very,
But to-morrow the mare must *win*."

* * * * *

I was 'tween two stools, as they say, sir—
If I disobeyed orders, Sir Hugh
Would "sack" me as safe as a trivet,
So I thought what I'd better do.
I wasn't so long, for I shouted,
"I've hit it! I'll *win* this 'ere race,
And I'll lay fifty pounds to a sov'reign
As I don't get the 'kick' from my place."

* * * * *

The day of the race: bell's a-ringin'
To clear the course for the start.
I gets to an out-o'-way corner;
Then, quickly as lightning, I dart
My hand 'neath my silken jacket,
Pops a tiny phial to my lips,
Then off to mount "Painted Lady"—
Sharp into the saddle I slips.
In a minute or two we were streaming
Down the course at a nailing pace;
But I lets the mare take it easy,
For I feels as I've got the race
Well in hand. "No, nothing can touch ye:
You'll win!" I cries—"Now then, my dear!"
All at once I feels fairly silly;
Then I comes over right down queer.
I dig my knees into her girths, sir;
I let the reins go—then I fall

Back faint, and dizzy, and drowsy—
  “Painted Lady” sweeps on past them all.
She can’t make out what’s a happenin’,
  Flies on—maddened, scared with fright—
And wins—by how far? well, don’t know, sir,
  But the rest hadn’t come in sight.
I was took from the saddle, lifeless;
  I’ve heard as they thought me dead;
And after I rallied—“’Twas funny!
  ’Twas curious—very!” they said.

* * * * *

The matter was all hushed up, sir;
  Sir Hugh dussn’t show ’is hands.
I’m head “boss” now in the stables.
  Josh stayed—and died—down at the ’Lands.

ON MARRIAGE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Marriage iz a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyrogliphicks that noboddy kan parse.

History holds its tounge who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised tew work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

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But whoever they waz they must hav made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drov out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the soshull bricks together.

But there ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and giv a good written opinyun whi on arth they cum to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hav feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this iz lucky.

Sum marry for money, and—don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk.

Sum marry ter pleze their relashons, and are surprised tew learn that their relashuns don't care a cuss for them afterwards.

Sum marry bekause they hav bin highsted sum where else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in the pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength ov the game*.

If marrying for love ain't a suckcess, then matrimony iz a ded beet.

Sum marry bekauze they think wimmin will be skarse next year, and liv tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew get rid of themselfs, and diskover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the seckond time to git even, and find it a gambling game, the more they put down, the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wonder whare all the happiness on earth goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they kan't tell whi, and liv, they kan't tell how.

Almoste every boddy gits married, and it iz a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it careful over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the ballance ov yure days tew clear oph the mortgages.

THE ROMANCE OF CARRIGCLEENA.

BY HERCULES ELLIS.

> “Oh! wizard, to thine aid I fly,
> With weary feet, and bosom aching;
> And if thou spurn my prayer, I die;
> For oh! my heart! my heart! is breaking:
> Oh! tell me where my Gerald’s gone—
> My loved, my beautiful, my own;
> And, though in farthest lands he be;
> To my true lover’s side I’ll flee.”

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"Daughter," the aged wizard said,
  "For what cause hath thy Gerald parted?
I cannot lend my mystic aid,
  Except to lovers, faithful hearted;
My magic wand would lose its might—
I could not read my spells aright—
All skill would from my soul depart,
If I should aid the false in heart."

"Oh! father, my fond heart was true,"
  Cried Ellen, "to my Gerald ever;
No change its stream of love e'er knew,
  Save that it deepened like yon river:
True, as the rose to summer sun,
That droops, when its loved lord is gone,
And sheds its bloom, from day to day,
And fades, and pines, and dies away.

"Betrothed, with my dear sire's consent,
Each morn beheld my Gerald coming;
Each day, in converse sweet, was spent;
And, ere he went, dark eve was glooming:
But one day, as he crossed the plain,
I saw a cloud descend, like rain,
And bear him, in its skirts, away—
Oh! hour of grief, oh! woeful day!

"They sought my Gerald many a day,
'Mid winter's snow, and summer's blossom;
At length, his memory passed away,
From all, except his Ellen's bosom.
But there his love still glows and grows,
Unchanged by time, unchecked by woes;
And, led by it, I've made my way,
To seek thy aid, in dark Iveagh."

He traced a circle with his wand,
  Around the spot, where they were standing;
He held a volume in his hand,
  All writ, with spells of power commanding:
He read a spell—then looked—in vain,
Southward, across the lake of Lene;
Then to the east, and western side;
But, when he northward looked, he cried—

“I see! I see your Gerald now!
  In Carrigcleena’s fairy dwelling;
Deep sorrow sits upon his brow,
  Though Cleena tales of love is telling—
Cleena, most gentle, and most fair,
Of all the daughters of the air;
The fairy queen, whose smiles of light,
Preserves from sorrow and from blight.

“Her love has borne him from thy arms,
  And keeps him in those fairy regions,
Where Cleena blooms in matchless charms,
  Attended by her fairy legions.
Yet kind and merciful’s the queen;
And if thy woe by her were seen,
And all thy constancy were known,
Brave Gerald yet might be thine own.”

“Oh! father,” the pale maiden cried,
  “Hath he forgotten quite his Ellen?
Thinks he no more of Shannon’s side,
  Where love so long had made his dwelling?”
“Alas! fair maid, I cannot tell
The thoughts that in the bosom dwell;
For ah! all vain is magic art,
To read the secrets of the heart.”

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To Carrigcleena Ellen wends,
  With aching breast, and footsteps weary;
Low on her knees the maiden bends,
  Before that rocky hill of fairy;
Pale as the moonbeam is her cheek;
With trembling fear she scarce can speak;
In agony her hands she clasps;
And thus her love-taught prayer she gasps.

“Oh! Cleena, queen of fairy charms,
  Have mercy on my love-lorn maiden;
Restore my Gerald to my arms—
  Behold! behold! how sorrow laden
And faint, and way-worn, here I kneel;
And, with clasped hands, to thee appeal:
Give to my heart, oh! Cleena give,
The being in whose love I live!

“Break not my heart, whose truth you see,
  Oh! break it not by now refusing;
For Gerald’s all the world to me,
  Whilst thou hast all the world for choosing:
Oh! Cleena, fairest of the fair,
Grant now a love-lorn maiden’s prayer;
Or, if to yield him you deny,
Let me behold him once, and die.”

Her prayer of love thus Ellen poured,
  With streaming eyes and bosom heaving;
And, at each faint heart-wringing word,
  Her soul seemed its fair prison leaving:
The linnet, on the hawthorn tree,
Stood hushed by her deep misery;
And the soft summer evening gale
Seemed echoing the maiden’s wail.

And now the solid rocks divide,
  A glorious fairy hall disclosing;
There Cleena stands, and by her side,
  In slumber, Gerald seems reposing:
She wakes him from his fairy trance;
And, hand in hand, they both advance;
And, now, the queen of fairy charms
Gives Gerald to his Ellen’s arms.

“Be happy,” lovely Cleena cried,
  “Oh! lovers true, and fair, and peerless;
All vain is magic, to divide
  Such hearts, so constant, and so fearless.
Be happy, as you have been true,
For Cleena’s blessing rests on you;
And joy, and wealth, and power, shall give,
As long as upon earth you live.”

THE FALSE FONTANLEE.

BY WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

Alas, that knight of noble birth
Should ever fall from fitting worth!
Alas, that guilty treachery
Should stain the blood of Fontanlee!The king hath lent a listening ear,
And blacker grew his face to hear:
“By Cross,” he cried, “if thou speak right,
The Fontanlee is a traitor knight!”Outstepped Sir Robert of Fontanlee,
A young knight and a fair to see;
Outstepped Sir Stephen of Fontanlee.
Sir Robert’s second brother was he;
Outstepped Sir John of Fontanlee,
He was the youngest of the three.

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There are three gloves on the oaken boards,
And three white hands on their hilted swords:
“On horse or foot, by day or night,
We stand to do our father right.”The Baron Tranmere hath bent his knee,
And gathered him up the gages three:
“Ye are young knights, and loyal, I wis,
And ye know not how false your father is.“Put on, put on your armour bright;
And God in heaven help the right!”
“God help the right!” the sons replied;
And straightway on their armour did.The Baron Tranmere hath mounted his horse,
And ridden him down the battle-course;
The young Sir Robert lifted his eyes,
Looked fairly up in the open skies: “If my father was true in deed and in word,
Fight, O God, with my righteous sword;
If my father was false in deed or in word,
Let me lie at length on the battle-sward!”The Baron Tranmere hath turned his horse,
And ridden him down the battle-course;
Sir Robert’s visor is crushed and marred,
And he lies his length on the battle-sward.Sir Stephen’s was an angry blade—
I scarce may speak the words he said:
“Though Heaven itself were false,” cried he,
“True is my father of Fontanlee!“And, brother, as Heaven goes with the wrong,
If this lying baron should lay me along,
Strike another blow for our good renown.”
“Doubt me not,” said the young knight John.The Baron Tranmere hath turned his horse,
And ridden him down the battle-course;
In bold Sir Stephen’s best life-blood
His spear’s point is wet to the wood.The young knight John hath bent his knee,
And speaks his soul right solemnly:
“Whatever seemeth good to Thee,
The same, O Lord, attend on me.“What though my brothers lie along,
My father’s faith is firm and strong:
Perchance thy deeply-hid intent
Doth need some nobler instrument.“Let faithless hearts give heed to fear,
I will not falter in my prayer:
If ever guilty treachery
Did stain the blood of Fontanlee,—“As such an ‘if’ doth stain my lips,
Though truth lie hidden in eclipse,—
Let yonder lance-head pierce my breast,
And my soul seek its endless rest.”Never a whit did young John yield
When the lance ran through his painted shield;
Never a whit debased his crest,
When the lance ran into his tender breast.“What is this? what is this, thou young Sir

John,
That runs so fast from thine armour down?”
“Oh, this is my heart’s blood, I feel,
And it wets me through from the waist to the heel.”

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Sights of sadness many a one
A man may meet beneath the sun;
But a sadder sight did never man see
Than lies in the Hall of Fontanlee.There are three corses manly and fair,
Each in its armour, and each on its bier;
There are three squires weeping and wan,
Every one with his head on his hand,Every one with his hand on his knee,
At the foot of his master silently
Sitting, and weeping bitterly
For the broken honour of Fontanlee.Who is this at their sides that stands?
“Lift, O squires, your heads from your hands;
Tell me who these dead men be
That lie in the Hall of the Fontanlee.”“This is Sir Robert of Fontanlee,
A young knight and a fair to see;
This is Sir Stephen of Fontanlee,
Sir Robert’s second brother was he;
This is Sir John of Fontanlee,
He was the youngest of the three.“For their father’s truth did they
Freely give their lives away,
And till he doth home return,
Sadly here we sit and mourn.”These sad words they having said,
Every one down sank his head;
Till in accents strangely spoken,
At their sides was silence broken.“I do bring you news from far,
False was the Fontanlee in war!
—Unbend your bright swords from my breast,
I that do speak do know it best.”
Wide he flung his mantle free;
Lo, it was the Fontanlee!Then the squires like stricken men
Sank into their seats again,
And their cheeks in wet tears steeping
Fresh and faster fell a weeping.He with footsteps soft and slow
Round to his sons’ heads did go;
Sadly he looked on every one,
And stooped and kissed the youngest, John.Then his weary head down bending,
“Heart,” said he, “too much offending,
Break, and let me only be
Blotted out of memory.”Thrice with crimson cheek he stood,
And thrice he swallowed the salt blood;
Then outpoured the torrent red;
And the false Fontanlee lay dead.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT LAURA.

BY THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Saint Laura, in her sleep of death,
Preserves beneath the tomb
—'Tis willed where what is willed must be—
In incorruptibility,
Her beauty and her bloom.

So pure her maiden life had been,
So free from earthly stain,
'Twas fixed in fate by Heaven's own Queen
That till the earth's last closing scene
She should unchanged remain.

Within a deep sarcophagus
Of alabaster sheen,
With sculptured lid of roses white,
She slumbered in unbroken night,
By mortal eyes unseen.

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Above her marble couch was reared
A monumental shrine,
Where cloistered sisters gathering round,
Made night and morn the aisle resound
With choristry divine.

The abbess died; and in her pride
Her parting mandate said
They should her final rest provide,
The alabaster couch beside,
Where slept the sainted dead.

The abbess came of princely race;
The nuns might not gainsay;
And sadly passed the timid band,
To execute the high command
They dared not disobey.

The monument was opened then;
It gave to general sight
The alabaster couch alone;
But all its lucid substance shone
With preternatural light.

They laid the corpse within the shrine;
They closed its doors again;
But nameless terror seemed to fall,
Throughout the livelong night, on all
Who formed the funeral train.

Lo! on the morrow morn, still closed
The monument was found;
But in its robes funereal drest,
The corse they had consigned to rest
Lay on the stony ground.

Fear and amazement seized on all;
They called on Mary's aid;
And in the tomb, unclosed again,
With choral hymn and funeral train,
The corse again was laid.

But with the incorruptible
Corruption might not rest;

The lonely chapel's stone-paved floor
Received the ejected corse once more,
In robes funereal drest.

So was it found when morning beamed;
In solemn suppliant strain
The nuns implored all saints in heaven,
That rest might to the corse be given,
Which they entombed again.

On the third night a watch was kept
By many a friar and nun;
Trembling, all knelt in fervent prayer,
Till on the dreary midnight air
Rolled the deep bell-toll "One!"

The saint within the opening tomb
Like marble statue stood;
All fell to earth in deep dismay;
And through their ranks she passed away,
In calm unchanging mood.

No answering sound her footsteps raised
Along the stony floor;
Silent as death, severe as fate,
She glided through the chapel gate,
And none beheld her more.

The alabaster couch was gone;
The tomb was void and bare;
For the last time, with hasty rite,
Even 'mid the terror of the night,
They laid the abbess there.

'Tis said the abbess rests not well
In that sepulchral pile;
But yearly, when the night comes round
As dies of "one" the bell's deep sound
She flits along the aisle.

But whither passed the virgin saint?
To slumber far away,
Destined by Mary to endure,
Unaltered in her semblance pure,
Until the judgment day!

DAVID SHAW, HERO.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

The saviour, and not the slayer, he is the braver man.
So far my text—but the story? Thus, then, it runs; from Spokane
Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour. In the cab
David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab.
Grimed by the smoke and the cinders. "Feed her well, Jim," he said;
(Jim was his fireman.) "*Make up time!*" On and on they sped;

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Dust from the wheels up-flying; smoke rolling out behind;
The long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wind;
Shaw, with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead.
How she did rock, old Six-forty! How like a storm they sped.

Leavenworth—thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race.
Now for the hills—keener look-out, or a letting down of the pace.
Hardly a pound of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back,
Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

God!—look there! Down the mountain, right ahead of the train,
Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain!
What to do? Why, jump, Dave! Take the chance, while you can.
The train is doomed—save your own life! Think of the children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death?
Grasped the throttle—reversed it—shrieked "*Down brakes!*" in a
breath.
Stood to his post, without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed,
Till the train stood still with a shudder, and he—went down with the
slide!

Saved?—yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave.
One life under the sand, there. All that he had, he gave,
Man to the last inch! Hero?—noblest of heroes, yea;
Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

BROTHERHOOD.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

I am my brother's keeper,
And I the duty own;
For no man liveth to himself
Or to himself alone;
And we must bear together
A common weal and woe,
In all we are, in all we have,
In all we feel and know.

I am my brother's keeper,
In all that I can be,
Of high and pure example,

Of true integrity;
A guide to go before him,
In darkness and in light;
A very cloud of snow by day,
A cloud of fire by night.

I am my brother's keeper,
In all that I can say,
To help him on his journey
To cheer him by the way;
To succour him in weakness,
To solace him in woe;
To strengthen him in conflict,
And fit him for the foe.

I am my brother's keeper,
In all that I can do
To save him from temptation,
To help him to be true;
To stay him if he stumble,
To lift him if he fall;
To stand beside him though his sin
Has severed him from all.

I am my brother's keeper,
In sickness and in health;
In triumph and in failure,
In poverty and wealth;
His champion in danger,
His advocate in blame,
The herald of his honour,
The hider of his shame.

And though he prove unworthy,
He is my brother still,
And I must render right for wrong
And give him good for ill;
My standard must not alter
For folly, fault, or whim,
And to be true unto myself
I must be true to him.

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And all men are my brothers
Wherever they may be,
And he is most my proper care
Who most has need of me;
Who most may need my counsel,
My influence, my pelf,
And most of all who needs *my* strength
To save him from *myself*.

For all I have of power
Beyond what he can wield,
Is not a weapon of offence
But a protecting shield,
Which *I* must hold before him
To save him from his foe,
E'en though *I* be the enemy
That longs to strike the blow.

I am my brother's keeper,
And must be to the end—
A neighbour to the neighbourless,
And to the friendless, friend;
His weakness lays it on me,
My strength involves it too,
And common love for common life
Will bear the burden through.

THE STRAIGHT RIDER.

(FROM "BLACK AND WHITE?" BY PERMISSION.)

"My *dear* Mabel, how pale you look! It is this hot room. I am sure Lord Saint Sinnes will not mind taking you for a little turn in the garden—between the dances."

My Lord Saint Sinnes—or Billy Sinnes as he is usually called by his friends—shuffled in his high collar. It is a remarkable collar, nearly related to a cuff, and it keeps Lord Saint Innes in remembrance of his chin. If it were not that this plain young nobleman were essentially a gentleman, one might easily mistake him for a groom. Moreover, like other persons of equine tastes, he has the pleasant fancy of affecting a tight and horsey "cut" in clothes never intended for the saddle.

The girl, addressed by her somewhat overpowering mother as Mabel, takes the proffered arm with a murmured acquiescence and a quivering lip. She is paler than before.

Over his stiff collar Lord Saint Sinnes looks down at her—with something of the deep intuition which makes him the finest steeplechaser in England. Perhaps he notes the quiver of the lip, the sinews drawn tense about her throat. Such silent signals of distress are his business. Certainly he notes the little shiver of abject fear which passes through the girl's slight form as they pass out of the room together. Their departure is noted by several persons—mostly *chaperons*.

"He must do it to-night," murmurs the girl's mother with a complacent smile on her worldly, cruel face, "and then Mabel will soon see that—the other—was all a mistake."

Some mothers believe such worn-out theories as this—and others—are merely heartless.

Lord Saint Sinnes leads the way deliberately to the most secluded part of the garden. There are two chairs at the end of a narrow pathway. Mabel sits down hopelessly. She is a quiet-eyed little girl, with brown hair and gentle ways. Just—in a word—the sort of girl who usually engages the affections of blushing, open-air, horsey men. She has no spirit, and those who know her mother are not surprised. She is going to say yes, because she dare not say no. At least two lives are going to be wrecked at the end of the narrow path.

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Lord Saint Sinnes sits down at her side and contemplates his pointed toes. Then he looks at her—his clean-shaven face very grave—with the eye of the steeplechase rider.

“Miss Maddison”—jerk of the chin and pull at collar—“you’re in a ghastly fright.”

Miss Maddison draws in a sudden breath, like a sob, and looks at her lacework handkerchief.

“You think I’m going to ask you to marry me?”

Still no answer. The stiff collar gleams in the light of a Chinese lantern. Lord Saint Sinnes’s linen is a matter of proverb.

“But I’m not. I’m not such a cad as that.”

The girl raises her head, as if she hears a far-off sound.

“I know that old worn——. I daresay I would give great satisfaction to some people if I did! But ... I can’t help that.”

Mabel is bending forward, hiding her face. A tear falls on her silk dress with a little dull flop. Young Saint Sinnes looks at her—almost as if he were going to take her in his arms. Then he shuts his upper teeth over his lower lip, hard—just as he does when riding at the water jump.

“A fellow mayn’t be much to look at,” he says, gruffly, “but he can ride straight, for all that.”

Mabel half turns her head, and he has the satisfaction of concluding that she has no fault to find with his riding.

“Of course,” he says, abruptly, “there is s’m’ other fellow?”

After a pause, Miss Maddison nods.

“Miss Maddison,” says Lord Saint Sinnes, rising and jerking his knees back after the manner of horsey persons, “you can go back into that room and take your Bible oath that I never asked you to marry me.”

Mabel rises also. She wants to say something, but there is a lump in her throat.

“Some people,” he goes on, “will say that you bungled it, others that I behaved abominably, but—but we know better, eh?”

He offers his arm, and they walk toward the house.

Suddenly he stops, and fidgets in his collar.

“Don’t trouble about me,” he says, simply. “I shan’t marry anyone else—I couldn’t do that—but—but I didn’t suspect until to-night, y’know, that there was another man, and a chap must ride straight, you know.”

H. S. M.

WOMEN AND WORK.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

“Always a hindrance, are we? You didn’t think that of old;
With never a han’ to help a man, and only a tongue to scold?
Timid as hares in danger—weak as a lamb in strife,
With never a heart to bear a part in the rattle and battle of life!
Just fit to see to the children and manage the home affairs,
With only a head for butter and bread, a soul for tables and chairs?
Where would you be to-morrow if half of the lie were true?
It’s well some women are weak at heart, if only for saving you.

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“We haven’t much time to be merry who marry a struggling man,
Making and mending and saving and spending, and doing the best we can.
Skimming and scamming and plotting and planning, and making the done for do,
Grinding the mill with the old grist still and turning the old into new;
Picking and paring and shaving and sharing, and when not enough for us all,
Giving up tea that whatever may be the ’bacca sha’n’t go to the wall;
With never a rest from the riot and zest, the hustle and bustle and noise
Of the boys who all try to be men like you, and the girls who all try to be boys.

“You know the tale of the eagle that carried the child away To its eyrie high in the mountain sky, grim and rugged and gray; Of the sailor who climbed to save it, who, ere he had half-way sped Up the mountain wild, *met* mother and child returning as from the dead
There’s many a bearded giant had never have grown a span, If in peril’s power in childhood’s hour he’d had to wait for a man. And who is the one among you but is living and hale to-day, Because he was tied to a woman’s side in the old home far away?

“You have heard the tale of the lifeboat, and the women of Mumbles Head,
Who, when the men stood shivering by, or out from the danger fled,
Tore their shawls into striplets and knotted them end to end,
And then went down to the gates of death for father and brother and friend.
Deeper and deeper into the sea, ready of heart and head,
Hauling them home through the blinding foam, and raising them from the dead.
There’s many of you to-morrow who, but for a woman’s hand,
Would be drifting about with the shore lights out and never a chance to land.

“You’ve read of the noble woman in the midst of a Border fray
Who held her own in a castle lone, for her lord who was far away.
For the children who gather’d round her and the home that she loved so well,
And the deathless fame of a woman’s name whom nothing but love could quell.
Who, when the men would have yielded, with her own sweet lily hand,
Led them straight from the postern gate, and drove the foe from the

land.
There's many a little homestead that is cosy and sung to-day,
Because of a woman who stood in the door and kept the wolves at bay.

"Only a hindrance are we? then we'll be a hindrance still.
We hinder the devil and all his works, and I reckon he takes it ill.
We do the work that is nearest, and that is the surest plan,
But if ever you want a hero, and you cannot wait for a man,
You need not tell us the chances, you've only the need to show,
And there's many a woman in all the world who

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is willing and ready
to go,
For trust in trial, for work in woe, for comfort and care in sorrow,
The wives of the world are its strength to-day, the daughters it's
hope to-morrow."

A COUNTRY STORY.

(Founded on an old Legend.)

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

At the little town of Norton, in a famous western shire,
There dwelt a sightless maiden with her venerated sire.
To him she was the legacy her mother had bequeathed;
To her he was the very sun that warmed the air she breathed.

Old Alec was a carter, and he moved from town to town,
Taking parcels from the "The Wheatsheaf" to "The Mitre" or "The
Crown;"
And on festival occasions would the sightless maiden ride
To the old cathedral city by the honest carter's side.

Ere he tended to his duty at the market or the fair
He would seek the lofty Gothic pile, and leave the maiden there,
That the choir's joyous singing and the organ's solemn strain
Might beguile her simple fancy till he journeyed home again.

On the fair autumnal evening of a bright September day
She had heard the choir singing, she had heard the canons pray;
And the good old dean was preaching with simple words and wise
Of Him who gave the maiden life and touched the poor man's eyes.

And her tears fell fast and thickly as the good old preacher said
That even now He cures the blind and raises up the dead;
And he aptly went on speaking of the blinding death of sin,
And urged them to be seeking for life and light within.

'Mid the mighty organ's pealing in the voluntary rare,
Through the fine oak-panelled ceiling went the maiden's broken
prayer

That she might but for a moment be allowed to have her sight,
To see old Alec's honest face that tranquil autumn night.

That He of old who sweetly upon Bartimeus smiled
Would gaze in like compassion on an English peasant child:
That He who once in pity stood beside the maiden's bed,
Would take her hand within His own and raise her from the dead.

The maiden's small petition, and the choir's grander praise,
Reached the shining gates of heaven, 'mid the sun's declining rays,
And the King who heard the praises, turned to listen to the prayer,
With a smile that shone more brightly than the richest jewel there.

And before the organ ended, ay, before the prayer was done,
An angel guard came flying through "the kingdom of the sun,"
From the land of lofty praises to which God's elect aspire
To the old cathedral city of that famous western shire.

And the maiden's prayer was answered; she gazed with eager sight
At the tesselated pavement, at the window's painted light;
And her heart beat fast and wildly as she realized the scene,
With the choir's slow procession, and the old white-headed dean.

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Till she saw old Alec waiting, and arose for his embrace,
While a radiant light was stealing o'er her pallid upturned face,
But her spirit soaring higher flew beyond the realms of night,
For God Himself had turned for her all darkness into light.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

THE VENGEANCE OF KAFUR.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From fair Damascus, as the day grew late,
Passed Kafur homeward through St. Thomas' gate
Betwixt the pleasure-gardens where he heard
Vie with the lute the twilight-wakened bird.
But song touched not his heavy heart, nor yet
The lovely lines of gold and violet,
A guerdon left by the departing sun
To grace the brow of Anti-Lebanon.
Upon his soul a crushing burden weighed,
And to his eyes the swiftly-gathering shade
Seemed but the presage of his doom to be,—

Death, and the triumph of his enemy.“*One slain by slander*” cried he, with a laugh, “Thus should the poets frame my epitaph, Above whose mouldering dust it will be said, ‘Blessed be Allah that the hound is dead!’” Out rang a rhythmic revel as he spake From joyous bulbuls in the poplar brake, Hailing the night’s first blossom in the sky. And now, with failing foot, he drew anigh The orchard-garden where his home was hid Pomegranate shade and jasmine bloom amid.

Despair mocked at him from the latticed gate
Where Love and Happiness had lain in wait
With tender greetings, and the lights within
Gleamed on the grave of Bliss that once had been.
Fair Hope who daily poured into his ear
Her rainbow promises gave way to Fear
Who smote him blindly, leaving him to moan
With bitter tears before the gateway prone.

Soft seemed the wind in sympathy to grieve,
When lo! a sudden hand touched Kafur’s sleeve,
And then a voice cried, echoing his name,
“Behold the proofs to put thy foe to shame!’”
Up sprang the prostrate man, and while he stood
Gripping the proffered scrip in marvelhood,
He who had brought deliverance slipped from sight;
Thus Joy made instant day of Kafur’s night.

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“Allah is just,” he said.... Then burning ire
With vengeance visions filled his brain like fire;
And to his bosom, anguish-torn but late,
Delirious with delight he hugged his hate.
“Revenge!” cried he; “why wait until the morn?
This night mine enemy shall know my scorn.”
The stars looked down in wo’nder overhead
As backward Kafur toward Damascus sped.

The wind, that erst had joined him in his grief,
Now whispered strangely to the walnut leaf;
Into the bird’s song pleading notes had crept,
The happy fountains in the gardens wept,
And e’en the river, with its restless roll,
Seemed calling “pity” unto Kafur’s soul.

“Allah” he cried, “O chasten thou my heart;
Move me to mercy, and a nobler part!”
Slow strode he on, the while a new-born grace
Softened the rigid outlines of his face,
Nor paused he till he struck, as ne’er before,
A ringing summons on his foeman’s door.

His mantle half across his features thrown,
He won the spacious inner court unknown,
Where, on a deep divan, lay stretched his foe,
Sipping his sherbet cool with Hermon snow;
Who, when he looked on Kafur, hurled his hate
Upon him, wrathful and infuriate,
Bidding him swift begone, and think to feel
A judge’s sentence and a jailer’s steel.

“Hark ye!” cried Kafur, at this burst of rage
Holding aloft a rolled parchment page;
“Prayers and not threats were more to thy behoof;
Thine is the danger, see! I hold the proof.
Should I seek out the Caliph in his bower
To-morrow when the mid-muezzin hour
Has passed, and lay before his eyes this scrip,
Silence would seal forevermore thy lip.

