

NOVA SCOTIA SCHOOL SERIES.

READINGS
FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

No. VI.



HALIFAX:
A. & W. MACKINLAY & CO.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Be it remembered that on this third day of November, A.D. 1865, A. & W. MACKINLAY, of the city of Halifax, in said Province, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the copyright whereof they claim in the words following: "Nova Scotia Series: Readings from the Best Authors, No. VI." and authorized by the Council of Public Instruction, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

in conformity to chapter one hundred and sixteen of the Revised Statutes.

CHARLES TUPPER, *Provincial Secretary.*

PREFACE.

THE extracts which form this first part of "READINGS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS," have been selected mainly with a regard to their suitability as exercises in Elocution for the members of middle and junior classes. It has therefore been deemed essential that each piece should exhibit some of the following characteristics :—

1st. That the subject be one which boys can thoroughly appreciate, and which may therefore largely enlist their sympathies.

2d. That the subject be *so treated* that the thoughts and imagery may be readily apprehended, and speedily brought home to the heart and the feelings. For it cannot be expected that those portions of an author which require for their comprehension a laborious and minute explanation on the part of the teacher, and a great exercise of thought on the part of the pupil, can be read with spirit and with taste.

3d. That strongly-marked rhetorical peculiarities abound, so that the young may be early taught to avoid a monotonous and unimpressive style of reading.

To each Piece has been prefixed a very brief notice of its author, and, when necessary, of the circumstances under which it was written. A few notes have been added, to explain the more obscure references; but it has been judged best for the interests of both teacher and pupil to limit these within narrow bounds.

It is not intended that the extracts in this volume be read in the order in which they are printed, but that, on the contrary, teachers should select from day to day such passages as they may deem most suitable. An attempt has therefore been made at a classification on a simple and natural principle. It has not, however, been found easy to decide under which head certain pieces should most appropriately be ranged, partaking, as many of them do, of the characteristics of more than one class.

While a large proportion of the specimens now selected have not

previously appeared in any class-book, it will nevertheless be seen that many old favourites have been retained in their place of honour. Some of these may be objected to as hackneyed ; but it must be remembered that though familiar to us, they are fresh to the rising generation, and that if they delighted our youthful fancies, they will be no less successful in captivating the minds of our children.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

	Page
I. Return of Columbus.....	<i>Prescott.</i> 7
II. Runnemedede.....	<i>Charles Knight.</i> 10
III. Relief of Londonderry.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 13
IV. Trial of Warren Hastings.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 15
V. The Broken Heart.....	<i>W. Irving.</i> 17
VI. The Battle of Alma.....	<i>W. H. Russell.</i> 20
VII. Homeward Bound.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 23

SECTION II.—FICTION.

I. Fall of Jerusalem.....	<i>Croly.</i> 27
II. Destruction of Pompeii.....	<i>Sir B. Lytton.</i> 30
III. Story of the Siege of Calais.....	<i>Brooke.</i> 33
IV. Football.....	<i>Hughes.</i> 38
V. A Storm.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 41
VI. Escape of a Slave.....	<i>Mrs. Stowe.</i> 43
VII. Death of Eva.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 48
VIII. The Stage Coach.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 51
IX. Damon and Phintias.....	<i>Brooke.</i> 55
X. The Monk.....	<i>Sterne.</i> 57

SECTION III.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I. Grief for the Dead.....	<i>W. Irving.</i> 60
II. Westminster Abbey.....	<i>Addison.</i> 62
III. The Hand.....	<i>Dr. G. Wilson.</i> 63

IV. The Regalia of Scotland.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Guthrie.</i>	66
V. The Men and the Deeds of the American Revolution.....	<i>Everett.</i>	67
VI. <i>Tact versus Talent.</i>	<i>London Atlas.</i>	69

SECTION IV.—ORATORY.

I. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, on the American War		72
II. Sheridan against Hastings.....		75
III. Burke against Hastings.....		77
IV. America's Duty to Greece.....	<i>Henry Clay.</i>	79
V. Lord Brougham on Negro Slavery.....		81
VI. Transitory Nature of Earthly Things.....	<i>Chalmers' Memoirs.</i>	82
VII. Lord Brougham on Public Speaking.....		85

POETRY.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I. Boadicea.....	<i>Cowper.</i>	87
II. Hohenlinden.....	<i>Campbell.</i>	88
III. De Boune and Robert Bruce.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	89
IV. Burial of Sir John Moore.....	<i>Wolfe.</i>	91
V. Battle of Morgarten.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	92
VI. Beth Gelert.....	<i>Hon. W. R. Spencer.</i>	96
VII. Jessie of Lucknow.....	<i>Prof. Webb.</i>	98
VIII. Mary Queen of Scots.....	<i>Belk.</i>	99
IX. Lord Ullin's Daughter.....	<i>Campbell.</i>	104
X. Bernardo del Carpio.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	106
XI. Bernardo and Alphonso.....	<i>Lockhart.</i>	108
XII. Horatius.....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i>	111
XIII. Ellen, the Lady of the Lake.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	114
XIV. Eliza at the Battle of Minden.....	<i>Darwin.</i>	116
XV. The Archery of William Tell.....	<i>Baine.</i>	117
XVI. Banishment of Mazeppa.....	<i>Byron.</i>	120
XVII. Sack of Baltimore.....	<i>Davis.</i>	122
XVIII. The Fountain.....	<i>Rogers.</i>	125
XIX. Incident at Bruges.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i>	126
XX. The Armada.....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i>	128
XXI. Lady of Provence.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	131
XXII. The Village Inn.....	<i>Goldsmith.</i>	134

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
XXIII. Battle of Hastings.....	<i>Bentley Ballads.</i> 135
XXIV. The French Army in Russia.....	<i>Croly.</i> 138
XXV. Downfall of Poland.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 140
XXVI. Geneva.....	<i>Rogers.</i> 143
XXVII. The Drum.....	<i>Jerrold's Magazine.</i> 145
XXVIII. Bonfire of Craig-Gowan.....	<i>W. S. Daniel.</i> 146
XXIX. Death of Murat.....	<i>Atkinson.</i> 148
XXX. Pompeii.....	<i>Anon.</i> 150
XXXI. Destruction of Sennacherib.....	<i>Byron.</i> 151
XXXII. David and Goliath.....	<i>Drummond.</i> 152
XXXIII. The Village Preacher.....	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 156
XXXIV. The Ship Foundering.....	<i>Lord Byron.</i> 158
XXXV. The Shunamite.....	<i>N. P. Willis.</i> 159
XXXVI. Funeral of Wellington.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 161
XXXVII. Battle of Marathon.....	<i>Prof. Blackie.</i> 164
XXXVIII. Isaac Ashford.....	<i>Crabbe.</i> 167
XXXIX. Ontalissi.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 169
XL. The Legend of the Egyptian Princess.....	<i>Edwin Arnold.</i> 171

SECTION II.—DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL.

I. Home.....	<i>Montgomery.</i> 174
II. England and her Queen.....	<i>M. A. Stodart.</i> 175
III. British Sailor's Song.....	<i>Anon.</i> 175
IV. England's Dead.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 177
V. Bingen on the Rhine.....	<i>Hon. Mrs. Norton.</i> 178
VI. A Winter Evening.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 181

SECTION III.—SACRED AND MORAL.

I. God hath a Voice.....	<i>E. Cook.</i> 183
II. The Reign of Christ.....	<i>Pope.</i> 183
III. The Future Mercifully Concealed.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 184
IV. Human Life.....	<i>Rogers.</i> 185
V. Spirit of Beauty.....	<i>Dawes.</i> 186
VI. Paddle your own Canoe.....	<i>Anon.</i> 187
VII. Bruce and the Spider.....	<i>E. Cook.</i> 188
VIII. The Toy of the Giant's Child.....	<i>Richardson.</i> 189
IX. The Last Man.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 191
X. The Inquiry.....	<i>C. Mackay.</i> 193
XI. Address to Light.....	<i>Milton.</i> 195
XII. Samson's Self-Reprouch.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 196
XIII. Eve's Address to Adam after her Dream.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 197

SECTION IV.—MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	Page
I. The Sea Gull.....	<i>Griffin.</i> 200
II. The Belfry Pigeon.....	<i>Wallis.</i> 201
III. The King of the Wind.....	<i>E. Cook.</i> 202
IV. Song of the Stars.....	<i>W. C. Bryant.</i> 203
V. Sword Chant of Thorstein Randi.....	<i>Motherwell.</i> 204
VI. The Fate of the Oak.....	<i>B. Cornwall.</i> 206
VII. The Deserted Mill.....	<i>Schneidler.</i> 207

SECTION V.—DIALOGUE.

