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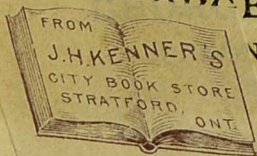
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THE
BOOK OF RECITATIONS

A

*COLLECTION OF PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS
OF THE BEST POETS AND DRAMATISTS*

Adapted for Recitation

BY

CHARLES HARTLEY

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION; AUTHOR OF "THE ART OF RECITING," "HOW TO
SPEAK WELL IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE," ETC.

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

THE
BOOK OF RECITATIONS

COLLECTION OF PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS
OF THE BEST POETS AND DRAMATISTS

Edited by

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

CHARLES HARTLEY

PROFESSOR OF ELUCIDATION, AUTHOR OF "THE ART OF WRITING," "HOW TO SPEAK WELL IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE," ETC.

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
Broadway, Lincoln Inn
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PREFACE.

THERE is no more agreeable entertainment, or more intellectual accomplishment, than reciting from the best poets and dramatists. It develops the critical powers, as well as the voice and action. Such recitation, as the great Lord Clarendon says, is "the best and most natural way to introduce an assurance and confidence in speaking, with that leisure and tone of pronunciation that is decent and graceful, and in which so few men are excellent, for want of information and care when they are young."

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In the various excellent "Speakers," &c., published, the greater number of pieces are more fitted for reading than reciting. To supply a want much felt on this account by Elocutionists, the present Collection

has been made, in which every passage chosen is specially adapted for recitation.

The Editor has adhered strictly to the texts of the best editions of the respective authors, without alteration. But he suggests that, in reciting, "Heaven" should be substituted for the name of the Deity.

The Editor also begs respectfully to thank the various Authors and Publishers who have kindly allowed the insertion of copyright passages.

For instruction in reciting, see "HARTLEY'S ART OF RECITING," One Shilling, Groombridge & Sons, Paternoster Row, to whose care all communications respecting PRIVATE LESSONS, CLASSES, and RECITALS are requested to be sent.

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THE
BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

PART I.—POETIC.

THE DIVER.

BY SCHILLER, TRANSLATED BY BULWER LYTTON.

“OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o’er it already the dark waters flow ;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
“And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—“The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king,
 Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
 'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle ;
 And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
 On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
 One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
 Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
 Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again ;
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending ;
 And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
 Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
 And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,
 The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
 A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell ;
 The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
 Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again,
 Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
 And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
 And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
 From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
 Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
 Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"

More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathëd deep, and he breathëd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee ;
 And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
 He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
 She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
 And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King !

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
 The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
 May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
 Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven !
 Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
 The veil which is woven with terror and night !

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
 Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day ;
 Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
 And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
 Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
 Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me ;
 In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
 A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me ;
 I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by.
 And, lo ! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
 By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure !
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
 That the eye more appalled might the horror endure !
 Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
 Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast ;
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ;
 Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed ;

And, with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hycna of ocean.

“ There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none !
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a liveness so ghastly —ALONE !
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

“ Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey !
And darted, devouring ; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way ;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled : quoth he,
“ Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine ;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main !”

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
“ Ah ! father, my father, what more can there rest ?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire !”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide :
“ But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I’ll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side ;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
 And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes
 He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
 It pales—at the feet of her father she lies !
 How priceless the guerdon ! a moment—a breath—
 And headlong he plunges to life and to death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
 Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
 They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
 Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
 But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore !

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

BY WILLIS.

WOE for my vine-clad home !
 That it should ever be so dark to me,
 With its bright threshold and its whispering tree !
 That I should ever come,
 Fearing the lonely echo of a tread
 Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead !

Lead on, my orphan boy !
 Thy home is not so desolate to thee—
 And the low shiver in the linden-tree
 May bring to thee a joy ;
 But oh, how dark is the bright home before thee,
 To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee !

Lead on ! for thou art now
 My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,
 And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken ;
 And I have seen his brow—
 The forehead of my upright one, and just—
 Trod by the hoof of battle in the dust.

He will not meet thee there
 Who blest thee at the eventide, my son !
 And when the shadows of the night steal on,
 He will not call to prayer.
 The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
 Are in the icy keeping of the sod !

Ay, my own boy ! thy sire
 Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
 And the proud glory of my life hath past
 With his high glance of fire.
 Woe that the linden and the vine should bloom,
 And a just man be gathered to the tomb !

Why—bear them proudly, boy !
 It is the sword he girded to his thigh—
 It is the helm he wore in victory—
 And shall we have no joy ?
 For thy green vales, oh Switzerland, he died !—
 I will forget my sorrow in my pride !

THE LEGEND OF HORATIUS COCLES.

BY MACAULAY.

OUT spake the Consul¹ roundly :
 “ The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum² is lost,
 Nought else can save the town.”

* * * * *

¹ Valerius Publicola.

² One of the hills of Rome, from which it was separated by the Tiber. Porsena took the fort of Janiculum, and compelled the Romans to retreat over the bridge into the city.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate :
 " To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods ?

* * * * *

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

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian³ proud was he :
 " Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Tatian blood was he :
 " I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

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

³ Romulus divided the Romans into three tribes, called Rhamnenses, Tatienses, and Lucerenses.

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

* * * * *

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe ;
 And Fathers mixed with Commons,
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array,
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way ;

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

* * * * *

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance,
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack :
 But those behind cried "Forward !"
 And those before cried "Back !"

And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

* * * * *

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream :
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars' Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :

"Oh, Tiber ! Father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day !"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;

* Etruscan for "mighty chief."

And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent with changing blows :
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place :
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

“ Curse on him ! ” quoth false Sextus ;
 “ Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day,
 We should have sacked the town ! ”
 “ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Porsena
 “ And bring him safe to shore,
For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

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

It stands in the Comitium,⁵
 Plain for all folk to see,
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee ;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

* * * * *

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus⁶
 Roar louder yet within ;

⁵ The hall in the Forum, in which the people assembled to transact public business.

⁶ A mountain near Rome.

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

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

SAUL.¹

BY BYRON.

THOU, whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear :
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head !
 King, behold the phantom seer !"

Earth yawned ; he stood the centre of a cloud :
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
 His hand was withered, and his veins were dry ;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
 Shrunken, and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;

¹ See 1 Sam. chap. xxviii.

From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

“ Why is my sleep disquieted ?
 Who is he that calls the dead ?
 Is it thou, O king ? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
 Such are mine ; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me :
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul ! ”

THE FATAL SISTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORSE TONGUE, BY GRAY.

Now the storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
 Iron sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow !
 ('Tis of human entrails made),
 And the weights, that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling chords along ;
 Sword, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
 Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
 Join the wayward work to aid :
 'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading through the ensanguined field,
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound :
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun :
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease ; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song :
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :
Each her thundering falchion wield ;
Each bestride her sable steed,
Hurry, hurry to the field !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

BY LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

BY HOGG.

“MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen ;
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond ;
 The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay ;
 Arise ! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away.”—

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
 He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan :
 “Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed ;
 The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest.”—

“Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
 Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon ;
 Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
 We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here ;—”

“The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
 And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him ;
 This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
 And do what it freezes my vitals to say.

Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind ;
 Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
 Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
 Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man :
 But I've sworn, by the cross, by my God, and my all !
 An oath which I cannot, and dare not recall—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

“Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
 And looks, such as never were fastened on man.
 I knew her, O brother ! I knew her too well !
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart ; but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while,
 Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly !
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone ;
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright hair,
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun :
 That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“A parting embrace, in one moment she gave ;
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave !
 Then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown,
 ‘The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own !’”

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,
 Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield !
 Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart sood firm by his side:
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
 Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue ;
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
 Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
 It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed,—
 "No ! not for the universe !" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone :
 To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
 They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
 And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
 O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
 And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill :
 Young Malcolm, at distance couched, trembling the while—
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
 A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
 Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom ;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed ;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if born on the waves of the sea.
 Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,

Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he doted on the shelve of the rock ;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain ;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
“Macgregor ! Macgregor !” he bitterly cried ;
“Macgregor ! Macgregor !” the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye !

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

BY BYRON.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
 That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells :
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

DON GARZIA.

BY ROGERS.

AMONG those awful forms, in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as genii of the Place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass ;¹
And they, that read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him ; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.²

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer,)
Went to the chase ; but only one returned.
Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not, and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer ;
And, having caused the body to be borne

¹ Cosmo, the first Grand Duke.

² De Thou.

CRESCENTIUS.¹

BY MISS LANDON.

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there ;
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er Despair
 He had a power ; in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that Death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
 He raised them haughtily :
 And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he looked with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh :
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

¹ " In the reign of Otho III., emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the Republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho, in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations ; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans."—SISMONDI, *History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.

I saw him once before ; he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
 And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent, that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
 The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
 The sword which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now. .

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncovered eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
 A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son.
Her patriot and her latest one.

ABSALOM.

BY WILLIS.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow leaves,
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashioned for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,
 With his faint people, for a little rest
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh ! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !

He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
 Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
 In agony that would not be controlled,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straightened for the grave ; and, as the folds
 Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soiled
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him ; and the jewelled hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
 As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
 Of David entered, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still

Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb !
 My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee !
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet ‘ *My father!* ’ from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young ;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
 It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;—

And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
 A moment on his child: then, giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
 And, as if strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently—and left him there—
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

BY DRYDEN.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity ! they shout around :
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :
 Flushed with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes ! he comes !
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate.
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head,
 As awaked from the dead,
 And, amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear !
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high !
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thaïs led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

MEETING OF DEATH AND SATAN.

BY MILTON.

MEANWHILE the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight ; sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high

As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Or Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs : they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole. So seemed
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice three-fold the gates, three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
 With mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal.

Far less abhorred than these
 Vexed Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be called that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
 For each seemed either ; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not feared ; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned ;
And with disdainful look thus first began :

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven !”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
“ Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
And reckonest thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deformed : on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge

In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levelled his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend,—and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air :
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood ;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY CAMPBELL.

Wizard. LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling
 seer !

Or if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled **my**
 clan,

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their **breath**,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albion her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
 Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
 Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near ;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death-bell is tolling : oh ! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale

For never shall Albion a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

 IVAN THE CZAR.¹

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar,
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war ;
 He had cast his jewelled sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead—
 His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
 Was laid that form of clay,
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed
 Through the rich tent made way ;
 And a sad and solemn beauty
 On the pallid face came down,
 Which the lord of nations mutely watched
 In the dust, with his renown.

¹ Ivan the Czar, or Emperor of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, from his passion and cruelty, when old besieged Novogorod. His Boyards, or nobles, perceiving his incapacity, entreated him to give the command to his son. He was so enraged at this request, that although his son threw himself at his feet, he struck him with such force that he died in two days. Ivan survived him only two or three months.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
 From his full bosom broke—
 A mournful thing it was to hear
 How then the proud man spoke !
 The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
 Burdened with agony.

“There is no crimson on thy cheek,
 And on thy lip no breath ;
 I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
 They tell me this is death !
 And fearful things are whispering
 That I the deed have done,
 For the honour of thy father’s name,
 Look up, look up, my son !

“Well might I know death’s hue and mien—
 But on thine aspect, boy !
 What, till this moment, have I seen,
 Save pride and tameless joy ?
 Swiftest thou wert to battle,
 And bravest there of all—
 How could I think a warrior’s frame
 Thus like a flower should fall ?

“I will not bear that still cold look—
 Rise up, thou fierce and free !
 Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook
 All, save this calm, from thee !
 Lift brightly up, and proudly,
 Once more thy kindling eyes !
 Hath my word lost its power on earth ?
 I say to thee, Arise !

“Didst thou not know I loved thee well ?
 Thou didst not ! and art gone,
 In bitterness of soul, to dwell
 Where man must dwell alone.

Come back, young fiery spirit !
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

“ Thou wert the first, the first, fair child
That in mine arms I pressed :
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast !
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee——dead !

“ Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs ! in my first-born's grave !
And leave me !—I have conquered,
I have slain : my work is done !
Whom have I slain ? Ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son !”

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed ;
From the searching stars of Heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school :
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin ;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in :
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,—
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can :
 But the Usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease :
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside,
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide :
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eyed,

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ Oh God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”
Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !
“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”
The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;
And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;
And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point^t
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain :
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
 Who spill life’s sacred stream !
 For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
 A murder in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man, and old ;
 I led him to a lonely field,—
 The moon shone clear and cold :
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
 And then the deed was done :
 There was nothing lying at my foot
 But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill ;
 And yet I feared him all the more,
 For lying there so still :
 There was a manhood in his look,
 That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo ! the universal air
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
 Were looking down in blame :
 I took the dead man by his hand,
 And called upon his name !

“ Oh God ! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain ;
 But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gushed out amain !
 For every clot, a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
 My heart as solid ice ;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the Devil's price :
 A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
 Had never groaned but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
 From the Heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging Sprite :—
 ‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
 And hide it from my sight !’

“ I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream,—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme :—
 My gentle Boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool ;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And washed my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young
 That evening in the school.

“ Oh Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim !
 I could not share in childish prayer,
 Nor join in Evening Hymn :
 Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
 ‘Mid holy Cherubim !

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread ;
 But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed ;
 And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep ;
 My fevered eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at Sleep :
 For Sin had rendered unto her
 The keys of Hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime,
 With one besetting horrid hint,
 That racked me all the time ;
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that **male**
 All other thoughts its slave ;
 Stronger and stronger every pulse
 Did that temptation crave,—
 Still urging me to go and see
 The Dead Man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
 As light was in the sky,
 And sought the black accursed pool
 With a wild misgiving eye ;
 And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
 For the faithless stream was dry.