“Ay! quail and cringe and crook the supple knee,
And beg thy life of me, thine enemy,
Whom thou, a moment since, didst doom to death.

I will not breathe suspicion's lightest breath
Against thy vaunted fame: and even though
Before all men thou'st sworn thyself my foe,
And pledged thyself wrongly to wreak on me
Thy utmost power of mortal injury,
In spite of this, should I be first to die
And win the bowers of the blest on high,
Beside the golden gate of Paradise
Thee will I wait with ever-watchful eyes,
Ready to plead forgiveness for thy sin,
If thou shouldst come, and shouldst not enter in.

"Should Allah hear my plea, how sweet! how sweet!
For then would Kafur's vengeance be complete."

THE WISHING WELL.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

Around its shining edge three sat them down,
Beyond the desert, 'neath the palms' green ring.
"I wish," spake one, "the gems of Izza's crown,
For then would I be Izza and a King!"

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Another, “I the royal robe he wears,
To hear men say, ‘Behold, a King walks here!’”
And cried the third, “Now by his long gray hairs
I’d have his throne! Then should men cringe and fear!”

They quaffed the blessed draught and went their way
To where the city’s gilded turrets shone;
Then from the shadowed palms, where rested they,
Stepped one, with bowed gray head, and passed alone.

His arms upon his breast, his eyes down bent,
Against the fading light a shadow straight;
Across the yellow sand, musing, he went
Where in the sunset gleamed the city’s gate.

Lo, the next morrow a command did bring
To three who tarried in that city’s wall,
Which bade them hasten straightway to the King,
Izza, the Great, and straightway went they all,

With questioning and wonder in each mind.
Majestic on his gleaming throne was he,
Izza the Just, the kingliest of his kind!
His eagle gaze upon the strangers three

Bent, to the first he spake, “Something doth tell
Me that to-day my jewelled crown should lie
Upon thy brow, that it be proven well
How any man may be a king thereby.”

And to the second, “Still the same hath told
That thou shalt don this robe of royalty,
And”—to the third—“that thou this sceptre hold
To show a king to such a man as I!”

And straightway it was done. Then Izza spake
Unto the guards and said, “Go! Bring thee now
From out the city wall a child to make
Its first obeisance to the King. Speed thou!”

In Izza’s name, Izza, the great and good,
Went this strange word ’mid stir and trumpet’s ring,
And straightway came along and wondering stood
A child within the presence of the King.

The King? Her dark eyes, flashing, fearless gazed
To where ’mid pomp and splendor three there sate.
One, ’neath a glittering crown, shrunk sore amazed;
One cringed upon the carven throne of state,

The third, wrapped with a royal robe, hung low
His head in awkward shame, and could not see
Beyond the blazoned hem, that was to show
How any man thus garbed a king might be!

Wondering, paused the child, then turned to where
One stood apart, his arms across his breast;
No crown upon the silver of his hair,
Black-gowned and still, of stately mien possessed;

No ’broidered robe nor gemmed device to tell
Whose was that brow, majestic with its mind;
But lo, one look, and straight she prostrate fell
Before great Izza, kingliest of his kind!

* * * * *

Around the shining Well, at close of day,
Beyond the desert, ‘neath the palms’ green ring,
Three stopped to quaff a draught and paused to say
“Life to great Izza! Long may he be King!”

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THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name and write
Another in its stead.

What could it be? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was, the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear

That thou hast broken my command:
Now let the truth appear!”

“Your majesty,” the widow said,
“I can’t deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so in simple sooth,
I broke your Majesty’s command
(I crave your royal ruth).

“And since I had no money, Sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your Majesty;’
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay!”

“Ah! now I see,” the king exclaimed,
“Self-glory was my aim:
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame—
’Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow’s name!”

THE CAPTAIN OF THE NORTHFLEET,

BY GERALD MASSEY.

So often is the proud deed done
By men like this at Duty’s call;
So many are the honours won
For us, we cannot wear them all!

They make the heroic common-place,
  And dying thus the natural way;
And yet, our world-wide English race
  Feels nobler, for that death, To-day!

It stirs us with a sense of wings
  That strive to lift the earthiest soul;
It brings the thoughts that fathom things
  To anchor fast where billows roll.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
  But at the call he left the wine,
And sprang full-statured to his feet,
  Responsive to the touch divine.

"_ Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
For me, I have my work to do
Up here. Down to the boat. Good-bye,
God bless you. I shall see it through_."

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We read, until the vision dims
  And drowns; but, ere the pang be past,
A tide of triumph overbrims
  And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Through all the blackness of that night
  A glory streams from out the gloom;
His steadfast spirit lifts the light
  That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
  Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath;
But firmly in the coward strife
  There stands a man who has conquered Death!

A soul that masters wind and wave,
  And towers above a sinking deck;
A bridge across the gaping grave;
  A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

Others he saved; he saved the name
  Unsullied that he gave his wife:
And dying with so pure an aim,
  He had no need to save his life!

Lord! how they shame the life we live,
  These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,
  And go down with a heavenward smile!

The men who sow their lives to yield
  A glorious crop in lives to be:
Who turn to England's harvest-field
  The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,
  The Old Land has not had her day;
But long her strength, with crested wave,
  Shall ride the Seas, the proud old way.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There sat one day in quiet,
  By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
  And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
  Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
  And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
  A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
  "Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
  Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
  And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
  And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
  Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth
  It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
  As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
  A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
  In Bohemia it lies:

"There the tailor blows the flute,
  And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
  Over mountain gorge and bourn!"

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* * * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
  Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend—
  There lies the happiest land."

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

September 24th, 1857.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing

Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
“Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o’ Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother’s cradle crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,—
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,—
She knew the droning pibroch
She knew the Campbell’s call:
“Hark! hear ye no’ MacGregor’s,—
The grandest o’ them all.”

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper’s blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman’s voice and man’s;
“God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor’s clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithsomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne;
O’er the cruel roll of war-drums

Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

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Dear to the corn-land reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear;
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of Oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wild and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

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Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the hollow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THE GRAVE SPOILERS.

BY HERCULES ELLIS.

They dragged our heroes from the graves,
  In which their honoured dust was lying;
They dragged them forth—base, coward slaves
  And hung their bones on gibbets flying.
Ireton, our dauntless Ironside,
  And Bradshaw, faithful judge, and fearless,
And Cromwell, Britain's chosen guide,
  In fight in faith, and council, peerless.
The bravest of our glorious brave!
  The tyrant's terror in his grave.

In felon chains, they hung the dead—
  The noble dead, in glory lying:
Before whose living face they fled,
  Like chaff before the tempest flying.
They fled before them, foot and horse,
  In craven flight their safety seeking;
And now they gloat around each corse,
  In coward scoff their hatred wreaking.
Oh! God, that men could own, as kings,
  Such paltry, dastard, soulless things.

Their dust is scattered o'er the land
  They loved, and freed, and crowned with glory;
Their great names bear the felon's brand;
  'Mongst murderers is placed their story.
But idly their grave-spoilers thought,
  Disgrace, which fled in life before them,
By craven judges could be brought,

To spread in death, its shadow o'er them.
For chain, nor judge, nor dastard king,
Can make disgrace around them cling.

Their dry bones rattle in the wind,
That sweeps the land they died in freeing;
But the brave heroes rest enshrined,
In cenotaphs of God's decreeing:
Embalmed in every noble breast,
Inscribed on each brave heart their story,
All honoured shall the heroes rest,
Their country's boast—their race's glory.
On every tongue shall be their name;
In every land shall live their fame.

But fouler than the noisome dust,
That reeks your rotting bones encasing,
Shall be your fame, ye sons of lust,
And sloth, and every vice debasing!
Insulters of the glorious dead,
While honour in our land is dwelling,
Above your tombs shall Britons tread,
And cry, while scorn each breast is swelling—
"HERE LIE THE DASTARD, CAITIFF SLAVES,
WHO DRAGGED OUR HEROES FROM THEIR GRAVES."

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BOW-MEETING SONG.

BY REGINALD HEBER.

Ye spirits of our fathers,
The hardy, bold, and free,
Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
A fourfold enemy!
From us who love your sylvan game,
To you the song shall flow,
To the fame of your name
Who so bravely bent the bow.

'Twas merry then in England
(Our ancient records tell),
With Robin Hood and Little John
Who dwelt by down and dell;
And yet we love the bold outlaw
Who braved a tyrant foe,
Whose cheer was the deer,
And his only friend the bow.

'Twas merry then in England
In autumn's dewy morn,
When echo started from her hill
To hear the bugle-horn.
And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
In garb of green did go
The shade to invade
With the arrow and the bow.

Ye spirits of our fathers!
Extend to us your care,
Among your children yet are found
The valiant and the fair,
'Tis merry yet in Old England,
Full well her archers know,
And shame on their name
Who despise the British bow!

THE BALLAD OF ROU.

BY LORD LYTTON.

From Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, rolled on the Norman flood,
And Frank on Frank went drifting down the weltering tide of blood;
There was not left in all the land a castle wall to fire,
And not a wife but wailed a lord, a child but mourned a sire.
To Charles the king, the mitred monks, the mailed barons flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode, the thunder march of Rou.

“O king,” then cried those barons bold, “in vain are mace and mail,
We fall before the Norman axe, as corn before the flail.”
“And vainly,” cry the pious monks, “by Mary’s shrine we kneel,
For prayers, like arrows glance aside, against the Norman steel.”
The barons groaned, the shavelings wept, while near and nearer drew,
As death-birds round their scented feast, the raven flags of Rou.

Then said King Charles, “Where thousands fail, what king can stand alone?
The strength of kings is in the men that gather round the throne.
When war dismays my barons bold, ’tis time for war to cease;
When Heaven forsakes my pious monks the will of Heaven is peace.
Go forth, my monks, with mass and rood the Norman camp unto,
And to the fold, with shepherd crook, entice this grisly Rou.

“I’ll give him all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my child, shall be his bride, to bind him fast and sure;
Let him but kiss the Christian cross, and sheathe the heathen sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles his lord.”
Forth went the pastors of the Church, the Shepherd’s work to do,
And wrap the golden fleece around the tiger loins of Rou.

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Psalm-chanting came the shaven monks, within the camp of dread;
Amidst his warriors, Norman Rou stood taller by a head.
Out spoke the Frank archbishop then, a priest devout and sage,
“When peace and plenty wait thy word, what need of war and rage?
Why waste a land as fair as aught beneath the arch of blue,
Which might be thine to sow and reap?—Thus saith the king to Rou:

“’I’ll give thee all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to Eure,
And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind thee fast and sure;
If thou but kneel to Christ our God, and sheathe thy paynim sword,
And hold thy land, the Church’s son, a fief from Charles thy lord.’”
The Norman on his warriors looked—to counsel they withdrew;
The Saints took pity on the Franks, and moved the soul of Rou.

So back he strode, and thus he spoke, to that archbishop meek,
“I take the land thy king bestows, from Eure to Michael-peak,
I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast,
And for thy creed,—a sea-king’s gods are those that give the most.
So hie thee back, and tell thy chief to make his proffer true,
And he shall find a docile son, and ye a saint in Rou.”

So o’er the border stream of Epte came Rou the Norman, where,
Begirt with barons, sat the king, enthroned at green St. Clair;
He placed his hand in Charles’s hand,—loud shouted all the throng,
But tears were in King Charles’s eyes—the grip of Rou was strong.
“Now kiss the foot,” the bishop said, “that homage still is due;”
Then dark the frown and stern the smile of that grim convert Rou.

He takes the foot, as if the foot to slavish lips to bring;
The Normans scowl; he tilts the throne and backward falls the king.
Loud laugh the joyous Norman men.—pale stare the Franks aghast;
And Rou lifts up his head as from the wind springs up the mast:
“I said I would adore a God, but not a mortal too;
The foot that fled before a foe let cowards kiss!” said Rou.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman’s nursing, there was dearth of woman’s tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Brothers and Companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground.
That we fought the battle bravely—and, when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars!
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one there came from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

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“Tell my Mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate’er they would—but kept my father’s sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

“Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,—and not afraid to die.
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father’s sword and mine),
For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

“There’s another—not a Sister,—in the happy days gone by, You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye: Too innocent for coquetry; too fond for idle scorning;— Oh, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!
Tell her, the last night of my life—(for, ere this moon be risen, My body will be out of pain —my soul be out of prison), I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear!
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path belov’d of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine...
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, ... but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

The Captain stood on the carronade—first lieutenant, says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

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Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough
I little thought, he said, that your men were of such stuff;
The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he;
I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

Our Captain sent for all of us; my merry men said he,
I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

OLD KING COLE.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he!
He would call for his pipe, he would call for his glass,
He would call for his fiddlers three;
With loving care and reason rare,
He ruled his subjects true—
Who used to sing, "Long live the King!"
And He—"the people too!"

Old King Cole was a musical soul,
A musical soul was he!
He used to boast what pleased him most

Was nothing but fiddle-de-dee!
But his pipe and his glass he loved—alas!
As much as his fiddlers three,
And by time he was done with the other and the one,
He was pretty well done, was he!

Old King Cole was a kingly soul,
A kingly soul was he!
He governed well, the records tell,
The brave, the fair, the free;
He used to say, by night and day,
“I rule by right divine!
My subjects free belong to me,
And all that’s theirs is mine!”

Old King Cole was a worthy soul,
A worthy soul was he!
From motives pure he tried to cure
All greed and vanity;
So if he found—the country round
A slave to gold inclined,
He would take it away, and bid him pray
For a more contented mind.

Old King Cole was a good old soul,
A good old soul was he!
And social life from civil strife
He guarded royally,
For when he caught the knaves who fought
O’er houses, land, or store,
He would take it himself, whether kind or pelf,
That they shouldn’t fall out any more.

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Old King Cole was a thoughtful soul,
A thoughtful soul was he!
And he said it may be, if they all agree,
They may all disagree with me.
I must organise routs and tournament bouts,
And open a Senate, said he;
Play the outs on the ins and the ins on the outs,
And the party that wins wins me.

So Old King Cole, constitutional soul,
(Constitutional soul was he)!
With royal nous, a parliament house
He built for his people free.
And they talked all day and they talked all night,
And they'd die, but they wouldn't agree
Until black was white, and wrong was right,
And he said, "It works to a T."

Old King Cole was a gay old soul,
A gay old soul was he!
If he chanced to meet a maiden sweet,
He'd be sure to say "kitchi kitchi kee;"
And then if her papa, her auntie or mamma,
Should suddenly appear upon the scene,
He would put the matter straight with an office in the state
If they'd promise not to go and tell the queen.

Old Queen Cole was a dear old soul,
A dear old soul was she!
Her hair was as red as a rose—'tis said—
Her eyes were as green as a pea;
At beck and call for rout and ball,
She won the world's huzzahs.
At fetes and plays and matinees
Receptions and bazaars.

When Old King Cole, with his pipe and bowl,
At a smoking concert presided,
His queen would be at a five-o'clock tea,
At the palace where she resided;
And so they governed, ruled, and reigned,
O'er subjects great and small,
And never was heard a seditious word
In castle, cot, or hall.

THE GREEN DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France the masquerade was an entertainment in high estimation, and was often given, at an immense cost, on court days, and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange *rencontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles was that which occurred in Paris on the 15th of October, on the day when the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of one-and-twenty.

At this fete, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanour of a man in a green domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure—though tall, rather, and of robust proportion—seemed to be gifted with an *appetite*, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies of even romance.

The dragon of old, who churches ate
(He used to come on a Sunday),
Whole congregations were to him
But a dish of Salmagundi,—

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he was but a nibbler—a mere fool—to this stranger of the green domino. He passed from chamber to chamber—from table to table of refreshments—not tasting, but devouring—devastating—all before him. At one board he despatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half-a-dozen bottles of champagne; and, the very next moment, he was found seated in another apartment performing the same feat, with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on until the company (who at first had been amused by it) became alarmed and tumultuous.

“Is it the same mask—or are there several dressed alike?” demanded an officer of guards as the green domino rose from a seat opposite to him and quitted the apartment.

“I have seen but one—and, by Heaven, here he is again,” exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The green domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length the confusion which this proceeding created became universal; and the cause reached the ear of the Dauphin.

“He is the very devil, your highness!” exclaimed an old nobleman—“saving your Highness’s presence—or wants but a tail to be so!”

“Say, rather he should be some famished poet, by his appetite,” replied the Prince, laughing. “But there must be some juggling; he spills all his wine, and hides the provisions under his robe.”

Even while they were speaking, the green domino entered the room in which they were talking, and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

“See here, my lord!” cried one—“I have seen him do this thrice!”

“I, twice!”—“I, five times!”—“and I, fifteen.”

This was too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned. He knew nothing—and the green domino was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

“The Prince’s desire is, that Monsieur who wears the green domino should unmask.” The stranger hesitated.

“The command with which his Highness honours Monsieur is perfectly absolute.”

Against that which is absolute there is no contending. The green man threw off his mask and domino; and proved to be a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

“And in the name of gluttony, my good friend (not to ask how you gained admission), how have you contrived,” said the Prince, “to sup to-night so many times?”

“Sire, I was but beginning to sup, with reverence be it said, when your royal message interrupted me.”

“Beginning!” exclaimed the Dauphin in amazement; “then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared, and the hampers of Burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is!”

“It is Sire,” returned the soldier, “may it please your Grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this green domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank, being myself the last man, have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion; and the leader of the rear rank, saving your Highness’s commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn.”

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THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Hadst 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 noonday 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,
Knelt 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 alike, 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,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt 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 heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

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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 bent,
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 know 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,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
“Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest
That thou doest 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,
Toward 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!”

THE BELL OF ATRI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,

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“I climb no further upward, come what may,”—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long;
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer’s hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: “What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways:
I want him only for the holidays.”
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his coach, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent

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tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
“Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!”
But ere he reached the belfry’s light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
“Domeneddio!” cried the Syndic straight,
“This is the Knight of Atri’s steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;

Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at nought the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
“Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

THE STORM.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—

Miserere Domine.Through the black night and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain
To live upon the stormy main;—

Miserere Domine.

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The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,—

Miserere Domine.The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind, the pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane:—

Miserere Domine.Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
“The storm will wake the child,” they said:

Miserere Domine.Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
“Father save those at sea to-night!”

Miserere Domine.The morning shone all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play,—

Gloria tibi Domine!

THE THREE RULERS.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

I saw a Ruler take his stand
And trample on a mighty land;
The People crouched before his beck,
His iron heel was on their neck,
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise—
His words were noble, good and wise;
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds, and thoughts of men;
Some scoffed, some praised, while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw—
Love and sweet Pity were his law:
The greatest and the least had part

(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart—
The People in a mighty band,
Rose up and drove him from the land!

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ere the brothers though the gateway
  Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed,
  Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
  Had the House of Lucie borne,
Who of right had held the lordship
  Claimed by proof upon the horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the horn—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged; and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
  And to Hubert thus said he:
"What I speak this horn shall witness
  For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

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“On good service we are going,
  Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
  Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the horn, that we
May have a living house still left in thee!”

“Fear not,” quickly answered Hubert:
  “As I am thy father’s son,
What thou askest, noble brother,
  With God’s favour, shall be done.”
So were both right well content:
Forth they from the castle went,
And at the head of their array
To Palestine the brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
  Were a line for valour famed),
And where’er their strokes alighted,
  There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave man wish to take
His brother’s life, for lands’ and castle’s sake?

“Sir!” the ruffians said to Hubert,
  “Deep he lies in Jordan’s flood.”
Stricken by this ill assurance,
  Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
“Take your earnings.—Oh! that I
Could have *seen* my brother die!”
It was a pang that vexed him then,
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
  Nor of him were tidings heard;
Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer
  Back again to England steered.
To his castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
  Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
  No one's ear had heard the horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread,
And bright the lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
  And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
  Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the horn,
Where by the castle-gate it hung forlorn,

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
  He has come to claim his right:
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
  Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown,
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou be lord!

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Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
  And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
  Smitten to the heart and sad.
’Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living man it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long and long was he unheard of:
  To his brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
  Asked it by a brother’s name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
  Had preserved from murderers’ hands,
And from pagan chains had rescued,
  Lived with honour on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned
Sounded the horn which they alone could sound.

THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSES.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid,
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
That all Judea spake the virgin’s praise.
He who had seen her eyes’ dark radiance,
How it revealed her soul, and what a soul
Beamed in the mild effulgence, woe to him!
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imaged form, which followed everywhere,
And filled the heart, and fixed the absent eye.
Alas for him! her bosom owned no love
Save the strong ardour of religious zeal;

For Zillah upon heaven had centred all
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
Her tribe's men sighed in vain, yet reverenced
The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her:
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
E'en till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness
Had moulded his broad features; and she feared
The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
For Hamuel vowed revenge, and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye,
When in the temple heavenward it was raised,
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's

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melting glance
With other feelings filled:—that ’twas a task
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night;—that Zillah’s life was foul,
Yea, forfeit to the law.
Shame—shame to man,

That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another’s fame! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,
For Hamuel by his well-schemed villainy
Produced such semblances of guilt,—the maid
Was to the fire condemned! Without the walls

There was a barren field; a place abhorred,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Received their death! and there they fixed the stake,
And piled the fuel round, which should consume
The injured maid, abandoned, as it seemed,
By God and man. The assembled Bethlehemites

Beheld the scene, and when they saw the maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to heaven,
They doubted of her guilt.—

With other thoughts
Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Led thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirred, and the first pangs
Of wakening guilt, anticipant of hell!

The eye of Zillah as it glanced around
Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there
A moment; like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
Not in the hour of infamy and death
Forsake the virtuous!—

They draw near the stake—
They bring the torch!—hold, hold your erring hands!
Yet quench the rising flames!—O God, protect,
They reach the suffering maid!—O God, protect
The innocent one! They rose, they spread, they raged;—
The breath of God went forth; the ascending fire
Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames,
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
Darted and blasted Hamuel—him alone!

Hark what a fearful scream the multitude
Pour forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake
Branches and buds, and spreading its green leaves,
Embowers and canopies the innocent maid
Who there stands glorified; and roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom round her, white and red,
In all their rich variety of hues;
And fragrance such as our first parents breathed
In Eden, she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regained.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

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BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the seaside;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers

Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum!
’Mid greetings of pleasure in splendour they come!
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter, of earthly delight,
The future shall scatter o’er them in its flight!
What blissful caresses shall fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses fall white as the snow!

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed:
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother for ever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one;
The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! ’Mid the gay clangour that compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe’s on the border! his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found!

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

“Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For sister and mother, for children and wife!
O’er hill and o’er hollow, o’er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain!”

Farrah! to the battle!—They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how they shine!

Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman! to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide;
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark!—loud from the mountain—'tis victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flees to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning, the star of the day;
Now, weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

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But, O! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow—in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul:
True—true, ’twas a story for ages of pride;
He died in his glory—but, oh, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises all mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow;
That glance may for ever unaltered remain,
But the bridegroom will never return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling along the seaside;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene!

How scant was the warning, how briefly revealed,
Before on that morning, death’s chalice was filled!
Thus passes each pleasure that earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—we live but to die!

THE DAUGHTER OF MEATH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Turgesius, the chief of a turbulent band,
Came over from Norway and conquer’d the land:
Rebellion had smooth’d the invader’s career,
The natives shrank from him, in hate, or in fear;
While Erin’s proud spirit seem’d slumb’ring in peace,
In secret it panted for death—or release.

The tumult of battle was hush’d for awhile,—
Turgesius was monarch of Erin’s fair isle,
The sword of the conqueror slept in its sheath,
His triumphs were honour’d with trophy and wreath;
The princes of Erin despair’d of relief,
And knelt to the lawless Norwegian chief.

His heart knew the charm of a woman's sweet smile;
But ne'er, till he came to this beautiful isle,
Did he know with what mild, yet resistless control,
That sweet smile can conquer a conqueror's soul:
And oh! 'mid the sweet smiles most sure to enthral,
He soon met with one—he thought sweetest of all.

The brave Prince of Meath had a daughter as fair
As the pearls of Loch Neagh which encircled her hair;
The tyrant beheld her, and cried, "She shall come
To reign as the queen of my gay mountain home;
Ere sunset to-morrow hath crimson'd the sea,
Melachlin, send forth thy young daughter to me!"

Awhile paused the Prince—too indignant to speak,
There burn'd a reply in his glance—on his cheek:
But quickly that hurried expression was gone,
And calm was his manner, and mild was his tone.
He answered—"Ere sunset hath crimson'd the sea,
To-morrow—I'll send my young daughter to thee.

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“At sunset to-morrow your palace forsake,
With twenty young chiefs seek the isle on yon lake;
And there, in its coolest and pleasantest shades,
My child shall await you with twenty fair maids:
Yes—bright as my armour the damsels shall be
I send with my daughter, Turgesius, to thee.”

Turgesius return’d to his palace; to him
The sports of that evening seem’d languid and dim;
And tediously long was the darkness of night,
And slowly the morning unfolded its light;
The sun seem’d to linger—as if it would be
An age ere his setting would crimson the sea.

At length came the moment—the King and his band
With rapture push’d out their light boat from the land;
And bright shone the gems on the armour, and bright
Flash’d their fast-moving oars in the setting sun’s light;
And long ere they landed, they saw though the trees
The maiden’s white garments that waved in the breeze.

More strong in the lake was the dash of each oar,
More swift the gay vessel flew on to the shore;
Its keel touch’d the pebbles—but over the surf
The youths in a moment had leap’d to the turf,
And rushed to a shady retreat in the wood,
Where many veiled forms mute and motionless stood.

“Say, which is Melachlin’s fair daughter? away
With these veils,” cried Turgesius, “no longer delay;
Resistance is vain, we will quickly behold
Which robe hides the loveliest face in its fold;
These clouds shall no longer o’ershadow our bliss,
Let each seize a veil—and my trophy be this!”

He seized a white veil, and before him appear’d
No fearful, weak girl—but a foe to be fear’d!
A youth—who sprang forth from his female disguise,
Like lightning that flashes from calm summer skies:
His hand grasp’d a weapon, and wild was the joy
That shone in the glance of the warrior boy.

And under each white robe a youth was conceal’d,
Who met his opponent with sword and with shield.

Turgesius was slain—and the maidens were blest,
Melachlin's fair daughter more blithe than the rest;
And ere the last sunbeam had crimson'd the sea,
They hailed the boy-victors—and Erin was free!

GLENARA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

O, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and her people are called to the bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud:
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence—they looked to the ground.

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In silence they reached over mountains and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
“Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?” said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?”
So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed!

“I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud;
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

Oh, pale grew the cheek of the chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen!
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
’Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

“I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:—
Glenara! Glenara! now read me MY dream!”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;
Now joy to the house of the fair Ellen of Lorn!

A FABLE FOR MUSICIANS.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

He grew as a red-headed thistle
Might grow, a mere vagabond weed—
Little Frieder—as gay with his whistle
As water-wagtail on a reed—
Blithe that was indeed!

He had a little old fiddle,
A shabby and wonderful thing,
Patched at end, patched and glued in the middle

Oft lacking a key or a string,
But, oh, it could sing!

Barber's 'prentice was Frieder, but having
No sense of the true barber's art,
He cut every face in the shaving,
Pulled hair, and left gashes and smart,
Getting blows for his part.

Blows he liked not, and so off he started
One morning, his fortune to seek,
Comb and fiddle his all, yet light-hearted
As long as his fiddle could squeak,
Be it ever so weak.

Ran away! Highway rutted or dusty
Seemed velvety grass to his feet;
Sang the birds; his own stout legs were trusty;
To his hunger a black crust was sweet,
And life seemed complete.

Towards twilight he came to a meadow
Where a lovely green water, outlaid
Like a looking-glass, held in clear shadow
Low iris-grown shores—every blade
Its double had made.

Neck, the Nixie, lived under this water,
In a palace of glass, far below
Where fishes might swim, or the otter
Could dive, or a sunbeam could go,
Or a lily root grow.

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And, lo, Frieder spied him that minute
In a little red coat, sitting there
By the pond, with his feet hanging in it,
And clawing his knotted green hair
In a comic despair.

Green hair, full of duck weed, and tangled
With snail shells, and moss and eel-grass
It was, and it straggled and dangled
Over forehead and shoulders—alas,
A wild hopeless mass.

“Good evening,” hailed Frieder, “I know you,
Sir Neck, the Pond Nixie! I pray
You will come to the shore, and I’ll show you
How hair should be combed, if I may,
The real barber’s way.”

Neck swam like a frog to him, grinning,
And Frieder attacked the green mane
That had neither end nor beginning!
Neck bore like a hero the strain
Of the pulling and pain.