I. Lochiel's Warning.....	<i>Campbell.</i> 210
II. Dalila and Samson.....	<i>Milton.</i> 212
III. Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 215

SECTION VI.—THE DRAMA.

I. The Seven Ages.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 222
II. Marullus to the Mob.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 223
III. Scene from Julius Cæsar, containing Brutus on the death of Cæsar, and Antony's Oration over Cæsar's body.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 224
IV. Wolsey's Soliloquy, and his Address to Cromwell.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 228
V. Brutus over the body of Lucretia.....	<i>Payne.</i> 230

SECTION VII.—COMIC PIECES.

I. Morning Visits.....	<i>Dr. Nares.</i> 232
II. Taking a Measure.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 235
III. Patent and Dowlas.....	<i>Carey.</i> 236
IV. Law.....	<i>Stevens.</i> 238

SELECT READINGS.

PART I.—PROSE.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.—RETURN OF COLUMBUS AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

(W. H. PRESCOTT.)

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa in 1437. He died in 1506. The Bahama Islands were reached by him in little more than two months after leaving Palos.

William Hickling Prescott, the celebrated American writer, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. He died in 1859. His "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," and "Conquest of Peru," are standard works in English literature.

In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the scepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his fol-

lowers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him ; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honourable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes entered the harbour of Palos about noon on the 15th of March, 1493,—being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbour. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave ; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return.

When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return, while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honour of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by

several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time—which has now lost its force from its familiarity—first revealed the existence of a “NEW WORLD.” As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and house-top, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus' rank in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honours paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from

Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness.

He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous colouring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

II.—RUNNEMEDE.

(CHARLES KNIGHT.)

THE political history of John may be read in the most durable of antiquities, the records of the kingdom; and the people may read the most remarkable of these records whenever they please to look upon it. Magna Charta, the great charter of England, entire as at the hour it was written, is preserved, not for reference on doubtful questions of right, not to be proclaimed at market-crosses or to be read in churches, as in the time of Edward I., but for the gratification of a just curiosity and an honest national pride.

The humblest in the land may look upon that document, day by day, in the British Museum; which more than six hundred years ago declared that "no freeman shall be arrested, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his tenement, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any manner proceeded against, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This is the foundation of the statute upon statute, and of what is as stringent as statute, the common law, through which for six hundred years we have been struggling to breathe the breath of freedom; and we have not struggled in vain. The Great Charter is in Latin, written in a beautiful hand.

Runnemeade, or Runingmede as the charter has it, was, according to Matthew of Westminster, a place where treaties concerning the peace of the kingdom had been often made. The name distinctly signifies a place of council. It is an Anglo-Saxon compound word, meaning the council meadow. Runnemeade is a fitting place for the cradle of English liberty. Denham, who from his Cooper's Hill looked down upon the Thames, wandering past this mead to become "the world's exchange," somewhat tamely speaks of the plain at his feet:—

"Here was that Charter sealed wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,—
When kings give liberty and subjects love."

Our liberty was not so won. It was wrested from kings, and not given by them; and the love we bestow upon those who are the central point of our liberty is the homage of reason to security. That security has made the Thames "the world's exchange;" that security has raised up the great city which lies like a mist below Cooper's Hill; that security has caused the towers of Windsor, which we see from the same hill, to rise up in new splendour, instead of crumbling into ruin like many a stronghold of feudal oppression.