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
 The dew-drop from its wing ;
 But I never marked its morning flight,
 I never heard it sing :
 For I was stooping once again
 Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
 I took him up and ran,—
 There was no time to dig a grave
 Before the day began :
 In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
 I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that day I read in school,
 But my thought was other where ;
 As soon as the mid-day task was done,
 In secret I was there :
 And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
 And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
 And first began to weep,
 For I knew my secret then was one
 That earth refused to keep :
 Or land or sea, though he should be
 Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“ So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
 Till blood for blood atones !
 Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,
 And trodden down with stones,
 And years have rotted off his flesh,—
 The world shall see his bones !

“ Oh God ! that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake !
 Again—again, with dizzy brain,
 The human life I take ;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow ;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
 It stands before me now !”
 The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walked between
 With gyves upon his wrist.

EXCELSIOR.

BY LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner, with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said,
 “ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried, in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE BROTHERS.

BY ROGERS.

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,
 They came together and were beautiful ;
 But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
 How mournful was their beauty ! She would sit,
 And look and weep, and look and weep again ;
 For Nature had but half her work achieved,
 Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
 Her noblest gifts ; denying speech to one,
 And to the other — reason.

But at length

(Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
 Another came, as fair and fairer still ;
 And then, how anxiously the mother watched
 Till reason dawned and speech declared itself !
 Reason and speech were his ; and down she knelt,
 Claspng her hands in silent ecstasy

On the hill-side, where still their cottage stands,
 ('Tis near the upper falls in Lauterbrounn ;
 For there I sheltered now, their frugal hearth
 Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
 And there, as round they sate, I heard their story.)
 On the hill-side, among the cataracts,
 In happy ignorance the children played ;
 Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
 Of what they had and had not ; everywhere
 Gathering rock-flowers ; or, with their utmost might,
 Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
 And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge ;

Yet, as by instinct, at the 'customed hour
 Returning ; the two eldest, step by step,
 Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
 Their infant brother.

Once the hour was past ;
 And, when she sought, she sought and could not find ;
 And when she found—Where was the little one ?
 Alas ! they answered not ; yet still she asked,
 Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
 Such as an eagle sends forth when he soars,—
 A scream that through the wild scatters dismay,
 The idiot boy looked up into the sky,
 And leaped and laughed aloud, and leaped again ;
 As if he wished to follow in its flight
 Something just gone, and gone from earth to heaven :
 While he, whose every gesture, every look
 Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,
 He who nor spoke nor heard—all things to him,
 Day after day, as silent as the grave,
 (To him unknown the melody of birds,
 Of waters—and the voice that should have soothed
 His infant sorrows, singing him to sleep),
 Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
 And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
 Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
 Flashed through her brain. "Has not some bird of prey,
 Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood--
 It must, it must be so !" And so it was.

There was an Eagle that had long acquired
 Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
 Savage, sublime ; nor from the hills alone
 Gathering large tribute, but from every vale ;
 Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,
 Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense
Assured to him who laid the tyrant low ;

And near his nest in that eventful hour,
 Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,
 A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
 And, as it chanced, their father.

In the South

A speck appeared, enlarging ; and ere long,
 As on his journey to the golden sun,
 Upward he came, the Felon in his flight,
 Ascending through the congregated clouds,
 That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
 The world beneath.—“ But what is in his grasp ?
 Ha ! 'tis a child—and may it not be ours ?
 I dare not, cannot ; and yet why forbear,
 When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it ?—
 May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth,
 And shot the apple from the youngling's head,
 Grant me the strength, the courage !” As he spoke,
 He aimed, he fired ; and at his feet they fell,
 The Eagle and the child—the child unhurt—
 Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.¹

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
 CHURCHYARD.

BY GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

¹ The Eagle and Child is a favourite sign in many parts of Europe.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”¹

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful—wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne :—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”²

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

¹ Here, in his first MS., followed this stanza :—

“Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o’er the heath we hied, our labour done ;
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.”

² In the poem, as originally printed, the following beautiful stanza preceded the epitaph :—

“There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

It was afterwards omitted, because he thought it too long a parenthesis.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

HOHENLINDEN.¹

BY CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser,² rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

¹ A village in Germany, where the Austrians and Bavarfians were completely defeated by the French under Moreau.

² The Danube.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank,³ and fiery Hun,⁴
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich !⁵ all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.¹

BY BRYANT.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name—

³ The French.

⁴ The Austrian.

⁵ The capital of Bavaria ; here, by the figure metonymy, the **Bavarian** army.

¹ The story of the African Chief, related in this ballad, may be found in the African Repository for April, 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, king of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground :—
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
 He was a captive now,
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow.
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
 Showed warrior true and brave ;
 A prince among his tribe before,
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
 “My brother is a king ;
 Undo this necklace from my neck,
 And take this bracelet ring,
 And send me where my brother reigns,
 And I will fill thy hands
 With store of ivory from the plains,
 And gold-dust from the sands.”

“Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
 Will I unbind thy chain ;
 That bloody hand shall never hold
 The battle-spear again.
 A price thy nation never gave,
 Shall yet be paid for thee ;
 For thou shalt be the Christian’s slave,
 In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
 To shred his locks away ;
 And one by one, each heavy braid
 Before the victor lay.

Thick were the platted locks, and long,
 And closely hidden there
 Shone many a wedge of gold among
 The dark and crisped hair.

“Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
 Long kept for sorest need :
 Take it—thou askest sums untold,
 And say that I am freed.
 Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
 Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
 And my young children leave their play,
 And ask in vain for me.”

“I take thy gold—but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa-shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long.”
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive’s frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena’s prey.

JASPAR.

BY SOUTHEY.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone ;
And Jaspas looked with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent, abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loitered on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came, he loitered long,
And often looked around,
And paused and listened eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way.
So fair a scene might well have charmed
All evil thoughts away :

He sate beneath a willow-tree
Which cast a trembling shade ;
The gentle river full in front
A little island made ;

Where pleasantly the moonbeam shone
Upon the poplar-trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Played slowly to the breeze.

He listened—and he heard the wind
That waved the willow-tree ;
He heard the waters flow along,
And murmur quietly.

He listened for the traveller's tread,
 The nightingale sung sweet ;—
 He started up, for now he heard
 The sound of coming feet ;

He started up, and grasped a stake,
 And waited for his prey ;
 There came a lonely traveller,
 And Jaspar crossed his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses failed
 The traveller to appal,
 He would not lightly yield the purse
 Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
 With Jaspar's strength in vain ;
 Beneath his blows he fell and groaned,
 And never spake again.

Jaspar raised up the murdered man,
 And plunged him in the flood,
 And in the running water then
 He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
 And cleansed his hands from gore,
 The willow waved, the stream flowed on,
 And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
 The blood the murderer spilt,
 And Jaspar's conscience never felt
 The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
 The gold he gained so ill,
 And years of secret guilt passed on,
 And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sate as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspar's side,
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earned, and he
With little was content ;
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
And all was well-nigh spent.

Long, with his wife and little ones,
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

Their Landlord, a hard man, that day
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of everything bereft.

He leaned his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jaspar's side he sate,
And not a word said he.

"Nay—why so downcast?" Jaspar cried,
"Come—cheer up, Jonathan !
Drink, neighbour, drink ! 'twill warm thy heart—
Come ! come ! take courage, man !"

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drained it quick ;
"I have a wife," said Jonathan,
"And she is deadly sick.

“She has no bed to lie upon,
 I saw them take her bed —
 And I have children—would to God
 That they and I were dead !

“Our Landlord he goes home to-night,
 And he will sleep in peace—
 I would that I were in my grave,
 For there all troubles cease.

“In vain I prayed him to forbear,
 Though wealth enough has he !
 God be to him as merciless
 As he has been to me !”

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
 On all his ills intent,
 He plied him with the heartening cup,
 And with him forth he went.

“This Landlord on his homeward road
 'Twere easy now to meet.
 The road is lonesome, Jonathan !
 And vengeance, man ! is sweet.”

He listened to the tempter's voice,
 The thought it made him start ;—
 His head was hot, and wretchedness
 Had hardened now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
 And waited for their prey,
 They sate them down beside the stream
 That crossed the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream,
 And never a word they said ;
 They sate, and listened silently
 To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
 No star was in the sky ;
 The wind it waved the willow boughs,
 The stream flowed quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
 Sweet sung the nightingale ;
 The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
 His heart began to fail.

“ ’Tis weary waiting here,” he cried,
 “ And now the hour is late,—
 Methinks he will not come to-night,
 No longer let us wait.”

“ Have patience, man !” the ruffian said,
 “ A little we may wait ;
 But longer shall his wife expect
 Her husband at the gate.”

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart :
 “ My conscience yet is clear !
 Jasper—it is not yet too late—
 I will not linger here.”

“ How now !” cried Jasper, “ why, I thought
 Thy conscience was asleep ;
 No more such qualms, the night is dark,
 The river here is deep.”

“ What matters that,” said Jonathan,
 Whose blood began to freeze,
 “ When there is One above whose eye
 The deeds of darkness sees ?”

“ We are safe enough,” said Jasper then,
 “ If that be all thy fear !
 Nor eye above, nor eye below,
 Can pierce the darkness here.”

That instant as the murderer spake,
There came a sudden light ;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night ;

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair ;
For Jaspar since that hour has made
His home unsheltered there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day ;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul.

CASABIANCA.¹

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm,—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father !" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone ?"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair ;

¹ Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post, in the Battle of the Nile, after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part;
 But the noblest thing which perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

GINEVRA.

BY ROGERS.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs¹
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,

¹ Affirming itself to be the very bucket which Tassoni, in his mock heroics, has celebrated as the cause of war between Bologna and Modena five hundred years ago.

Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day.²— A summer sun
 Sets ere one-half is seen ; but ere thou go,
 Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by Zampieri³—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
 As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
 'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With Scripture-stories from the Life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false—

² Dante's *Inferno*, V.

³ Commonly called Domenichino.

But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the Bridal feast,
When all sate down, the Bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found ! Her Father cried :
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not !—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived ; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile

Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 “ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
 'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
 It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 “ Ginevra.”—There then had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

LORD WILLIAM.

BY SOUTHEY.

No eye beheld when William plunged
 Young Edmund in the stream,
 No human ear but William's heard
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals owned
 The murderer for their lord ;
 And he as rightful heir possessed
 The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood in a fair domain,
 And Severn's ample waters near
 Rolled through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
 Would love to linger there,
 Forgetful of his onward road,
 To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
 To gaze on Severn's stream ;
 In every wind that swept its waves
 He heard young Edmund's scream !

In vain at midnight's silent hour,
 Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
 In every dream the murderer saw
 Young Edmund's form arise !

In vain by restless conscience driven
 Lord William left his home,
 Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
 In pilgrimage to roam ;

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
 But could not fly despair ;
 He sought his home again, but peace
 Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
 The months appeared to roll ;
 And now the day returned that shook
 With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
 Return without dismay,
 For well had conscience calendared
 Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swollen tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaffed the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seemed
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he pressed ;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch, his brother's form,
Lord Edmund seemed to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasped his brother's hand ;

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

“ I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard ;—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge !
Now, take thy due reward.”

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonising fear ;
He only heard the storm of night,—
'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo ! the voice of loud alarm
 His inmost soul appals ;
 "What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !
 The water saps thy walls !"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
 He saw the flood appear ;
 It hemmed him round, 'twas midnight now—
 No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy ! for now
 A boat approached the wall
 And eager to the welcome aid ;
 They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
 "'Twill bear but one away ;
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye
 In God's protection stay."

Strange feelings filled them at his voice
 Even in that hour of woe,
 That, save their lord, there was not one
 Who wished with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
 His terror was so sore ;
 "Thou shalt have half my gold," he cried,
 "Haste, haste to yonder shore."

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Went light along the stream ;
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused, "Methought I heard
 A child's distressful cry !"
 "'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
 Lord William made reply.

“Haste—haste—ply swift and strong the oar ;
 Haste—haste across the stream !”
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund’s drowning scream !

“I heard a child’s distressful scream,”
 The boatman cried again.

“Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—
 And we should search in vain.”

“O God ! Lord William, dost thou know
 How dreadful ’tis to die ?
 And canst thou without pity hear
 A child’s expiring cry ?

“How horrible it is to sink
 Beneath the closing stream,
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
 In vain for help to scream !”

The shriek again was heard : it came
 More deep, more piercing loud ;
 That instant o’er the flood the moon
 Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ;
 Upon a crag he stood,—
 A little crag, and all around
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Approached his resting-place ;
 The moonbeam shone upon the child,
 And showed how pale his face.

“Now reach thy hand,” the boatman cried.
 “Lord William, reach and save !”
 The child stretched forth his little hands,
 To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked : the hands he felt
 Were cold and damp and dead !
 He held young Edmund in his arms,
 A heavier weight than lead !

The boat sunk down—the murderer sunk
 Beneath the avenging stream ;
 He rose, he shrieked, no human ear
 Heard William's drowning scream.

WATERLOO.

BY BYRON.

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 !

Within a windowed 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 stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed 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
 Blushed 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 could 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 "Camerons' 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's¹ 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 in 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, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

¹ Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE
OF CHAMOUNY.

BY COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,

Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,

Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn

Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?

Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents¹ fiercely glad !

Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

For ever sheltered, and the same for ever ?

Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?

And who commanded (and the silence came),

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !

Motionless torrents ! Silent cataracts !

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven

Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers,

Of loveliest blue,² spread garlands at your feet.

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !

God ! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !

And they too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !

¹ Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources at the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides.