Till at length, without whimper or whining
The task of the combing was done,
And each lock was as smooth and as shining
As long iris leaves in the sun—
Soft as silk that is spun.

Then Neck thrust his hand in the rushes
And pulled out his own violin,
And played—why, it seemed as if thrushes
Had song-perches under his chin,
So sweet was the din.

The barber boy’s heart fell to throbbing;
“Herr Neck”—this was all he could say,
Between fits of laughing and sobbing—
“Herr Neck, oh, pray teach me to play
In that wonderful way!”

Neck glanced at the comb. “Will you give it
For this little fiddle?” he cried.

“My comb—why, of course you can have it,
And jacket and supper beside!”
Eager Frieder replied.

Neck flung down his fiddle, and catching
The comb at arm’s length, dived below.
And Frieder, the instrument snatching
Across the weird strings drew the bow,
To and fro—to and fro!

Till out of the forest came springing
Roebuck and rabbit and deer;
Till the nightingale stopped in its singing
And the black flitter-mice crowded near,
The sweet music to hear.

* * * * *

Forth from that moment went Frieder
Far countries and kingdoms to roam,
Of all earth’s musicians the leader,
King’s castles and courts for a home,
But, alas, for his comb!

Gold he had, but a comb again, never!
And his hair in a wild disarray
Henceforth grew at random.—And ever
Musicians to this very day
Wear theirs the same way!

“ONWARD.” *A TALE OF THE S. E. RAILWAY*.

ANONYMOUS.

No doubt you’ve ‘eard the tale, sir. Thanks,—’arf o’ stout and mild.
Of the man who did his dooty, though it might have killed his child.
He was only a railway porter, yet he earned undy’n’ fame.
Well!—Mine’s a similar story, though the end ain’t quite the same.

I were pointsman on the South Eastern, with an only child—a girl
As got switched to a houtside porter, though fit to ’ave married a pearl.
With a back as straight as a tunnel, and lovely carrotty ’air,
She used to bring me my dinner, sir, and couldn’t she take her share!—

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One day she strayed on the metals, and fell asleep on the track;
I didn't 'appen to miss her, sir, or I should ha' called her back.
She'd gone quite out of earshot, and I daresen't leave my post,
For the lightnin' express was comin', but four hours late at the most!

'Ave you ever seen the "lightnin'" thunder through New Cross?
Fourteen miles an hour, sir, with stoppages, of course.
And just in the track of the monster was where my darling slept.
I could hear the rattle already, as nearer the monster crept!

I might turn the train on the sidin', but I glanced at the loop line and saw
That right on the outer metals was lyin' a bundle of straw;
And right in the track of the "lightnin'" was where my darlin' laid,
But the loop line 'ud smash up the engine, and there'd be no dividend paid

I thought of the awful disaster, of the blood and the coroner's 'quest;
Of the verdict, "No blame to the pointsman, he did it all for the best!"
And I thought of the compensation the Co. would 'ave to pay
If I turned the train on the sidin' where the 'eap of stubble lay.

So I switched her off on the main, sir, and she thundered by like a snail,
And I didn't recover my senses till I'd drunk 'arf a gallon o' ale.
For though only a common pointsman, I've a father's feelings, too,
So I sank down in a faint, sir, as my Polly was 'id from view.

And now comes the strangest part, sir, my Polly was roused by the sound.
You think she escaped the engine by lyin' flat on the ground?
No! always a good 'un to run, sir, by jove she must 'ave flown,
For she raced the "lightnin' express," sir, till the engine was puffed and blown!!!

When next you see the boss, sir, tell him o' what I did,
How I nobly done my dooty, though it might a killed my kid;
And you may, if you like, spare a trifle for the agony I endured,
When I thought that my Polly was killed, sir, and I 'adn't got her insured!

THE DECLARATION.

BY NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

’Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange leaves, and sweet verbena came
Through the unshutter’d window on the air.
And the rich pictures with their dark old tints
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seem’d hush’d into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed spiritual Isabel
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stay’d
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervour of a lip unused
To the cool breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand

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That rested on the strings, and press'd a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again
Besought her, that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kiss'd the small white fingers as I spoke.
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and look'd
Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

LOVE AND AGE.

BY THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden.
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along:
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;'
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression,—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened,—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire gray!
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

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But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be a hundred years ago.

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

BY BRET HARTE.

"So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea—the lady you met on the train,
And you really believe she would know you if you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me; there was never womankind yet
Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses, but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; while the younger looked up with a smile:
"I sat by her side half an hour—what else was I doing the while?

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the sky,
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your own to her eye?

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and as bold as the look,
And I held up myself to herself—that was more than she got from her book."

"Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt you are voicing the mode of to-day:
But then we old fogies at least gave the lady some chance for delay.

"There's my wife—(you must know)—we first met on the journey from Florence to Rome;
It took me three weeks to discover who was she, and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more ere I saw her again;
And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"Oh, that was the style of the stage-coach; we travel to-day by express;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.
"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned, "but submit
Your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not at best know her name. And what if I try your ideal
With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en regle* and real?

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist—you shall follow—this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay?

"My wife, Mr. Rapid—Eh, what? Why, he's gone—yet he said he would come.
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb?"

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

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BY S. W. FOSS.

“The Sun will give out in ten million years more;
It will sure give out then, if it doesn’t before.”
And he worried about it;
It would surely give out, so the scientists said
And they proved it in many a book he had read,
And the whole mighty universe then would be dead.
And he worried about it.

“Or some day the earth will fall into the sun,
Just as sure and as straight, as if shot from a gun.”
And he worried about it.
“For when gravitation unbuckles her straps,
Just picture,” he said, “what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps.”
And he worried about it.

“The earth will become far too small for the race,
And we’ll pay at a fabulous rate for our space.”
And he worried about it.
“The earth will be crowded so much without doubt,
There will hardly be room for one’s tongue to stick out,
Nor room for one’s thoughts when they’d wander about.”
And he worried about it.

“And in ten thousand years, there’s no manner of doubt,
Our lumber supply and our coal will give out.”
And he worried about it:
“And then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms stretched out in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw.”
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (two shillings a day).
He didn’t worry about it.
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay.
He didn’t worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the fire and he just let her rub.
He didn’t worry about it,

ASTRONOMY MADE EASY.

I saw and heard him as I was going home the other evening. A big telescope was pointed heavenward from the public square, and he stood beside it and thoughtfully inquired,—

“Is it possible, gentlemen, that you do not care to view the beautiful works of nature above the earth? Can it be true that men of your intellectual appearance will sordidly cling to ten cents, rather than take a look through this telescope and bring the beauties of heaven within one and a half miles of your eyes?”

The appeal was too much for one young man to resist. He was a tall young man, with a long face, high cheek bones, and an anxious look. He looked at the ten cents and then at the telescope, hesitated for a single moment, and then took his seat on the stool.

“Here is a young man who prefers to feast his soul with scientific knowledge rather than become a sordid, grasping, avaricious capitalist,” remarked the astronomer, as he arranged the instrument. “Fall back, you people who prefer the paltry sum of ten cents to a view of the starry heavens, and give this noble young man plenty of room!”

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The noble young man removed his hat, placed his eye to the instrument, a cloth was thrown over his head, and the astronomer continued:—

“Behold the bright star of Venus! A sight of this star is worth a thousand dollars to any man who prefers education to money.” There was an instant of deep silence, and then the young man exclaimed:—

“I say!”

I stood behind him, and knew that the telescope pointed at the fifth storey of a building across the square, where a dance was in progress.

“All people indulge in exclamations of admiration as they view the beauties and mysteries of nature,” remarked the astronomer. “Young man, tell the crowd what you see.”

“I see a feller hugging a girl!” was the prompt reply. “And if there isn’t a dozen of them!”

“And yet,” continued the astronomer, “there are sordid wretches in this crowd who hang to ten cents in preference to observing such sights as these in ethereal space. Venus is millions of miles away, and yet by means of this telescope and by paying ten cents this intellectual young man is enabled to observe the inhabitants of that far-off world hugging each other just as natural as they do in this!”

The instrument was wheeled around to bear on the tower of the engine-house some distance away, and the astronomer, continued:—

“Behold the beauties and the wonders of Saturn! This star, to the naked eye, appears no larger than a pin’s point, and yet for the paltry sum of ten cents this noble young man is placed within one mile of it!”

“Well, this beats all!” murmured the young man, as he slapped his leg.

“Tell me what you see, my friend.”

“I see two fellows in a small room, smoking cigars and playing chess!” was the prompt reply.

“Saturn is 86,000,000 of miles from this town,” continued the astronomer, “and yet the insignificant sum of ten cents has enabled this progressive young man to learn for himself that the celestial beings enjoy themselves pretty much as we do in this world. I venture to say that there is not a man in this crowd who ever knew before that the inhabitants of Saturn knew anything about chess or cigars.”

Once more he wheeled the instrument round. This time it got the range of the upper storey of a tenement-house on the hill The young man had scarcely taken a glance through the tube, when he yelled out:—

“Great guns! But what planet is this?”

“You are now looking at Uranus,” replied the professor. “Uranus is 97,502,304 miles distant from the earth, and yet I warrant that it doesn’t appear over eighty rods away to you. Will you be kind enough, my friend, to tell this crowd what you see?”

“Give it to him! That’s it! Go it old woman!” shouted the young man, slapping one leg and then the other.

“Speak up, my friend. What do you see?”

“By jove! she’s got him by the hair now! Why, she’ll beat him hollow!”

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“Will you be kind enough, my friend, to allay the curiosity of your friends?”

“Whoop! that’s it; now she’s got him. Toughest fight I ever saw!” cried the young man as he moved back and slapped his thigh.

The professor covered up the instrument slowly and carefully, picked up and unlocked a satchel which had been lying near his feet, and then softly said:—

“Gentlemen, we will pause here for a moment. When a man tells you after this that the planet of Saturn is not inhabited, tell him that you know better, that it is not only inhabited, but that the married couples up there have family fights the same as on this mundane sphere. In about ten minutes I will be ready again to explain the wonders and beauties of the sparkling heavens to such of you as prefer a million dollars’ worth of scientific knowledge to ten cents in vile dross. Meanwhile permit me to call your attention to my celebrated toothache drops, the only perfect remedy yet invented for aching teeth.”

BROTHER WATKINS.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

An old southern preacher, who had a great habit of talking through his nose, left one congregation and came to another. The first Sunday he addressed his new congregation he went on about as follows:—

My beloved brederin, before I take my text, I must tell you of parting with my old congregation-ah, on the morning of last Sabbath-ah I entered into my church to preach my farewell discourse-ah. Before me sat the old fadders and mothers of Israel-ah. The tears course down their furrowed cheeks, their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

Behind them sat middle-aged men and matrons, youth and vigour bloomed from every countenance, and as they looked up, I thought I could see in their dreamy eyes fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

Behind them sat the little boys and girls I had baptised and gathered into the Sabbath school. Ofttimes had they been rude and boisterous; but now their merry laugh was hushed and in the silence I could hear fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

Away in the back seats and along the aisles stood and sat the coloured bretherin with their black faces and honest hearts, and as they looked up I thought I could see in their eyes fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

When I had finished my discourse, and shaken hands with the bretherin-ah, I went out to take a last look at the church-ah, and the broken steps-ah, the flopping blinds-ah, and the moss-covered roof-ah, suggested fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

I mounted my old grey mare with all my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant girls stood in the doors-ah and waved their brooms with a fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

As I passed out of the village, I thought I could hear the wind-ah moaning through the waving branches of the trees, fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

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I came on to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I thought I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles, fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah. Even the little fishes-ah, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight-ah, gathered round to say as best they could, fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

I was slowly passing up the hill meditating-ah on the sad vicissitudes of life-ah, when out bounded a big hog from the fence corner-ah with an a-boo a-boo and I came to the ground-ah, with my saddle bags-ah by my side-ah, and as the old mare ran up the hill-ah, she waved her tail back at me-ah seemingly to say-ah, fare-ye-well Brother Watkins-ah.

LOGIC.

ANONYMOUS.

I. HER RESPECTABLE PAPA'S.

"My dear, be sensible! Upon my word,
This—for a woman even—is absurd.
His income's not a hundred pounds, I know.
He's not worth loving."—"But I love him so."

II. HER MOTHER'S.

"You silly child, he is well made and tall;
But looks are far from being all in all.
His social standing's low, his family's low.
He's not worth loving."—"And I love him so."

III. HER ETERNAL FRIEND'S.

"Is that he picking up the fallen fan?
My dear! he's such an awkward, ugly man!
You must be certain, pet, to answer 'No.'
He's not worth loving."—" And I love him so."

IV. HER BROTHER'S.

"By jove! were I a girl—through horrid hap—
I wouldn't have a milk-and-water chap.
The man has not a single spark of 'go.'
He's not worth loving."—" Yet I love him so."

V. HER OWN.

"And were he everything to which I've listened,
Though he were ugly, awkward (and he isn't),
Poor, lowly-born, and destitute of 'go,'
He *is* worth loving, for I love him so."

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

BY F.H. GASSAWAY.

South Mountain towered on our right
Far off the river lay;
And over on the wooded height
We kept their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our brushwood razed, before our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed;
Of such a little one in heaven
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as she stood, her little hand
Went to her curly head;
In grave salute, "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"Where is your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B?

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“My home? Why, that was burnt away,
And Pa and Ma is dead;
But now I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

“And I’ve a drum that’s not a toy,
And a cap with feathers too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

“But now our baccy’s all give out
The men can’t have their smoke,
And so they’re cross; why even Ned
Won’t play with me, and joke!

“And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
’I’d give a leg for a good smoke
Like the Yanks have over there.’

“And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I’d creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill.

“And beg, good Mr. Yankee-men,
You’d give me some Long Jack;
Please do, when we get some again,
I’ll surely bring it back.

“And so I came; for Ned, says he,
’If you do what you say,
You’ll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.’”

We brimmed her tiny apron o’er,—
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant’s husky voice
Said “’Tention, squad?” and then,

We gave her escort till good-night
The little waif we bid,
Then watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else ’twas tears that hid.

Her baby form nor turned about,
A man nor spoke a word,
Until at length a far faint shout
Upon the wind we heard,

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around,
That baby’s hand had touched the ties
That brother’s once had bound.

That’s all, save when the dawn awoke:
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell.

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see,
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

THE DANDY FIFTH.

BY F.H. GASSAWAY.

’Twas the time of the working men’s great strike,
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labour could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia’s surging streets
Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
The tillers of the soil;
White-faced militia-men looked on,
And women shrank with dread;
’Twas muscle against money then—
’Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
  A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
  A young patrician lay.
And as, with haughty glance, he swept
  Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
  Took off his cap and bowed.

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That night the Labour League was met,
  And soon the chairman said:
“There hides a Judas in our midst;
  One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward’s servile knee
  When capital rolls by.”
“Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!”
  Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
  Erect his head of grey—
“I am no traitor, though I bowed
  To a rich man’s son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand—
  As like you mean to do—
I want to tell you a story short,
  And I ask you’ll hear me through.

“I was one of those who enlisted first,
  The old flag to defend,
With Pope and Hallick, with ‘Mac’ and Grant,
  I followed to the end;
And ’twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
  When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
  Came down to us from here.

“Their uniforms were by tailors cut,
  They brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a nigger, too,
  To keep their boots in shine;
They’d nought to say to us dusty ‘vets,’
  And through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth
  When we passed them on parade.

“Well, they were sent to hold a fort
  The Rebs tried hard to take,
’Twas the key of all our line which naught
  While it held out could break,
But a fearful fight we lost just then,
  The reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
  Hung the whole division’s fate.

“Three times we tried to take them aid,
  And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort’s far guns
  Boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker’s corps came up,
  An’ then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
  Still back of the drifting smoke.

“With the bands at play and the colours spread
  We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
  I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone—
  They bad dreaded that the most—
The next their last scant rations went,
  And each man looked a ghost,

“As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
  Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—but not defeat—
  Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not four-score men
  Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
  As we grasped each bloodless hand.

“The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
  Save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
  Grim sentinels in blue;
And their Col’nel, *he* could not speak nor stir,
  But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced at the shot-scarred staff
  Where the old flag floated still!

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"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh
At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

"BAY BILLY."

BY F.H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg—
Perhaps the day you reck—
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aid.
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero grey and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope

We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell;
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge, again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
His master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was his old of wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us hearts of grace.

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No bugle-call could rouse us all
  As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
  A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
  And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
  Died out the battle's hum;
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
  We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a spectre steed
  To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
  Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
  It said awake, arise!—
Though naught but that last trump of all
  Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
  Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
  The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks we closed
  The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
  Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn
  Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
  For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
  When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
  The solemn sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
  As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
  The last few names were said,

Across the field some missing horse
  Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
  Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
  All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
  Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
  The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
  Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
  When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
  The whole line answered "Here!"

THE OLD VETERAN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old, and
  gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

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"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—"God bless your loyal
heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put me upon the ramparts with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne,—
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!'"

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

SANTA CLAUS.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

The bells were ringing their cheerful chimes
In the old grey belfry tow'r,
The choir were singing their carols betimes
In the wintry midnight hour,

The waits were playing with eerie drawl
“The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,”
And the old policeman was stomping his feet
As he quiver’d and shiver’d along on his beat;

The snow was falling as fast as it could
O’er city and hamlet, forest and wood,
And Jack Frost, busy with might and main,
Was sketching away at each window-pane;

Father Christinas was travelling fast,
Mid the fall of the snow and the howl of the blast,
With millions of turkeys for millions to taste,
And millions of puddings all tied to his waist,
And millions of mince-pies that scented the air,
To cover the country with Christmas fare,—

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When over the hills, from far away,
Came Santa Claus with the dawn of day;
He rode on a cycle, as seasons do,
With Christmas behind him a-tandem too;
His pockets were bigger than sacks from the mill—
The Soho Bazaar would not one of them fill,
And the Lowther Arcade and the good things that stock it
Would travel with ease in his tiniest pocket.
And these were all full of delights and surprises
For gifts and rewards and for presents and prizes.

Little knick-knackeries, beautiful toys
For mas and papas and for girls and for boys
There were dolls of all sorts, there were dolls of all sizes,
In comical costumes and funny disguises,—
Dolls of all countries and dolls of all climes,
Dolls of all ages and dolls of all times;
Soldier dolls, sailor dolls, red, white and blue;
Khaki dolls, darkie dolls, trusty and true;
Curio Chinese and quaint little Japs,
Nid-nodding at nothing, the queer little chaps;
Bigger dolls, nigger dolls woolly and black,
With never a coat or a shirt to their back.
Dolls made of china and dolls made of wood,
Dutch dolls and such dolls, and all of them good;
Dolls of fat features, and dolls with more pointed ones,
Dolls that were rigid and dolls that were jointed ones,
Dolls made of sawdust and dolls made of wax,
Dolls that go “bye-bye” when laid on their backs,
Dolls that are silent when nobody teases them,
Dolls that will cry when one pinches or squeezes them;
Dolls with fair faces and eyes bright of hue,
The black and the brunette, the blond and the blue;
Bride dolls and bridegrooms, the meekest of spouses;
And hundreds and thousands of pretty dolls’ houses.
And as for the furniture—think for a day
He brought all you’ll think of and all I could say!

And then there were playthings and puzzles and games.
With all kinds of objects and all sorts of names,—
Musical instruments, boxes and glasses,
And fiddles and faddles of various classes;
Mandolins ready for fingers and thumbs,
And banjos and tambourines, trumpets and drums.

Noah's arks, animals, reptiles and mammals,
Mammoths and crocodiles, cobras and camels;
Lions and tigers as tame as a cat,
Eagles and vultures as blind as a bat;
Bears upon bear-poles and monkeys on sticks,
Foxes in farmyards at mischievous tricks;
Monkeys on dogs too, and dogs too on bicycles,
Clumsy old elephants triking on tricycles;
Horses on rockers and horses on wheels,
But never a one that could show you his heels.

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There were tops for the whip, there were tops for the string,
There were tops that would hum, there were tops that would sing;
There were hoops made of iron and hoops made of wood,
And hoop-sticks to match them, as strong and as good;
There were books full of pictures and books full of rhymes,
There were songs for the seasons and tales for the times;
Pen-knives and pen-wipers, pencils and slates,
Wheelers and rockers and rollers and skates;
Bags full of marbles and boxes of bricks,
And bundles and bundles of canes and of sticks.

There were “prams” for the girls, there were “trams” for the boys,
And thousands of clever mechanical toys,—
Engines and carriages running on rails,
Steamers and sailers that carry the mails;
Flags of all nations, and ships for all seas—
The Red Sea, the Black Sea, or what sea you please—
That tick it by clockwork or puff it by steam,
Or outsail the weather or go with the stream;
Carriages drawn by a couple of bays,
’Buses and hansoms, and waggons and drays,
Coaches and curricles, rallis and gigs—
All sorts of wheelers, with all sorts of rigs.

Cricket and croquet, and bat, trap, and ball,
And tennis—but really the list would appal.
There were balls for the mouth, there were balls for the feet,
There were balls you could play with and balls you could eat,
There were balls made of leather and balls made of candy,
Balls of all sizes, from footballs to brandy.

And then came the boxes of curious games,
With all sorts of objects and all sorts of names,—
Lotto and Ludo, the Fox and the Geese,
Halma and Solitaire—all of a piece;
Go-bang and Ringolette, Hook-it and Quoits,
For junior endeavours and senior exploits;
And Skittles and Spellicans, Tiddle-de-winks—
But one mustn’t mention the half that one thinks;
Chessmen and draughtsmen, and hoards upon hoards
Of chess and backgammon and bagatelle boards;

And boxes of dominoes, boxes of dice,
And boxes of tricks you can try in a trice.

And Santa Claus went with his wonderful load
Through street after street, and through road after road,
And crept through the keyholes—or some other way;
He got down the chimneys—so some people say:
But, one way or other, he managed to creep
Where all the good children were lying asleep;
And when he got there, all the stockings in rows
That were ready hung up he cramm'd full to the toes
With the many good things he had brought with the day
From over the hills and far away.

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And Santa Claus smiled as he look'd on the faces
Of all the good children asleep in their places,
And laugh'd out so loud as to almost awaken
One sharp little fellow who great pains had taken;
His socks were too small—for he'd hopes of great riches—
So, tying the legs, he had hung up his breeches!
And surely the tears almost came in his eyes
As he open'd a letter with joy and surprise
That he took from a stocking hung up to a bed,
And surely they fell as the letter he read;
'Twas a little girl's hand, and said, "Dear Santer Claws,
Don't fordit baby's sox—they's hung up to the drors."

But wasn't there laughter and shouting and noise
From the boys and the girls, and the girls and the boys,
When they counted the good things the good Saint had brought them,
And laid them all out on their pillows to sort them.
Such wonderful voices, such wonderful lungs,
It was just like another confusion of tongues,
A Babel of chatter from master and miss—
And I don't think they've left off from that day to this.

Ah! good little people, if thus you shall find
Rich treasures provided, be grateful and mind,
In the midst of your pleasures, a moment to pause,
And think about Christmas and good Santa Claus!

Remember, in weary and desolate places,
With tears in their eyes and with grime on the faces,
The children of poverty, sorrow and weep,
With little to cheer them awake or asleep;
And remember that you who have much and to spare,
Can brighten their eyes and can lighten their cares,
If you take the example and work to the cause
Of your own benefactor, the good Santa Claus.

You need not climb chimneys in tempest and storm,
Nor creep into keyholes in fairy-like form;
You've a magical key for the dreariest place
In the light of your eyes and the smile of your face.
And remember the joy that you give to another
Will gladden your own heart as well as the other;

For troubles are halved when together we bear them,
And pleasures are doubled whenever we share them.

THE IMPERIAL RECITER

“And we are peacemen, also; crying for
Peace, peace at any price—though it be war!
We must live free, at peace, or each man dies
With death-clutch fast for ever on the prize.”
—GERALD MASSEY.

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The Editor's thanks are due to the Rev. A. Frewen Aylward for the use of the poem "Adsum," and to Messrs. Harmsworth Bros, for permission to include Mr. Rudyard Kipling's phenomenal success, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," in this collection; also to Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York, for special permission to copy from "Harper's Magazine" the poem "Sheltered," by Sarah Orme Jewett; to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for permission to use "Mrs. B.'s Alarms," from "Humorous Stories," by the late James Payn; to Miss Palgrave and to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for the use of "England Once More," by the late F. T. Palgrave; to Mr. Clement Scott for permission to include "Sound the Assembly" and "The Midnight Charge"; to Mr. F. Harald Williams and Mr. Gerald Massey for generous and unrestricted use of their respective war poems, and to numerous other authors and publishers for the use of copyright pieces.

PREFATORY.

There is a true and a false Imperialism. There is the Imperialism of the vulgar braggart, who thinks that one Englishman can fight ten men of any other nationality under the sun; and there is the Imperialism of the man of thought, who believes in the destiny of the English race, who does not shrink from the responsibilities of power from "craven fear of being great," and who holds that an Englishman ought to be ready to face *twenty* men if need be, of any nationality, including his own, rather than surrender a trust or sacrifice a principle. The first would base empire on vanity and brute force, inspired by the vulgar reflection—

"We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too."

The second does not seek empire, but will not shrink from the responsibilities of its growth, and in all matters of international dispute believes with Solomon, that "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding," and in all matters of international relationship that "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

The rapid and solid growth of the British Empire has been due largely to two characteristics of its rule—the integrity of its justice and the soundness of its finance. Native races everywhere appeal with confidence to the justice of our courts, and find in the integrity of our fiscal system relief from the oppressive taxation of barbarous governments.

These blessings we owe, and with them the strength of our empire, not to the force of our arms in the field, but to the subordination of the military to the civil spirit, both in peace and war.

Other nations fail in their attempts at colonisation because they proceed on military lines. With them it is the soldier first and the civilian where he can. England succeeds

because she proceeds on *industrial* lines. With her it is the plough where it may be and the sword where it must.

The military spirit never yet built up an enduring empire, and the danger of military success is that it is apt to confuse means and ends in the public mind, and to encourage the subordination of the civil to the military spirit in national institutions. Such a result could only be disastrous to the British Empire, and so, while rejoicing in the success of the British arms, it behoves us to oppose with all our strength the growth of the military spirit.

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The seventh decade of the nineteenth century saw the realisation of one of the greatest facts of our time, the federation of the German states in one great military empire. The tenth decade has realised a greater fact, the federation of the British colonies in a great social and commercial empire. The German Empire must fall to pieces if it continues to subordinate the civil to the military Spirit in its national policy. The British Empire can never perish while it is true to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Signs of the growth of a military spirit are to be seen in the advocacy of some form of conscription or compulsory service for home defence; and this, too, at a time when the ends of the earth have been sending us *volunteers* in abundance to espouse a foreign quarrel.

Such advocates neither understand the national history nor the English character. Were England in any real danger there would be no need for forced service, and service forced without need would breed revolution. The nation that cannot depend upon its volunteers for its home defence is not worth defending.

ALFRED H. MILES.
October 1, 1900.

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THE
IMPERIAL RECITER.
EDITED BY ALFRED H. MILES.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There’s a land that bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
I say ’tis the first on the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live

In arms, in arts, or song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
’Tis the star of the Earth—deny it who can—
The Island-home of the Englishman.

There’s a flag that waves o’er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave;
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float o’er a slave;
Its honour is stainless—deny it who can—
And this is the flag of the Englishman.

There’s a heart that beats with burning glow,
The wrong’d and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove,
To the light of its own fireside,
’Tis a rich rough gem—deny it who can—
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

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The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone
  And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own
  That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
  The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
  While he tells of his native earth;
For a glorious charter—deny it who can—
Is breathed in the words, “I’m an Englishman.”

ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Now, glory to our England,
She arises, calm and grand,
The ancient spirit in her eyes,—
The good sword in her hand!
Our royal right on battle-ground
Was aye to bear the brunt:
Ho! brave heart, with one passionate bound,
Take the old place in front!
Now glory to our England,
As she rises, calm and grand,
The ancient spirit in her eyes,—
The good sword in her hand!

Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I’ the ring, to meet a Tyrant’s gage,
And glory in the strife?
Her stem is thorny, but doth burst
A glorious Rose a-top!
And shall our proud Rose wither? First
We’ll drain life’s dearest drop!
Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I’ the ring, to meet a tyrant’s gage,
And glory in the strife?

To battle goes our England,
As gallant and as gay

As lover to the altar, on
A merry marriage-day.
A weary night she stood to watch
The clouds of dawn up-rolled;
And her young heroes strain to match
The valour of the old.
To battle goes our England,
As gallant and as gay
As lover to the altar, on
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road:
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints wet with blood.
Up with our red-cross banner—roll
A thunder-peal of drums!
Fight on there, every valiant soul
Have courage! England comes!
Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road:
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints wet with blood!

Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old land!
And when the Storm hath passed away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm!
Now victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old land!

ENGLAND ONCE MORE.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Old if this England be
The Ship at heart is sound,
And the fairest she and gallantest
That ever sail'd earth round!
And children's children in the years

Far off will live to see
Her silver wings fly round the world,
Free heralds of the free!
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless her as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

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They are firm and fine, the masts;
And the keel is straight and true;
Her ancient cross of glory
Rides burning through the blue:—
And that red sign o'er all the seas
The nations fear and know,
And the strong and stubborn hero-souls
That underneath it go:—
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless her as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

Prophets of dread and shame,
There is no place for you,
Weak-kneed and craven-breasted,
Among this English crew!
Bluff hearts that cannot learn to yield,
But as the waves run high,
And they can almost touch the night,
Behind it see the sky.
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless her as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

As Past in Present hid,
As old transfused to new,
Through change she lives unchanging,
To self and glory true;
From Alfred's and from Edward's day
Who still has kept the seas,
To him who on his death-morn spoke
Her watchword on the breeze!
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless her as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

What blasts from East and North
What storms that swept the land
Have borne her from her bearings
Since Caesar seized the strand!
Yet that strong loyal heart through all

Has steer'd her sage and free,
—Hope's armour'd Ark in glooming years,
And whole world's sanctuary!
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless her as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

Old keel, old heart of oak,
Though round thee roar and chafe
All storms of life, thy helmsman
Shall make the haven safe!
Then with Honour at the head, and Faith,
And Peace along the wake,
Law blazon'd fair on Freedom's flag,
Thy stately voyage take:—
While now on Him who long has bless'd
To bless Thee as of yore,
Once more we cry for England,
England once more!

GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

Where Roman eagle never flew
  The flag of England flies,
The herald of great empires new
  Beneath yet larger skies;
Upon a hundred lands and seas,
  And over ransomed slaves
Who poured to her no idle pleas,
  The pledge of Freedom waves;
Whatever man may well have done
  We have with dauntless might,
And England holds what England won,
  And God defends the right.

Where hardly climb the mountain goats,
  On stormy cape and crag,
The refuge of the wanderer floats—
  Our hospitable flag;
While alien banners only mock
  With glory's fleeting wraith,

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It stands on the eternal rock
  Of our eternal faith;
And handed on from sire and son,
  It furls not day nor night;
So England holds what England won,
  And God defends the right.

When wrongs cry out for brave redress,
  Our justice does not lag,
And in the name of righteousness
  Moves on our stainless flag;
The helpless see it proudly shine
  And hail the sheltering robe,
That heralds on the thin red line
  That girdles round the globe;
A pioneer of truth as none
  Before it scatters light,
And England holds what England won,
  And God defends the right.

Beneath the shadow of its peace
  Though riddled to a rag,
The down-trod nations gain release,
  And rally round the flag;
We fight the battles of the Lord,
  And never may we yield
A foot we measure with the sword—
  On the red harvest-field;
And we will not retreat, while one
  Stout heart remains to fight;
Let England hold what England won,
  And God defend the right.

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

Conscription? Never! The word belongs
To the Foes of Freedom, the Friends of wrongs,
  And unto them alone.

The first and worst of the Tyrant's terms,
Barbed to spike at the writhing worms
  That crawl about his throne.
Only the mob at a despot's heels
Would juggle a man at Fortune's wheels,
Or conjure one with the die that reels
  From the lip of the dice-cup thrown!
The soldier forced to the field of fight,
With never a reck of the wrong or right,
  Wherever a flag may wave—
By the toss of a coin, or a number thrown—
Fights with a will that is not his own,
  A victim and a slave!

Right is Might in ever a fight,
  And Truth is Bravery,
And the Right and True are the Ready too,
When the bolt is hurl'd in the peaceful blue
  By the hand of Knavery.
And the Land that fears for its Volunteers
  Is a Land of Slavery.

Compulsion? Never! The word is dead
In a land of Freedom born and bred,
  Of old in the years of yore,
Where all by the laws of Freedom wrought
May do as they will, who will as they ought,
  And none desire for more.
Who brooks no spur has need of none,
(Who needs a spur is a traitor son,)
And all are ready and all are one
  When Freedom calls to the fore!
The soldier forced to the field of war
By the iron hand of a tyrant law,
  Wherever a flag may wave,
And the press'd—at best but a coward's 'hest—
Fight with the bitter, sullen zest,
  And the ardour of a slave!

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A hireling? Never! The bought and sold
Are ever the prey of the traitor's gold,
  Wherever the fight may be.
Or ever a man will sell his sword,
The highest bidder may buy the gaud
  With a coward's niggard fee.
Who buys and sells to the market goes,
And sells his friends as he sells his foes,
So he gain in the main by his country's woes,—
  But the gain is not to the free;—
For the soldier bought with a price has nought
But his fee to 'fend when the fight is fought,
  Wherever the flag may wave.
And he who fights for the loot or pay,
Fights for himself, or ever he may—
  A huckster and a slave!

Or ever a Free land needs a son
To follow the flag with pike or gun
  Upon the field of war,
There's never a need to seek for one
In the dice's throw, or the number's run,
  Or the iron grip of the law;—
All are ready, where all are free,
With never a spur and never a fee,
To fight and 'fend the liberty
  That Freemen hold in awe.
The Volunteer is a son sincere,
And ready, or ever the cause appear,
  Whole-hearted, free as brave,—
Ready at call to sally forth
From east and west, and south and north,
  Wherever the flag may wave,—
With never a selfish thought to mar
The sacrifice of the holy war,
  And never a self to save.
And the flag shall float in the blue on high
Till the last of the Volunteers shall die,
And Hell shall tear it out of the sky—
  From Freedom's trampled grave!

Right is Might in ever a fight,
  And Truth is Bravery,
And the Right and True are the Ready too,

When the bolt is hurl'd in the peaceful blue
By the hand of Knavery.
And the Land that fears for its Volunteers
Is a Land of Slavery.

DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Quaff a cup and send a cheer up for the Old Land!
We have heard the Reapers shout,
For the Harvest going out,
With the smoke of battle closing round the bold Land;
And our message shall be hurled
Ringing right across the world,
There are true hearts beating for you in the Gold Land.

We are with you in your battles, brave and bold Land!
For the old ancestral tree
Striketh root beneath the sea,
And it beareth fruit of Freedom in the Gold Land!
We shall come, too, if you call,
We shall fight on if you fall;
Shakespere's land shall never be a bought and sold land....

O, a terror to the Tyrant is that bold Land!
He remembers how she stood,
With her raiment roll'd in blood,
When the tide of battle burst upon the Old Land;
And he looks with darkened face,
For he knows the hero race
Strike the Harp of Freedom—draw her sword with bold hand....

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When the smoke of Battle rises from the Old Land
You shall see the Tyrant down!
You shall see her lifted crown
Wears another peerless jewel won with bold hand;
She shall thresh her foes like corn,
They shall eat the bread of scorn;
We will sing her song of triumph in the Gold Land.

Quaff a cup and send a cheer up for the Old Land!
We have heard the Reapers shout
For the Harvest going out,
Seen the smoke of battle closing round the bold Land;
And our answer shall be hurled
Ringing right across the world,—
All true hearts are beating for you in the Gold Land.

AUSTRALIA SPEAKS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

What is the News to-day, Boys?
Have they fired the Signal gun?
We answer but one way, Boys;
We are ready for the fray, Boys,
All ready and all one!

They shall not say we boasted
Of deeds that would be done;
Or sat at home and toasted:
We are marshall'd, drilled, and posted,
All ready and all one!

We are not as driven cattle
That would the conflict shun.
They have to test our mettle
As *Volunteers* of Battle,
All ready and all one!

The life-streams of the Mother
Through all her youngsters run,
And brother stands by brother,
To die with one another,
All ready and all one!

AN IMPERIAL REPLY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

’Tis glorious, when the thing to do
  Is at the supreme instant done!
We count your first fore-running few
  A thousand men for every one!
For this true stroke of statesmanship—
  The best Australian poem yet—
Old England gives your hand the grip,
  And binds you with a coronet,
In which the gold o’ the Wattle glows
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

They talked of England growing old,
  They said she spoke with feeble voice;
But hear the virile answer rolled
  Across the world! Behold her Boys
Come back to her full-statured Men,
  To make four-square her fighting ranks.
She feels her youth renewed again,
  With heart too full for aught but “Thanks!”
And now the gold o’ the Wattle glows
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

“My Boys have come of age to-day,”
  The proud old mother smiling said.
“They write a brand-new page to-day,
  By far-off futures to be read!”
Throughout all lands of British blood,
  This stroke hath kindled such a glow;
The Federal links of Brotherhood
  Are clasped and welded at a blow.
And aye the gold o’ the Wattle glows
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

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THE BOYS' RETURN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Wives, mothers, sweethearts sent
  Their dearest; waved their own defenders forth;
And, fit companions for the bravest, went
  The Boys, to test their manhood, prove their worth.

As Sons of those who braved
  All dangers; to Earth's ends our Flag unfurled,
The old pioneers of Ocean, who have paved
  Our pathway with their bones around the world!

To-day the City waits,
  Proudly a-throb with life about to be:
She welcomes her young warriors in her gates
  Of glory, opened to them by the Sea.

Let no cur bark, or spurt
  Defilement, trying to tarnish this fair fame;
No Alien drag our Banner through the dirt
  Because it blazons England's noble name.

Upon the lips of Praise
  They lay their own hands, saying, *"We have not won*
Great battles for you, nor Immortal bays,
  But what your boys were given to do is done!"

When Clouds were closing round
  The Island-home, our Pole-star of the North,
Australia fired her Beacons—rose up crowned
  With a new dawn upon the ancient earth.

For us they filled a cup
  More rare than any we can brim to them!
The patriot-passion did so lift men up,
  They looked as if each wore a diadem!

Best honours we shall give,
  If to that loftier outlook still we climb;
And in our unborn children there shall live
  The larger spirit of this great quickening time.

To-day is the Women's day!
  With them there's no more need o' the proud disguise
They wore when their young heroes sailed away;
  Soft smiles the dewy fire in loving eyes!

And, when to the full breast,
  O mothers! your re-given ones you take,
And in your long embraces they are blest,
  Give them one hug at heart for England's sake.

The Mother of us all!
  Dear to us, near to us, though so far apart;
For whose defence we are sworn to stand or fall
  In the same battle as Brothers one at heart.

All one to bear the brunt,
  All one we move together in the march,
Shoulder to shoulder; to the Foe all front,
  The wide world round; all heaven one Triumph Arch.

One in the war of Mind
  For clearing earth of all dark Jungle-Powers;
One for the Federation of mankind,
  Who will speak one language, and that language ours.

"SOUND THE ASSEMBLY!"

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

(From Punch's Souvenir. May 3rd, 1900.)

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Sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
  For England has need of her bravest to-day.
Sound! and the World Universal will know
  We shall fight to a finish, in front or at bay.
Sound the Assembly! They'll hear it, and spring
  To the saddle, and gallop wherever they're led.
Sound! Every city and village will ring
  With the shout "To the front!" It shall never be said—

That an Englishman's heart ever failed in its glow
For Queen, or for country, when threatened by foe,
For Liberty, stabbed by oppression and woe,
So, Sound the Assembly! Blow! Buglemen, blow!
    Sound the Assembly!

Sound the Assembly! You'll see, as of yore,
  The Service united in heart and in head,
When blue-jackets leap from their ships to the shore
  To bring up the guns for their comrades in red!
Sound the Assembly! Our Naval Brigade
  Will prove they are sailors and soldiers as well;
They will pull, they will haul, they will march, they will wade,
  And dash into furnaces hotter than hell!

A long pull, a strong pull, a cheery "Yo! ho!"
Do you see that big mountain? 'Tis Jack who will know
To be first at the top, when, by gad! he will crow!
So, Sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
    Sound the Assembly!

Sound the Assembly! Brave Union Jack!
  You have floated triumphant on sea and on shore;
Old England and Scotland are still back to back,
  And Ireland, God bless her! is with us once more.
Sound the Assembly! Come! Forward! Quick march!
  What! Feather-bed soldiers? Bah! give them the lie.
Divested by war of Society starch
  They will shout "'Tis a glorious death to die!"—

What land in the world could produce such a show
Of heroes, who face both siroccos and snow,
Rush madly to danger, and never lie low?
So, Sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
    Sound the Assembly!

Sound the Assembly! Form, citizens, form!
  From smoke of the city, from country so green,
A horse of irregulars sweeps like a storm
  To defend with their lives their dear country and Queen!
Sound the Assembly! Come! Volunteers, come!
  Leave oldsters at grinding and tilling the sod!
Bold Yoemen, enrolled for defence of their home,
  Enlist with a cheer for the Empire, thank God!—

To the front! to the front! with their faces aglow,
They will march, the dear lads, with a pulse and a go;
Wave flags o'er the Workman, the Johnnie, the Beau,
So, Sound the Assembly! Blow, Buglemen, blow!
    Sound the Assembly!

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

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BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia"—when you've sung "God Save the
Queen"—
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth—
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in kharki ordered South?
He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great—
But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate—
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their
things?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due,
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.
There are girls he walked with casual, they'll be sorry now he's
gone,
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on—
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the
girl?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay! pay! pay!

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak—
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week,
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call,
And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find him:
He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom—
  Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's someone gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the
        room?)
  Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay! pay! pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
  And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—
That, while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place,
  And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
  But we do not want his kiddies to remind him,
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,
  So we'll help the home our Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire.
  (Fifty'thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you got to
        spare?)
  Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay! pay! pay!

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FOR THE EMPIRE.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

It is no more place and party,
  It is no more begging votes;
But the roaring of steam-packets,
And a rushing of bluejackets
  And a rally of redcoats;
For the Empire's will is hearty,
  Thundered by united throats.

We are sick of talk and treason,
  There is duty to be done;
By the veteran in danger,
And the lad who is a stranger
  Unto strife and shrinks from none;
In the power of right and reason,
  Now all classes are but one.

We have suffered and have yielded,
  Till we felt the burning shame;
And long outrage and endurance
Are our glory of assurance
  To begin the bloody game;
By our honour are we shielded,
  In the might of England's name.

It is no more fume of faction,
  It is no more weary calls;
We are strong in faith and steady,
With the sword of Justice ready
  And our iron men and walls;
Since the hour has struck for action,
  And red retribution falls.

We have wrongs, which for redressing
  Cry aloud to God at last;
It is woe to him who trifles
When we speak across our rifles
  At the great and final cast;
And we seek no other blessing
  Than the blotting out the past.

We will brook no new denial,
  We will have no second tale;
And we seek no sordid laurels,
But here fight the ages' quarrels
  And for freedom's broadening pale—
Lo, an Empire on its trial,
  Hangs within the awful scale.

WANTED—A CROMWELL.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

O for an hour of Cromwell's might
  Who raised an Empire out of dust,
And lifted it to noontide light
  By simple and heroic trust;
Whose word was like a swordsman's thrust,
  And clove its way through crowned night.
We want old England's iron stock,
  Hewn of the same eternal rock.

Where is the man of equal part,
  To rule by right divine of power;
With statesman's head and soldier's heart,
  And all the ages' dreadful dower
Brought to a bright and perfect flower—
  From whom a nobler course may start?
We hear but faction's fume and cry,
  With England in her agony.

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Where is the master mind that reads
  The far-off issues of the day,
And with a willing nation pleads
  That loves to own a master sway?
Where are the landmarks on the way,
  Set up alone by him who leads?
We vainly ask a common creed
  To make us one in England's need.

Is there no man with broader reach
  To fill a thorny throne of care,
And bravely act and bravely teach
  Because in all he has a share?
No helper who will do and dare,
  And stand a bulwark in the breach?
Have we no lord of England's fate,
  Though coming from a cottage gate?

O surely somewhere is the hand
  To grasp and guide this reeling realm,
While in the hour-glass sinks the sand
  And faints the pilot at the helm;
If billows break to overwhelm,
  Yet he will conquer and command.
England is waiting to be led,
  If through the dying and the dead.

We do not seek the party fame
  That trafficks in a people's fall,
But one to shield our burning shame
  And answer just his country's call;
To weld us in a solid wall,
  And kindle with a common flame.
Ah, when she finds the fitting man,
  England will do what England can.

ENGLAND'S IRONSIDES.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

They are not gone, the old Cromwellian breed,
  As witness conquered tides,
And many a pasture sown with crimson seed—

Our English Ironsides;
And out on kopjes, where the bullets rain,
They serve their Captain, slaying or are slain.
The same grand spirit in the same grim stress
Arms them with stubborn mail;
They see the light of duty's loveliness
And over death prevail.
They never count the price or weigh the odds,
The work is theirs, the victory is God's.

They are not fled, the old Cromwellian stock,
Where stern the horseman rides,
Or stands the outpost like a lonely rock—
Our English Ironsides.
Through drift and donga, up the fire-girt crag
They bear the honour of the ancient flag.
What if they starve, or on red pillows lie
Beneath a burning sun?
It is enough to live their day, or die
Ere it has even begun;
They only ask what duty's voice would crave,
And march right on to glory or the grave.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

ANONYMOUS.

Many years ago, three young gentlemen were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern, when a man of middle age entered the room, seated himself at a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple meal. His appearance was not such as to arrest attention. His hair was thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not.

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The stranger continued his meal in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure upset the gravity of the young gentlemen entirely, and a burst of laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued his frugal repast until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, and struck the stranger upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. Having discharged his reckoning, he walked to the table at which the young men were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no other than offer his in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, he displayed the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honour, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was the right ear of his antagonist that the first cherry-stone had struck. Here ended the first

lesson. A month passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge, of course—and another cherry-stone arrived, with an apology, on the score of ill-health, for delay.

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Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the second cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi* and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain.

At length, the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead."

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY BARLEY DALE.

"Years ago, when I was quite a young man, I was appointed chaplain to H.M.S. *Octopus*, then on guard at Gibraltar. We had a very nice time of it, for 'Gib.' is a very gay place, and that winter there was plenty of fun somewhere nearly every night, and we were asked to most of the festivities. Now, on board the Octopus was a young midshipman, whom I will call Munro. He was a handsome young fellow, but rather delicate, and he had been sent to Gibraltar for the sake of the climate, in hopes that the sea-air and warm winter might set him up. He was the life of the ship, and wherever he went he was popular; and it is possible he might have outgrown his weakness, for I don't think there was any organic disease at this time, but he got a low fever, and died in a week. This low fever was very prevalent, and at the same time that poor young Munro died, an admiral, one of the leading members of society at 'Gib.,' died of the same disease. As it was considered infectious, the two bodies were placed in their coffins and carried to the mortuary till the funeral. Oddly enough, both funerals were fixed for the same day; Munro's in the morning, and the admiral's in the afternoon. The admiral's was to be a very grand affair, all the troops in the garrison were to follow, as well as the naval officers and sailors on board the guardships; the ceremony was to be performed by the bishop, assisted by some other clergy while as for poor Munro, I was to bury him at ten o'clock in the morning, six men were told off to carry the coffin, and it was left to those who liked to act as mourners.

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“Well, the day of the funerals arrived, all the ships were decked with flags half-mast high in honour of the admiral, minute-guns were fired in honour of the admiral, church bells tolled in honour of the admiral, while as for poor Munro (one or two of us excepted), no one thought of him. Ten o’clock came, and I with the doctor and ore of Munro’s comrades, another middy, and the six sailors, who, by the way, had all volunteered their services, set out for the mortuary; I had a fancy to follow the poor fellow as far as I could, so I waited while the jack tars went inside and fetched out the coffin covered with the union-jack, and Munro’s hat and sword on the top, and then the little procession took its way across the neutral ground to the English cemetery. I followed the coffin, and the other two brought up the rear. The sentries did not salute us as we passed them. At last we reached the cemetery gates. Here I was obliged to relegate my post of chief mourner to the doctor, while I went into the chapel, put on my surplice, and went to the door to meet the body. I then proceeded to bury the poor boy, and when the union-jack was taken off and the coffin lowered into the grave, I leant over to take one last look; the doctor did the same, and as our eyes met the same emotion caused us both to blow our noses violently, and it was in a voice of suppressed emotion that I concluded the service.

“I was so disgusted with the way in which the poor boy had been slighted that I had not intended going to the admiral’s funeral; but after burying Munro I felt more charitably disposed, so I got into my uniform and duly attended the admiral’s obsequies.

“It was a very grand affair indeed; the streets were thronged with spectators, every window was filled with eager faces as the enormous procession passed by. There were five regiments stationed in Gibraltar at the time, and two men-of-war besides the *Octopus* lying in the harbour; detachments from every regiment were sent, three military bands followed, a battery of artillery, the marines and all the jack tars in the place, the governor and his staff were there, and every officer, who was not on the sick list, quartered in Gibraltar, was present. A firing party was told off to fire over the grave when all was over, and this brilliant procession was met at the cemetery-gates by the bishop, attended by several clergymen and a surpliced choir. I forgot to say that a string of carriages followed the troops, and the entire procession could not have been much less than a mile long.

“As we crossed the neutral ground this time, the sentry, with arms reversed, saluted us; and the strains of Beethoven’s ’Funeral March of a Hero,’ must have been heard all over Gibraltar as the three bands—one in front, one in the rear, and one in the centre—all pealed it forth.

“Of course, not one-third of the funeral *cortege* could get near the grave; but I managed to get pretty close. The service proceeded, and at length the coffin was uncovered to be lowered into the grave; it was smothered with flowers, but the wreaths were all carefully removed, and the admiral’s cocked-hat and sword, and then the union-jack

was off, and the bishop, the governor, and all the officers near the grave pressed forward to look at the coffin.

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“They looked once, they started; they looked again, they frowned; they rubbed their eyes; they looked again, then they whispered; they sniffed, they snorted, they grumbled; they gave hurried orders to the sextons, who shovelled some earth on to the coffin, and the bishop hurriedly finished the service.

“What do you think they saw when they looked into the grave?

“Why, poor Munro’s coffin! I buried the admiral myself in the morning, by mistake. The doctor and I found it out at the grave, but we kept our own counsel.”—*Young England*.

LADYSMITH.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

I.—LADYSMITH OCCUPIED.

Flushed with fight and red with glory,
Conquerors if backward flung,
Fresh from triumphs grim and gory,
Toward the goal the Army swung;
Splendid, but with recent laurels
Dimmed by shadow of defeat,
Thirsting yet for nobler quarrels—
Never dreaming of retreat.

Day by day they grimly struggled,
Early on and on till late;
Night by night with doom they juggled,
Dodging Death and fighting Fate.
Not a murmur once was spoken,
Stern endurance still unspent,
As with spirit all unbroken
On the bitter march they went.

Still with weary steps that stumbled
Forward moved that constant tread,
Sleepless, silent, and unhumbled,
On and on the army sped,
Noble sons of noble mothers,
Proud of home and kin and kith,
Brothers to the aid of brothers,
On and on to Ladysmith.

There, through smoke of onset rifted,
Soldiers who disdained to yield
Had for weal or woe uplifted
England's own broad battle-shield.
Right across the path of pillage
Was that iron rampart thrust,
While beneath it town and village
Safely hid in settled trust.

Frail and open seemed that shelter
And unguarded to the foes,
Helpless, as the fiery welter
Rocked it in volcanic throes;
But there was defence to bind it
With the force of Destiny,
And an Empire stood behind it
Armed in awful majesty.

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And no fortress ever moulded
Girt securer chosen space,
Than those unseen walls which folded
In their fear that lonely place.
On its Outposts far the scourges
Fell with wrath and crimson rain,
But the fierce assaulting surges
Beat and beat in thunder vain.

II.—LADYSMITH BESIEGED.

There they kept the old flag flying
Day by day and prayed relief,
Weary, wounded, doomed, and dying—
Gallant men and noble chief
By the leaden tempest stricken,
Grandly stood or grandly fell—
Peril had but power to quicken
Faith that owned such holy spell.

Not alone the foe without them
Menaced them with fire and shot,
Sickness creeping round about them,
Fever, dysentery, and rot,
Struck the rider and the stallion,
Making merry as at feast
On the pick of each battalion—
Ruthless, smiting man and beast.

None were spared and nothing holy,
For the fever claimed the best,
Now the high and now the lowly,
Now the baby at the breast,
All obeyed its mandate, drooping
In the fulness of their power,
Old and young before it stooping,
Bud and blossom, fruit and flower.

Hunger blanched their dauntless faces,
Furrowed with the lines of lack,
But with stern and stubborn paces
Still they drove the spoiler back.
Round them drew the iron tether
Tighter, but they kept their troth,

All for England's sake together—
Soldier and civilian both.

Death and ruin knock and enter,
Hearts may break and homesteads burn,
Yet from that lone faithful centre
Flashed red vengeance in return;
Guardian guns thence hurled defiance
From the brave who lightly took
All their blows in brave reliance,
Which no tempest ever shook.

Hand to hand they strove and wrestled
Stoutly for that pearl of pride,
Where mid flame and woe it nestled
Down with danger at its side.
Yet like boys released from class time,
Though the blast destroying blew,
There they played and found a pastime
While the Flag unconquered flew.

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III.—LADYSMITH RELIEVED.

Then, when all seemed lost but glory
With the lustre which it gave,
And Relief an idle story
Murmured by a sealed grave;
While with pallid lips they reckoned
Darkly the enduring days
Famished, lo! Deliverance beckoned
Surely after long delays.

Wave on wave of martial beauty,
Dashed upon those deadly rocks
At the simple call of duty,
And were broken by the shocks.
Yet that chivalry of splendour,
Though baptized in blood and fire,
Had no thought of mean surrender
Never breathed the word retire.

Still they weighed the dreadful chances,
Still they gathered up their strength,
By invincible advances
Steeled to win the prize at length.
Fate-like their resolve to sever
Those gaunt bonds of grim despair,
And within the breach for ever
England's honour to repair.

Came relief at last, endeavour,
Stern, magnificent, and true,
Hoping on and fighting ever,
Forced its gory passage through.
All the rage of pent-up forces,
All the passion seeking vent
Out of vast and solemn sources,
Here renewed their sacrament;

In the rapture of a greeting
For which thousands fought and bled,
With the saved and saviours meeting
Over our Imperial dead.
Witnesses unseen but tested
Lived again as grander men,

And their awful shadow rested
With a benediction then;

One who with his wondrous talent
Conquered more than even the sword,
And among the gay and gallant
By his pen was crowned lord.
There they lie in silence lowly
Which no battle now can wake,
And the ground is ever holy
For our English heroes' sake.

THE SIX-INCH GUN.

(From the Christmas number of the *Bombshell*, published in Ladysmith during the siege.)

There is a famous hill looks down,
Five miles away, on Ladysmith town,
With a long flat ridge that meets the sky
Almost a thousand feet on high.
  And on the ridge there is mounted one
  Long-range, terrible six-inch gun.

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And down in the street a bugle is blown,
When the cloud of smoke on the sky is thrown,
For it's sixty seconds before the roar
Reverberates o'er, and a second more
  Till the shell comes down with a whiz and stun
  From that long-range, terrible six-inch gun.

And men and women walk up and down
The long, hot streets of Ladysmith town,
And the housewives walk in the usual round,
And the children play till the warning sound—
  Then into their holes they scurry and run
  From the whistling shell of the six-inch gun.

For the shells they weigh a hundred pound,
Bursting wherever they strike the ground,
While the strong concussion shakes the air
And shatters the window-panes everywhere.
  And we may laugh, but there's little of fun
  In the bursting shell from a six-inch gun.

Oh! 'twas whistle and jest with the carbineers gay
As they cleaned their steeds at break of day,
But like a thunderclap there fell
In the midst of the horses and men a shell,
  And the sight we saw was a fearful one
  After that shell from the six-inch gun.

Though the foe may beset us on every side,
We'll furnish some cheer in this Christmastide;
We will laugh and be gay, but a tear will be shed
And a thought be given to the gallant dead,
  Cut off in the midst of their life and fun
  By the long-range, terrible six-inch gun.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

Here's to the Isle of the Shamrock,
Here's a good English hurrah,
Luck to the Kelt upon kopje or veldt,
Erin Mavourneen gobragh.

The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the rose, and the leek,
One where the bayonets bristle,
One when there's duty to seek.
Each has a need of each other,
Linked on the shore and the wave,
All for the sake of one Mother—
Honour the Brave.

Here's to the boys of the Shamrock,
Here's to the gallant and gay,
Bearing the flag upon donga or crag,
Blithely as children at play.
The shamrock, the leek, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the leek, and the rose,
One though the bullets may whistle,
One in a red grave's repose.
Each has a need of his fellows,
Sharing the glory or grave,
Each the same destiny mellows—
Honour the Brave.