Our prosperity is the child of our free institutions; and the child has gone forward strengthening and succouring

the parent. Yet the iron men who won this charter of liberties dreamt not of the day when a greater power than their own, the power of the merchants and the villeins, would rise up to keep what they had sworn to win, upon the altar of St. Edmundsbury. The great progenitors of our English nobility compelled the despot to put his seal to the Charter of Runnemede. But another order of men, whom they of the pointed shield and the masclcd armour would have despised as slaves, have kept, and will keep, God willing, what they won on the 15th of June, in the year of grace 1215. The thing has rooted into our English earth like the Ankerwyke yew on the opposite bank of the Thames, which is still vigorous, though held to be older than the great day of Runnemede.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNEMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then rendered tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honoured name,
Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

AKENSIDE.

III.—RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

The siege of Londonderry, in 1689, was conducted by the generals of the exiled King of England, James II., whom Louis XIV. of France sought to restore to the British throne. The inhabitants of the town remained faithful to the cause of Protestantism and the interest of William III., Prince of Orange. Thomas Babington Macaulay—Lord Macaulay—was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800. His father, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, the son of a Scottish clergyman, took a leading part, along with Wilberforce and others, in the abolition of slavery. Mr. Macaulay was raised to the peerage in 1857, after a brilliant career in literature and politics. He died on the 28th December, 1859.

IT was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake¹ performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom.² The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed

¹ Captain John Leake, afterwards Admiral Leake, commanded the *Dartmouth*, a thirty-six gun frigate.

² A boom had been stretched by the besiegers across the river, so that no provisions might be brought by sea to the beleaguered city.

safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master¹ was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him ; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began ; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river ; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night ; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp ; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of

¹ Micalab Browning.

smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers ; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

IV.—TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India from 1774 to 1785. On his return to England he was impeached by the House of Commons and tried by the House of Lords for acts of oppression and injustice. The trial was protracted from 1788 till 1795, when he was acquitted, but was obliged to pay the cost of the suit, which amounted to upwards of £70,000 sterling. The East India Company, however, indemnified him for his loss.

THE place in which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was conducted, was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus ;¹ the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings ; the hall, which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers ; the hall, where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment ; the hall, where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice, with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all points of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art.

There were seated around the queen the fair-haired, young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There, the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the

¹ Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus.

world could present. There, Siddons,¹ in the pride of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There, the historian of the Roman Empire² thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa;³ and there, too, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age; for the spectacle had allured Reynolds from his easel, and Parr⁴ from his study.

* * * * *

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow, pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face, pale and worn, but on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written;—such formed the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction, which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic

¹ A celebrated actress.

² Gibbon.

³ Marius, in the reign of the Emperor Nerva.

⁴ Dr. Samuel Parr, celebrated for his classical acquirements and his conversational powers.

Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the Constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits.

V.—THE BROKEN HEART.

(WASHINGTON IRVING.)

Robert Emmet, a young Irish barrister, having taken part in the rebellion of 1798, was tried and executed in Dublin, in 1803. The lady whose fate is so mournfully interwoven with his, was the daughter of the celebrated lawyer and wit, John Philpot Curran.

Washington Irving, of whom America has just reason to be proud, was born in New York in 1783. He died in the latter part of 1859, full of years and honours.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom,

and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when he was blasted in fortune, and when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of plea-

sure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to

be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines :—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!"

VI.—THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

(W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.)

The Battle of Alma, the first of the many deadly struggles of the Crimean war, was fought on the 20th September 1854. The English were commanded by Lord Raglan, the French by Marshal St. Arnaud, and the Russians by Prince Menschikoff.

William Howard Russell, LL.D., *The Times* Correspondent, was born in Dublin in 1816, and was educated at Trinity College.

LORD RAGLAN waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length an aid-de-camp came to him and reported that the French had crossed the Alma, but that they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and

caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round. Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw by his side men on whom he knew he might stake the honour and fate of Great Britain, and anticipating a little in a military point of view the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose those serried masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round shot, case shot, and shell, they dashed into the Alma, and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, and to our surprise they were occupied by Russian riflemen. The staff (three of whom were here shot down) led by Lord Raglan in person, advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river and up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries, and by grape, round shot, shell, canister, case shot, and musketry, from some of the guns of the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2d Division, led by Sir De L. Evans in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry, and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided them in the battle. Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light

Division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows ! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one-half, fell back to re-form their columns lost for the time ; the 23d, with eight officers dead and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 15th, 33d, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted, "23d, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again; but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly, while paralyzed for a moment. Meantime the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde Park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that we were just able to contend against the Russians, favoured as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry, harassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes ;" and an artillery officer, whose name I do not now know, brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill.