² Within a few paces of the Glaciers, the gentian grows in immense numbers.

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
 Thou too, again, stupendous Mountain ! thou,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever, rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
 Thou kingly Spirit, throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

BY 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 flushed
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when **each gun**
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havock 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 shattered sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed 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 blessed 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 looked smiling bright,
O'er a wide 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,
Whilst 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 !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou ;¹
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

¹ *Captain Riou*, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

MARCO BOZZARIS.¹

BY HALLECK.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power ;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden-bird.

¹ *Marco Bozzaris* was a leader of the Greeks in the late revolutionary war: he was killed in the assault of a Turkish camp. The circumstances of his fall are thus described by Mr. Gordon, in his admirable *History of the Greek Revolution*:—"In a council of war, held on the 20th, Mark Bozzaris pointed out the impossibility of keeping the foe in check by demonstrations; or of spinning out the campaign, because they were in want of provisions and ammunition; and he therefore insisted on the necessity of hazarding, without delay, a desperate attack: his generous proposition was approved, and the execution fixed for the following night. Their troops being divided into three columns, Bozzaris undertook to lead the centre; George Kizzos, the two Tzavellas (uncle and nephew), the captains of Karpenisi, and the Khiliarch Yakis, headed one wing; the other, formed of the soldiers of Agrafa and Souvalakos, was intrusted to the command of a Souliote, named Fotos: the onset was to commence at five hours after sunset, and their watchword to be Stornari (or flint). Having waited a quarter of an hour beyond the appointed time, to allow the wings to come up, and perceiving no signs of them, Mark, with three hundred and fifty men, entered Jeladin Bey's camp, and finding the Scodrians asleep, made a terrible slaughter of them. If all the Greeks had behaved like the Souliotes, the result would have been a complete victory. * * * The Souliotes, using their swords after their first discharge of fire-arms, drove the Mirdites from all their tambonrias, except one within an enclosure, which Bozzaris assaulted in vain. Wounded by a shot in the loins, he concealed that accident, and continued to fight, until a ball struck him in the face; he fell, and instantly expired. The action lasted for an hour and a half longer, but their leader's death becoming known, and day beginning to dawn, the Souliotes retreated to their original position at Mikrokhoris, carrying off with them their general's body."

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousand stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day :
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
 "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud :
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike—for your altars and your fires,
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God—and your native land !"

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible : the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's —
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

COME, see the Dolphin's Anchor forged ; 'tis at a white heat
 now ;
 The billows ceased, the flames decreased ; though on the
 forge's brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound ;
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
 there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
 heaves below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
 throe ;
 It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines
 not so !
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful
 show ;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid
 row
 Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
 foe ;
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing
 monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
 "Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out—leap out : " bang, bang,
 the sledges go ;
 Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low ;
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders
 strow

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow :
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
 pant " Ho ! "

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
 Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad ;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;
 The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
 From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
 board ;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
 chains,
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch
 sky high,
 Then moves his head, as though he said, " Fear nothing—
 here am I ! "
 Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
 time,
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
 chime !
 But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden
 be,
 The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we ;
 Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling
 red !
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
 sped ;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
 clay ;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
 here,
 For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing
 seaman's cheer ;

Then weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and
home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
green sea !

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou ?

The hoary monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn ;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves ; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine ?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable
line :

And night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
 play ;
 But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave,
 A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but under-
 stand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that
 dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
 bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their
 ancient friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
 round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap
 within the sea !

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant
 strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
 grave
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes
 among !

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory !

" I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out ?
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for ?"

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they fought each other for,
 I could not well make out ;
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 " That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby died !—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun !
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
 And our good Prince Eugène.”
 “ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 “ Nay—nay—my little girl,” quoth he,
 “ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.”
 “ But what good came of it at last ?”
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 “ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “ But ’twas a famous victory !”

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

BY LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the lairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word!
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the glancing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ, save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP

BY MISS LANDON.

HE stood by the river's side,
A conqueror and a king,
None matched his step of pride
Amid the armèd ring.
And a heavy echo rose from the ground,
As a thousand warriors gathered round.

And the morning march had been long,
 And the noontide sun was high,
 And weariness bowed down the strong,
 And heat closed every eye ;
 And the victor stood by the river's brim,
 Whose coolness seemed but made for him.

The cypress spread their gloom
 Like a cloak from the noontide beam,
 He flung back his dusty plume,
 And plunged in the silver stream ;
 He plunged like the young steed, fierce and wild,
 He was borne away like the feeble child.

They took the king to his tent
 From the river's fatal banks,
 A cry of terror went
 Like a storm through the Grecian ranks :
 Was this the fruit of their glories won ?
 Was this the death for Ammon's son ?

Many a leech heard the call,
 But each one shrank away ;
 For heavy upon all
 Was the weight of fear that day :
 When a thought of treason, a word of death,
 Was in each eye, and on each breath.

But one with the royal youth
 Had been from his earliest hour,
 And he knew that his heart was truth.
 And he knew that his hand was power ;
 He gave what hope his skill might give,
 And bade him trust to his faith, and live.

Alexander took the cup,
 And from beneath his head a scroll,
 He drank the liquor up,
 And bade Philip read the roll ;
 And Philip looked on the page, where shame,
 Treason, and poison were named with his name.

An angry flush rose on his brow,
 And anger darkened his eye,
 "What I have done I would do again now!
 If you trust my fidelity."
 The king watched his face, he felt he might dare
 Trust the faith that was written there.

Next day the conqueror rose
 From a greater conqueror free;
 And again he stood amid those
 Who had died his death to see:
 He stood there proud of the lesson he gave,
 That faith and trust were made for the brave.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

BY SOUTHEY.

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

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

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

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

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day ;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheelèd round,
 And there was joyaunce in their sound.

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
 He scoured the seas for many a day ;
 And now grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

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

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

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

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

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

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear :
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

DARKNESS.

BY BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came and went—and came and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face ;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
A fearful hope was all the world contained ;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled : the wild birds
shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food :
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,

Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the drooping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay,
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge—

The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perished ! Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe

THE QUADROON GIRL.

BY LONGFELLOW.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
 Lay moored with idle sail ;
 He waited for the rising moon,
 And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
 And all her listless crew
 Watched the grey alligator slide
 Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers, and spice,
 Reached them from time to time,
 Like airs that breathe from Paradise
 Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
 Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
 The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
 He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
 In yonder broad lagoon ;
 I only wait the evening tides,
 And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half-curious, half-amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile,
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

“The soil is barren—the farm is old,”
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver’s gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursèd gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak,—
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden’s cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.*

BY BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail :
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

* See 2 Chron. xxxii.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, AT
 CAEN IN NORMANDY—1087.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LOWLY upon his bier
 The royal Conqueror lay ;
 Baron and chief stood near,
 Silent in war-array.

* "The Conqueror was buried in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built, but his funeral was singularly interrupted. At the moment that the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a man of low degree, raising himself from the crowd, exclaimed, 'Clerks, Bishops, this land is mine ; it was the site of my father's house ; the man for whom you pray took it from me by force to build his church. I have not sold my ground, I have not pawned it, I have not given it ; it is my right, and I claim it.

Down the long minster's aisle
 Crowds mutely gazing streamed,
 Altar and tomb the while
 Through mists of incense gleamed.

And, by the torches' blaze,
 The stately priest had said
 High words of power and praise
 To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
 Of requiems, to repose ;
 When from the throngs around
 A solemn voice arose :—

“Forbear ! forbear !” it cried ;
 “In the holiest name forbear !
 He hath conquered regions wide,
 But he shall not slumber *there!*”

“By the violated hearth
 Which made way for yon proud shrine :
 By the harvests which this earth
 Hath borne for me and mine ;

“By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
 On my brethren's native spot ;
 Hence ! with his dark renown,
 Cumber our birthplace not !

“Will my sire's unransomed field,
 O'er which your censers wave,
 To the buried spoiler yield
 Soft slumbers in the grave !

In the name of Heaven, I forbid that the body of the spoiler be placed there, and that it be covered by my glebe.' The man who spoke was named Asselin, and all the bystanders confirmed the truth of his assertions. The Bishops made him approach, and agreed to pay him sixty sous for the place of sepulture alone, and to compensate him justly for the rest of the ground.”—THIERRY'S *Hist. of the Conquest of England by the Normans*.

“The tree before him fell
 Which we cherished many a year;
 But its deep root yet shall swell,
 And heave against his bier.

“The land that I have tilled
 Hath yet its brooding breast
 With my home’s white ashes filled,
 And it shall not give him rest!

“Each pillar’s massy bed
 Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
 Away! bestow your dead
 Where no wrong against him cries.”

Shame glowed on each dark face
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,
 And they bought with gold a place
 For their leader’s dust e’en then;—

A little earth for him
 Whose banner flew so far!
 And a peasant’s tale could dim
 The name, a nation’s star!

One deep voice thus arose
 From a heart which wrongs had riven:
 Oh! who shall number those
 That were but heard in Heaven?

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY SOUTHEY.

Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
 Seem a heart overcharged to express?
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
 She never complains, but her silence implies
 The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek,
 Nor for raiment nor food doth she care :
 Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
 On that withered breast, and her weather-worn cheek
 Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
 Poor Mary the Maniac hath been ;
 The Traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?”

His companion exclaimed with a smile:
 “I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
 And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
 From the elder that grows in the aisle.”

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

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

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
 Howled dismally round the old pile;
 Over weed-covered fragments she fearlessly passed,
 And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
 Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gathered the bough;
 When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear,—
 She paused, and she listened intently, in fear,
 And her heart panted painfully now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
 In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;
 His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
 And his arms folded in majestic gloom ;
 And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound
 Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
 Telling the cedars and the pines that there
 Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
 And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
 Now all was hushed and eve's last splendour shone
 With a rich sadness on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
 And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
 Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
 Between the forest and the lake's bright wave ;
 Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,
 On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said,—
 " I listened for the words, which years ago
 Passed o'er these waters. Though the voice is fled
 Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
 Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
 Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

" Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath ?
 I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
 When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
 To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
 Many the times of flowers have been since then—
 Many, but bringing naught like him again !

“ Not with the hunter’s bow and spear he came,
 O’er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;
 Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
 Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low ;
 But to spread tidings of all holy things,
 Gladdening our souls as with the morning’s wings.

“ Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
 I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
 Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
 Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone ?
 He told of One, the grave’s dark bonds who broke,
 And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

“ He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
 Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :
 Bright must they be ! for there are none that die,
 And none that weep, and none that say ‘ Farewell !’
 He came to guide us thither ; but away
 The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

“ We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
 For the fresh waters of that lovely clime :
 Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
 And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—
 Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,
 For the green summer comes—and finds not him !

“ We gathered round him in the dewy hour
 Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree ;
 From his clear voice at first the words of power
 Came low, like moanings of a distant sea ;
 But swelled, and shook the wilderness ere long,
 As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

“ And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
 And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head
 Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung—
 Know’st thou not how we pass to join the dead ?
 It is enough ! he sank upon my breast—
 Our friend that loved us,—he was gone to rest !

“ We buried him where he was wont to pray,
 By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide ;
 We reared this cross in token where he lay,
 For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died !
 Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and wave,
 That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

“ But I am sad !—I mourn the clear light taken
 Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
 The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
 And the true words forgotten, save by one,
 Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
 Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.”

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye ;
 “ Son of the wilderness ! despair thou not,
 Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
 And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot,
 Heaven darkly works—yet, where the seed hath been,
 There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

“ Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing
 Of green leaves which the winter hid so long ;
 And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
 After cold silent months the woods among ;
 And by the rending of the frozen chains,
 Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains.

“ Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
 But as a lovely song, to leave no trace ;
 Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
 And the full dayspring rise upon thy race !
 And fading mists the better path disclose,
 And the wide desert blossom as the rose.”

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
 Each fraught with musings for life's after-day ;
 Memories to visit one, the forest's child,
 By many a blue stream in its lonely way,
 And upon *one*, midst busy throngs to press
 Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

BY MILTON.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere :
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless **King** :
Ah, wherefore ! He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with His good
Upbraided none ; nor was His service hard.
What could be less than to afford Him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay Him thanks,
How due ! yet all His good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step **higher**
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from Him I still received ;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged : what burden then ?
O had His powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not ? some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean

Drawn to his part ; but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free-will and power to stand !
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe !
 Nay cursed be thou ; since against His thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent ! Ah me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery, such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace, my former state : how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore ? Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain as violent and void,
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting He, as I from begging peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, His new delight,
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope ; and with hope farewell fear ;
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil be thou my good, by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY MARY HOWITT.

OH ! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain ;
 It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning
 brain ;
 It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.
 The children of the rich man have not their bread to win ;
 They scarcely know how labour is the penalty of sin ;
 E'en as the lilies of the field they neither toil nor spin.
 And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to
 bear ;
 In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share ;
 They walk along life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and
 fair.
 The children of the poor man, though they be young each
 one,
 Must rise betime each morning, before the rising sun ;
 And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

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

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful
 three ;

But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty ;
 It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and
 more,

Feeding in sunshine pleasantly, they were the rich man's
 store :

There was the while one little lamb, beside a cottage-door ;

A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,
 That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled
 to their knee ;

That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their
 shed,

The father laboured all day long that his children might be
 fed,

And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy
 them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
 Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart
 subdued.

"What is the creature's life to us?" said he ; " 'twill buy
 us food.

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-
 drooping head

Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be
 fed ;

And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us
 bread."

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

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to
see,

Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so pite-
ously :

“Oh! mother dear, it loveth us ; and what beside have
we !”