Here's to the girls of the shamrock,
Here's to the glamour and grace,
Laughing on all, in hovel and hall,
Ever from Erin's young face!
The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the rose, and the leek,
One in the face of a missile,
One when the batteries speak.
Each of himself is delighted
To succour the serf or the slave,
And who can deny them united?—
Honour the Brave.

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Here's to the wit of the Shamrock,
Here's to the favoured and free,
Giving us store of that magical lore
Learnt but at Nature's own knee!
The shamrock, the leek, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the leek, and the rose,
One when fame writes her epistle,
One where dread dangers enclose.
Each for the others asks only,
Ever to succour and save,
Each without all must be lonely—
Honour the Brave.

Here's to the day of the Shamrock,
Here's to the emblem of youth;
Wear it we will on our bosoms and still
Deeper in heart and in truth!
The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the rose, and the leek,
One where grim batteries bristle,
One when there's pleasure to seek.
Each on each other relying,
Trusts, nor for better would rave,
Each for all, living and dying—
Honour the Brave.

Here's to the reign of the shamrock,
Here's to the welfare of all,
Bearing its light through the feast and the fight,
Ever at liberty's call.
The shamrock, the leek, and the thistle,
The shamrock, the leek, and the rose,
One where the death-arrows whistle,
One where hilarity flows.
Each from the bog or the heather
Gives all a brother may crave,
Ploughland and city together—
Honour the Brave.

THE HERO OF OMDURMAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL H.A. MACDONALD, C.B., D.S.O. [*Told in the Ranks*.]

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

There were lots of lies and tattle
In dispatches and on wire,
But ’twas Mac who saved the battle
When the word came to retire.
“I’ll no do it”—he cried, ready
For what peril lay in store,
With his ranks like steel and steady—
“And I’ll see them hanged before!
O, we maun jist fight!” And bolder
Slewed his front the Dervish way,
Smart with shoulder knit to shoulder,
White and black that bloody day.Then a hell of fire, and sputtered
Iron blast and leaden hail,
While the Maxims stormed and stuttered
And our rifles did not fail.
For the destiny of nations
With an agony intense,
And our Empire’s own foundations
Hung a minute in suspense.
But old Mac was cool as ever,
And his words like leaping flame
Flashed in confident endeavour
To avert that evil shame.Swung his lines on hinges, rolling
Right and left like very doom,
Till our fate nigh past controlling
Brake in glory out of gloom.
While upon those awful stages
Throbbed a world’s great piston beat,
And the moments seemed as ages
Rung from death and red defeat.
Ah, we lived, indeed, and no man
Recked of wound or any ill,
As we grimly faced the foeman—
If we died, to conquer still.

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And it felt as though the burden
Of all England gave us might,
Laid on each, who asked no guerdon
But against those odds to fight.
Let the lucky get high stations
And the honour which he won,
Mac desires no decorations
But the gallant service done.
For the rankers bear the losses
And the brunt of every toil,
While they earn for others “crosses”
And the splendour and the spoil.

BOOT AND SADDLE.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN (1893).

Mashangombi’s was the rat-hole,
Which we had to draw ere day,
Heedless whether this or that hole—
If we only found a way;
Up among the iron furrows
Of the rocks, where hid in burrows
Safe the rats in shelter lay.
No misgiving, not a fear—
Nor was I the last astraddle
Nor the hindmost in the rear
When the bugle sounded clear—
“Boot and saddle!”

Right away went men and horses,
Both as eager for the fun;
Through the drifts and dried-up courses,
Where like mad the waters run
After storms or through the winters,
Mashing all they meet to splinters—
Ready, hand and sword and gun.
Every eye was keen to mark,
And the tongue alone seemed idle
Every ear alert to hark
As we scanned each crevice dark—

Bit and bridle!Here and there the startled chirrup
Of strange creatures, as we go,
Standing sometimes in the stirrup,
Just to get a bigger show;
Till we gain our point, the entry—
There the pass, no sign of sentry,
Not a sound above, below!
Clear the coast, the savage gave
Never hint to south or norward;
Was he napping in his cave,
With that quiet like the grave?—

Steady, forward!Further in; the rats were sleeping; We would grimly smoke them out, With a dose of lead for keeping And a fence of flame about; They might wake perhaps from shelter, At our bullets' ghastly pelter, To the brief and bloody rout!— But, next moment, we were wrapt Down to saddle girth and leather In the fire of foes unmapt; *We* were turned, and fairly trapt—
"Keep together!"On they poured in thousands, hurling
Steel that stabbed and belching ball
From a host of rifles, curling
Serpent-wise around us all.
Front and flank and rear, they tumbled
Nearer, darker, as we fumbled—
Till we heard the Captain's call,
"Each man for himself, and back!"
So we rushed those rocky mazes,
With that torrent grim and black
Dealing ruin in our track—

Death and blazes!

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Ah, that bullet! How it shattered
Vein and tissue to the bone;
Dropt me faint and blood-bespattered,
Helpless on a bed of stone!
While the mare which oft had eaten
From my hand, caressed, unbeaten,
Left her master doomed, alone.
Limply then I lay in dread,
Racked with torture, sick and under—
Hearing, as through vapours red
And with reeling heart and head,

Hoofs of thunder!Was I dreaming? By the boulder
Where I huddled as I fell,
Stood the steed beside my shoulder
Faithful, fain to serve me well.
Whinnying softly, then, to screen me
From the foe, she knelt between me
And that circling human hell.
Tenderly she touched my face
With the nose that knew my petting,
Ripe for the last glorious race
And her comrade's own embrace—

Unforgetting!O her haunches heaved and quivered
With the passion freely brought
For the life to be delivered,
Though she first with demons fought;
While her large eyes gleamed and glistened
And her ears down-pointing listened,
Waiting for the answer sought.
Till a sudden wave of might
Set me once again astraddle
On the seat of saving flight,
Plucked from very jaws of night—

Boot and saddle!

THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Pass the word to the boys to-night!—lying about midst dying and dead!—
Whisper it low; make ready to fight! stand like men at your horses' head!
Look to your stirrups and swords, my lads, and into your saddles your pistols thrust;
Then setting your teeth as your fathers did, you'll make the enemy bite the dust!
What did they call us, boys, at home?—"Feather-bed soldiers!"—faith, it's true!
"Kept to be seen in her Majesty's parks, and mightily smart at a grand review!"
Feather-bed soldiers? Hang their chaff! Where in the world, I should like to know,
When a war broke out and the country called, was an English soldier sorry to go?
Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! cavalry! infantry! there and then;
No matter what careless lives they lived, they were ready to die like Englishmen!
So pass the word! in the sultry night,
Stand to your saddles! make ready to fight!

We are sick to death of the scorching sun, and the desert stretching for miles away;
We are all of us longing to get at the foe, and sweep the sand with our swords to-day!
Our horses look with piteous eyes—they have little to eat, and nothing to do;
And the land around is horribly white, and the sky above is terribly blue.
But it's over now, so the Colonel says: he is ready to start, we are ready to go:

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And the cavalry boys will be led by men—Ewart! and Russell! and
  Drury-Lowe!
Just once again let me stroke the mane—let me kiss the neck and feel
  the breath
Of the good little horse who will carry me on to the end of the
  battle—to life or death!
“Give us a grip of your fist, old man!” let us all keep close when
  the charge begins!
God is watching o’er those at home! God have mercy on all our sins!
        So pass the word in the dark, and then,
        When the bugle sounds, let us mount like men!

Out we went in the dead of the night! away to the desert, across the
  sand—
Guided alone by the stars of Heaven! a speechless host! a ghostly
  band!
No cheery voice the silence broke; forbidden to speak, we could hear
  no sound
But the whispered words, “Be firm, my boys!” and the horses’ hoofs on
  the sandy ground.
“What were we thinking of then?” Look here! if this is the last true
  word I speak,
I felt a lump in my throat—just here—and a tear came trickling down
  my cheek.
If a man dares say that I funked, he lies! But a man is a man though
  he gives his life
For his country’s, cause, as a soldier should—he has still got a
  heart for his child and wife!
But I still rode on in a kind of dream; I was thinking of home and
  the boys—and then
The silence broke! and, a bugle blew! then a voice rang cheerily,
  “Charge, my men!”
        So pass the word in the thick of the fight,
        For England’s honour and England’s right!

What is it like, a cavalry charge in the dead of night? I can
  scarcely tell,
For when it is over it’s like a dream, and when you are in it a kind
  of hell!
I should like you to see the officers lead—forgetting their swagger

and Bond Street air—
Like brothers and men at the head of the troop, while bugles echo and
troopers dare!
With a rush we are in it, and hard at work—there's scarcely a minute
to think or pause—
For right and left we are fighting hard for the regiment's honour and
country's cause!
Feather-bed warriors! On my life, be they Life Guards red or Horse
Guards blue,
They haven't lost much of the pluck, my boys, that their fathers
showed us at Waterloo!
It isn't for us, who are soldiers bred, to chatter of wars, be they
wrong or right;
We've to keep the oath that we gave our QUEEN! and when we are in
it—we've got to fight!
So pass the word, without any noise,
Bravo, Cavalry! Well done, boys!

Pass the word to the boys to-night, now that the battle is fairly
won.
A message has come from the EMPRESS-QUEEN—just what we wanted—
a brief "Well done!"
The sword and stirrup are sorely stained, and the pistol barrels are
empty quite,
And the poor old charger's piteous eyes bear evidence clear of the

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desperate fight.
There's many a wound and many a gash, and the sun-burned face is scarred and red;
There's many a trooper safe and sound, and many a tear for the "pal" who's dead!
I care so little for rights and wrongs of a terrible war; but the world at large—
It knows so well when duty's done!—it will think sometimes of our cavalry charge!
Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! we have solemnly taken an oath! and then,
In all the battles throughout the world, we have followed our fathers like Englishmen!
So pass this blessing the lips between—
'Tis the soldier's oath—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

MAFEKING.

"*ADSUM!*"

BY REV. A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

At the evening roll call at the "Charterhouse" School, where Baden-Powell was educated, it is customary for the boys to respond to the call of their names by saying "Adsum—I'm here!"

Oft as the shades of evening fell,
In the school-boy days of old,—
The form work done, or the game played well,—
Clanging aloft the old school bell
Uttered its summons bold;
And a bright lad answered the roll call clear,
"Adsum,—I'm here!"

A foe-girt town and a captain true
Out on the Afric plain;—
High overhead his Queen's flag flew,
But foes were many and friends but few;
Who shall guard that flag from stain?

And calm ’mid confusion a voice rang clear,
“Adsum,—I’m here!”

The slow weeks passed, and no succour came,
Famine and death were rife;
Yet still that banner of deathless fame,
Floated, unsullied by fear or shame,
Over the scene of strife;
And the voice,—though weaker—was full of cheer,
“Adsum,—I’m here!”

Heaven send, that when many a heart’s dismayed,
In dark days yet in store,—
Should foemen gather; or, faith betrayed,
The country call for a strong man’s aid
As she never called before,—
A voice like his may make answer clear,
Banishing panic, and calming fear,
“Adsum,—I’m here!”

THE FIGHT AT RORKE’S DRIFT

(January 23, 1879.)

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

It was over at Isandula, the bloody work was done,
And the yet unburied dead looked up unblinking at the sun;
Eight hundred men of Britain’s best had signed with blood the story
Which England leaves to time, and lay there scanted e’en of glory.

Stewart Smith lay smiling by the gun he spiked before he died;
But gallant Gardner lived to write a warning and to ride
A race for England’s honour and to cross the Buffalo,
To bid them at Rorke’s Drift expect the coming of the foe.

That band of lusty British lads camped in the hostile land
Rose up upon the word with Chard and Bromhead to command;
An hour upon the foe that hardy race had barely won,
But in it all that men could do those British lads had done.

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And when the Zulus on the hill appeared, a dusky host,
They found our gallant English boys' 'pale faces' at their post;
But paler faces were behind, within the barricade—
The faces of the sick who rose to give their watchers aid.

Five men to one the first dark wave of battle brought, it bore
Down swiftly, while our youngsters waited steadfast as the shore;
Behind the slender barricade, half-hidden, on their knees,
They marked the stealthy current glide beneath the orchard trees.

Then forth the volley blazed, then rose the deadly reek of war;
The dusky ranks were thinned; the chieftain slain by young Dunbar,
Rolled headlong and their phalanx broke, but formed as soon as broke,
And with a yell the furies that avenge man's blood awoke.

The swarthy wave sped on and on, pressed forward by the tide,
Which rose above the bleak hill-top, and swept the bleak hill-side;
It rose upon the hill, and, surging out about its base,
Closed house and barricade within its murderous embrace.

With savage faces girt, the lads' frail fortress seemed to be
An island all abloom within a black and howling sea;
And only that the savages shot wide, and held the noise
As deadly as the bullets, they had overwhelmed the boys.

Then in the dusk of day the dusky Kaffirs crept about
The bushes and the prairie-grass, to rise up with a shout,
To step as in a war-dance, all together, and to fling
Their weight against the sick-house till they made its timbers spring.

When beaten back, they struck their shields, and thought to strike
with fear
Those British hearts,—their answer came, a ringing British cheer!
And the volley we sent after showed the Kaffirs to their cost
The coolness of our temper,—scarce an ounce of shot was lost.

And the sick men from their vantage at the windows singled out
From among the valiant savages the bravest of the rout;
A pile of fourteen warriors lay dead upon the ground
By the hand of Joseph Williams, and there led up to the mound

A path of Zulu bodies on the Welshman's line of fire
Ere he perished, dragged out, assegaied, and trampled in their ire;

But the body takes its honour or dishonour from the soul,
And his name is writ in fire upon our nation's long bead-roll.

Yet, let no name of any man be set above the rest,
Where all were braver than the brave, each better than the best,
Where the sick rose up as heroes, and the sound had hearts for those
Who, in madness of their fever, were contending as with foes.

For the hospital was blazing, roof and wall, and in its light
The Kaffirs showed like devils, till so deadly grew the fight
That they cowered into cover, and one moment all was still,
When a Kaffir chieftain bellowed forth new orders from the hill.

Then the Zulu warriors rallied, formed again, and hand to hand
We fought above the barricade; determined was the stand;
Our fellows backed each other up,—no wavering and no haste,
But loading in the Kaffirs' teeth, and not a shot to waste.

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We had held on through the dusk, and we had held on in the light
Of the burning house; and later, in the dimness of the night,
They could see our fairer faces; we could find them by their cries,
By the flash of savage weapons and the glare of savage eyes.

With the midnight came a change—that angry sea at length was cowed,
Its waves still broke upon us, but fell fainter and less loud;
When the ‘pale face’ of the dawn rose glimmering from his bed
The last black sullen wave swept off and bore away the dead.

That island all abloom with English youth, and fortified
With English valour, stood above the wild, retreating tide;
Those lads contemned Canute, and shamed the lesson that he read,—
For them the hungry waves withdrew, the howling ocean fled.

Britannia, rule, Britannia! while thy sons resemble thee,
And are islanders, true islanders, wherever they may be;
Island fortified like this, manned with islanders like these,
Will keep thee Lady of thy Land, and Sovereign of all Seas!

RELIEVED!

(*AT MAFEKING*.)

Said he of the relieving force,
As through the town he sped,
“Art thou in Baden-Powell’s Horse?”
The trooper shook his head,
Then drew his hand his mouth across,
Like one who’s lately fed.
“Alas! for Baden-Powell’s horse—
It’s now in me,” he said.—*Daily Express*.

HOW SAM HODGE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

BY WILLIAM JEFFREY PROWSE.

Just a simple little story I’ve a fancy for inditing;
It shows the funny quarters in which chivalry may lodge,
A story about Africa, and Englishmen, and fighting,
And an unromantic hero by the name of Samuel Hodge.

“Samuel Hodge!” The words in question never previously filled a
  Conspicuous place in fiction or the Chronicles of Fame;
And the Blood and Culture critics, or the Rosa and Matilda
  School of Novelists would shudder at the mention of the name.

It was up the Gambia River—and of *that* unpleasant station
  It is chiefly in connection with the fever that we hear!—
That my hero with the vulgar and prosaic appellation
  Was a private—mind, a private!—and a sturdy pioneer.

It’s a dreary kind of region, where the river mists arising
  Roll slowly out to seaward, dropping poison in their track.
And accordingly few gentlemen will find the fact surprising
  That a rather small proportion of our garrison comes back!

It is filthy, it is foetid, it is sordid, it is squalid;
  If you tried it for a season, you would very soon repent;
But the British trader likes it, and he finds a reason solid
  For the liking, in his profit at the rate of cent, per cent.

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And to guard the British traders, gallant men and merry younkers,
  In their coats of blue and scarlet, still are stationed at the
    post,
Whilst the migratory natives, who are known as “Tillie-bunkas,”
  Grub up and down for ground-nuts and chaffer on the coast.

Furthermore, to help the trader in his laudable vocation,
  We have heaps of little treaties with a host of little kings,
And, at times, the coloured caitiffs in their wild inebriation,
  Gather round us, little hornets, with uncomfortable stings.

To my tale:—The King of Barra had been getting rather “sarsy,”
  In fact, for such an insect, he was coming it too strong,
So we sent a small detachment—it was led by Colonel D’Arcy—
  To drive him from his capital of Tubabecolong!

Now on due investigation, when his land they had invaded,
  They learnt from information which was brought them by the guides
That the worthy King of Barra had completely *barra*caded
  The spacious mud-construction where his majesty resides.

“At it, boys!” said Colonel D’Arcy, and himself was first to enter,
  And his fellows tried to follow with the customary cheers;
Through the town he dashed impatient, but had scarcely reached the
    centre
  Ere he found the task before him was a task for pioneers.

For so strongly and so stoutly all the gates were palisaded,
  The supports could never enter if he did not clear a way:—
But Sammy Hodge, perceiving how the foe might be “persuaded,”
  Had certain special talents which he hastened to display.

Whilst the bullets, then, were flying, and the bayonets were glancing
  Whilst the whole affair in fury rather heightened than relaxed,
With axe in hand, and silently, our pioneer advancing
SMOTE THE GATE; AND BADE IT OPEN; AND IT DID—AS IT WAS AXED!

L’ENVOI.

Just a word of explanation, it may save us from a quarrel,
  I have really no intention—’twould be shameful if I had,
Of preaching you a blatant, democratic kind of moral;
  For the “swell, you know,” the D’Arcy, fought as bravely as the
    “cad!”

Yet I own that sometimes thinking how a courteous decoration
  May be won by shabby service or disreputable dodge,
I regard with more than pleasure—with a sense of consolation—
  The Victoria Cross “For Valour” on the breast of Sammy Hodge!

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

(October 25, 1857.)

BY R.T.S. LOWELL.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
  We knew that it was the last:
That the enemy’s mines had crept surely in,
  And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
  And the men and we all work’d on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
  And then it would all be done.

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There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
  A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
  And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
  And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
  "Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
  In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
  And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
  And hopeless waiting for death:
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
  Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
  Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—a sudden scream
  Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
  And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
  And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
  The slogan far awa—
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
  It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
  We're saved! we're saved!" she cried:
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
  Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
  Had fallen among the men:
And they started, for they were there to die:
  Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life: and the rattling fire
  Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all:—and the colonel shook his head,
  And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune;
  But can ye no hear them, noo,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
  Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar
  But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
  A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar,
  Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
  And now they play'd "*Auld Lang Syne*:"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobb'd in a crowd:
And every one knelt down where we stood,
  And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
  From the men, like a volley, burst.

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And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
  Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne*."

A BALLAD OF WAR.

BY MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

(By permission of Messrs. Isbister & Co.)

"Oh! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
  What did you hear, and what did you see?
Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand?
  Sent he, by you, any dear word to me?"

"I come from red war, in that dire Eastern land;
  Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see;
But I know not your son with his sword in his hand;
  If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

"Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"
  "'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."
"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"
  "Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done.
  Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three:
You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.
  My heart shall discern him, and cry, 'This is he!'"

"I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,
  And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."
"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"
  "Nay; it was black as the blackest night-cloud."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the fortress was won,
  And they said it was grand for a man to die so."
"Alas for his mother! He was not my son.
  Was there no fair-hair'd soldier who humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charging in front of his rank,
  Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die:

Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank
  Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the battle was won,
  And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.
Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;
  Worn was his forehead, and gray was his hair."

"Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;
  I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of our foes;
  But you said there were three; you must tell me the third."

"I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly
  In a battery's face; but it was not to slay:
A poor little drummer had dropp'd down to die,
  With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay.

"He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,
  The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;
And he walked at a foot's pace because of the pain,
  Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but he rescued the boy.
  Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,
  And his name"—"Speak it not! 'Tis my son! He is dead!

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"Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
  Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam!
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
  For I shall be ready before he comes home.

"And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
  And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
  And his mother who longed for him, died of her tears.

"But what is this face shining in at the door,
  With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly shore?
  Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!"

"Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
  I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
  And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair!"

THE ALMA.

(September 20, 1854.)
BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

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.
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 around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—
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.

AFTER ALMA,

(September 20, 1854.)

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Our old War-banners on the wind
  Were waving merrily o'er them;
The hope of half the world behind—
  The sullen Foe before them!
They trod their march of battle,

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bold
As death-devoted freemen;
Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,
Or Rome's immortal Three Men.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow.
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

With towering heart and lightsome feet
They went to their high places;
The fiery valour at white heat
Was kindled in their faces!
Magnificent in battle-robe,
And radiant, as from star-lands,
That spirit shone which girds our globe
With glory, as with garlands!
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

They saw the Angel Iris o'er
Their deluge of grim fire;
And with their life's last tide they bore
The Ark of Freedom higher!
And grander 'tis i' the dash of death
To ride on battle's billows,
When Victory's kisses take the breath,
Than sink on balmiest pillows.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

Brave hearts, with noble feelings flushed;
In valour's ruddy riot
But yesterday! how are ye hushed
Beneath the smile of quiet!
For us they poured their blood like wine,
From life's ripe-gathered clusters;
And far through History's night shall shine

Their deeds with starriest lustres.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

We laid them not in churchyard home,
Beneath our darling daisies:
Where to their grave-mounds Love might come,
And sit and sing their praises.
But soothly sweet shall be their rest
Where Victory's hands have crowned them
To Earth our Mother's bosom pressed,
And Heaven's arms around them.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

Yes, there they lie 'neath Alma's sod,
On pillows dark and gory—
As brave a host as ever trod
Old England's path to glory.
With head to home and face to sky,
And feet the tyrant spurning,
So grand they look, so proud they lie,
We weep for glorious yearning.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

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They in life's outer circle sleep,
  As each in death stood sentry!
And like our England's dead still keep
  Their watch for kin and country.
Up Alma, in their red footfalls,
  Comes Freedom's dawn victorious,
Such graves are courts to festal halls!
  They banquet with the Glorious.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
  Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
  Who would not die to-morrow?

Our Chiefs who matched the men of yore,
  And bore our shield's great burden,
The nameless Heroes of the Poor,
  They all shall have their guerdon.
In silent eloquence, each life
  The Earth holds up to heaven,
And Britain gives for child and wife
  As those brave hearts have given.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
  Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
  Who would not die to-morrow?

The Spirits of our Fathers still
  Stand up in battle by us,
And, in our need, on Alma hill,
  The Lord of Hosts was nigh us.
Let Joy or Sorrow brim our cup,
  'Tis an exultant story,
How England's Chosen Ones went up
  Red Alma's hill to glory.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
  Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
  Who would not die to-morrow?

BALACLAVA.

(October 25, 1854.)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Someone had blunder’d.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
Flash’d as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder’d;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro’ the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reel’d from the sabre stroke
Shatter’d and sunder’d.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

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When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made.
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

AFTER BALACLAVA,

BY JAMES WILLIAMS.

The fierce wild charge was over; back to old England's shore
Were borne her gallant troopers, who ne'er would battle more;
In hospital at Chatham, by Medway's banks they lay,
Dragoon, hussar, and lancer, survivors of the fray.

One day there came a message—'twas like a golden ray—
"Victoria, Britain's noble Queen, will visit you to-day;"
It lighted up each visage, it acted like a spell,
On Britain's wounded heroes, who'd fought for her so well.

One soldier lay among them, fast fading was his life,
A lancer from the border, from the good old county Fife;
Already was death's icy grasp upon his honest brow,
When through the ward was passed the word, "The Queen is coming now!"

The dying Scottish laddie, with hand raised to his head,
Saluted Britain's Sovereign, and with an effort said—
"And may it please your Majesty, I'm noo aboot to dee,
I'd like to rest wi' mither, beneath the auld raugh tree.

"But weel I ken, your Majesty, it canna, mauna be,
Yet, God be thanked, I might hae slept wi' ithers o'er the sea,
'Neath Balaclava's crimsoned sward, where many a comrade fell,
But now I'll rest on Medway's bank, in sound of Christian bell."

She held a bouquet in her hand, and from it then she chose
For the dying soldier laddie a lovely snow-white rose;
And when the lad they buried, clasped in his hand was seen
The simple little snowy flower, the gift of Britain's Queen.

INKERMAN.

(November 5, 1854.)

BY GERALD MASSEY.

‘Twas midnight ere our guns’ loud laugh at their wild work did cease, And by the smouldering fires of war we lit the pipe of peace. At four a burst of bells went up through Night’s cathedral dark, It seemed so like our Sabbath chimes, we could but wake, and hark! So like the bells that call to prayer in the dear land far away; Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to betray. Our camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud, Its very heart of life stood still i’ the mist that brought its shroud;
For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled his smile to see How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

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O wily are the Russians, and they came up through the mirk— Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the Turk! While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept, Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-side crept. In the Ruins of the Valley do the birds of carnage stir? A creaking in the gloom like wheels! feet trample—-bullets whir— By God! the Foe is on us! Now the bugles with a start Thrill—like the cry of a wronged queen—to the red roots of the
heart;
And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing triumph roll— A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready, fresh, and true! No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned to
dew.
Majestic as a God defied, arose our little host— All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the fieriest post! Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill brow scowling
grim,
As is the frown of Slaughter when he dreams his dreadful dream. No sun! but none is needed,—men can feel their way to fight, The lust of battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery light; And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the dark earth lay The prophesying morning-red of a great and glorious day.

As bridegroom leaves his wedded bride in gentle slumbers sealed,
Our England slumbered in the West, when her warriors went afield.
We thought of her, and swore that day to strike immortal blows,
As all along our leagured line the roar of battle rose.
Her banners waved like blessing hands, and we felt it was the hour
For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of Russian power,
And at a bound, and with a sound that madly cried to kill,
The lion of Old England leapt in lightnings from the hill.
And there he stood superb, through all that Sabbath of the Sword,
And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his hunters, horde on
horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling legions came— The cannon's tongues of quick red fire licked all the hills aflame! Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with devilish glee went
past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the battle-blast; And through the air, and round the hills, there ran a wrack sublime As though Eternity were crashing on the shores of Time. On bayonets and swords the smile of conscious victory shone, As down to death we dashed the Rebels plucking at our Throne. On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of shot and shell— Up! up! like heaven-sealers, and we hurled them back to Hell.

Like the old sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and foam despair
On ranks of rock, ah! what a prize for the wrecker death was there!
But as ’twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows take that flood,
A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptuous blood:
The Guards went down to the fight in gray that’s

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growing gory red—
See! save them, they're surrounded! leap your ramparts of the dead,
And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short stride
Between the Russ and victory! One more tug, you true and tried—
The Red-Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur, ride, Bosquet, ride!
Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's burning tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for France the Grand!
We charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand to hand!
He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of Alma's fray
Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength to-day.
We shout and charge together, and again, again, again
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it with the slain.
Hurrah! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent heat;
Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and fainter beat.
And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march, as thus
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victorious!

From morn till night we fought our fight, and at the set of sun
Stood conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers' Battle won.
That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of golden grain!
That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon the misty plain!
We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the shocks of slain:
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's harvest-wain.
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that night,
And robes of Immortality our ragged braves bedight!
They fell in boyhood's comely bloom, and bravery's lusty pride;
But they made their bed o' the foemen dead, ere they lay down and
    died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and gray,
And thought of those who ranked with us in battle's rough array,
Our comrades of the morn who came no more from that fell fray!
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far away—
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson bubbles play—
The stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay
Like statues of old heroes, cut in precious human clay—
Some with a smile as life had stopped to music proudly gay—
The household gods of many a heart all dark and dumb to-day!
And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will strain to mark
This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon through the dark!
The martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted armour rings
Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the warrior kings.
To the proud Mother England came the radiant victory
With laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last agony.
She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her laurelled brow:
Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so noble now.
The dim divine of distance died—the purpled past grew wan,
As came that crowning glory o'er the heights of Inkerman.

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KILLED IN ACTION.