The Duke* encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the Royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favour of you: it is, that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said the Scots Fusilier Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. It is won with a loss of nearly 3000 killed and wounded on our side. The Russians' retreat was covered by their cavalry, but if we had had an adequate force, we could have captured many guns and multitudes of prisoners.

VII.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth in 1812. On the termination of the French war, his father, who held a situation in the Navy Pay Department, removed to London and employed himself as a newspaper reporter. This occupation Mr. Dickens followed for some years, till his genius found a more fitting sphere in writing works of fiction.

At length and at last the promised wind came up in right good earnest, and away we went before it, with every stitch of canvas set, slashing through the water nobly. There was

* The Duke of Cambridge.

a grandeur in the motion of the splendid ship, as, overshadowed by her mass of sails, she rode at a furious pace upon the waves, which filled one with an indescribable sense of pride and exultation. As she plunged into a foaming valley, how I loved to see the green waves, bordered deep with white, come rushing on astern, to buoy her upward at their pleasure, and curl about her as she stooped again, but always own her for their haughty mistress still! On, on, we flew, with changing lights upon the water, being now in the blessed region of fleecy skies; a bright sun lighting us by day, and a bright moon by night; the vane pointing directly homeward, alike the truthful index to the favouring wind and to our cheerful hearts; until at sunrise, one fair Monday morning,—the twenty-seventh of June, I shall not easily forget the day,—there lay before us old Cape Clear, God bless it, showing, in the mist of early morning, like a cloud: the brightest and most welcome cloud, to us, that ever hid the face of heaven's fallen sister—Home.

Dim speck as it was in the wide prospect, it made the sunrise a more cheerful sight, and gave to it that sort of human interest which it seems to want at sea. There, as elsewhere, the return of day is inseparable from some sense of renewed hope and gladness; but the light shining on the dreary waste of water, and showing it in all its vast extent of loneliness, presents a solemn spectacle, which even night, veiling it in darkness and uncertainty, does not surpass. The rising of the moon is more in keeping with the solitary ocean, and has an air of melancholy grandeur, which in its soft and gentle influence, seems to comfort while it saddens. I recollect when I was a very young child, having a fancy that the reflection of the moon in water was a path to heaven, trodden by the spirits of good people on their way to God; and this old feeling often came over me again, when I watched it on a tranquil night at sea.

The wind was very light on this same Monday morning, but it was still in the right quarter, and so, by slow degrees, we left Cape Clear behind, and sailed along within sight of the coast of Ireland. And how merry we all were, and how loyal to the *George Washington*, and how full of mutual congratulations, and how venturesome in predicting the

exact hour at which we should arrive at Liverpool, may be easily imagined and readily understood. Also, how heartily we drank the captain's health that day at dinner ; and how restless we became about packing up ; and how two or three of the most sanguine spirits rejected the idea of going to bed at all that night as something it was not worth while to do, so near the shore, but went nevertheless, and slept soundly ; and how to be so near our journey's end, was like a pleasant dream from which one feared to wake.

The friendly breeze freshened again next day, and on we went once more before it gallantly—descriing now and then an English ship going homeward under shortened sail, while we with every inch of canvas crowded on, dashed gaily past, and left her far behind. Towards evening the weather turned hazy, with a drizzling rain ; and soon became so thick, that we sailed, as it were, in a cloud. Still we swept onward like a phantom ship, and many an eager eye glanced up to where the look-out on the mast kept watch for Holyhead.

At length his long-expected cry was heard, and at the same moment there shone out from the haze and mist a-head, a gleaming light, which presently was gone, and soon returned, and soon was gone again. Whenever it came back, the eyes of all on board brightened and sparkled like itself ; and there we all stood, watching this revolving light upon the rock at Holyhead, and praising it for its brightness and its friendly warning, and lauding it, in short, above all other signal lights that ever were displayed, until it once more glimmered faintly in the distance, far behind us.