“Let’s take him to the broad green hill !” in his impotent
despair,

Said one strong boy : “let’s take him off, the hills are wide
and fair :

I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there.”

Oh vain ! They took the little lamb, and straightway tied
him down,

With a strong cord they tied him fast, and o’er the common
brown,

And o’er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the
town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the
morrow,

From everything about the house a mournful thought did
borrow ;

The very bread they had to eat was food unto their
sorrow,

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

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
 weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
 tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
 door.
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber
 door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
 floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to
 borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
 Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
 Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
 curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
 before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
 repeating,
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
 door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
 This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you.”—here I opened wide the door ;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
“Lenore !”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
“Lenore !” —

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is—and this mystery explore,

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore,—
’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stept a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid Lust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
 store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
 Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
 bore—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
 bust, and door :
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
 yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore,
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core ;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
 reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
 o'er,
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating
 o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
 unseen censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
 floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
 angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath, to tell the secrets of thy trade,—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for Priestcraft never owns its juggles.
 Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.
 I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.
 Thou couldst develope, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green—
 Or was it then so old, that History's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?
 Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But prythee tell us something of thyself—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered ?
 Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

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

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

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

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

BRING BACK THE CHAIN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

It was an aged man, who stood
 Beside the blue Atlantic sea ;
 They cast his fetters by the flood,
 And hailed the time-worn captive **free** ;

From his indignant eye there flashed
 A gleam his better nature gave,
 And while his tyrants shrank abashed,
 Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave :

“Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
 These tortured limbs have vainly borne ;
 The word of freedom from your tongue,
 My weary ear rejects with scorn !
 ’Tis true, there was — there was a time,
 I sighed, I panted to be free ;
 And, pining for my sunny clime,
 Bowed down my stubborn knee.

“Then I have stretched my yearning arms,
 And shook in wrath my bitter chain ;—
 Then, when the magic word had charms,
 I groaned for liberty in vain !
 That freedom ye, at length, bestow,
 And bid me bless my envied fate :
 Ye tell me I am free to go—
 Where ?—I am desolate !

“The boundless hope — the spring of joy
 Felt when the spirit’s strength is young ;
 Which slavery only can alloy,—
 The mockeries to which I clung ;
 The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray,
 Made life’s dull lamp less dimly burn,
 The tones I pined for day by day,—
 Can ye bid them return ?

“Bring back the chain ; its clanking sound
 Hath then a power beyond your own ;
 It brings young visions smiling round,
 Too fondly loved — too early flown !
 It brings me days when these dim eyes
 Gazed o’er the wild and swelling sea,
 Counting how many suns must rise
 Ere one might hail me free !

“Bring back the chain! that I may think
 'Tis that which weighs my spirit so;
 And, gazing on each galling link,
 Dream—as I dreamt—of bitter woe!
 My days are gone;—of hope, of youth,
 These traces now alone remain;
 (Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)
 Tears, and my iron chain!

“Freedom! though doomed in pain to live,
 The freedom of the soul is mine;
 But all of slavery you could give
 Around my steps must ever twine.
 Raise up the head which age hath bent:
 Renew the hopes that childhood gave;
 Bid all return kind Heaven once lent,—
 Till then—I am a slave!”

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY H. G. BELL.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
 I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
 And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the
 footstep falls;

And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow
 passed,

And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
 No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister
 dim,

The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
 And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
 In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects
 please;

And little recked they when they sang, or knelt at vesper
 prayers,
 That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more
 dear than theirs ;
 And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's
 shrine,
 Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart
 line ;
 Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
 And as they flew they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court
 of Bourbon—
 And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers
 throng ;
 And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween,
 to see
 The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry :—
 Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of
 years,
 Strong in himself and children stands, the first among his
 peers ;
 And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights
 assailed,
 And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts
 have failed—
 And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their
 might,
 For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning
 light.
 Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-unconquered
 sword,
 With great Coligni by his side—each name a household
 word !
 And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
 The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catharine !

The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine
make—

A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake ;
But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of
one—

The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but
begun—

They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her
cheek,

They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy be-
speak.

Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its
brilliant hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and
its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its
way,

And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening
lay;

And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.

No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her
birth;

It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of
friends—

It was the land where she had found for all her griefs
amends—

The land where her dead husband slept—the land where
she had known

The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours
of a throne:

No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her
bark ;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and
dark !
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—" Adieu, fair France,
to thee !"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious
sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly
mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain
minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was
sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she
could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of
youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel
play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay
Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant
Chatelar :
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into
smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic
broils :—
But hark ! the tramp of armèd men ! the Douglas' battle-
cry !
They come—they come—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's
hollow eye !

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and
words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling
fell:

“Now for my father's arm!” she said; “my woman's
heart, farewell!”

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small
lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should
stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her
ancestral line:—

“My lords! my lords!” the captive said, “were I but once
more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause
and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that
blows,

And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless
foes!”

A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich
tresses down,

She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without
a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling
queen once more;

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching
by—

She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing
eye;

The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where
are they?

Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and un-
done—

O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has
won!

Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's
part;

Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy
heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen heads-
man stood,

And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must
drip with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through the
hall,

And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the
hearts of all;

Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round
her fell—

And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she
loved so well!

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its
bloom—

I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the
tomb!

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly
shone—

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with
every tone—

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living
gold—

I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of
mould!

Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!

Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
 And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block,
 alone!
 The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
 Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her
 footsteps bowed!
 Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed
 away;
 The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of
 clay!
 The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
 Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the
 floor!
 The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood
 of a queen—
 The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth hath
 seen—
 Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it in silence and alone;
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

MY beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
 fiery eye,
 Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd
 speed,
 I may not mount on thee again, — thou art sold, my Arab
 steed;
 Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy
 wind --
 The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.

The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his
gold—

Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell: thou'rt sold, my
steed, — thou'rt sold.

Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile must
roam,

To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the
stranger's home.

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed
prepare —

The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with
thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were
wont to be.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy
plain,

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home
again ;

Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun
and sky,

Thy master's home, from all of these, my exiled one
must fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become
less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to
meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright ;

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;

And when I raise my dreaming arm, to check or cheer
thy speed,

Then must I starting wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,

Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side,

And the rich blood that is in thee, swells in thy indignant
pain ;

Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each
started vein.

Will they ill-use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot
be —

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should yearn,

Can the hand which cast thee from it, now command thee
to return.

Return, alas ! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
his view ;

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the
gathering tears,

Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage ap-
pears ;

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast
borne me on,

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause, and sadly
think,

It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink :—

When last I saw thee drink ? Away ! the fevered
dream is o'er,

I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no
more.

They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is
strong,—

They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too
long.

Who said that I had given thee up ?—who said that thou
wert sold ?

'Tis false ! 'tis false ! my Arab steed,—I fling them back
their gold :

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

PARRHASIUS.*

BY WILLIS.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A grey-haired and majestic old man,
 Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 He had stood there since morning, and had borne
 From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
 Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
 For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
 And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
 And touched his unhealed wounds, and with a sneer
 Passed on ; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
 He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
 The inhuman soldier smote him, and with threats
 Of torture to his children, summoned back
 The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

* "Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man ; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
 Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
 With a stout heart that long and weary day,
 Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
 But now he was alone, and from his nerves
 The needless strength departed, and he leaned
 Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
 Throng on him as they would. Unmarked of him,
 Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
 Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
 Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
 The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
 Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
 Swollen to purple fulness: the grey hair,
 Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes;
 And as a thought of wilder bitterness
 Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
 And the fast workings of his bloodless face
 Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
 Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
 Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
 The walls were hung with armour, and about
 In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
 Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
 And from the casement soberly away
 Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
 And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
 The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
 Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,

Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh ;
 And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

“ Bring me the captive now !
 My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens— around me play
 Colours of such divinity to-day.

“ Ha ! bind him on his back !
 Look !—as Prometheus in my picture here !
 Quick—or he faints !— stand with the cordial near ;
 Now— bend him to the rack !
 Press down the poisoned links into his flesh !
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

“ So—let him writhe ! How long
 Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !
 What a fine agony works upon his brow !
 Ha ! grey-haired, and so strong !
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
 Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“ ‘ Pity ’ thee ! So I do !
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
 But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter ?
 I'd rack thee though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?

“ ‘ Hereafter !’ Ay — *hereafter !*
 A whip to keep a coward to his track !
 What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
 To check the sceptic’s laughter ?
 Come from the grave to-morrow with that story —
 And I may take some softer path to glory.

“ No, no, old man ! we die
 Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
 Our life upon the chance wind, even as they !
 Strain well thy fainting eye —
 For when that bloodshot quivering is o’er,
 The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

“ Yet there’s a deathless *name !*
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
 And like a steadfast planet mount and burn —
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
 By all the fiery stars ! I’d bind it on !

“ Ay — though it bid me rifle
 My heart’s last fount for its insatiate thirst —
 Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first —
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild —

“ All — I would do it all —
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot —
 Thrust foully into earth to be forgot !
 Oh, heavens ! — but I appal
 Your heart, old man ! forgive — Ha ! on your lives !
 Let him not faint ! — rack him till he revives !

“ Vain — vain — give o’er. His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now —
 Stand back ! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow !
 Gods ! if he do not die
 But for *one* moment — one — till I eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now — that was a difficult breath —
 Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death?
 Look! how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
 He shudders — gasps — Jove, help him! — so — he's dead."

* * * * *

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
 Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
 We look upon our splendour and forget
 The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
 Many a falser idol. There are hopes
 Promising well; and love-touched dreams for some;
 And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
 For gold and pleasure — yet will only this
 Balk not the soul — Ambition only, gives,
 Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*
 Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
 Troubled at best — Love is a lamp unseen,
 Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
 Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken —
 Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
 And quiet is a hunger never fed —
 And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
 Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose —
 From all but keen Ambition — will the soul
 Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
 To wander like a restless child away.
 Oh, if there were not better hopes than these —
 Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame —
 If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart

Must canker in its coffers — if the links
 Falsehood hath broken will unite no more —
 If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
 Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears —
 If truth, and fervour, and devotedness,
 Finding no worthy altar, must return
 And die of their own fulness — if beyond
 The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
 The spirit may find room, and in the love
 Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
 May spend itself — *what thrice-mocked fools are we !*

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY MRS. OPIE.

STAY, Lady, stay for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
 Ah, sure my looks must pity wake,
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame !
 To force me home my mother sought ;
 S'ae could not bear to see my joy,
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears :
 " Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd ;
 My mother answered with her tears.
 " Why are you crying thus," said I,
 " While others laugh and shout with joy ?"
 She kissed me, and with such a sigh,
 She called me her poor Orphan Boy.

" What is an orphan boy ? " I cried,
 As in her face I looked, and smiled ;
 My mother through her tears replied,
 " You'll know too soon, ill-fated child !"
 And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy ;
 O lady—I have learnt too well
 What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy.

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide ;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep !—Ha !—this to me ?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ ?
 Look down, dear parents ! look and see
 Your happy, happy Orphan Boy.

THE FALCON'S REWARD.

BY TRENCH.

BENEATH the fiery cope of middle day
 The youthful Prince his train left all behind,
 With eager ken gazed round him every way,
 If springing well he anywhere might find.

His favourite falcon, from long æery flight
Returning, and from quarry struck at last,
Told of the chase, which with its keen delight
Had thus allured him on so far and fast,—

Till gladly he had welcomed in his drought
The dullest pool that gathered in the rain ;
But such, in fount of clearer wave, he sought
Long through that land of barrenness in vain.

What pleasure when, slow stealing o'er a rock,
He spied the glittering of a little rill,
Which yet, as if his burning thirst to mock,
Did its rare treasures drop by drop distil !

A golden goblet from his saddle-bow
He loosed, and from his steed alighted down
To wait until that fountain, trickling slow,
Shall in the end his golden goblet crown.

When set beside the promise of that draught,
How poor had seemed to him the costliest wine,
That ever with its beaded bubbles laughed,
When set beside that nectar more divine.

The brimming vessel to his lips at last
He raised, when, lo ! the falcon on his hand,
With beak's and pinion's sudden impulse, cast
That cup's rare treasure all upon the sand.

Long was it ere that fountain, pulsing slow,
Caused once again that chalice to run o'er ;
When, thinking no like hindrance now to know,
He raised it to his parched lips once more :—

Once more, as if to cross his purpose bent,
The watchful bird—as if on this one thing,
That drink he should not of that stream, intent—
Struck from his hand the cup with eager wing.

But when this new defeat his purpose found,
 Swift penalty this time the bird must pay :
 Hurl'd down with angry force upon the ground,
 Before her master's feet in death she lay :

And he, twice baffled, did meantime again
 From that scant rill to slake his thirst prepare ;
 When, down the crags descending, of his train
 One cried, " O Monarch, for thy life forbear !

" Coiled in these waters at their fountain-head,
 And causing them so feebly to distil,
 A poisonous snake of hugest growth lies dead,
 And doth with venom all the streamlet fill."

Dropped from his hand the cup :—one look he cast
 Upon the faithful bird before his feet,
 Whose dying struggles now were almost past,
 For whom a better guardian had been meet ;

Then homeward rode in silence many a mile ;
 But if such thoughts did in his bosom grow,
 As did in mine the painfulness beguile,
 Of that his falcon's end, what man can know ?

I said, " Such chalices the world fills up
 For us, and bright and without bale they seem—
 A sparkling potion in a jewelled cup,
 Noi know we drawn from what infected stream.

" Our spirit's thirst they promise to assuage,
 And we those cups unto our death had quaffed,
 If Heaven did not in dearest love engage
 To dash the chalice down, and mar the draught.