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

For him no words, the best were only weak
And could not say what love desires to speak;
For him no praise, no prizes did he ask,
To serve his Queen was a sufficient task;
For him no show, no idle tears be shed,
No fading laurels on that lowly head.
He fought for England, and for her he fell
And did his duty then—and it is well.

He deemed it but a little act, to give
His life and all, if Freedom thus might live;
And though he found the shock of battle rough,
He might not flinch—the glory was enough.
What if he broke, who would not tamely bend?
He strove for us, and craved no other end.
Nor should we ring too long his dying knell,
He has a soldier's crown—and it is well.

For him the tomb that is a nation's heart,
And doth endure when crumbling stones depart;
To him the honour, like the brave to stand,
With those who were in danger our right hand;
For him no empty epitaph of dust,
But that he kept for England safe her trust.
He is not dead; but, over war's loud swell,
Heard he his Captain's call—and it is well.

AT THE BREACH.

BY SARAH WILLIAMS.

All over for me
The struggle and possible glory!
All swept past,
In the rush of my own brigade.
Will charges instead,
And fills up my place in the story;
Well,—'tis well,
By the merry old games we played.

There's a fellow asleep, the lout! in the shade of the hillock
yonder;
What a dog it must be to drowse in the midst of a time like this!
Why, the horses might neigh contempt at him; what is he like, I
wonder?
If the smoke would but clear away, I have strength in me yet to hiss.

Will, comrade and friend,
We parted in hurry of battle;
All I heard
Was your sonorous, "Up, my men!"
Soon conquering paeans
Shall cover the cannonade's rattle;
Then, home bells,
Will you think of me sometimes, then?

How that rascal enjoys his snooze! Would he wake to the touch of
powder?
A reveille of broken bones, or a prick of a sword might do.
"Hai, man! the general wants you;" if I could but for once call
louder:
There is something infectious here, for my eyelids are dropping too.

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Will, can you recall
The time we were lost on the Bright Down?
Coming home late in the day,
As Susie was kneeling to pray,
Little blue eyes and white night-gown,
Saying, “Our Father, who art,—
Art what?” so she stayed with a start.
“In Heaven,” your mother said softly.
And Susie sighed, “So far away!”—
’Tis nearer, Will, now, to us all.

It is strange how that fellow sleeps! stranger still that his sleep
should haunt me;
If I could but command his face, to make sure of the lesser ill:
I will crawl to his side and see, for what should there be to daunt
me?
What there! what there! Holy Father in Heaven, not Will!

Will, dead Will!
Lying here, I could not feel you!
Will, brave Will!
Oh, alas, for the noble end!
Will, dear Will!
Since no love nor remorse could heal you,
Will, good Will!
Let me die on your breast, old friend!

SANTA FILOMENA.

(FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.)

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[It was the practice of Florence Nightingale to pay a last visit to the wards of the military hospital in the Crimea after the doctors and the other nurses had retired for the night. Bearing a light in her hand she passed from bed to bed and from ward to ward, until she became known as “the Lady with the Lamp.”]

Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow,
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

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Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
St. Filomena bore.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEARER.

BY BURDETTE.

Mrs. Caruthers had left her infant prodigy, Clarence, in our care for a little while that she might not be distracted by his innocent prattle while selecting the material for a new gown.

He was a bright, intelligent boy, of five summers, with a commendable thirst for knowledge, and a praiseworthy desire to understand what was said to him.

We had described many deep and mysterious things to him, and to escape the possibility of still more puzzling questions, offered to tell him a story—*the* story—the story of George Washington and his little hatchet. After a few necessary preliminaries we proceeded.

“Well, one day, George’s father—”

“George who?” asked Clarence.

“George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—”

“Whose father?” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

“George Washington’s; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for a—”

“Gave who a little hatchet?” the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn’t. We know how to talk to children. So we went on.

“George Washington.”

“Who gave him the little hatchet?”

“His father. And his father—”

“Whose father?”

“George Washington’s.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, George Washington’s. And his father told him—”

“Told who?”

“Told George.”

“Oh, yes, George.”

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

“And he was told—”

“George told him?” queried Clarence.

“No, his father told George—”

“Oh!”

“Yes, told him he must be careful with the hatchet—”

“Who must be careful?”

“George must.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, must be careful with his hatchet—”

“What hatchet?”

“Why, George’s.”

“Oh!”

“Careful with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out of doors all night. So George went around cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. At last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father’s favourite apple tree, and cut it down—”

“Who cut it down?”

“George did.”

“Oh!”

“But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—”

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“Saw the hatchet?”

“No, saw the apple tree. And he said, ’Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?’”

“What apple tree?”

“George’s father’s. And everybody said they didn’t know anything about it, and—”

“Anything about what?”

“The apple tree.”

“Oh!”

“And George came up and heard them talking about it—”

“Heard who talking about it?”

“Heard his father and the men.”

“What were they talking about?”

“About the apple tree.”

“What apple tree?”

“The favourite tree that George had cut down.”

“George who?”

“George Washington.”

“Oh!”

“So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—”

“What did he cut it down for?”

“Just to try his little hatchet.”

“Whose little hatchet?”

“Why, his own, the one his father gave him—”

“Gave who?”

“Why, George Washington.”

“Oh!”

“So George came up, and he said, ’Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—”

“Who couldn’t tell a lie?”

“George couldn’t.”

“Oh, George; oh, yes.”

“It was I who cut down your apple tree; I did—”

“His father did?”

“No, no; it was George said this.”

“Said he cut his father?”

“No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree.”

“George’s apple tree?”

“No, no; his father’s.”

“Oh!”

“He said—”

“His father said?”

“No, no, no; George said, ’Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.’ And his father said, ’Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand apple trees than have you tell a lie.’”

“George did?”

“No, his father said that.”

“Said he’d rather have a thousand apple trees?”

“No, no, no; said he’d rather lose a thousand apple trees than—”

“Said he’d rather George would?”

“No, said he’d rather he would than have him lie.”

“Oh, George would rather have his father lie?”

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl.

And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

(February 25, 1852.)

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

[The *Birkenhead* was lost off the coast of Africa by striking on a hidden rock, when the soldiers on board sacrificed themselves, in order that the boats might be left free for the women and children.]

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Right on our flank the sun was dropping down;
  The deep sea heaved around in bright repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
    A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
  Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
    The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
  In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
    From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
  That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
    Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
  The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
    As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
  Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
    Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
  Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:
"*All to the Boats!*" cried one—he was, thank God,
    No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir:
  That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
    To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
  With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
    By trampling down the weak.

So we made the women with their children go,
  The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
    Still, under steadfast men.

——What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
  Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
    As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
  Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
    His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark,
  If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
    This feel we none the less:

That those whom God's high grace there saved from ill,
  Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
    Full well had earned their pay.

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ELIHU.

BY ALICE CAREY.

“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—
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 *Grey Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad;
The best boy ever mother 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 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 God!—my Father!—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!"

THE LAST OF THE "EURYDICE."

BY SIR NOEL PATON.

(Sunday, March 24, 1878.)

The training ship *Eurydice*—
As tight a craft, I ween,
As ever bore brave men who loved
Their country and their queen—
Built when a ship, sir, *was* a ship,
And not a steam-machine.

Six months or more she had been out,
Cruising the Indian Sea;
And now, with all her canvas bent—
A fresh breeze blowing free—
Up Channel in her pride she came,
The brave *Eurydice*.

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On Saturday it was we saw
The English cliffs appear,
And fore and aft from man and boy
Uprang one mighty cheer;
While many a rough-and-ready hand
Dashed off the gathering tear.

We saw the heads of Dorset rise
Fair in the Sabbath sun.
We marked each hamlet gleaming white,
The church spires one by one.
We thought we heard the church bells ring
To hail our voyage done!

“Only an hour from Spithead, lads:
Only an hour from home!”
So sang the captain’s cheery voice
As we spurned the ebbing foam;
And each young sea-dog’s heart sang back,
“Only an hour from home!”

No warning ripple crisped the wave,
To tell of danger nigh;
Nor looming rack, nor driving scud;
From out a smiling sky,
With sound as of the tramp of doom,
The squall broke suddenly,

A hurricane of wind and snow
From off the Shanklin shore.
It caught us in its blinding whirl
One instant, and no more;—
For ere we dreamt of trouble near,
All earthly hope was o’er.

No time to shorten sail—no time
To change the vessel’s course;
The storm had caught her crowded masts
With swift, resistless force.
Only one shrill, despairing cry
Rose o’er the tumult hoarse,

And broadside the great ship went down
Amid the swirling foam;

And with her nigh four hundred men
Went down in sight of home
(Fletcher and I alone were saved)
Only an hour from home!

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

BY H.W. LONGFELLOW.

(September 13, 1852.)

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!

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

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

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

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

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

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storms rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed:
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern-night-clouds lour;

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But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
Even *there* sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles?
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

MEHRAB KHAN.

BY SIR F.H. DOYLE.

["Mehrab Khan died, as he said he would, sword in hand, at the door of his own Zenana."—*Capture of Kelat*.]

(1839.)

With all his fearless chiefs around
The Moslem leader stood forlorn,
And heard at intervals the sound
Of drums athwart the desert borne.
To him a sign of fate, they told
That Britain in her wrath was nigh,
And his great heart its powers unrolled
In steadiness of will to die.

"Ye come, in your mechanic force,
A soulless mass of strength and skill—
Ye come, resistless in your course,
What matters it?—'Tis but to kill.
A serpent in the bath, a gust
Of venomed breezes through the door,
Have power to give us back to dust—
Has all your grasping empire more?

"Your thousand ships upon the sea,
Your guns and bristling squares by land,

Are means of death—and so may be
  A dagger in a damsel's hand.
Put forth the might you boast, and try
  If it can shake my seated will;
By knowing when and how to die,
  I can escape, and scorn you still.

"The noble heart, as from a tower,
  Looks down on life that wears a stain;
He lives too long who lives an hour
  Beneath the clanking of a chain.
I breathe my spirit on my sword,
  I leave a name to honour known,
And perish, to the last the lord
  Of all that man can call his own."

Such was the mountain leader's speech;
  Say ye, who tell the bloody tale,
When havoc smote the howling breach,
  Then did the noble savage quail?
No—when through dust, and steel, and flame,
  Hot streams of blood, and smothering smoke,
True as an arrow to its aim,
  The meteor-flag of England broke;

And volley after volley threw
  A storm of ruin, crushing all,
Still cheering on a faithful few,
  He would not yield his father's hall.
At his yet unpolluted door
  He stood, a lion-hearted man,
And died, A FREEMAN STILL, before
  The merchant thieves of Frangistan.

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THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR.

BY SIR F.H. DOYLE.

[Told to the author by the late Sir Charles James Napier.]

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead,
“Bring here,” at length he shouted,
“Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will:
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

“Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder’s lances
Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

“Still when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red?”

“Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,” each noble savage said;
“To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?”

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart’s blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, “The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?

“These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader’s signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

“As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah’s finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch.
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

“If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

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“The songs they sing of Roostrum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostrum
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?”

And they replied, “Though Mehrab Khan was brave
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Roostrum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done.”

“Enough!” he shouted fiercely;
“Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round *both* wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends’ flaming den?”

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern “Amen!”.
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around *both* wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier’s knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rung like an echo to that knightly deed;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

BY SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

["Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the

authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotow*. The Sikhs obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill."—-*Times*.]

Last night among his fellow roughs,
  He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs
  Who never looked before.
To-day beneath the foeman's frown
  He stands in Elgin's place
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
  And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
  Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
  He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
  Bring cord or axe or flame;
He only knows that not through him
  Shall England come to shame.

For Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd
  Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleam'd
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door,
  In grey, soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more
  Doom'd by himself, so young?

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Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

Hurrah! the craft is dashing
Athwart the briny sea;
Hurrah! the wind is lashing
The white sails merrily;
The sun is shining overhead,
The rough sea heaves below;
We sail with every canvas spread,
Yo ho! my lads, yo ho!

Simple is our vocation,
We seek no hostile strife;
But 'mid the storm's vexation
We succour human life;
O, simple are our pleasures,
We crave no miser's hoard,
But haul the great sea's treasures
To spread a frugal board.

But if at usurpation
We needs must strike a blow,
Our hardy avocation

Shall fit us for the foe;
Then let the despot's strength compete
Upon the open sea,
And on the proudest of his fleet
Our flag shall flutter free.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be;
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?...

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is! it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

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Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated! Who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star:
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn the marshalling of arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

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THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound,
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, “Cameron, wait, you’ll soon have enough.
Give the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,

When the Cameron men are wanted.”Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, “Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,

Where the Cameron men are wanted.”Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent,
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shove its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,

Where the Cameron men were wanted.’Brave Cameron, then, front the battle’s roar
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,

Where the Cameron men were wanted.By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen

That day beside the alley, green:
Wellington wept—the iron man!
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well

His funeral wail they chanted.And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done across the foam),
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,

Where a Cameron man was wanted.

A SONG FOR STOUT WORKERS.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Onward, brave men, onward go,
Place is none for rest below;
He who laggeth faints and fails.
He who presses on prevails!

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Monks may nurse their mouldy moods
Caged in musty solitudes;
Men beneath the breezy sky
March to conquer or to die!

Work and live—this only charm
Warms the blood and nerves the arm,
As the stout pine stronger grows
By each gusty blast that blows.

On high throne or lonely sod,
Fellow-workers we with God;
Then most like to Him when we
March through toil to victory.

If there be who sob and sigh.
Let them sleep or let them die;
While we live we strain and strive,
Working most when most alive!

Where the fairest blossom grew,
There the spade had most to do;
Hearts that bravely serve the Lord,
Like St. Paul, must wear the sword!

Onward, brothers, onward go!
Face to face to find the foe!
Words are weak, and wishing fails,
But the well-aimed blow prevails!

AT THE BURIAL OF A VETERAN.

“Hodie tibi, cras mihii.”

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

Yours to-day and ours to-morrow,
  Hither, comrade, hence to go;
Yours the joy and ours the sorrow,
  Yours the weal and ours the woe.

What the profit of the stronger?
  Life is loss and death is gain;

Though we live a little longer,
  Longer life is longer pain.

Which the better for the weary—
  Longer travel? Longer rest?
Death is peace, and life is dreary:
  He must die who would be blest.

You have passed across the borders,
  Death has led you safely home;
We are standing, waiting orders,
  Ready for the word to come.

Empty-handed, empty-hearted,
  All we love have gone before,
And since they have all departed,
  We are loveless evermore.

Yours to-day and ours to-morrow,
  Hither, comrade, hence to go;
Yours the joy and ours the sorrow,
  Yours the weal and ours the woe.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart

  Napoleon's story.'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one

  Poor British seaman.They suffered him,—I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow

  On England's home.

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His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half-way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white

Dear cliffs of Dover.A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought

To England nearer.At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep

Come shoreward floating.He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,

By mighty working.Heaven help us! ’twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry,
Perhaps, ne’er ventured on a pond,

Or crossed a ferry.For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—

No sail—no rudder.From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed

The foaming billows.But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering.
Till tidings of him chanced to reach

Napoleon’s hearing.With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,

Addressed the stranger.“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass

Must be impassioned.”“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
“But,—absent years from one another,—
Great was the longing that I had

To see my mother.""“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
“You’ve both my favour fairly won,
A noble mother must have bred

So brave a son.”He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,

And safely landed.Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift

Of Buonaparte.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(January 16, 1809.)

BY REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampant we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O’er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

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No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We Carved not a line and we raised not a stone.
  But left him alone in *his* glory.

AT TRAFALGAR.

(October 21, 1805.)

AN OLD MAN-O'-WARSMAN'S YARN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Ay, ay, good neighbours, I have seen
Him! sure as God's my life;
One of his chosen crew I've been,
Haven't I, old good wife?
God bless your dear eyes! didn't you vow
To marry me any weather,

If I came back with limbs enow
To keep my soul together?

Brave as a lion was our Nel
And gentle as a lamb:
It warms my blood once more to tell
The tale—gray as I am—
It makes the old life in me climb,
It sets my soul aswim;
I live twice over every time
That I can talk of him.

You should have seen him as he trod
The deck, our joy, and pride;
You should have seen him, like a god
Of storm, his war-horse ride!
You should have seen him as he stood
Fighting for our good land,
With all the iron of soul and blood
Turned to a sword in hand.

Our best beloved of all the brave
That ever for freedom fought;
And all his wonders of the wave
For Fatherland were wrought!
He was the manner of man to show
How victories may be won;
So swift you scarcely saw the blow;
You looked—the deed was done.

He sailed his ships for work; he bore
His sword for battle-wear;
His creed was “Best man to the fore”;
And he was always there.
Up any peak of peril where
There was but room for one;
The only thing he did not dare
Was any death to shun.

The Nelson touch his men he taught,
And his great stride to keep;
His faithful fellows round him fought
Ten thousand heroes deep.
With a red pride of life, and hot
For him, their blood ran free;
They “minded not the showers of shot
No more than peas,” said he.

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Napoleon saw our Sea-king thwart
His landing on our Isle;
He gnashed his teeth, he gnawed his heart
At Nelson of the Nile,
Who set his fleet in flames, to light
The Lion to his prey,
And lead Destruction through the night
Upon his dreadful way.

Around the world he drove his game,
And ran his glorious race;
Nor rested till he hunted them
From off the ocean's face;
Like that old wardog who, till death,
Clung to the vessel's side
Till hands were lopped, then with his teeth
He held on till he died.

Ay, he could do the deeds that set
Old fighters' hearts afire;
The edge of every spirit whet,
And every arm inspire.
Yet I have seen upon his face
The tears that, as they roll,
Show what a light of saintly grace
May clothe a sailor's soul.

And when our darling went to meet
Trafalgar's judgment day,
The people knelt down in the street
To bless him on his way.
He felt the country of his love
Watching him from afar;
It saw him through the battle move;
His heaven was in that star.

Magnificently glorious sight
It was in that great dawn!
Like one vast sapphire flashing light,
The sea, just breathing shone.
Their ships, fresh-painted, stood up tall
And stately; ours were grim
And weatherworn, but one and all
In rare good fighting trim.

Our spirits were all flying light,
And into battle sped,
Straining for it on wings of might,
With feet of springy tread;
The light of battle on each face,
Its lust in every eye;
Our sailor blood at swiftest pace
To catch the victory nigh.

His proudly wasted face, wave worn,
Was loftily serene;
I saw the brave bright spirit burn
There, all too plainly seen;
As though the sword this time was drawn
Forever from the sheath;
And when its work to-day was done,
All would be dark in death.

His eye shone like a lamp of night
Set in the porch of power;
The deed unborn was burning bright
Within him at that hour!
His purpose, welded to white heat,
Cried like some visible fate,
"To-day we must not merely *beat*,
We must *annihilate*."

He smiled to see the Frenchman show
His reckoning for retreat,
With Cadiz port on his lee bow,
And held him then half beat.
They flew no colours till we drew
Them out to strike with there!
Old *Victory* for a prize or two
Had flags enough to spare.

Mast-high the famous signal ran;
Breathless we caught each word:
"*England expects that every man*
Will do his duty." Lord,
You should have seen our faces! heard
Us cheering, row on row;
Like men before some furnace stirred
To a fiery fearful glow!

'Twas Collingwood our lee line led,
And cut their centre through.

"*See how he goes in!*" Nelson said,
As his first broadside flew,
And near four hundred foemen fall.
Up went another cheer.
"Ah! what would Nelson give," said Coll,
"But to be with us here!"

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We grimly kept our vanward path;
Over us hummed their shot;
But, silently, we reined our wrath,
Held on and answered not,
Till we could grip them face to face,
And pound them for our own,
Or hug them in a war-embrace,
Till we or both went down.

How calm he was! when first he felt
The sharp edge of that fight.
Cabined with God alone he knelt;
The prayer still lay in light
Upon his face, that used to shine
In battle—flash with life,
As though the glorious blood ran wine,
Dancing with that wild strife.

“Fight for us, Thou Almighty one!
Give victory once again!
And if I fall, Thy will be done.
Amen, Amen, Amen!”
With such a voice he bade good-bye;
The mournfullest old smile wore:
“Farewell! God bless you, Blackwood, I
Shall never see you more.”

And four hours after, he had done
With winds and troubled foam:
The Reaper was borne dead upon
Our load of Harvest home—
Not till he knew the Old Flag flew
Alone on all the deep;
Then said he, “Hardy, is that you?
Kiss me.” And fell asleep.

Well, ’twas his chosen death below
The deck in triumph trod;
’Tis well. A sailor’s soul should go
From his good ship to God.
He would have chosen death aboard,
From all the crowns of rest;
And burial with the Patriot sword
Upon the Victor’s breast.

"*Not a great sinner*." No, dear heart,
God grant in our death pain,
We may have played as well our part,
And feel as free from stain.
We see the spots on such a star,
Because it burned so bright;
But on the other side they are
All lost in greater light.

And so he went upon his way,
A higher deck to walk,
Or sit in some eternal day
And of the old time talk
With sailors old, who, on that coast,
Welcome the homeward bound,
Where many a gallant soul we've lost
And Franklin will be found.

Where amidst London's roar and moil
That cross of peace upstands,
Like Martyr with his heavenward smile,
And flame-lit, lifted hands,
There lies the dark and moulder'd dust;
But that magnanimous
And manly Seaman's soul, I trust,
Lives on in some of us.

CAMPERDOWN.

(October 11, 1797.)

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

We were lying calm and peaceful as an infant lies asleep,
Rocked in the mighty cradle of the ever-restless deep,
Or like a lion resting ere he rises to the fray,
With eyes half closed in slumber and half open for the prey.
We had waited long, and restless was the spirit of the fleet,
For the long-expected conquest and the long-delayed defeat,
When, uprose the mists of morning, as a curtain rolls away,
For the high heroic action of some old chivalric play.
And athwart the sea to starboard waved the colours high and free
Of the famous fighting squadron that usurped the loyal sea.

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Quick the signal came for action, quick replied we with a cheer, For the friends at home behind us, and the foes before so near; Three times three the cheering sounded, and ’mid deafening hurrahs We sprang into position—five hundred lusty tars. And the cannons joined our shouting with a burly, booming cheer That aroused the hero’s action, and awoke the coward’s fear; And the lightning and the thunder gleamed and pealed athwart the
scene,
Till the noontide mist was greater than the morning mist had been, And the foeman and the stranger and the brother and the friend Were mingled in one seething mass the battle’s end to end.

With broken spars and splintered bulks the decks were strewn anon,
While the rigging, torn and tangled, hung the shattered yards upon;
Like a cataract of fire outpoured the steady cannonade,
Till the strongest almost wavered and the bravest were dismayed.
Like an endless swarm of locusts sprang they up our vessel’s side,
And scaled her burning bulwarks or fell backward in the tide,
’Twas a fearful day of carnage, such as none had known before,
In the fiercest naval battles of those gallant days of yore.

We had battled all the morning, ’mid the never-ceasing hail
Of grape and spark and splinter, of cable shred, and sail;
We had thrice received their onslaught, which we thrice had driven
back,
And were waiting, calm and ready, for the last forlorn attack;
When a shout of exultation from out their ranks arose,
A frenzied shout of triumph o’er their yet unconquered foes;
For the stainless flag of England, that has braved a thousand years,
Had been shot clean from the masthead; and they gave three hearty
cheers,
“A prize! a prize!” they shouted, from end to end the host,
Till a broadside gave them answer, and for ever stilled their boast.

Then a fearful struggle followed, as, to desperation spurred,
They sought in deed the triumph so falsely claimed in word.
’Twas the purpose of a moment, and the bravest of our tars
Plunged headlong in the boiling surf, amid the broken spars;
He snatched the shot-torn colours, and wound them round his arm,
Then climbed upon the deck again, and there stood safe and calm;
He paused but for a moment—it was no time to stay—
Then he leaped into the rigging that had yet survived the fray;
Higher yet he climbed and higher, till he gained a dizzy height,
Then turned and paused a moment to look down upon the fight.

Whistled wild the shots around him, as a curling, smoky wreath
Formed a cloudy shroud to hide him from the enemy beneath.
Beat his heart with proud elation as he firmly fixed his stand,
And again the colours floated as he held them in his hand.
Then a pistol deftly wielded, ’mid the battle’s ceaseless blast,
Fastened there the colours firmly, as he nailed them to that mast;
Then as if to yield him glory—the smoke-clouds cleared away—
And we sent him up the loudest cheer that reach’d his ear that day,
With new-born zeal and courage, dashing fiercely to the fight,
To crown the day of battle with the triumph of the night.

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’Tis a story oft repeated, ’tis a triumph often won,
How a thousand hearts are strengthened by the bravery of one
There was never dauntless courage of the loyal and the true
That did not inspirit others unto deeds of daring too;
There was never bright example, be the struggle what it might,
That did not inflame the ardour of the others in the fight.
Up, then, ye who would be heroes, and, before the strife is past,
For the sake of those about you, “*nail the colours to the mast!*”

For the flag is ever flying, and it floats above the free, On island and on continent, and up and down the sea; And the conflict ever rages—there are many foes to fight— There are many ills to conquer, there are many wrongs to right, For the glory of the moment, for the triumph by-and-bye; For the love of truth and duty, up and dare, and do or die,
And though fire and shot and whirlwind join to tear the standard
down,
Up and nail it to the masthead, as we did at Camperdown.

THE ARMADA.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England’s praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great Fleet Invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
The crew had seen Castile’s black fleet, beyond Aurigny’s isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God’s especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe’s lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums:
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear and ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace:
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield:
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair
maids!
Ho! gunners! fire a loud salute! ho! gallants! draw your blades!
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious *semper eadem!* the banner of our pride!

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The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head:
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light: The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke, And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke; At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires; At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires; From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear, And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer: And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet, And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring
street:

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in; And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand
went;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent: Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers
forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north; And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still; All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to
hill;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales; Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales; Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height; Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light; Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane, And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain; Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent, And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent; Till Skiddaw saw the fire

that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile, And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

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MR. BARKER'S PICTURE.

BY MAX ADELER.

"Your charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the magistrate, "is assault and battery, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is——"

"Potts! I am art critic of the *Weekly Spy*."

"State your case."

"I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of 'George Washington cutting down the cherry-tree with his hatchet.' Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it to Congress for fifty thousand dollars. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in making the handle of the hatchet twice as thick as the tree, and in turning the head of the hatchet around, so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end, I asked him why he foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river."

"Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the justice.

"Well, he looked a little glum—that's all. And then when I asked him why he put a guinea-pig up in the tree, and why he painted the guinea-pig with horns, he said it was not a guinea-pig but a cow; and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that, if I had been painting George Washington, I should not have given him the complexion of a salmon-brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slue his right eye around so that he could see around the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you?' Sarcastic, your honour. And I said, 'No, I wouldn't'; and I wouldn't have painted oak-leaves on a cherry-tree; and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney, or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke."

"Which was it?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't know. Nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do. And I told him I thought his best chance was to abandon the Washington idea, and to fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The Boy who stood on the Burning Deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it

would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river so's it would rest somewhere on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct the factory chimney, or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea-pig to do for the captain's dog."

"Did he agree?"

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“He said the idea didn’t strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus, and the tree be turned into a native, and the hatchet made to answer for a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he’d be hanged if it should. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary, let the hatchet stand, and work in the guinea-pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington’s near leg, and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for a while, and finally Barker whipped. I am going to take the law of him in the interests of justice and high art.”

So Barker was bound over, and Mr. Potts went down to the office of the *Spy* to write up his criticism.

THE WOODEN LEG.

BY MAX ADELER.

“Mr. Brown, you don’t want to buy a first-rate wooden leg, do you? I’ve got one that I’ve been wearing for two or three years, and I want to sell it. I’m hard up for money; and although I’m attached to that leg, I’m willing to part with it, so’s I kin get the necessaries of life. Legs are all well enough; they are handy to have around the house, and all that; but a man must attend to his stomach, if he has to walk about on the small of his back. Now, I’m going to make you an offer. That leg is Fairchild’s patent; steel-springs, india-rubber joints, elastic toes and everything, and it’s in better order now than it was when I bought it. It’d be a comfort to any man. It’s the most luxurious leg I ever came across. If bliss ever kin be reached by a man this side of the tomb, it belongs to the person that gets that leg on and feels the consciousness creeping over his soul that it is his. Consequently, I say that when I offer it to you I’m doing a personal favour; and I think I see you jump at the chance, and want to clinch the bargain before I mention—you’ll hardly believe it, I know—that I’ll actually knock that leg down to you at four hundred dollars. Four hundred, did I say? I meant six hundred; but let it stand. I never back out when I make an offer; but it’s just throwing that leg away—it is, indeed.”

“But I don’t want an artificial leg,” said Brown.