Then it was time to fire a gun for a pilot ; and almost before its smoke had cleared away, a little boat, with a light at her mast-head, came bearing down upon us, through the darkness, swiftly. And presently, our sails being backed, she ran alongside ; and the hoarse pilot, wrapped and muffled in pea-coats and shawls to the very bridge of his weather-ploughed-up nose, stood bodily among us on the deck. And I think if that pilot had wanted to borrow fifty pounds for an indefinite period on no security, we should have engaged to lend it him, among us, before his boat had dropped astern, or (which is the same thing) before

every scrap of news in the paper he brought with him had become the common property of all on board.

We turned in pretty late that night, and turned out pretty early next morning. By six o'clock we clustered on the deck, prepared to go ashore ; and looked upon the spires, and roofs, and smoke of Liverpool. By eight we all sat down in one of its hotels, to eat and drink together for the last time. And by nine we had shaken hands all around, and broken up our social company for ever.

The country, by the railroad, seemed, as we rattled through it, like a luxuriant garden. The beauty of the fields (so small they looked !), the hedge-rows, and the trees ; the pretty cottages, the beds of flowers, the old church-yards, the antique houses, and every well known object ; the exquisite delights of that one journey, crowding, in the short compass of a summer's day, the joy of many years, and winding up with home and all that makes it dear ; no tongue can tell, or pen of mine describe.

SECTION II.—FICTION.

[Under this head are classed all those pieces which are taken from works of fiction, even though they have a historical basis, or are largely descriptive.]

I.—FALL OF JERUSALEM.

(REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.)

The siege of Jerusalem here described took place in 70 A.D. The Rev. George Croly, LL.D., rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, was born in Dublin about 1755. He died on the 24th November 1860. His works, both prose and verse, are very voluminous.

THE fall of our illustrious and happy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses;—fearful shapes and voices in the air—visions starting us from our short and troublesome sleep—lunacy in its hideous forms—sudden death in the midst of vigour—the fury of the elements let loose upon our heads. We had every terror and evil that could beset human nature but pestilence—the most probable of all, in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with unburied, though every well and trench was teeming, though six hundred thousand corpses were flung over the ramparts, and lay naked to the sun, pestilence came not; for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But “the abomination of desolation,” the pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plough had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us

—the ground shook under our feet—the volcanoes blazed—the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our sides, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land—the fiery sword shot out tenfold fire—showers of blood fell—thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens—lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests of flame, and shattered the summits of the hills. Defence was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear, but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment.

We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to caverns to hide us. We plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living. We would have buried ourselves under the mountains. I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man amongst them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed; and I led through streets encumbered with every shape of human sufferings, to the foot of Mount Moriah; but beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascents; but I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

Now came the last and most wonderful sign that marked the fate of rejected Israel. While I lay helpless, I heard the

whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges of the horizon; and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened; and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement, in awe that held us mute. We knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery yet to which the broadest moonlight was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first temple—of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the Visible Glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that, in the midst of their despair, ascended from the thousands and tens of thousands, told that proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ears, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing—so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again—the guardian angels of the city of David. They came forth gloriously, but woe in all their steps—the stars upon their helmets dim, their robes stained, tears flowing down their celestial beauty. “*Let us go hence!*” was their song of sorrow. “*Let us go hence!*” was answered by sad echoes of the mountains. “*Let us go hence!*” swelled upon the night to the furthestmost limits of the land.

The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the wind; and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

II.—THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

(SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.)

Herculaneum and Pompeii, two cities of Campania, were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. Many of the principal inhabitants were, at the time of the disaster, enjoying a public spectacle in the theatre. The buried ruins were not discovered till 1711.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., was born at Heydon Hall, Norfolk, in 1805. He has been before the public since 1827 as a prolific writer both in prose and verse. He has also engaged in political life, and for some time held office in the Government of Lord Derby.