" Alas for us, if we that love are fain
 With wrath and blind impatience to repay,
 Which nothing but our weakness doth restrain,
 As he repaid his faithful bird that day ;

If an indignant eye we lift above,
To lose some sparkling goblet ill content,
Which, but for that keen watchfulness of love,
Swift certain poison through our veins had sent."

THE UNCLE.

BY H. G. BELL.

I HAD an uncle once—a man
Of threescore years and three ;—
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee ;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought ;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought ;
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other ;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
 'Twas in a darkened place,
 And few or none had ever looked
 Upon my mother's face,
 Or seen her pale expressive smile
 Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
 The wind was howling high,
 And through the ancient corridors
 It sounded drearily—
 I sat and read in that old hall ;
 My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
 The words upon the book ;
 For with a sidelong glance I marked
 My uncle's fearful look.
 And saw how all his quivering frame
 In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
 A strange, unusual dread ;
 His lips were white as bone—his eyes
 Sunk far down in his head ;
 He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
 Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
 And drew aside the veil
 That hung before my mother's face ;—
 Perchance my eyes might fail,
 But ne'er before that face to me
 Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy !" my uncle said,—
 I started at the sound ;
 'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
 And hardly utterance found :—
 "Come hither, boy !" then fearfully
 He cast his eyes around.

- “That lady was thy mother once,—
Thou wert her only child ;—
O God ! I’ve seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
’Twas that which drove me wild !
- “He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine ;
I grudged not that ;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.
- “Boy ! I had loved her too,—nay, more,
’Twas I who loved her first ;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed ;
He came—he conquered—they were wed ;—
My air-blown bubble burst !
- “Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife ;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another’s wife !
- “By Heaven ! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
For ever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou !
- ‘I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea ;—
In vain—in vain—where’er I turned,
My memory went with me ;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
 Thou 'rt like thy father, boy—
 He doted on that pale face there,
 I've seen them kiss and toy,—
 I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
 Wrapped in delirious joy !

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child ;—
 He died—no one knew how ;
 The murdered body ne'er was found,
 The tale is hushed up now ;
 But there was one who rightly guessed
 The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,—
 No—not his death alone :
 For she had clung to hope, when all
 Knew well that there was none ;—
 No, boy ! it was a sight she saw
 That froze her into stone !

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare
 So frightfully aghast ?—
 The arras waves, but know'st thou not
 'Tis nothing but the blast ?
 I, too, have had my fears like these,
 But such vain fears are past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—
 I feel 'twill ease my breast,
 And this wild tempest-laden night
 Suits with the purpose best.—
 Come hither—thou hast often sought
 To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring ; the touch
 Is known to me alone ;
 Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
 What see you that you groan
 So heavily ?—That thing is **but**
 A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
 Three strides he backwards gave,—
 “Oh God! it is my brother’s self
 Returning from the grave!
 His grasp of lead is on my throat—
 Will no one help or save?”
 That night they laid him on his bed,
 In raving madness tossed;
 He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
 Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
 And, ere the light of morning broke,
 A sinner’s soul was lost.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 “What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
 “And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,
 “Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

A BETH GELERT.

BY SPENCER.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn ;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer :
 "Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
 The flower of all his race !
 So true, so brave ; a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase !"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed ;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John ;
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of heart or hare :
 And scant and small the booty proved ;
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal-seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle-door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
 Unused such looks to meet :
 His favourite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
 And on went Gelert too—
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed, he found
 The blood-stained covert rent ;
 And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
 He searched—with terror wild ;
 Blood ! Blood ! he found on every side,
 But nowhere found the child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! ”
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side !—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh :
 What words the parent's joy can tell,
 To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub-boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
 Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear :
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
 "Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved ;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
 And, oft as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell !

THE ALCHYMIST.

BY WILLIS.

THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges : and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its sockets, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death ! The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself :—

“ I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do ;
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye ;
I felt—oh God ! it seemeth, even now,
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow !

“ And yet it is—I feel,
 Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid !
 And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade ;
 And something seems to steal
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
 Binding its pulse with an icy band.

“ And this is death ! But why
 Feel I this wild recoil ? It cannot be
 The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free !
 Would it not leap to fly,
 Like a chained eaglet at its parent’s call ?
 I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all !

“ Yet thus to pass away !—
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
 To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
 To waste the light of day,
 Night’s better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
 All that we have and are—for this—for nought !

“ Grant me another year,
 God of my spirit !—but a day—to win
 Something to satisfy this thirst within !

I would know something here !
 Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
 Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

“ Vain—vain !—my brain is turning
 With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
 And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
 And I am freezing—burning—
 Dying ! Oh God ! If I might only live !
 My phial—Ha ! it thrills me—I revive !

“ Ay—were not man to die,
 He were too mighty for this narrow sphere !
 Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
 Could he but train his eye—
 Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
 Only his Maker would transcend his power !

“Earth has no mineral strange—
 The illimitable air no hidden wings—
 Water no quality in covert springs,
 And fire no power to change—
 Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
 Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

“Oh, but for time to track
 The upper stars into the pathless sky—
 To see the invisible spirits eye to eye—
 To hurl the lightning back—
 To tread unhurt the sea’s dim-lighted halls—
 To chase Day’s chariot to the horizon-walls—

“And more, much more.—for now
 The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
 To nurse and purify this human love—
 To clear the godlike brow
 Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
 Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

“This were indeed to feel
 The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
 To live!—oh God! that life is but a dream!
 And death——Aha! I reel—
 Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o’er my eye—
 Cover me! save me——God of heaven! I die!”

’T was morning, and the old man lay alone.
 No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
 Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
 Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
 Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
 His frame was wasted, and his features wan,
 And haggard as with want, and in his palm
 His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
 Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
 The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
 Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
 And all without went on—as aye it will,

Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out ;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them ; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest !

THE BITTER GOURD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

LOKMAN the Wise, therefore the Good (for wise
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
 The sage received what stretched the donor's eyes ;
 And, piece by piece, as though it had been food
 To feast and gloat on, every morsel chewed ;
 And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
 Till all the nauseous favour disappeared.

Vexed, and confounded, and disposed to find
 Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
 "Lokman!" exclaimed his master,— "In God's name,
 Where could the veriest slave get soul so tame?
 Have all my favours been bestowed amiss?
 Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this?"

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands.—
 "Have I received," he answered, "at thine hands
 Favours so sweet they went to mine heart's root,
 And could I not accept one bitter fruit?"

"O Lokman!" said his lord (and as he spoke,
 For very love his words in softness broke),
 "Take but this favour yet:—be slave no more:—
 Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor:—
 Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-aborred;—
 'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord."

THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

BY MOTHERWELL.

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
 'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
 'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or grey,
 Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,

Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine ;
 Ha ! ha ! 'tis the good brand
 I clutch in my strong hand,
 That can their broad marches and numbers define.
 LAND GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
 Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth ;
 But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
 East, west, north, and south, shouting, "There am I lord !"
 Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
 Trembling, bow to my sway,
 In the fierce battle-fray,
 When the star that rules Fate is this falchion's red gleam.
 MIGHT GIVER ! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall,
 I've drunk the sweet music that bright lips let fall,
 I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing ;
 But away with this idle and cold jargoning !
 The music I love is the shout of the brave,
 The yell of the dying,
 The scream of the flying,
 When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave.
 JOY GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
 And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
 Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand !
 Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red
 strand,
 And won him the glory of undying song.
 Keen cleaver of gay crests,
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
 Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong !
 FAME GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows,
 For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,

My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee ;
 In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing, with me,
 Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,
 Where armour is ringing,
 And noble blood springing,
 And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
 DEATH GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart ;
 And light is the faith of fair woman's heart :
 Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
 Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
 But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright :
 When ill's wax in number,
 Thy love will not slumber ;
 But, starlike, burns fiercer, the darker the night.
 HEART GLADDENER ! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave ;
 Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
 When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
 With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath ;
 Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay ;
 While harps shall be ringing,
 And Scalds shall be singing
 The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
 SONG GIVER ! I kiss thee.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamour,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursèd instruments as these,
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

THE INEVITABLE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
 Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
 By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
 Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
 When they beheld, approaching, but with face
 Yet undiscerned, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wanted, who could be,
 How dare, unusher'd, beard such privacy,
 Whether 'twas some great Spirit of the Ring,
 And if so, why he should thus daunt the king
 (For the ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
 Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze),
 All this the courtier would have asked ; but fear
 Palsied his utterance, as the man drew near.

The stranger seemed (to judge him by his dress)
 One of mean sort, a dweller with distress,
 Or some poor pilgrim ; but the steps he took
 Belied it with strange greatness ; and his look
 Opened a page in a tremendous book. }

He wore a cowl, from under which there shone,
 Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
 A face, not of this earth, half veiled in gloom
 And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of doom,
 Which, ever as they came, before them sent
 Rebuke, and staggering, and astonishment,
 With sense of change, and worse of change to be,
 Sore sighing, and extreme anxiety,
 And feebleness, and faintness, and moist brow,
 The past a scoff, the future crying " Now !"
 All that makes wet the pores, and lifts the hair ;
 All that makes dying vehemence despair,
 Knowing it must be dragged it knows not where. }

The excess of fear and anguish, which had tied
 The courtier's tongue, now loosed it, and he cried,
 " O royal master ! Sage ! Lord of the Ring,
 I cannot bear the horror of this thing :
 Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
 On the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon wished, and the man vanished. Straight
 Up comes the terror, with his orbs of fate.

" Solomon," with a lofty voice said he,
 " How came that man here, wasting time with thee ?
 I was to fetch him, ere the close of day,
 From the remotest mountain of Cathay."

Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
 " Angel of Death, there will the man be found."

SAINT PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

BY DR. BYROM.

SAINT PHILIP NERI, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him ; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome ?

Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend ?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view ?

Y. That I may get to be a canon, too.

St. Well ; and how then ?

Y. Why, then, for aught I know,

I may be made a bishop.

St. Be it so—

What then ?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—

And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. Suppose it was, what then ?

Y. Why, who can say

But I've a chance of being pope one day ?

St. Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that ?

Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure :
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.

St. What ! must you die ? fond youth ! and at the best
But wish, and hope, and may be all the rest !
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide ;

Then think of that which may be, and indeed,
 When well prepared, who knows what may succeed ?
 But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
 Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

IN the tempest of life when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 "Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the vision which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And, oh ! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart !

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

BY C. F. ORNE.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now—
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho ! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
 The hectic glow is bright,
 Whose mental toil wears out the day
 And half the weary night ;
 Who labour for the souls of men,
 Champions of truth and right —
 Although ye feel your toil is hard,
 Even with this glorious view,
 Remember it is harder still
 To have no work to do.

Ho ! all who labour, all who strive,
 Ye wield a lofty power ;
 Do with your might, do with your strength.
 Fill every golden hour !
 The glorious privilege to do,
 Is man's most noble dower.
 Oh ! to your birthright and yourselves,
 To your own souls, be true !
 A weary, wretched life is theirs,
 Who have no work to do.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

BY DOANE.

WHAT is that, mother ? —

The Lark, my child, —
 The morn has just looked out, and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
 And is up and away with the dew on his breast

And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The Dove, my son,—

And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
 For her distant dear one's quick return.
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—

The Eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy,
 Firm, in his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, **right on.**
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
 Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The Swan, my love,—

He is floating down from his native grove,
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
 He is floating down by himself to die.
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

BY WORDSWORTH.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter time)
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime ;
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate,
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear,
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air ?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burthen, Sir, a little singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
 In Denmark he was cast away :
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

The bird and cage they both were his :
 'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
 He kept it : many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him ;
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
 And now, God help me for my little wit !
 I bear it with me, Sir ;—he took so much delight in it."

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

BY BYRON.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie ;
 He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

KING CANUTE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

UPON his royal throne he sat,
 In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
 Attendants on his regal state
 His servile courtiers stood,
 With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
 To win his smile, his favour gain.

 They told him e'en the mighty deep
 His kingly sway confessed ;
 That he could bid its billows leap
 Or still its stormy breast !
 He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
 "Be then my boasted empire tried !"

Down to the ocean's sounding shore
 The proud procession came,
 To see its billows' wild uproar
 King Canute's power proclaim ;
 Or, at his high and dread command,
 In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,
 As his course he seaward sped ;—
 And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
 Hung down his conscious head ;—
 He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
 They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
 He lifted his sceptre there ;
 Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
 The waves their strife forbear :—
 And, while he spoke his royal will,
 All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
 In scorn of his idle word ;
 The briny deep its waves tossed high,
 By his mandate undeterred,
 As threatening, in their angry play,
 To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch, with upbraiding look,
 Turned to the courtly ring ;
 But none the kindling eye could brook,
 Even of his earthly king ;
 For in that wrathful glance they see
 A mightier monarch wronged than he !

Canute ! thy regal race is run ;
 Thy name had passed away,
 But for the meed this tale hath won
 Which never shall decay :
 Its meek, unperishing renown,
 Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,
 Forged fetters for the main ;
 And when its floods his power defied,
 Inflicted stripes as vain ;—
 But it was worthier far of thee
 To know thyself, than rule the sea .

HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ?—A patriot ?—look around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
 In pale Siberia's desolate domains ;
 Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
 Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
 The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasures shares,
 And feasts his famine on the fat of bears :
 Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
 Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
 Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
 Plunging down headlong through the whirling main ;

—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
 Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky ;
 And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
 His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
 O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods ;
 In California's pathless world of woods ;
 Round Andes' heights, where winter, from his throne,
 Looks down in scorn upon the summer gone ;
 By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
 Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
 On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
 In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth ;
 Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink ;
 'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink ;
 On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
 Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream ;
 Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
 And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
 Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
 Her subject mountains, and dishonoured vales ;
 Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of liberty ;
 —Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts 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.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor 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 hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How 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 nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled 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, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory !

PEACE

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked if Peace were there:
A hollow sound did seem to answer, "No!
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did, and going, did a rainbow note,
"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter."
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower—
The Crown-Imperial: "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man:
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
In Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes:
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many, wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

“It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That virtue lies therein,—
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
 By flight from sin.

“Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you :
 Make bread of it ; and that repose
 And peace, which everywhere
 With so much earnestness you do pursue,
 You’ll find, is there.”

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WORDSWORTH.

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

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

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

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be ?”
 “How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
 And wondrous looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

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

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet you are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

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

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five?”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied ;

“Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side !

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

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

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

“So in the churchyard she was laid,
 And when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played,
 My brother John and I.

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

“How many are you then,” said I,
 “If they two are in heaven ?”
 Quick was the little maid’s reply—
 “O, master, we are seven !”

“But they are dead—these two are dead,
 Their spirits are in heaven !”
 ’T was throwing words away for still
 The little maid would have her will
 And said, “Nay ! we are seven.”

THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to be-
 ware !
 Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air
 Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great, and
 high,
 Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
 Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and
 prized the right !
 Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove
 to fly,
 Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-
 bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty
 hill ;
 What dimmed his bright intelligence—what quelled his
 earnest will ?
 Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful
 eye ?—
 Too long, alas ! he tarried in the street of By-and-bye.

“ My projects thrive,” the merchant said ; “ when doubled
 is my store,
 How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the
 poor !”
 Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear
 to dry ;
 He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-
 bye !

“ Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered
 long !”
 I said to one, who answered—“ He hath done me grievous
 wrong ;
 Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him ere I die :”
 Alas ! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-
 bye !

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
 Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways ;
 To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on
 the sky ;
 Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-bye ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ; work on while
 yet you may ;
 Let not old age overtake you as you slothfully delay,
 Lest you should gaze around you, and discover, with a
 sigh,
 You have reached the house of " Never " by the street of
 By-and-bye !

THE PASSIONS.

BY COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid ! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair,
 Low sullen sounds ! his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all her song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The double drum with furious heat :
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien ;
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
 his head.

Thy slumbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, clashing soft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh ! how altered was its sprightly tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best,
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amid the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me ;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I give to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 Oh ! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches ? Hoarded treasures
 May, indeed, thy coffer fill ;
 Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
 Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures ? When afforded
 But by gauds which pass away,
 Read their fate in lines recorded
 On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion ? Ask of Folly,
 She her worth can best express.
 What is moping Melancholy ?
 Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth ? Too stern a preacher
 For the prosperous and the gay !
 But a safe and wholesome teacher
 In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship ? If well founded,
 Like some beacon's heavenward glow ;
 If on false pretensions grounded,
 Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love ? If earthly only,
 Like a meteor of the night ;
 Shining but to leave more lonely
 Hearts that hailed its transient light :

But when calm, refined, and tender,
 Purified from passion's stain,
 Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
 Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness.
 Glancing darkest clouds between ?
 Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
 Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears ? Grim phantoms, throwing
 Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
 Every moment darker growing,
 If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth ? A flash of lightning,
 Followed but by deeper gloom.
 Patience ? More than sunshine brightening
 Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time ? A river flowing
 To Eternity's vast sea,
 Forward, whither all are rowing,
 On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
 On that silent, rapid stream;
 Few, too few, its progress noting,
 Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
 Every tie we love so well?
 But the gate to life unending,
 Joy, in heaven! or woe, in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
 Lose their magnitude or weight?
 Estimate thine own condition,
 Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated,
 Much may still be left to do:
 Be not by profession cheated;
 Live— as if thou knewest them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I've given to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

BY GAY.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known to all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain :
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near approach of death :
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view !

“ Let me,” says she, “ your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship every burden's light.”

The Horse replied, “ Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus :
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.”

She next the stately Bull implored ;
And thus replied the mighty lord :
“ Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;

And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place.
 To leave you thus would seem unkind :
 But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :
 "My back," says she, "may do you harm ;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained,
 His sides a load of wool sustained ;
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed.
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important case engage ?
 Older and abler passed you by ;
 How strong are those ! how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence,
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
 For see, the hounds are just in view !"

ELIZA.

BY DARWIN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;
 Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
 And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.

Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
 Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;
 And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm ;
 While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
 And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
 —Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest ;
 Heard the exulting shout, "They run ! they run !"
 "Great God !" she cried, "he's safe ! the battle's won !"
 —A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
 (Some fury winged it, and some demon guides !)
 Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck ;
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—
 —"Ah me !" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
 Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound ;
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn !
 Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return !"
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far !
 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war !—
 "Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !—
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage !"
 Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
 And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
 Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes ;
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
 "Eliza !" echoes through the canvas walls ;
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
 Lo ! dead Eliza weltering in her blood !—
 —Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds :—

"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
 "Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;"
 Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed,
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast ;
 "Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake."
 "She'll wake no more !" the hopeless mourner cried,
 Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed ;
 Stretched on the ground awhile entranced he lay,
 And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart :
 "O heavens !" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive !
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live !"
 Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
 And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

BY COWPER.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne.
 Men from England bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;
 But, though slave they have enrolled me,
 Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are England's rights, I ask,
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to torture, me to task ?

Fleecy locks, and black complexion,
 Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
 Make the plant for which we toil ?
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
 Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
 Lolling at your jovial boards ;
 Think how many backs have smarted
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
 Is there One, who reigns on high ?
 Has He bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from His throne the sky ?
 Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means that duty urges,
 Agents of His will to use ?

Hark ! He answers,—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which He speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fixed their tyrants' habitations
 Where His whirlwinds answer—No

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain ;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main ;
 By our sufferings since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart ;
 All sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart :

Deem our nation brutes no longer
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours !

SIR BALAAM.

BY POPE.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name :
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his weekday meal affords,
An added pudding solemnised the Lord's :
Constant at church, and 'Change ; his gains were sure
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him, like good Job of old :
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :

“Live like yourself,” was soon my lady’s word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,
“I’ll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
Where once I went to church I’ll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice.”

The tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the Demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
And God’s good providence a lucky hit,
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His counting-house employed the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church (’twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordained) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady caught a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight,
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The wellbred cuckolds in St. James’s air.
In Britain’s senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains ;
That sun which bids their diamonds blaze
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair ;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swans,
A soul that knew no art ;
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too revealed ;
 For neither bosom lodged a wish
 Which virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy formed,
 Like her in mischief joyed,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employed.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the rock
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
 And seen it long unmoved ;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove ;
 His heart, which durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanmore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his softened soul,
 The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glowed,
A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless prayers,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past," he cried, "but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love."

She came ; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear ;
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
The visionary vale—
When lo ! the deathbell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale !

Just then she reached, with trembling steps,
 Her aged mother's door :
 "He's gone !" she cried, "and I shall see
 That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side !"
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shivered, sighed, and died.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BY YOUNG.

BE wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer :
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think,
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise :
 At least their own ; their future selves applaud :
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone,
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,

And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

THE CHAMELEON.

BY MERRICK.

OFF has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;

Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop :
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 " A stranger animal," cries one,
 " Sure never lived beneath the sun :
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its tooth with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"

" Hold there !" the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."

" I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis green ! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."

" Green !" cries the other, in a fury :
 " Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"

" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;
 " For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows :
When luckily came by a third ;
To him the question they referred ;
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother—
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight .
I marked it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.”—“Pray, sir, do ;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.”

“And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.”

“Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,”
Replies the man, “I'll turn him out :
“And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.”

He said ; then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—'twas white.
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—

“My children,” the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)

“You all are right, and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you :
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BY POPE.

—ALL our praises why should lords engross ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost ;
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
 The young who labour and the old who rest.
 Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
 Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do !
 O say ! what sums that generous hand supply ?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity ?
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a-year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

THE BUILDERS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

ALL are architects of Fate
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build,

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between:
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part ;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base,
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow finds its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

BY GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;

Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

BY YOUNG.

RETIRE ;— the world shut out ;— thy thoughts call
 home :—

Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
 Lock up thy senses ;—let no passions stir ;—
 Wake all to reason—let her reign alone ;
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire :

What am I ? and from whence ? I nothing know,
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been : Eternal there must be.—
 But what eternal ?—Why not human race ?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
 That's hard to be conceived ; since every link
 Of that long-chained succession is so frail :
 Can every part depend, and not the whole ?

Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?— Eternal too ?
 Grant matter was eternal : still these orbs
 Would want some other Father — much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
 Design implies intelligence, and art
 That can't be from themselves — or man ; that art,
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
 And nothing greater, yet allowed than man.—
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.
 Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed ?
 Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learned
 In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
 If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Reside not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns ;—
 And, if a God there is, that God how great !

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED, OR
 HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

BY COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
 Good Mussulman, abstain from pork ;

There is a part in every swine
 No friend or follower of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication.

Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part expressed,
 They might with safety eat the rest ;
 But for one piece they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarred ;
 And set their wit at work to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose,
 These choose the back, the belly those ;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head ;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh — 'tis well — The tale applied
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 Renounce the world — the preacher cries.
 We do — a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play ;
 Some love a concert, or a race ;
 And others shooting, and the chase.
 Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed ;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free ;
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO PLEASE ALL
MANKIND.

BY FOOTE.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchased a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware :
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They feared, if both should mount, his back would break
Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass.
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout,
" This the respect to reverend age you show.
And this the duty you to parents owe ?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride !
Sirrah ! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resigned his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran ;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
" Sure never was brute beast so void of nature !
Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
To your own baby can you be unkind ?
Here — Suke, Bill, Betty — put the child behind."
Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claimed :
" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't ashamed !
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carried him, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass — then what a noise !
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire, these words provoke : —
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call :
Vain his attempts who strives to please them all."

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

BY BLOOMFIELD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park,
 (Here truth inspires my tale),
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But followed faster still :
 And echoed to the darksome copse
 That whispered on the hill :

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;
 And many a wing the foliage brushed,
 And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
 That sought the shades by day,
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turned—it stopt—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain !
 But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame :

For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same !
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain !
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view :
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she feared the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before —
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised ;
Out came her daughter dear :
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green :
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
 Within the spacious park ;
 And, simple as the playful lamb,
 Had followed in the dark.

No Goblin he ; no imp of sin ;
 No crimes had he e'er known :
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The matron learned to love the sound
 That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
 And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
 And long he lived, and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
 And some conviction too :
 Each thought some other Goblin tale
 Perhaps was just as true.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

This strong affection to believe
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom,
 With him into another room,
 And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side?
 With you!" the hapless husband cried:
 "Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 My thoughts on other matters go;
 This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard;
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
 "Neighbour," he said, "farewell; no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summoned to the grave:
 Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 But when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely well ;
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :

He chaffered, then he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his smiling hours in peace ;
And still he viewed his wealth increase.

While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

When lo ! one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned ?" old Dobson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it ?" Death replies :
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ;
Since I was here before,
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined ;
"To spare the aged would be kind :
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings :
And for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," says Death, "that, at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least ;
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable ;
 Your years have run to a great length,
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength."

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast ;
 I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies ;
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms may make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, in truth ;
 Yet there's some comfort still," says Death ;
 "Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
 I warrant you hear all the news."
 "There's none," he cries ; "and, if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay then," the spectre stern rejoined,
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've had your *three* sufficient warnings ;
 So come along, no more we'll part :"
 He said, and touched him with his dart.
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THE NEW EDEN.

BY WHITTIER.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
 Poor Adam and his bride
 Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
 But on the outer side.

They heard the air above them fanned,
 A light step on the sward,
 And, lo! they saw before them stand
 The angel of the Lord.

Behind them, smiling in the morn
 Their forfeit garden lay ;
 Before them, wild with rock and thorn
 The desert stretched away.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
 For the chaste garb of old ;
 He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
 For Eden's drupes of gold.

“Arise!” he said, “why look behind
 When hope is all before ;
 And patient hand and willing mind
 Your loss may yet restore ?

I leave with you a spell whose power
 Can make the desert glad,
 And call around you fruit and flower
 As fair as Eden had.

I clothe your hands with power to lift
 The curse from off your soil ;
 Your very doom shall seem a gift,
 Your loss a gain through Toil.

Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,
 To labour as to play."
 While gleaming over Eden's trees
 The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
 Obedient to the word,
 And found where'er they tilled the earth
 A garden of the Lord !

Once more, oh ! white-winged angel stand,
 Where man still pines and grieves,
 And lead through toil to Eden land,
 New Adams and new Eves !

BOADICEA.

BY COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish!—write that **word**
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with **wings**,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic **words**
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending, as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died :
 Dying, hurled them at the foe :

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due
Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you."

THE COMMON LOT.

BY JAMES MONIGOMERY.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : and who was he ?
Mortal ! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown ;
His name hath perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone.

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear !—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
Oh, she was fair ! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main ;
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee :
 He was,—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is,—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of HIM afford no other trace
 Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN !

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY HUGHES.

Joy holds her court in great Belshazzar's hall,
 Where his proud lords attend their monarch's call.
 The rarest dainties which the teeming East
 Pours from her bounteous lap, adorn the feast.
 O'er silver fountains perfumed waters play,
 And gems add lustre to the blaze of day :
 The brightest tears of rich Assyria's vine
 In the broad gold with deeper crimson shine :
 Mirth dips his pinions in the rosy bowl,
 And Music pours his raptures o'er the soul ;
 While the high domes and fretted roofs prolong
 Each dying echo of the choral song.