“The beautiful thing about the limb,” said the stranger, pulling up his trousers and displaying the article, “is that it is reliable. You kin depend on it. It’s always there. Some legs that I have seen were treacherous—most always some of the springs bursting out, or the joints working backwards, or the toes turning down and ketching in things. Regular frauds. But it’s almost pathetic the way this leg goes on year in and

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year out, like an old faithful friend, never knowing an ache or a pain, no rheumatism, nor any such foolishness as that, but always good-natured and ready to go out of its way to oblige you. A. man feels like a man when he gets such a thing under him. Talk about your kings and emperors and millionaires, and all that sort of nonsense! Which of 'em's got a leg like that? Which of 'em kin unscrew his knee-pan, and look at the gum thingamajigs in his calf? Which of 'em kin leave his leg downstairs in the entry on the hat-rack, and go to bed with only one cold foot? Why, it's enough to make one of them monarchs sick to think of such a convenience. But they can't help it. There's only one man kin buy that leg, and that's you. I want you to have it so bad that I'll deed it to you for fifty dollars down. Awful, isn't it. Just throwing it away: but take it, take it, if it does make my heart bleed to see it go out of the family."

"Really, I have no use for such a thing," said Mr. Brown.

"You can't think," urged the stranger, "what a benediction a leg like this is in a family. When you don't want to walk with it, it comes into play for the children to ride horsey on; or you kin take it off and stir the fire with it in a way that would depress the spirits of a man with a real leg. It makes the most efficient potato-masher ever you saw. Work it from the second joint, and let the knee swing loose; you kin tack carpets perfectly splendid with the heel; and when a cat sees it coming at him from the winder, he just adjourns, *sine die*, and goes down off the fence screaming. Now, you're probably afeared of dogs. When you see one approaching, you always change your base. I don't blame you; I used to be that way before I lost my home-made leg. But you fix yourself with this artificial extremity, and then what do you care for dogs? If a million of 'em come at you, what's the odds? You merely stand still and smile, and throw out your spare leg, and let 'em chaw, let 'em fool with that as much as they've a mind to, and howl and carry on, for you don't care. An' that's the reason why I say that when I reflect on how imposing you'd be as the owner of such a leg, I feel like saying, that if you insist on offering only a dollar and a half for it, why, take it; it's yours. I'm not the kinder man to stand on trifles. I'll take it off and wrap it up in paper for you; shall I?"

"I'm sorry," said Brown, "but the fact is, I have no use for it. I've got two good legs already. If I ever lose one, why, maybe, then I'll——"

"I don't think you exactly catch my idea on the subject," said the stranger. "Now, any man kin have a meat-and-muscle leg; they're as common as dirt. It's disgusting how monotonous people are about such things. But I take you for a man who wants to be original. You have style about you. You go it alone, as it were. Now, if I had your peculiarities, do you know what I'd do? I'd get a leg

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snatched off some way, so's I could walk around on this one. Or, it you hate to go to the expense of amputation, why not get your pantaloons altered, and mount this beautiful work of art just as you stand? A centipede, a mere ridicklous insect, has half a bushel of legs, and why can't a man, the grandest creature on earth, own three? You go around this community on three legs, and your fortune's made. People will go wild over you as the three-legged grocer; the nation will glory in you; Europe will hear of you; you will be heard of from pole to pole. It'll build up your business. People'll flock from everywheres to see you, and you'll make your sugar and cheese and things fairly hum. Look at it as an advertisement! Look at it any way you please, and there's money in it—there's glory, there's immortality. Now, look at it that way; and if it strikes you, I tell you what I'll do: I'll actually swap that imperishable leg off to you for two pounds of water-crackers and a tin cupful of Jamaica rum. Is it a go?"

Then Brown weighed out the crackers, gave him a drink of rum, and told him if he would take them as a present and quit he would confer a favour. And he did. After emptying the crackers in his pockets, and smacking his lips over the rum, he went to the door, and as he opened it said,—

"Good-bye. But if you ever really do want a leg, Old Reliable is ready for you; it's yours. I consider that you've got a mortgage on it, and you kin foreclose at any time. I dedicate this leg to you. My will shall mention it; and if you don't need it when I die, I'm going to have it put in the savings bank to draw interest until you check it out."

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

BY COLONEL JOHN HAY.

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 in 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;

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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.

* * * * *

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."

"O 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," said he, 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.

JIM BLUDSO.

BY COLONEL JOHN HAY.

Wall, no! I can’t tell whar he lives,
  Because he don’t live, you see:
Leastways, he’s got out of the habit
  Of livin’ like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
  That you haven’t heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
  The night of the *Prairie Bell?*

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He weren't no saint—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward man in a row—
But he never funked, and he never lied,
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the Pilot's bell;
And if the *Prairie Bell* took fire—
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last—
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
  But the *Belle* she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so come tearin' along that night—
  The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For the wilier-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
  Over all the infernal, roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to fee too hard
  On a man that died for men.

FREEDOM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

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Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

THE COORTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru' the winder;
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
  With half a cord o' wood in;
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  Ah' in amongst em rusted
The ole queen's-arm that gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he wouldn't love 'em.

But 'long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir:
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

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That night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-rasping on the scraper;
All ways at once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' loitered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But her'n went pity Zekle.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal—no—I come dasignin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word prick'd him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Rich Man's Son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands
And tender flesh that fears the cold—
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce could wish to hold in fee.
The Rich Man's Son inherits cares:
The bank may break—the factory burn;
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
The Rich Man's Son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds, with brown arms bare—
And wearies in his easy-chair.

What doth the Poor Man's Son inherit?
Stout muscles, and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
What doth the Poor Man's Son inherit?

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Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings!
What doth the Poor Man's Son inherit?
A patience learnt of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it:
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the Outcast bless his door.

Oh! Rich Man's Son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

* * * * *

Oh! Poor Man's Son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And-makes rest fragrant and benign!
Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same great God!
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-spent past.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LADY CLARE.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,

Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betroth'd 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 weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" 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 ye done,
O 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."

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“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 diamond 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,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O 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 follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower.
“O 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 in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look’d into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale.

He laugh’d a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn’d and kiss’d 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.”

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

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In her ear he whispers gaily,
“If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch’d thee daily,
And I think thou lov’st me well.”
She replies, in accents fainter,
“There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father’s root.

“I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.”

They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods about them blowing
Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
“Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.”

So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers.
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order’d gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home

She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
“All of this is mine and thine.”

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her Spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasp’d her like a lover,
And he cheer’d her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho’ at times her spirits sank;
Shaped her heart with woman’s meekness
To all duties of her rank;
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh’d upon her,
And perplex’d her, night and morn,

With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.

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Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

DORA.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.

She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

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Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law,"
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,

And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone." And Dora took the child, and went her way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and the land was dark. But when the morrow came she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

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So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud

And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark. Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood

Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home,
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:—

"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

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Then they clung about

The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William. So those four abode

Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

MRS. B.'S ALARMS.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mrs. B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not, in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms.

"*Henry, Henry, Henry!*"

How many times she had repeated this I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim firelight, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her nightcap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furled; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

"*Henry*, did you hear *that*?"

"What, my love?"

"That noise. There it is again; there—there."

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

“No, no, Henry; it’s not the least like that: it’s a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file.”

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing-gown. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

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“Stop a bit, Henry,” she exclaims, “until I have looked into the cupboards and places;” which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I peramulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of the disturber of Mrs. B.’s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black-beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipated burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless; a ghostly armchair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about ——Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No! the warning of the great clock—one, two, three.... What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o’clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a-half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a *reunion*? They are here even at this moment perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs. B. again, my great-grandfather “walks”; in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think, as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold: yes, the cold. It is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs. B.’s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. “Henry, Henry!” she cries, in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife’s chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

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“Open, open!” shout I. “What on earth is the matter?”

There is silence; then a man’s voice—that is to say, my wife’s voice in imitation of a man’s—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: “Who are you—what do you want?”

“You very silly woman,” I answered; not from unpoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—“why, it’s I.”

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs. B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring-chamber.

“There’s sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room,” she sobs, “all the time you were away.”

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs. B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs. B. is all the better for this explosion.

“Consider, my love,” I reason, “consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snor——”

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs. B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrichlike, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at sixes and sevens as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when “Henry, Henry!” again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

“Are you *certain*, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string.”

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposition too incompatible with reason, for Mrs. B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

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Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs. B., since I was suffering from a quinsy, contracted mainly by my being sent about the house o' nights in the usual scanty drapery, had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

"Henry, Henry!" she whispered upon this occasion, "there's a dreadful cat in the room."

"Pooh, pooh!" I gasped; "it's only in the street; I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles."

"No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk, since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a—— Ugh, what's that?"

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs. B. would have had a fit, but she didn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed after this mishap to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs. B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

"Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy."

"Miau, miau, miau," was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

"Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss. Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat."

"Ps-s-s-s. ps-s-s-s, miau; ps-s-s-s-s-s-s-s," replied the other, in a voice like fat in the fire.

"My dear love," cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy; "you have never opened the door; where is the poor thing to run to?"

Mrs. B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity to escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

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This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs. B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house-dog, which before that epoch, I understand, was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—-with a shock to both our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot, upon a third, to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A.M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs. B. had "staked her existence" that night that she had heard the area gate "go." When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The grey of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs. B. ejaculated with unusual vigour, "Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room; and they've just knocked down the parrot screen."

"My love," I was about to observe, "your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*," when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fireirons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge, to myself at least, that there was something in Mrs. B.'s alarms at last. I trod downstairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs. B. had cried "Wolf!" so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstance under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper

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of "*Henry, Henry!*" from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door where I was standing. I hear his burglarious feet, I heard the "*Henry, Henry!*" still going on from above-stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe, and I sped up to my bedchamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the washhand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs. B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

"Good heavens!" I cried, "be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last."

"My dear Henry," she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, "I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you downstairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!"

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

—From "Humorous Stories" by James Payn. By permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

SHELTERED.

BY SARAH ORME JEWETT.

It was a cloudy, dismal day, and I was all alone,
For early in the morning John Earl and Nathan Stone
Came riding up the lane to say—I saw they both looked pale—
That Anderson the murderer had broken out of jail.

They only stopped a minute, to tell my man that he
Must go to the four corners, where all the folks would be;
They were going to hunt the country, for he only had been gone
An hour or so when they missed him, that morning just at dawn.

John never finished his breakfast; he saddled the old white mare.
She seemed to know there was trouble, and galloped as free and fair
And even a gait as she ever struck when she was a five-year-old:
The knowingest beast we ever had, and worth her weight in gold.

He turned in the saddle and called to me—I watched him from
the door—
"I shan't be home to dinner," says he, "but I'll be back by four.
I'd fasten the doors if I was you, and keep at home to-day;"
And a little chill came over me as I watched him ride away.

I went in and washed the dishes—I was sort of scary too.
We had 'ranged to go away that day. I hadn't much to do,
Though I always had some sewing work, and I got it and sat down;
But the old clock tick-tacked loud at me, and I put away the gown.

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I thought the story over: how Anderson had been
A clever, steady fellow, so far's they knew, till then.
Some said his wife had tried him, but he got to drinking hard,
Till last he struck her with an axe and killed her in the yard.

The only thing I heard he said was, he was most to blame;
But he fought the men that took him like a tiger. 'Twas a shame
He'd got away; he ought to swing: a man that killed his wife
And broke her skull in with an axe—he ought to lose his life!

Our house stood in a lonesome place, the woods were all around,
But I could see for quite a ways across the open ground;
I couldn't help, for the life o' me, a-looking now and then
All along the edge o' the growth, and listening for the men.

I thought they would find Anderson: he couldn't run till night,
For the farms were near together, and there must be a sight
Of men out hunting for him; but when the clock struck three,
A neighbour's boy came up with word that John had sent to me.

He would be home by five o'clock. They'd scour the woods till dark;
Some of the men would be off all night, but he and Andrew Clark
Would keep watch round his house and ours—I should not stay alone.
Poor John, he did the best he could, but what if he had known!

The boy could hardly stop to tell that the se-lec'men had said
They would pay fifty dollars for the man alive or dead,
And I felt another shiver go over me for fear
That John might get that money, though we were pinched that year.

I felt a little easier then, and went to work again:
The sky was getting cloudier, 'twas coming on to rain.
Before I knew, the clock struck six, and John had not come back;
The rain began to spatter down, and all the sky was black.

I thought and thought, what shall I do if I'm alone all night?
I wa'n't so brave as I am now. I lit another light,
And I stirred round and got supper, but I ate it all alone.
The wind was blowing more and more—I hate to hear it moan.

I was cutting rags to braid a rug—I sat there by the fire;
I wished I'd kep' the dog at home; the gale was rising higher;
O own I had hard thoughts o' John; I said he had no right
To leave his wife in that lonesome place alone that dreadful night.

And then I thought of the murderer, afraid of God and man;
I seemed to follow him all the time, whether he hid or ran;
I saw him crawl on his hands and knees through the icy mud in the rain,
And I wondered if he didn't wish he was back in his home again.

I fell asleep for an hour or two, and then I woke with a start;
A feeling come across me that took and stopped my heart;
I was 'fraid to look behind me; then I felt my heart begin;
And I saw right at the window-pane two eyes a-looking in.

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I couldn't look away from them—the face was white as clay.
Those eyes, they make me shudder when I think of them to-day.
I knew right off 'twas Anderson. I couldn't move nor speak;
I thought I'd slip down on the floor, I felt so light and weak."O Lord," I thought, "what shall I do?" Some words begun to come,
Like some one whispered to me: I set there, still and dumb:
"I was a stranger—took me in—in prison—visited me;"
And I says, "O Lord, I couldn't; it's a murderer, you see!"

And those eyes they watched me all the time, in dreadful still despair—
Most like the room looked warm and safe; he watched me setting there;
And what 'twas made me do it, I don't know to this day,
But I opened the door and let him in—a murderer at bay.

He laid him right down on the floor, close up beside the fire.
I never saw such a wretched sight: he was covered thick with mire;
His clothes were torn to his very skin, and his hands were bleeding fast.
I gave him something to tie 'em up, and all my fears were past.

I filled the fire place up with wood to get the creature warm,
And I fetched him a bowl o' milk to drink—I couldn't do him harm;
And pretty soon he says, real low, "Do you know who I be?"
And I says, "You lay there by the fire; I know you won't hurt me."I had been fierce as any one before I saw him there,
But I pitied him—a ruined man whose life had started fair.
I somehow or 'nother never felt that I was doing wrong,
And I watched him laying there asleep almost the whole night long.

I thought once that I heard the men, and I was half afraid
That they might come and find him there; and so I went and staid
Close to the window, watching, and listening for a cry;
And he slept there like a little child—forgot his misery.

I almost hoped John wouldn't come till he could get away;
And I went to the door and harked awhile, and saw the dawn of day.
'Twas bad for him to have slept so long, but I couldn't make him go
From the City of Refuge he had found; and he was glad, I know.

It was years and years ago, but still I never can forget
How grey it looked that morning; the air was cold and wet;

Only the wind would howl sometimes, or else the trees would creak—
All night I'd 'a given anything to hear somebody speak.

He heard me shut the door again, and started up so wild
And haggard that I 'most broke down. I wasn't reconciled
To have the poor thing run all day, chased like a wolf or bear;
But I knew he'd brought it on himself; his punishment was fair.

I gave him something more to eat; he couldn't touch it then,
"God pity you, poor soul!" says I. May I not see again
A face like his, as he stood in the door and looked which way
to go!
I watched him making towards the swamps, dead-lame and moving slow.

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He had hardly spoken a word to me, but as he went away
He thanked me, and gave me such a look! 'twill last to my dying
day.
"May God have mercy on me, as you have had!" says he,
And I choked, and couldn't say a word, and he limped away from me.

John came home bright and early. He'd fell and hurt his head,
And he stopped up to his father's; but he'd sent word, he said,
And told the boy to fetch me there—my cousin, Johnny Black—
But he went off with some other folks, who thought they'd found the

track.Oh yes, they did catch Anderson, early that afternoon
And carried him back to jail again, and tried and hung him soon.
Justice is justice! but I say, although they served him right,
I'm glad I harboured the murderer that stormy April night.Some said I might have locked him up, and got the town reward;
But I couldn't have done it if I'd starved, and I do hope the Lord
Forgave it, if it was a sin; but I could never see
'Twas wrong to shelter a hunted man, trusting his life to me.

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GUILD'S SIGNAL.

BY BRET HARTE.

[William Guild was engineer of the train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.]

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,

Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
“To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or wailing, good night!” it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
“Nothing amiss—
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife,” they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o’er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o’erhead:
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
“To our trust true,
First of all, duty. Good night!” it said.

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And then one night it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, “The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer.”
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine dead.

BILL MASON’S BRIDE.

BY BRET HARTE.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An’ a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you’re through.
On time? Well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She’ll come round the curve a-flyin’;
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? *No?* He’s engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I’ll never forget the mornin’
He married his chuck of a wife.
’Twas the summer the mill hands struck,
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan’s son.

Bill hadn’t been married mor’n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin’ Bill to go up there
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;

And, sir, if she hadn't 'a done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must 'a been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge;
They came down—the drunken devils,
Tore up a rail from the bridge,
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
And guessed there was something wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't 'a done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin'
On the track in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

FROM "ST. NICHOLAS."

It was out on the Western frontier,
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters—
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance;
Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them,
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were very vacant,

And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown with chalk and vermilion
Was making up his face.

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A weary-looking woman,
  With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed, on a little garment,
  With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting,
  It was time for the going on;
But the clown in vain searched wildly—
  The “property baby” was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
  “It’s strange that I cannot find;
There! I’ve looked in every corner;
  It must have been left behind!”
The miners were stamping and shouting,
  They were not patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle—
  “I must take *you*, little Ben.”

The mother started and shivered,
  But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
  “You’ll be very careful, dear?”
“Careful? You foolish darling”—
  How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone thro’ the chalk and paint—
  “I love each hair of his head!”

The noise rose into an uproar,
  Misrule for a time was king;
The clown with a foolish chuckle,
  Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
  The fiddles closed their tune,
“You hold him as if he was made of glass!”
  Said the clown to the pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded;
  “I’ve a couple myself,” he said,
“I know how to handle ’em, bless you;
  Old fellow, go ahead!”
The fun grew fast and furious,
  And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
  When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
  From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
  With “Boys, it’s the real thing!”
The ring was jammed in a minute,
  Not a man that did not strive
For “a shot at holding the baby”—
  The baby that was “alive!”

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
  In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally,
  The fair little baby king;
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
  A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk for miles of the country
  And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
  And chuckled, “Look at that!”
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
  Then, “Boys, hand round the hat!”
There never was such a hatful
  Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
  Because they won’t wear coats!

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And then “Three cheers for the baby!”
I tell you those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
“Come, boys, enough of this rumpus;
It’s time it was put to bed.”

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
“He wasn’t a bit afraid!
He’s as game as he is good-looking;
Boys, that was a show that paid!”

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn’t the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago),
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice—
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told,
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt, He may chance to look in as I chance to look out; *She* would never endure an impertinent stare, It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn’t sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn’t quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad’s arm,—just for safety, you know,—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn’t do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm’s length those detestable men;

What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay—
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked—I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! who knows?
And what shall *I* say if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's *aunt* must have been!
And her *grand-aunt*—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let *me* perish to rescue some wretched young man
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so!

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread' an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you—Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His Mammy heered him holler, an' his daddy heered him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout,
An' the gobble-uns'll git you—Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an' kin;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big black things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
she's about!
An' the gobble-uns'll git you—Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the gobble-uns'll get you—Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery hoss
Way out into the big and boundless West;
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,
An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest!
With my pistols at my side
I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

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I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!
I'd chase the pizen snakes
And the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew,
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!
With my cutlass in my hand
On the quarterdeck I'd stand
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

And, if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's
licked me!
I'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too.
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through!
You bet! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' teaze the cat, an' kiss the girls
all day—
If I darst; but I darsen't!

RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

ANONYMOUS.

"Jud, they say you have heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York?"

"I 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 biggest, catty-cornerdest pianner you ever laid your eyes on; somethin’ like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn’t, he’d a-tore the intire 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 ’peared to keer mighty little ‘bout playin’, and wish’t he hadn’t come. He tweedle-eedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodled 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 ’nother 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 ain’t got no ide, no plan of nothin’. If he’d play a tune of some kind or other I’d——’

“But my neighbour says ‘Hush,’ very impatient.

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“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 blowed 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 fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt 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 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 the same 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 fine ladies in the lift-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.

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“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 single 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 han’kerchief, and blowed my nose well to keep from cryin’. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn’t want anybody to be a-gazin’ at me a-snivilin’, and it’s nobody business what I do with my nose. It’s mine. But several glared at me as mad as mad. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He rip’d and he rar’d, he tip’d and he tar’d, and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. ’Peared 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 afear’d 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 bein’ able to stand it no longer, I jumpt, sprang on to my seat, and jest hollered—

“‘Go it, my Rube!’

“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 gray 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!’

“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 hopt-light ladies, and tip-toed fine 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 the angels went to prayers.... Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn’t be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin’ into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetn’d 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 obleeged, but I’d rather you wouldn’t interrupt me.’

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“He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn’t let her go. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, 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 fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn’t hear nothin’ but the shadders of ’em. And *then* he wouldn’t let the old pianner go. He for’ard two’d, he cross’t over first gentleman, he cross’t over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chassede right and left, back to your places, he all hands’d aroun’, ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled, twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-’leven thousand double bow knots.

“By jinks! It *was* a mixtery. And then he wouldn’t let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, 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 rock’t—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninpences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, Hallelujah, Sampson in a sim-mon tree, Jerusalem, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddl
e-raddle-addle-addle-addle-riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle-p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-r lang! Bang!

“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 pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and I know’d no mo’.”

OBITUARY.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

“Down the line I’ll go,” he said,
“To reach the railway station.”

Friends will please accept of this
The only intimation.

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THE EDITOR'S STORY.

(*A YANKEE EDITOR IN ENGLAND*.)

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

The Editor dipp'd his pen in the ink;
He smole a smile and he wunk a wink;
He chuckled a chuck and he thunk a think.

'Twas a time of dearth
Of news, and the earth
Was rolling and bowling along on its axis
With never a murmur concerning the taxes
And never a ruse, or of rumour a particle
Needing a special or claiming an article;
In fact 'twas a terrible time for the papers,
And puzzled the brains of the paragraph shapers,
Till the whole world seem'd nothing but gases and vapours.

And the Editor wrote:
But I'm not going to quote,
Far be it from me to set rumours afloat.
Suffice it to say,
The paper next day
Contain'd such a slasher
For Captain McClasher,
The whole town declared it a regular smasher;
And what made it worse he inserted a rubber,
For the world-renowned millionaire, Alderman Grubber.

Now the Captain, you know, was the son of a gun,
He had fought many duels and never lost one;
He'd met single handed a hundred wild niggers,
All flashing their sabres and pulling their triggers,
And made them all run whether mogul or fellah:
With the flash of his eye and the bash of his 'brella
He tore up rebellion's wild weeds by the root; and he
Did more than Havelock to put down the mutiny.

And then to be told by "a thief of an Editor"
He'd been far too long his proud country's creditor
For pensions unwork'd for and honours unwon,

And that rather than fight he would more likely run;
To be told, who had acted so gallant a part,
He'd more pluck in his heels than he had in his heart!
Why zounds! man—the words used they mostly make Dutch of—

(As warm as the chutney he'd eaten so much of)
And he gave the poor table a terrible blow,
As he said with an aspirate, "Hi——ll let 'em know."

And Alderman Grubber was no less determined,
Though his gown was all silk and its edge was all ermined,
After thirty years' service to one corporation
To be libelled at last with the foul allegation,
He'd been "nicely paid for his work for the nation;
That Town Hall and Workhouse, Exchange and Infirmary,
Were all built on ground that by twistings and turnery,
Had been bought through the nose at a fabulous rate
From the patriot lord of the Grubber estate!"
Why, turtle and turbot, hock, champagne and sherry,
'Twould rile the Archbishop of Canterbury!

The Editor sat in his high-backed chair;
He listen'd a hark, and he looked a stare,
A sort of a mixture of humour and scare,
As he heard a footfall on the foot of the stair:
In a moment he buried his head in some "copy,"
As in walked the Captain as red as a poppy.

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"This the Editor's room, sir?" the thunderer shouted,
In the tone which so often a phalanx had routed;
While he nervously twiddled the "gamp" in his hand,
Which so often had scatter'd a mutinous band.

Now the Editor's views were as broad as the ocean
(His heart represented its wildest commotion),
In a moment he took in the whole situation
(And double distilled it in heart palpitation):
Then quickly arose with a dignified air,
And the wave of a hand and a nod at a chair;
Saying: "Yes, sir; it is, sir: be seated a minute,
The Editor's *in*, and I'll soon send him *in it*."
Then as quick as a flash of his own ready wit,
He opened the door and got outside of it.

He skipp'd with a bound o'er
The stairs to the ground floor,
And turning his feet bore
Straight on for the street door;
When—what could astound more—'
The spot he was bound for
Was guarded in force by that great butter tubber,
The patriot millionaire, Alderman Grubber:
A smart riding-whip impatiently cracking,
The food for his vengeance the only thing lacking.
"Is the Editor in?" said the voice that had thrilled,
A thousand times over the big Town Hall filled!
While the crack of the whip and the stamp of the feet,
Made the Editor wish himself safe in the street.

But an Editor's ever a man of resource,
He is never tied down to one definite course:
He shrank not a shrink nor waver'd a wave,
He blank not a blink nor quaver'd a quave;
But, pointing upstairs as he turn'd to the door,
Said "Editor's room number two second floor."

Like a lion let loose on his innocent prey,
Strode the Alderman upstairs that sorrowful day:
Like a tiger impatiently waiting his foe,
The captain was pacing the room to and fro
When the Alderman enter'd—but here draw a veil,
There is much to be sad for and much to bewail.

Whoever began it, or ended the fray,
All they found in the room when they swept it next day,
Was a large pile of fragments beyond all identity
(Monument sad to the conflict's intensity).
And the analyst said whom the coroner quested,
The whole of the heap he had carefully tested,
And all he could find in his search analytic
(But tables and chairs and such things parenthetic),
He wore as he turned, white, black, blue, green, and purple,
Was one stone of chutney and two stone of turtle.

And the Editor throve, as all editors should
Who devote all their thought to the popular good:
For the paper containing this little affair,
Ran to many editions and sold everywhere.
And the moral is plain, tho' you do your own writing,
There are better plans than to do your own fighting!

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NAT RICKET.

BY ALFRED H. MILES.

Nat Ricket at cricket was ever a don
As if you will listen I'll tell you anon;
His feet were so nimble, his legs were so long,
His hands were so quick and his arms were so strong,
That no matter where, at long-leg or square,
At mid-on, at mid-off, and almost mid-air,
At point, slip, or long-stop, wherever it came,
At long-on or long-off, 'twas always the same—
If Nat was the scout, back came whizzing the ball,
And the verdict, in answer to Nat's lusty call,
Was always "Run out," or else "No run" at all:
At bowling, or scouting, or keeping the wicket,
You'd not meet in an outing another Nat Ricket.

Nat Ricket for cricket was always inclined,
Even babyhood showed the strong bent of his mind:
At TWO he could get in the way of the ball;
At FOUR he could catch, though his hands were so small;
At SIX he could bat; and before he was SEVEN
He wanted to be in the county eleven.

But that was the time, for this chief of his joys,
When the Muddleby challenged the Blunderby boys:
They came in a waggon that Farmer Sheaf lent them,
With Dick Rick the carter, in whose charge he sent them.
And as they came over the Muddleby hill,
The cheer that resounded I think I hear still;
And of all the gay caps that flew into the air,
The top cap of all told Nat Ricket was there.

They tossed up, and, winning
The choice of the inning,
The Blunderby boys took the batting in hand,
And went to the wicket,
While nimble Nat Ricket
Put his *men* in the field for a resolute stand;
And as each sturdy scout took his usual spot,
Our Nat roamed about and looked after the lot;

And as they stood there, when the umpire called “Play,”
’Twas a sight to remember for many a day,

Nat started the bowling (and take my word, misters,
There’s no bowling like it for underhand twisters);
And what with the pace and the screw and the aim,
It was pretty hard *work*, was that Blunderby *game*;
With Nat in the field to look after the ball,
’Twas a terrible struggle to get runs at all;
Though they hit out their hardest a regular stunner,
’Twas rare that it reckoned for more than a oner;
’Twas seldom indeed that they troubled the scorer
To put down a twoer, a threer, or fourer;
And as for a lost ball, a fiver, or sixer,
The Blunderby boys were not up to the trick, sir;
Still they struggled full well, and at sixty the score
The last wicket fell, and the innings was o’er.

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But then came the cheering,—
Nat Ricket appearing,
A smile on his face and a bat in his hand,
As he walked to the wicket,—
From hillside to thicket,
They couldn't cheer more for a lord of the land.
And when he began, 'twas a picture to see
How the first ball went flying right over a tree,
How the second went whizzing close up to the sky,
And the third ball went bang in the poor umpire's eye;

How he made poor point dance on his nimble young pins,
As a ball flew askance and came full on his shins;
How he kept the two scorers both working like niggers
At putting down runs and at adding up figures;
How he kept all the field in profuse perspiration
With rushing and racing and wild agitation,—
Why, Diana and Nimrod, or both rolled together,
Never hunted the stag as they hunted the leather.

It was something like cricket, there's no doubt of that,
When nimble Nat Ricket had hold of the bat.
You may go to the Oval, the Palace, or Lord's,
See the cricketing feats which each county affords,
But you'll see nothing there which, for vigour and life,
Will one moment compare with the passionate strife
With which Muddleby youngsters and Blunderby boys
Contend for the palm in this chief of their joys.

I need hardly say, at the end of the day,
The Muddleby boys had the best of the play,—
Tho' the bright-coloured caps of the Blunderby chaps
Were as heartily waved as the others, perhaps;
And as they drove off down the Blunderby lane,
The cheering resounded again and again.

And Nat and his party, they, too, went away;
And I haven't seen either for many a day.
Still, don't be surprised
If you see advertised,
The name of Nat Ricket
Connected with cricket,
In some mighty score or some wonderful catch,
In some North and South contest or good county match.

And if ever, when passing by cricketing places,
You see people talking and pulling long faces,
’Cause some country bumpkin has beaten the Graces,
Just step to the gate and politely enquire,
And see if they don’t say, “N. Ricket, Esq.”;
Or buy a “cor’ect card t’ the fall o’ th’ last wicket,”
And see if it doesn’t say “Mr. N. Ricket.”
For wherever you go, and whatever you see,
In the north or the south of this land of the free,
You never will find—and that all must agree—
Such a rickety, crickety fellow as he.

’SPAeCIALLY JIM.

FROM “HARPER’S MAGAZINE.”

I wus mighty good-lookin’ when I wus young—
Peert an’ black-eyed an’ slim,
With fellers a-courtin’ me Sunday nights,
’Spaecially Jim.

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The likeliest one of ’em all wus he,
Chipper an’ han’som an’ trim;
But I toss’d up my head, an’ made fun o’ the crowd,
’Spaecially Jim.

I said I hadn’t no ‘pinion o’ men,
And I wouldn’t take stock in *him!*
But they kep’ up a-comin’ in spite o’ my talk,
’Spaecially Jim.

I got *so* tired o’ havin’ ’em roun’
(’Spaecially Jim!),
I made up my mind I’d settle down
An’ take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
’Twas crowded full to the brim,
’Twas the only way to get rid of ’em all,
’Spaecially Jim.

’ARRY’S ANCIENT MARINER.

(*TOLD ON MARGATE JETTY*.)

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

He was an ainshunt mariner
Wot sailed the oshun blue;
His craft it was the *Crazy Jane*
Wot was made of wood and glue.

It sailed ’atween *Westminister*
And the Gulf of Timbucktoo;
Its bulkhead was a putty one;
Its cargo—no one knew.

I’ve heerd as how when a storm came on
It ’ud turn clean upside down,
But I *never* could make out as why
Its skipper didn’t drown.

He was the most unwashedest
Old salt I ever knowed:
And all the things as he speaked about
Was nearly always “blowed.”

One day he told me a straw'nry tale,
But I don't think it were lies,
Bekos he swore as it was true—
Tho' a big 'un as to size.

He sez as how in the Biskey Bay
They was sailin' along one night,
When a *summat* rose from the bilin' waves
As give him a *norful* fright.

He wouldn't exzagerate, he sed—
No, he wouldn't, not if he died;
But the head of that monster was most as big
As a bloomin' mountain-side.

Its eyes was ten times bigger 'an the moon;
Its ears was as long as a street;
And each of its eyelids—*without tellin' lies*—
Would have kivered an or'nary sheet.

"And now," said he, "may I *never speak agin*
If I'm a-tellin' yer wrong,
But the length o' that sarpint from head to tail
Warn't a *ninch* under *ten mile long*,

"To the end of its tail there hung a great wale,
And a-ridin' on its back was sharks;
On the top of its head about two hundred seals
Was a-havin' no end of larks.

"Now, as to beleevin' of what I sez *next*
Yer can do as yer likes," sez he;
"But this 'ere sarpint, or whatever he was,
He ups and he *speaks* to me.

"Sez the sarpint, sez he, in a voice like a clap
Of thunder, or a cannon's roar:
'Now say good-bye to the air and the sky
For you'll never see land no more.'

"I shivered like a sail wot's struck by a gale
And I downs on my bended knees;
And the tears rolls over my face like a sea,
And I shrieks like a gull in a breeze.

"Sez I, 'I'm an ainshunt old skipper, that's all,
And I ain't never done nuffin wrong.'

He sez, ’You old lubber, just stow that blubber,
I’m a-going fer to haul yer along.’

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“Then he puts out a fin like a big barndoor—
Now this ’ere is real straight truth—
It sounds like a fable, but he tuk my bloomin’ cable,
And he tied it to his left front tooth!

“In another second more, at the bottom of the sea
The *Crazy Jane* was aground; Sez I,
’You oughter be ashamed of yerself,
It’s a one-der as I wasn’t drowned.’

“Then he calls on a porkeypine a-standin’ quite near,
Sez he, ‘Look arter this barge,’
‘A-begging your pardon that’s a *wessel*’ I sez:
Sez he: ‘Werry fine and large!’

“With one of hiz eye-lashes, thick as a rope,
He ties me on to his knoze,
Then down in a cave right under the sea
Like a flash of light we goes.

“He tuk me up to his wife, who was
A murmyaid with three tails;
She was havin’ of her dinner, and perlitely she sez,
‘Will you have some o’ these ‘ere snails?’

“So I sits me down by her buteful side—
She’d a face like a sunset sky;
Her hair was a sort of a scarlety red,
And her knoze was strait as a die.

“I hadn’t sot a minit wen sez she to me,
’Sammy, don’t yer know me agane?
Why, I’m the wife arter wot yer call’d yer ship;
Sure enuf, it *was* Craizy Jane—

“The wife as had bother’d me all my life,
Until she got drown’d one day,
When a-bathin’ out o’ one of them there masheens
In this wery same Margit Bay.

“The Sarpint was a-havin’ of his dinner, and so
She perposed as how we should fly—
But, sez I to meself, ’What, take *you* back?
Not if I knose it,’ sez I.

"'But how about them there tails?' I sez—
'On shore *them* will niver doo;'
She sez, 'Yer silly, why, karn't yer see,
They're only fixed on wi' a screw?'

"So I tells her as how I'll go fetch the old ship
Wile she's a-unscreuing of her tails;
But when I gets back to the *Crazy Jane*
I finds there a couple of wales.

"I jist had time to see the biggest of the two
A-swallerin' of the ship right whole,
And in one more momint he swallered me too,
As true as I'm a livin' sole.

"But when he got to the surfis of the sea,
A summat disagreed with that wale,
And he up with me and the *Crazy Jane* and all—
And this 'ere's the end of my tail."

* * * * *

Then this old ainshunt mariner, he sez unto me—
And 'onesty was shinin' in hiz eyes—
"*It's jist the sort o' story wot no one won't beleeve—*
But it's true, little nipper, if I dies,"

THE AMATEUR ORLANDO.

BY GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
(Kind hearer, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class,
Don't call that Amature.)
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
And every other age.

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It had a walking gentleman,
  A leading juvenile,
First lady in book-muslin dressed.
  With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
  Benignant heavy pa,
And oh, heavier still was the heavier vill-
  Ain, with his fierce “Ha! Ha!”

There wasn’t an author from Shakespeare down—
  Or up—to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren’t competent
  To collar and assault.
And when the winter time came round—
  “Season” ’s a stagier phrase—
The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
  Of the Bard of Avon’s plays.

’Twas *As You Like It* that they chose;
  For the leading lady’s heart
Was set on playing *Rosalind*
  Or some other page’s part,
And the President of the Am. Dram. Ass.,
  A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for *Oriando*, in which *role*
  He felt he’d make his mark.

“I mind me,” said the President,
  (All thoughtful was his face,)
“When *Oriando* was taken by Thingummy
  That *Charles* was played by Mace.
Charles hath not many lines to speak,
  Nay, not a single length—
If find we can a Mussulman
  (That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as *Charles*—
  But, alas, it can’t be did—”
“It can,” replied the Treasurer;
  “Let’s get the Hunky Kid.”

This Hunky Kid of whom he spoke
  Belonged to the P.R.;
He always had his hair cut short,
  And always had catarrh;

His voice was gruff, his language rough,
  His forehead villainous low,
And ’neath his broken nose a vast
  Expanse of jaw did show.
He was forty-eight about the chest,
  And his fore-arm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a-half—
  Such was the Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass. they have engaged
  This pet of the P.R.;
As *Charles the Wrestler* he’s to be
  A bright particular star.
And when they put the programme out,
  Announce him thus they did:
Oriando...Mr. ROMEO JONES;
  Charles...Mr. HUNKY KID.

The night has come; the house is packed,
  From pit to gallery,
As those who through the curtain peep
  Quake inwardly to see.
A squeak’s heard in the orchestra,
  As the leader draws across
Th’ intestines of the agile cat
  The tail of the noble hoss.

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All is at sea behind the scenes,
  Why do they fear and funk?
Alas, alas, the Hunky Kid
  Is lamentably drunk!
He's in that most unlovely stage
  Of half intoxication
When men resent the hint they're tight
  As a personal imputation!

"Ring up! Ring up!" *Orlando* cried,
  "Or we must cut the scene;
For *Charles the Wrestler* is imbued
  With poisonous benzine;
And every moment gets more drunk
  Than he before has been."

The wrestling scene has come and *Charles*
  Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him's an inclined plane,
  The footlights make him blink.
Still strives he to act well his part
  Where all the honour lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines—
  His language recognise.
Instead of "Come, where is this young——?"
  This man of bone and brawn,
He squares himself and bellows: "Time!
  Fetch your *Orlandos* on!"

"Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
  Fair *Rosalind* said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
  Grapple right furiously;
But *Charles the Wrestler* had no sense
  Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones,
  In Graeco-Roman style:
He got what they call a grape-vine lock
  On that leading juvenile;
He flung him into the orchestra,
  And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
  No matter what—and died!

When once the tiger has tasted blood
  And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
  Than he can possibly eat.

And thus it was with the Hunky Kid;
  In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against *Rosalind*
  Not in the way of kindness;
He chased poor *Celia* off at L.,
  At R.U.E. *Le Beau*,
And he put such a head upon *Duke Fred*,
  In fifteen seconds or so,
That never one of the courtly train
  Might his haughty master know.

* * * * *

And that's precisely what came to pass,
Because the luckless carles
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
Cast the Hunky Kid for *Charles!*

—*New York World*.

A BALLAD OF A BAZAAR.

BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

First Day.

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He was young, and she—enchanting!
  She had eyes of tender grey,
Fringed with long and lovely lashes,
  As he passed they seemed to say,
With a look that was quite killing,
  “Won’t you buy a pretty flower?
Come, invest—well, just a shilling,
  For the fairest in my bower!”
Though that bower was full of blossoms,
  Yet the fairest of them all
Was the pretty grey-eyed maiden
  Standing ’mong them, slim and tall,
With her dainty arms uplifted
  O’er her figure as she stood
Just inside the trellised doorway
  Fashioned out of rustic wood;
And she pouted as he passed her,
  And that pout did so beguile,
That he thought it more bewitching
  Than another’s sweetest smile.
Fair as tiny dew-dipped rosebuds
  Were the little rounded lips;
And the youth ransacked his pockets
  In a rhapsody of grips.
Then he went and told her plainly
  That he’d not a farthing left,
But would gladly pledge his “Albert”;
  So with fingers quick and deft,
She unloosed his golden watch-chain—
  Coiled it round her own white arm,
Said she’d keep it till the morrow
  As a *souvenir*—a charm.

Second Day.

Full of hope, and faith, and fondness,
  He went forth at early morn,
And paced up and down the entrance,
  Like a man that was forlorn.
Thus for hour on hour he waited,
  Till they opened the bazaar;
Then she came with kindly greeting;
  “Ah, well, so then, there you are!
Come, now, go in for a raffle—

Buy a ticket—half-a-crown."
Ah, those eyes! who *could* refuse them?—
And he put the money down.
Then, enthralled, he stood and watched her—
Sought each movement of that face,
With its wealth of witching beauty,
And its glory and its grace.
When the raffling was over,
Thus she spake in tones of pain:
"You are really most unlucky—
My—my *husband's* won *your chain*!"

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

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

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Thou tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why Jane, he'll set his pinafore on fire)
Thou imp of mirth and joy,
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

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

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

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

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

'TWAS EVER THUS.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

I never rear'd a young gazelle
(Because, you see, I never tried);
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged uncle JOHN
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle!

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I never loved a tree or flower;
  But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
  Would soon have wither'd it away.
I've dearly loved my uncle JOHN
  From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he *will* go living on—
  I would he were a tree or flower!

MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

Ovh! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin ye could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry!—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix, and I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan; and ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' yer remarks). An' is it meself, with five good characters from respectable places, woud be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure, an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at once-t when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she. "And, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure, an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him, nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff; for I minded me how them French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacent and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen, smilin', and says, kind o' schared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty; an' ye'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, misthrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up, and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rayle haythen Chineser, a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If ye'll belave me, the crayther was that yeller it 'ud sicken ye to see him; and sorra stick was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenestest shoes yer ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore ye could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, an' playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens, and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissid thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles;

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an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' ye'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he a-grinnin', an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!), and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin', that sharp, ye'd be shurprised, an' ketchin an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge o' the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, an' he a-atin' wid drumsticks?—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant ye, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a week ago come Toosday, an' me foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd been doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be sittin' down to pale the praties, or the likes o' that; an' do ye mind, that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses.

Did I lave for that? Faix, an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythen! Ye're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper, and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin'-blanket, the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a-spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in, and stands fornenst her wid his boondles; and she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name or any other but just haythen)—she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles, an' emty out the sugar and what not where they belongs. If ye'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup of sugar, an' a han'ful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap, 'em into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin'-blanket, an' pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein sly to put them in. Och! the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, an' missus sayin' "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle yer blood. "He's a haythen nager," says I. "I've found yer out," says she, "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's yerself ought to be arristid," says she. "Yer won't," says I, "I will," says she. And so it went, till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

—*Theophilus and Others*.

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THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY BRET HARTE.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES (TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870).

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name!
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise,

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made

Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, “Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,”—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game “he did not understand.”

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that’s wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

ONE OF THE “NINE STORIES OF CHINA." BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A beautiful maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never was seen such beautiful eyes.
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet!
You’d scarcely meet

In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair was remarkably small and neat.

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Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it:
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it!
As you may suppose,
She had plenty of beaux
Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young:
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;
Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-be-Hung she mocked the sama,
By echoing back his ugly name!

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt;
Love is a passion that *will* be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"—
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she?
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station,—
A sort of Imperial poor relation,
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear

Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!
And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne The men declared they couldn't see; But all the ladies, over their tea, In this one point were known to agree: *Four gifts* were sent to aid his plea: A smoking-pipe with a golden clog, A box of tea and a poodle dog, And a painted heart that was all aflame, And bore, in blood, the lover's name, Ah! how could presents

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pretty as these A delicate lady fail to please? She smoked the pipe with the golden clog, And drank the tea, and ate the dog, And kept the heart,—and that's the way The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon;
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
  And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
  For *he* had been trying to "take her off."
Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven,"
He wish'd to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set!
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea,
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
      Cried, "Ho-Ho!
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most infernal plan
Invented since the world began;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog;
Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and locked him in;
      Then giving the key
      To poor Min-Ne,

Said, “Love, there’s something you *mustn’t* see
In the chest beneath the orange-tree.”

* * * * *

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reach’d the Emperor’s ear,
And his highness said, “It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!”
And he doom’d Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill’d his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo’d in the mildest way,
For a calendar month, three times a day.
And that’s the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

THE HIRED SQUIRREL.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

A lion to the Squirrel said:
“Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Rewarded you shall be
With a barrel-full of finest nuts,
Fresh from my own nut-tree.”
“My Lion King,” the Squirrel said,
“To this I do agree.”

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The Squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So hungry and so faint sometimes
He thought he should expire.
But still he kept his courage up,
And tugged with might and main,
“How nice the nuts will taste,” he thought,
“When I my barrel gain.”

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And thin and old and grey,
Quoth th’ Lion: “There’s no more hard work
You’re fit to do. I’ll pay.”
A barrel-full of nuts he gave—
Ripe, rich, and big; but oh!
The Squirrel’s tears ran down his cheeks.
He’d *lost his teeth*, you know!

BALLAD OF THE TRAILING SKIRT.

NEW YORK “LIFE.”

I met a girl the other day,
  A girl with golden tresses,
Who wore the most bewitching air,
  And daintiest of dresses.

I gazed at her with kindling eye
  And admiration utter—
Until I saw her silken skirt
  Was trailing in the gutter!

“What senseless style is this?” I thought;
  “What new sartorial passion?
And who on earth stands sponsor for
  The idiotic fashion?”

I’ve asked a dozen maids or more,
  A tailor and his cutter,
But no one knows why skirts are made
  To drag along the gutter.

Alas for woman, fashion's slave;
  She does not seem to mind it.
Her silk or satin sweeps the street
  And leaves no filth behind it.

For all the dirt the breezes blow
  And all the germs that flutter
May find a refuge in the gowns
  That swish along the gutter.

What lovely woman wills to do
  She does without a reason.
To interfere is waste of time,
  To criticise is treason.

Man's only province is to work
  To earn his bread and butter—
And buy her all the skirts she wants
  To trail along the gutter.

TO THE GIRL IN KHAKI.

"MODERN SOCIETY."

I put the question shyly,
Lest you inform me dryly
That women's ways are far beyond my ken;
But was not khaki chosen
For coats and breeks and hosen
To render men invisible to men?

Why, then, dear maid, do you
Forsake your gayest hue
And dress in viewless khaki spick and span?
You charming little miss,
It never can be this:
To render you invisible to man!

Not that at all? What then?
You do *not* fear the men:
Perchance you only wish to hide your heart,
And so, you fickle flirt,
You don a khaki skirt
To foil the deadly aim of Cupid's dart.

THE TENDER HEART.

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BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

She gazed upon the burnished brace
Of partridges he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face;
“How *could* you do it, dear?” she sighed,
“The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!”
Said he, “The partridge never sings.”
Said she, “The sin is quite the same.

“You men are savage through and through.
  A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird’s eggs, white or blue,
  Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle-worm in anguish dies,
  Impaled, the pretty trout to tease——”
“My own, I fish for trout with flies——”
  “Don’t wander from the question, please!”

She quoted Burns’s “Wounded Hare,”
  And certain burning lines of Blake’s,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
  And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson’s “Forbearance” he
  Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning’s “Donald” utterly
  His soul surrendered and succumbed.

“Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,”
  He thought, “beneath the blessed sun!”
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
  And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
  And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
  To trim her hat with humming-birds.

A SONG OF SARATOGA.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Pray what do they do at the Springs?"
  The question is easy to ask:
But to answer it fully, my dear,
  Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
  As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song,
  To tell what they do at the Springs.

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
  The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavour is none of the best,
  And the odour exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
  With wholesome medicinal things;
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink—
  And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast, or dine;
The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.
Ye gods! what a rustle and rush,
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings:
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

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The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
  And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
  And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist—
  How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz—
  And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short—as it goes in the world—
  They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
  They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance
  (With other remarkable things):
They pray, and they play, and they PAY—
  And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

THE SEA.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

She was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."
So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed in its face the while
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a pokey stupid picture," said she;
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,

And a handsome pavilion for the band,—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
“What a perfectly exquisite picture,” said she;
“It’s the very *image* of the sea.”

—*Century Magazine*.

A TALE OF A NOSE.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

’Twas a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.
Haven’t heard of it, eh? Well, then, to begin,
There’s a Jew down there whom they call “Old Mose,”
Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose—which the same is short for Moses—
Had one of the biggest kind of noses:
It had a sort of an instep in it,
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,
And, trying to punch him *a la* Mace,
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

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He picked it up from off the ground,
And quickly back in its place ’twas bound,
Keeping the bandage upon his face
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose! ’Twas a sad mistake
Which he in his haste that day did make;
For, to add still more to his bitter cup,
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

“There’s no great loss without some gain;”
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad:
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze!

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot’s oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager-bier,
Foots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I’d dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup such a touse!
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy,
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

DOT BABY OF MINE.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
And his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

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I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says “Mamma,” und “Bapa,” und somedimes “ah-goo!”
You don’t find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;
He durables der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks of dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don’t likes pooty veil;
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo’es,
Vhile der chills down der sphine off mine pack quickly goes.
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn’t so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Veil, dese leedle schafers vos goin’ to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
Und voudn’t got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Veil! veil! ven I’m feeple und in life’s decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

A DUTCHMAN’S MISTAKE.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I geeps me von leedle schtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot peeznis, but I don’t got mooch gapital to work mit, so I finds it hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I vould like.

Last veek I hear about some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he vould gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple of days. He gafe me der refusal—dot is, he sait I gouldn’t haf dem—but he sait he vould gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder.

Veil, I vas behind mine gounter yesterday, ven a shentle-man gomes in and dakes me py der hant and says, “Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve.” I says, “Yaw,” und den I tinks to mine-self, dis vas der man vot has doze goots to sell, und I must dry to make some goot imbressions mit him, so ve gould do some peesnis.

“Dis vas goot schtore,” he says, looking roundt, “bud you don’t got a pooty big shtock already.” I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat ’bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says, “You ton’t tink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, vould you?” He says, “You ton’t tole me! Vos dot bossible!” I says, “Yaw.”

I meant dot id vas bossible, dough id vasn’t so, vor I vas like ’Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der “olt elm” on Poston Gommons mit his leedle hadchet, and gouldn’t dell some lies aboud id.

“Veil,” says der shentleman, “I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore.” Und den he takes a pig book vrom unter his arm and say, “Veil, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars.”

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I ask him vot he means py “Poots me town,” und den he says he vas von off der tax-men, or assessors off broperty, und he tank me so kintly as nefer vas, pecause he say I vas sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn’t dry und sheat der gofermants.

I dells you vot it vos, I tidn’t veel any more petter as a hundert ber cent, ven dot man valks oudt of mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit strangers I vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

THE OWL CRITIC.

JAMES T. FIELDS, IN “HARPER’S MAGAZINE.”

“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 *Daily*, 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 flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis!
I make no apology, I’ve learned owl-eology.
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.
He can't *do* it, because
'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 Audubon 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.

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"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.

THE TRUE STORY OF KING MARSHMALLOW,

O a jolly old fellow was King Marshmallow
As ever wore a crown!
At every draught of wine he quaffed,
And at every joke of his jester he laughed,
Laughed till the tears ran down—
O, he laughed Ha! Ha! and he laughed Ho! Ho!
And every time that he laughed, do you know,
The Lords in waiting they did just so.

But Queen Bonniberry was not quite so merry;
She sat and sighed all the while,
And she turned very red and shook her head
At everything Jingle the jester said,
And never vouchsafed a smile.
O, she sighed Ah me! and she sighed Heigh-oh!
And every time that she sighed, do you know,
The Ladies in waiting they did just so.

Then the jester spoke just by way of a joke,
(O he was a funny man!)
And he said May it please your majesties,
I wish to complain of those impudent fleas

That bite me whenever they can!
Then the king he laughed Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!
And the queen she sighed Ah me!—Heigh-oh!
While the Lords and the Ladies they did just so.

As for that, my man, the king began,
The fleas bite whoever they like,
But the very first flea you chance to see,
Wherever he may happen to be,
You have my permission to strike!
And the king he roared, Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!
While the queen she sighed Ah me!—Heigh-oh!
And the Lords and the Ladies they did just so.

Just then Jingle sighted a flea that had lighted
Right on—well, where *do* you suppose?
On Marshmallow's own royal face, and the clown
In bringing his hand with a swift motion down
Nearly ruined the poor monarch's nose.
And the king he shrieked Ah! Ah! Oh! Oh!
And the queen burst out laughing Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!
While the Lords and the Ladies stood stupidly by
And didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY (REV. R.H. BARHAM).

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

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In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, he perch'd on the chair
Where in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."
The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

* * * * *

There's a cry and a shout, and *no end* of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about

But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of evil, and wake in a fright;

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He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of. Jim Crow!

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

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Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
  In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
  As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!
  Hurra for the Spear and Sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
  For he shall be King and Lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
  As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade
  As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
  Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
  And spoils of the forest free,
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
  Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
  And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
  Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
  For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
  In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smoulder'd low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,

And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—“Hurra for my handiwork!”
And the red sparks lit the air;
“Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;”
And he fashion’d the First Plough-share!

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship join’d their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plough’d the willing lands;
And sang—“Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We’ll not forget the Sword!”

THE THREE PREACHERS.

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BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Fill'd with eloquence and power:—
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:—
"Backward! ye presumptuous nations;
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labour and to pray;
Backward!' ye presumptuous nations—
Back!—be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands:
"Stand ye still! ye restless nations;
And be happy, all ye lands!
Fate is law, and law is perfect;
If ye meddle, ye will mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so:
We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
Genius flashes from his eyes:
And the crowds who hear his voice
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall:—
"Forward! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all:
Man was made for healthful effort;
Tyranny has crush'd him long;
He shall march from good to better,
And do battle with the wrong.

“Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime:
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure;
Onward! keep the march of Time,
Onward! while a wrong remains
To be conquer’d by the right;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason
Of the universal heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom
Action is the wise man’s part.

“Lo! the world is rich in blessings:
Earth and Ocean, flame and wind,
Have unnumber’d secrets still,
To be ransack’d when you will,
For the service of mankind;
Science is a child as yet,
And her power and scope shall grow,
And her triumphs in the future
Shall diminish toil and woe;
Shall extend the bounds of pleasure
With an ever-widening ken,
And of woods and wildernesses
Make the homes of happy men.

“Onward!—there are ills to conquer,
Daily wickedness is wrought,
Tyranny is swoln with Pride,
Bigotry is deified,
Error intertwined with Thought,
Vice and Misery ramp and crawl;—
Root them out, their day has pass’d;
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last:
Onward! and all earth shall aid us
Ere our peaceful flag be furl’d.”—
And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

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If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

PATRIOTISM.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
  From out the storied Past, and used
  Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turned round on fixed poles,
  Love that endures not sordid ends,
  For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers, and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
  Nor feed with crude imaginings
  The herd, wild hearts, and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
  To weakness, neither hide the ray
  From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
  But let her herald, Reverence, fly
  Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main currents draw the years:
  Cut Prejudice against the grain:
  But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
  Of pension, neither count on praise:
  It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
  Not master'd by some modern term;
  Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
  With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
  Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
  And moist and dry, devising long,
  Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
  Our being, lest we rust in ease.
  We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
  To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
  And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

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A saying, hard to shape in act;
  For all the past of Time reveals
  A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
  A motion toiling in the gloom—
  The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
  Completion in a painful school;
  Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
  But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
  And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
  Is bodied forth the second whole.
  Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
  And heap their ashes on the head;
  To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

O yet, if Nature's evil star
  Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
  To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
  Must ever shock, like armed foes,
  And this be true, till time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
  To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
  But with his hand against the hilt
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
  Would serve his kind in deed and word,
  Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
  From either side, nor veil his eyes:
  And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
  As we bear blossom of the dead;
  Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

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

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Our birds of song are silent now,
  Few are the flowers blooming,
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
  And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide creeps up alway,
  Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
  Shall float again to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
  And yet the Tide heaves onward;
We climb, like Corals, grave by grave,
  That pave a pathway sunward;
We are driven back, for our next fray
  A newer strength to borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps to-day
  The Rear shall rest to-morrow!

Through all the long, dark 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,
  The 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 is rolling freedom's way,
  And ripening with her sorrow;
Take heart! who bear the Cross to-day,
  Shall wear the Crown to-morrow!

O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire
  With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
  Our yearning opes a portal;
And though age wearies by the way,
  And hearts break in the furrow—
Youth sows the golden grain to-day—
  The harvest comes 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; though they
  Be singly born in sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
  Brings victory to-morrow!

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the' wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

BY JAMES THOMSON.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame

To work *their* woe and *thy* renown.
“Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.”

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev’ry shore it circles, thine.
“Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.”

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown’d,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
“Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.”

Printed by H. Virtue and Company, Limited, City Road, London.