But, lo ! the Monarch rises.—“Pour,” he cries,
 “To the great gods, the Assyrian deities ;
 Pour forth libations of the rosy wine
 To Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine.

Those golden vessels crown, which erewhile stood
 Fast by the oracle of Judah's God ;
 Till that accursèd race provokèd the ire
 And vengeful arm of my immortal sire.
 Hail to the Gods, whose omens in the night
 Beamed on my soul through visions of delight."
 Ah ! wretched mortal, worthless worm of clay !
 Thou, grovelling reptile, born but to decay !
 The Almighty's wrath shall soon in tempest rise,
 And scatter wide thine impious sacrifice,
 Roll back the torrent of thy guilty pride,
 And whelm thee, boaster, in its reflux tide.

Such is thine own impending fate, O king !
 Else, why that start, that livid cheek ? why fling
 The untasted goblet from thy palsied hand ?
 Why shake thy joints, thy feet forget to stand ?
 Where roams thine eye ? which seems in wild amaze
 To shun some object, yet returns to gaze ;
 Then shrinks again appalled, as if the tomb
 Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom,
 Dread as the phantom which in night's dark hour
 Revealed the terrors of the Almighty's power ;
 When o'er the couch of Eliphaz it stood,
 And froze the life-streams of his curdling blood.

Awful the horror, when Belshazzar raised
 His arm, and pointed where the vision blazed !
 For see ! enrobed in flame, a mystic shade,
 As of a hand, a red right-hand, displayed !
 And slowly moving o'er the wall, appear
 Letters of fate, and characters of fear !
 'Tis that Almighty hand, that shakes the pole,
 Wings the swift bolt, and bids the thunder roll.

Breathless they stand in deathlike silence ; all
 Fix their glazed eyeballs on the dreaded wall :
 It seems as if a magic spell had bound
 Each form in icy fetters ; not a sound

Is heard, except some throbbing pulse proclaims
 That life still lingers in their sinking frames.
 See! now the vision brightens, now 'tis gone;
 Like meteor flash, like heaven's own lightning flown!
 But, though the hand hath vanished, still appear
 Those mystic characters of fate and fear;
 Baffling each effort vainly made to scan
 Such revelation of the Lord to man.

“Quick bring the Prophet!—let his piercing eye
 Scan these dim outlines of futurity:

And oh! in mercy let his tongue proclaim
 The mystery of that visionary flame.”
 The holy prophet came, with brow serene,
 With spirit-speaking eye, and lofty mien.
 To whom Belshazzar:—“Prophet, by thine aid
 Be our sad doubts and anxious cares allayed;
 Our sage Chaldeans now in vain explore
 The secret wonders of their magic lore.
 See the dire portents that our hearts appal;
 Read thou the lines upon that dreaded wall.
 Nor shall thy skill and high deserts forego
 The richest gifts a monarch can bestow.”

Unutterably awful was the eye
 Which met the monarch's; and the stern reply
 Fell heavy on his soul. “Thy gifts withhold,
 Nor tempt the Spirit of the Law with gold.
 Did memory fail thee? was thy father's lot
 So lightly noted, and so soon forgot?
 Him God exalted; him the Almighty gave
 Power to cast down, set up, destroy or save.
 But when the hand that raised him, he defied,
 It smote him, and he withered in his pride;
 An awful wreck of man, outcast of heaven,
 From human haunts, from social converse driven.
 At length relenting Heaven his pride subdued,
 Restored his reason, and his form renewed.

Then humbly bent beneath the hand that shed
 Mercies or judgments on his chastened head,
 The covering shield he blessed, or kissed the rod,
 And bowed submissive to the will of God.
 But thou, unmindful of thy sire's release,
 His pride and fall, his penitence and peace,
 Hast braved the fury of the living Lord,
 Profaned His vessels, and His rites abhorred.
 Proud monarch, hear what these dread words reveal!
 That lot on which the Eternal sets His seal:—
 Thy kingdom numbered, and thy glory flown,
 The Mede and Persian revel on thy throne.
 Weighed in the balance, thou hast kicked the beam;
 See to yon western sun the lances gleam,
 Which, ere his orient rays adorn the sky,
 Thy blood shall sully with a crimson dye.”

This fate foretold, the strains prophetic cease.
 But ere the prophet's feet depart in peace,
 The chain of gold upon his neck they cast,
 The robe of scarlet gird around his waist;
 And proclamations through the land declare
 Daniel third ruler, next Assyria's heir.

In the dire carnage of that night's dead hour,
 Crushed mid the ruins of his crumbling power,
 Belshazzar fell; though secret was the blow,
 Unknown the hand that laid the tyrant low.

CUMNOR HALL.*

BY MICKLE.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

* Sir Walter Scott's admiration of this ballad induced him to found, on the same incidents, the popular romance of "Kenilworth."

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
 The sounds of busy life were still,
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me ;
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privacy ?

No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
 Thy once-belovèd bride to see ;
 But be she alive, or be she dead,
 I fear, stern Earl ! 's the same to thee.

Not such the usage I received
 When happy in my father's hall ;
 No faithless husband, then, me grieved,
 No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
 No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
 And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
 So merrily sung the live-long day.

Say that my beauty is but small,
 Among court ladies all despised,
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
 Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

And when you first to me made suit,
 How fair I was, you oft would say !
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
 Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes ! now neglected and despised,
 The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
 But he that once their charms so prized,
 Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay :
What floweret can endure the storm ?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
The eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave those beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

'Mong rural beauties I was one ;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty fires thy vows ;
Rather Ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lonely as I go :
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs ! they little know
 How far more happy 's their estate ;
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe ;
 To be content, than to be great.

How far less blessed am I than them,
 Daily to pine and waste with care !
 Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
 Divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude ;
 Your minions proud my peace destroy,
 By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village death-bell smote my ear ;
 They winked aside, and seemed to say,
 'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

And now, when happy peasants sleep,
 Here sit I lonely and forlorn ;
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay ;
 Still that dread death-bell strikes my ear ;
 And many a boding seems to say,
 'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
 In Cumnor Hall, so long and drear ;
 Full many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall so long and drear,
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call ;
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall ;
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(From the French of MERY and BARTHELLEMY.)

At midnight, from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his round he goes.

Had formed for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill
 To curb the steed and guide the wheel ;
 And as he passed the gazing throng
 With graceful ease, and smacked the thong,
 The idiot wonder they expressed
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs must show
 His master, what his art could do ;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confessed its fright,
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight,
 The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
 And to the inmost shades retire.
 Howe'er, the youth with forward air
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car :
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,
 And gathering crowds with eager eyes
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
 Triumphant to the goal returned,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burned.
 And now along the indented plain
 The selfsame track he marks again,
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd ;
 The youths with emulation glowed ;
 E'en bearded sages hailed the boy,
 And all, but Plato, gazed with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumph of the field ;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And flushed with hope had caught his eye—

"Alas ! unhappy youth !" he cried,
 "Expect no praise from me," and sighed :
 "With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squandered there
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
 If well employed at less expense,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense ;
 And raised thee from a coachman's fate,
 To govern men, and guide the state."

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

(From the German of STOLBERG.)

WOE is me ! oh where, oh where
 Doth my spirit drive me ? where ?
 These wild torrents roll to me
 Abel's blood ! — It is the sea !

E'en to earth's remotest verge
 Vengeance doth me onward urge !
 Where no tongue did e'er complain,
 Abel's blood has banished Cain !

Woe is me ! My brother's blood
 Thunders in the roaring flood !
 In the rocky beach's sound !
 In the cavern's loud rebound !

As the waves beat round the rock,
 So my spirit feels the shock
 Of grief and rage, anguished mood,
 Dread of heaven, Abel's blood !

Open, waves, your surging tide !
 For the earth, when Abel died,
 Drank the blood of him I slew,
 Heard the curse of vengeance too !

Open, waves, your surging tide !
 And disclose your bed all wide !
 Ah ! 'tis vain ! revenge has might
 In the realm of ancient night ;

In the darkest, deepest deep,
 Abel's shade would near me keep—
 Near me, though I took my flight
 To the highest mountain's height.

Should this frame dissolve away,
 Of the whirlpool-storm the prey,
 Yet, oh yet, would Cain still dread
 Heaven's anger on his head !

Knowing now no end, no age,
 My tormented spirit's rage
 (Time's remotest bound'ries past)
 Through unceasing years will last.

Vengeance on my head I drew,
 Th' instant I my brother slew !
 Woe is me ! oh, woe is me !
Dread of heaven follows me !

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

BY COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of woman-kind but one,
And **you** are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore ;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

“Good lack!” quoth he, “yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

“So, fair and softly,” John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain:
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around ;
 " He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house,”
They all at once did cry ;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired :”
Said Gilpin—“So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

“What news ? what news ? your tidings tell—
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came because your horse would come ;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here—
 They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit,
 “ My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
“ I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear :
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
“ This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain !
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry : —

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !— a highwayman ! ”
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way,
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

THE WATER PARTY.

BY CRABBE.

SOMETIMES a party, rowed from town, will land
On a small islet formed of shelly sand,
Left by the water when the tides are low,
But which the floods, in their return, o'erflow :
There will they anchor, pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new ;
The now receding billows give them space
On either side the growing shores to pace ;
And then returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between ;
As sea to sea approaches, shore to shores,
Till the next ebb the sandy isle restores.

Then what alarm ! what danger and dismay,
If all their trust, their boat, should drift away ;
And once it happened — Gay the friends advanced,
They walked, they ran, they played, they sang, they danced ;
The urns were boiling, and the cups went round,
And not a grave or thoughtful face was found ;
On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,
Dry shelly sand, that made the summer-seat ;
The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er the head,
And waves ran softly up their shining bed.

Some formed a party from the rest to stray,
Pleased to collect the trifles in their way ;
These to behold they call their friends around ;
No friends can hear, or hear another sound :
Alarmed, they hasten, yet perceive not why,
But catch the fear that quickens as they fly.

For lo ! a lady sage, who paced the sand
With her fair children, one in either hand,

Intent on home, had turned, and saw the boat
 Slipped from her moorings, and now far afloat ;
 She gazed, she trembled, and though faint her call,
 It seemed, like thunder, to confound them all.
 Their sailor guides, the boatman and his mate,
 Had drunk, and slept regardless of their state.
 "Awake !" they cried aloud ! "Alarm the shore !
 Shout all, or never shall we reach it more !"
 Alas ! no shout the distant land can reach,
 Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach :
 Again they join in one loud powerful cry,—
 Then cease, and eager listen for reply ;
 None came—the rising wind blew sadly by :
 They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
 To see how quickly flowed the coming tide ;
 Between each cry they find the waters steal
 On their strange prison, and new horrors feel ;
 Foot after foot on the contracted ground
 The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound ;
 Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
 And there was wailing, weeping, wrath, and blame.

Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
 Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
 He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
 And traced the movement of each different mind :
 He might have seen, that not the gentle maid
 Was more than stern and haughty man afraid ;
 Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
 And silent prayers to Mercy's throne address ;
 While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
 Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.
 The party's patron, sorely sighing, cried,
 "Why would you urge me ? I at first denied."
 Fiercely they answered :—"Why will you complain,
 Who saw no danger, or were warned in vain ?"

A few essayed the troubled soul to calm,
But dread prevailed, and anguish, and alarm.

Now rose the water through the lessening sand,
And they seemed sinking, while they yet could stand ;
The sun went down, they looked from side to side,
Nor aught except the gathering sea descried ;
Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,
And the most lively bade to hope adieu ;
Children, by love then lifted from the seas,
Felt not the waters at the parents' knees,
But wept aloud ; the wind increased the sound,
And the cold billows, as they broke around.

“Once more, yet once again, with all our strength
Cry to the land—we may be heard at length !”
Vain hope, if yet unseen !—but hark !—an oar—
That sound of bliss ! comes dashing to their shore ;
Still, still the water rises ; “Haste !” they cry,
“Oh, hurry, seamen ; in delay we die !”
(Seamen were these, who in their ship perceived
The drifted boat, and thus her crew relieved.)
And now the keel just cuts the covered sand,
Now to the gunwale stretches every hand :
With trembling pleasure all confused embark,
And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark :
While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,
Think of their danger, and their God adore.

THE MANIAC.

BY LEWIS.

STAY, jailor, stay, and hear my woe !
She is not mad who kneels to thee :
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.

I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
 My language shall be mild, though sad :
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
 Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail —
 Oh ! jailor, haste that fate to tell :
 Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer :
 His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
 He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
 His glimmering lamp, still, still I see —
 'Tis gone ! and all is gloom again.
 Cold, bitter cold ! — No warmth ! no light ! —
 Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
 Although not mad ; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain ;
 What ! I, — the child of rank and wealth, —
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
 Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
 But 'tis not mad ; no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;

Nor how with her you sued to stay ;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away ;
 They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone ;
 None ever bore a lovelier child :
 And art thou now for ever gone ?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
 I will be free ! unbar the door !
 I am not mad ; I am not mad.

Oh ! hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
 His chain some furious madman breaks ;
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes ;
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
 Help ! help !—He's gone !—Oh ! fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon ;—for, lo ! you—while I speak—
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !
 He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror !—the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ;—I feel the truth ;
 Your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

THE TWO WEAVERS

BY HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two weavers sat
 Beguiling time with friendly chat,
 They touched upon the price of meat,
 So high, a weaver scarce could eat !

“ What with my babes and sickly wife,”
 Quoth Dick, “ I am almost tired of life ;
 So hard we work, so poor we fare,
 ’Tis more than mortal man can bear.

“ How glorious is the rich man’s state !
 His house so fine, his wealth so great !
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree :
 Why all to him, and none to me ?

“ In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
 In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
 This world,—indeed, I’ve thought so long,—
 Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

“ Where’er I look, howe’er I range,
 ’Tis all confused, and hard, and strange ;
 The good are troubled and opprest,
 And all the wicked are the blest.”

Quoth John, “ Our ignorance is the cause,
 Why thus we blame our Maker’s laws,
 Parts of His ways alone we know,
 ’Tis all that man can see below.

“ Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun ?
 Behold the wild confusion there !
 So rude the mass, it makes one stare !

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
 Would say, no meaning's there conveyed ;
 For where's the middle, where's the border ?
 Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits :
 But still in every part it fits :
 Besides, you reason like a lout :
 Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
 And now I hope to cure thy spleen :
 This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
 Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
 We know not what the whole intends ;
 So, when on earth things look but odd,
 They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace ;
 All wants proportion, truth, and grace ;
 The motley mixture we deride,
 Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
 And view these works of God aright ;
 Then shall we see the whole design,
 And own, the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
 All order and design appear ;
 Then shall we praise what then we spurned,
 For then the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
 That this world is so strange a jumble ;
 My impious doubts are put to flight,
 For my own carpet sets me right."

WHAT IS TIME ?

BY MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
 Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares ;
 "Time is the warp of life," he said ; "oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"
 I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"
 I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left its veins ; "Time !" he replied ;
 "I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !"—and he died.
 I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
 And bade me for Eternity prepare.
 I asked the Seasons, in their annual round
 Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize !"
 I asked a spirit lost,—but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak,
 It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite !"
 Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory or the path of hell."
 I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Time is the present hour, the past is fled ;
 Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."

I asked Old Father Time himself at last ;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past,—
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I asked the mighty angel,¹ who shall stand
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
 "Mortal !" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er ;
 Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more !"²

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

¹ See Rev. x.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone ;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh ! change—oh ! wondrous change—
 Burst are the prison-bars,—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonised, and now
 Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod :
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

DRAMATIC RECITATIONS.

DRAMATIC RECITATIONS.

SHAKESPERIAN.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

JACQUES in *As You Like It*.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
Then, the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,

And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

PORTIA'S SPEECH TO SHYLOCK.

The Merchant of Venice.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

PROSPERO'S INVOCATION.

The Tempest.

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that
 By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew : by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimmed
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,
 Have waked their sleepers ; oped, and let them forth
 By my so potent art : but this rough magic
 I here abjure : and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

RICHARD THE SECOND ON KINGLY GREATNESS.

Richard II.

OF comfort no man speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills :
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model¹ of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed :²
 Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed ;
 All murdered :—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humoured thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,

¹ Something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers.

² Ghosts of those whom they have deposed.

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me I am a king ?

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

Henry IV. Part I.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners ;
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,
 Fresh, as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfumèd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff : and still he smiled and talked ;
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 Answered neglectingly I know not what ;

He should, or he should not ;— for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
 And telling me, the sovereignest thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

Henry IV. Part I.

— “ BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous;”—Why that’s certain; ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an

opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

Henry IV. Part II.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O ! thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly,¹ death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low-lie-down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

HENRY THE FIFTH TO HIS TROOPS BEFORE
 HARFLEUR.

Henry V.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

¹ Loud noise.

Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage ¹ of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded ² base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !— On, on, you nobless English, ³
 Whose blood is fet ⁴ from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
 'That those whom you called fathers did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And, you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !

¹ The eyes are compared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

² *Confound* was formerly used for to *destroy*.

³ The English nobility. Henry first addresses the nobless—then the yeomen.

⁴ *Fetch'd*.

HENRY THE FIFTH TO HIS ARMY AT
AGINCOURT.

Henry V.

IF we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day : Then shall our names
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

GLOSTER'S (RICHARD III.) SOLILOQUY AFTER
 KILLING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Henry VI. Part III.

WHAT, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house !
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say—I sent thee thither,—
[*Stabs him again.*
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;
 For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward :
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurped our right ?
 The midwife wondered : and the women cried,
 " O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !"
 And so I was ; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
 Let hell make crooked my mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother :
 And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me ; I am myself alone.
 Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone :
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY—"NOW IS THE WINTER
OF OUR DISCONTENT."

Richard III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;¹

¹ The cognizance of Edward IV. was adopted after the battle of Mortimer's Cross.

And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed² steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;—
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;—
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,

¹ Barbed and barded were indifferently applied to a caparisoned horse.

This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Richard III.

OH, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.—
 Methought that I had broken from the Tower
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
 And in my company my brother Gloster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches ; there we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Oh, then began the tempest to my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who spake aloud, — “ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”
And so he vanished : Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud, —
“ Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, —
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ; —
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment ! ”
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS FALL

Henry VIII.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root ;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new opened : Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—
 Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee :
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;

A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—Prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, HE would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

MERCUTIO'S DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

Romeo and Juliet.

OH, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web ;

Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :¹
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

JULIET TAKING THE OPIATE.

Romeo and Juliet.

FAREWELL!—God knows when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

¹ A court solicitation.

That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
 Nurse !— What should she do here ?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?
 No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead ;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are packed ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! it is not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
 Oh ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
 Oh, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo,—here's drink—I drink to thee.
 [*She throws herself on the bed.*]

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S
 MARRIAGE.

Hamlet.

OH, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fye on 't ! O fye ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two ;
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 That he might not betem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on 't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears ; — why she, even she, —
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer, — married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her galled eyes —
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

Hamlet.

ANGELS and ministers of grace, defend us ! —
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
 Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS IRRESOLUTION.

Hamlet.

Now I am alone.

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warmed ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
 For Hecuba !
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her ? What would he do
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
 That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,¹
 Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.
 Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams,² unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
 Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
 Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
 Ha !
 Why, I should take it : for it cannot be,

¹ Free from offence.² A sleepy fellow.

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal.
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
 O vengeance !
 What an ass am I ! ay, sure, this is most brave ;
 That I, the son of the dear murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must fall a cursing, like a very scullion !
 Fye upon 't ! foh ! About, my brains ! I have heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaimed their malefactions ;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
 I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil : and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape : yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 More relative than this : The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

Hamlet.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ?¹ who would these fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

¹ A small sword

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Hamlet.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much — your hand thus : but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

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

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

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING, HAMLET'S UNCLE.

Hamlet.

O MY offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : But 't is not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe :
 All may be well !

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

Othello.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
 I won his daughter.

I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father :
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.
 And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortune,
 That I have passed,
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance. In my traveller's history,
 (Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,¹
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak,) such was my process ;—
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear

¹ Sterile, barren.

Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange ;
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
 She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me :
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

LADY MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Reading a letter.

"THEY met me in the day of success ; and I have
 learned by the perfectest report, that they have more in
 them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to
 question them further, they made themselves air, into
 which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
 of it, came missives from the king, who all hailed me,
 'Thane of Cawdor ;' by which title, before, these weird

sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 'To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical¹ aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it!² Come to my woman's breasts,

¹ Supernatural.

² "If fear, compassion, or any other compunctious visitings, stand between a cruel purpose and its realisation, they may be said to keep peace between them, as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace."—CHARLES KNIGHT.

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY ON THE MURDER OF
 DUNCAN.

Macbeth.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly. If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal¹ of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek—hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,

¹ The shallow ford of life.

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,¹
 And falls on the other.²—How now, what news?

MACBETH'S ADDRESS TO THE AIR-DRAWN
 DAGGER.

Macbeth.

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind,—a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?

¹ "It has been proposed to read, instead of *itself*, *its sell*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*."—CHARLES KNIGHT.

² "After *other* Hamner introduced *side*. The commentators say that the addition is unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser: I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger; that it is not complete in itself; and would not have been completed with *side*."—*Ibid.*

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon,¹ gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep : witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives :
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

CORIOLANUS TO THE ROMANS ON HIS
BANISHMENT.

Coriolanus.

You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;

¹ The handle of the dagger.

And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders ; till, at length,
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
 There is a world elsewhere.

MARCELLUS TO THE ROMANS.

Julius Cæsar.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows,—yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The livelong day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone !
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

BRUTUS'S SOLILOQUY ON CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar.

It must be by his death : and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crowned :—
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—That ;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse¹ from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : so Cæsar may :
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,

¹ Pity, tenderness.

Would run to these, and these extremities ;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO CÆSAR'S BODY.

Julius Cæsar.

OÏ, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hands of war ;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry " Havock," and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men groaning for burial.

BRUTUS TO THE ROMANS.

Julius Cæsar.

BE patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman! If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. . . . Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. . . . Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

Julius Cæsar.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones :
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)
 Come I speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, Oh, what would come of it !
You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on :

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel,
The dint¹ of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well

¹ Impression.

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Yet, hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas ! you know not—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,—
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ?

DRAMATIC RECITATIONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Cato, BY ADDISON.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ? —
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out a Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity ! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue :
And that which He delights in must be happy.

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar?
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE ALPS.

William Tell, BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld
To show you they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you look! how mighty and how free!
How do you look for all your bared brows
More gorgeously majestic than kings,
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mines!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear

Of awe divine—whose subject never kneels
 In mockery, because it is your boast
 To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free! I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,

I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow.
 O'er the abyss his broad expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about: absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him—I could not shoot,
 'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside
 And let him soar away.

When I wedded thee

The land was free!—O with what pride, I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God
 And bless Him that it was so!—It was free!—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free!—
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun!
 How happy was I in it then!—I loved
 Its very storms!—Yes, Emma!—I have sat
 In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
 The wind came, roaring—sat in it, and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master, save his own!
 You know the jutting cliff, round which a track

Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one?—O'ertaken *there*
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along ;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there ; the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thralldom, to that furious wind,
Blow on !—This is the land of liberty !

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Douglas, BY HOME.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home :
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord :
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took ; then hasted to my friends ;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,

I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
 We fought—and conquered! Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained
 The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
 That our good king had summoned his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
 And, heaven-directed, came this day, to do
 The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

Pizarro, BY SHERIDAN.

MY brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No;—you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—When e'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!

—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this : The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE MEN OF ROME.

Rienzi, BY MISS MITFORD.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom :—we are slaves !
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave :—not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame ;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great

In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbour—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonour ? men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,—
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son ! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
 The corse,—the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans : rouse, ye slaves !
 Have ye brave sons ? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
 To see them die. Have ye daughters fair ? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonoured ; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king ! And once, again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus !—once again, I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free ! her sons
 Shall walk with princes !

CATILINE TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

Catiline, BY DR. CROLY.

"BANISHED from Rome!"—what's banished, but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 "Banished?"—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
 But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.
 Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
 He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
 "Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This—trial!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,
 For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe;
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS'S ORATION OVER
THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.*Brutus*, BY J. H. PAYNE.

WOULD you know why I summoned you together ?
Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corse !
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death !
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue !
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never resting thought is all on fire !
The worthiest of the worthy ! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her ;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds,
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture ; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine
And turned desire to reverential love,
And holiest affection ! Oh, my countrymen !
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome ; old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran,

And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother,—
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeasèd ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!

And we will be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Brutus your king!—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you

CLAUDE MELNOTTE TO PAULINE.

The Lady of Lyons, BY BULWER-LYTTON.

PAULINE, by pride—
 Angels have fallen ere thy time : by pride—
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,
 And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
 From my first years my soul was filled with thee ;
 I saw thee 'midst the flowers the lowly boy
 Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
 Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer ! Well ; this love,
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
 Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
 Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love like Death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future !
 My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
 And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
 Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin-gaolers of the daring heart—
 Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
 Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils

By which man masters men ! For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !
 For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
 And Passion taught me poesy — of thee,
 And on the painter's canvass grew the life
 Of beauty ! — Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !
 Men called me vain — some mad — I heeded not ;
 But still toiled on — hoped on — for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !
 At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
 And sent them to thee — such a tribute, lady,
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest,
 The name — appended by the burning heart
 That longed to show its idol what bright things
 It had created — yea, the enthusiast's name,
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn !
 That very hour — when passion, turned to wrath,
 Resembled hatred most — when thy disdain
 Made my whole soul a chaos — in that hour
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool
 For their revenge ! Thou hadst trampled on the worm —
 It turned and stung thee !
 I will not tell thee of the throes — the struggles —
 The anguish — the remorse : No — let it pass !
 And let me come to such most poor atonement
 Yet in my power. Pauline ! —

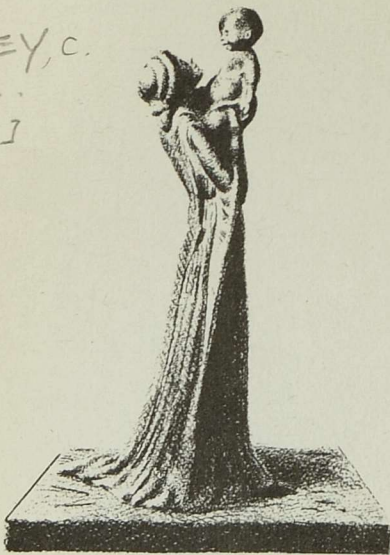
*[Approaching her with great emotion, and about to
 take her hand. She shrinks from him.]*

Do not fear me.

Thou dost not know me, Madam : at the altar
 My vengeance ceased — my guilty oath expired !
 Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
 Nighed in cathedral aisles, is hallowed more

From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace;
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love;
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wronged thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!

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