AWED, he scarce knew why, Lydon, after a short pause, rose to pursue his way homeward. Before him, how serenely slept the starlight on that lovely city ! how breathlessly its pillared streets reposed in their security ! how softly rippled the dark-green waves beyond ! how cloudless spread, aloft and blue, the dreaming Campanian skies ! Yet this was the last night for the gay Pompeii ! the colony of the hoar Chaldean ! the fabled city of Hercules ! the delight of the voluptuous Roman ! Age after age had rolled, indestructive, unheeded, over its head ; and now the last ray quivered on the dial plate of its doom ! The gladiator heard some light steps behind—a group of females were wending homewards from their visit to the amphitheatre. As he turned, his eye was arrested by a sudden apparition. From the summit of Vesuvius, darkly visible at the distance, there shot a pale, meteoric, livid light—it trembled an instant, and was gone. A vast vapour shot from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree ; the trunk, blackness ; the branches, fire ;—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment—now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare ! There was a dead, heart-sunken silence ; then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women ; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet ; the walls of the theatre trembled ; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs ; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent ; at the same time, it cast forth from

its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower. . . .

In proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hustling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade—so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes, the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep,—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Frequently, by the momentary light of the torches which had been set up in public places, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land—for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore, an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its tossing and groaning waves the storm of cinders and rock fell, without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and peacefully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left, save the primal law of self-preservation!

Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two, or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep, blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hustling one upon another, as they were borne down the fiery cata-racts, darkening, for an instant, the spot where they fell, and

diffused, the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated ! The ground shook with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar ! The lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the imperial statue—then shivered bronze and column ! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed ! The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled.

III.—STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

(HENRY BROOKE.)

Henry Brooke, author of the novel called "The Fool of Quality," and other works, was a native of Ireland. Born 1706, died 1783.

The siege of Calais, referred to below, occurred in 1347. The city was finally lost to England in 1558.

EDWARD III., after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth ; the English joined battle ; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for

that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly :—

“My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and our daughters, to the enemy. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left!—a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail to live for ever in the memories of his countrymen.”

He spoke; but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed :—“I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?”

“Your son,” exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.

“Ah, my child!” cried St. Pierre; “I am then twice sacrificed. But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes.”

“Your kinsman,” cried John de Aire.

“Your kinsman,” cried James Wissant.

“Your kinsman,” cried Peter Wissant.

“Ah,” exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, “why was not I a citizen of Calais?”

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody ; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting ! what a scene ! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced ; they clung around ; they fell prostrate before them ; they groaned ; they wept aloud ; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

The English by this time were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants ; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides ; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies ; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais ?"

"They are," says Mauny ; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"

"Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience, says he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

"My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummated, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced ; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward. "Prevent the execution ; have them instantly before us."

They came, when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them :—

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance ; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers ! you excellent citizens ! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains ; we snatch you from the scaffold ; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or of station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed—provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation ; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my country !" exclaimed Pierre ; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities ; but Philippa conquers our hearts."

IV.—FOOTBALL.

(HUGHES.)

Mr. Hughes, a London barrister, is the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and "The Scouring of the White Horse." The history of "Tom Brown" has been continued by Mr. Hughes in *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the title, "Tom Brown at Oxford."

THE ball had just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it? Here come two of the bull-dogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets the chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here comes Speedicut, and Flashman, the School-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking-up, by the School-house fire, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the School-house—but to make us think that's what you want—a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them—they are most useful players, the dodgers; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from amongst the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal;

they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers: as endless as are boy's characters, so are their ways of facing or not facing a scrummage at foot-ball.

Three quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the School-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bull-dogs are the colour of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvellous knack of keeping his legs. The School-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the School-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is shout of "In touch," "Our ball." Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another: he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurra! that rush has taken it right through the School-line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The School leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the School goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the School goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the School fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the School goal-posts.

The School leaders come up furious, and administer toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand; they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that the School-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick up himself without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the School back; he will not kick out till they are all in goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forwards, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the School-house goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel to the ground, to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the School line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the School rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning-ball. There it flies straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the School-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the Doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour—such a thing hasn't been done in the School-house match this five years.

V.—A STORM.

(SIR W. SCOTT.)

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and died at Abbotsford in 1832.

THE sun was now resting his huge disc upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends

them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disc of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise ; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awsome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them ! Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however ; but, when

they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible : the signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge ; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if in accents of thunder they still demanded the fugitives as their destined prey. It was a summer night, doubtless ; yet the probability was slender, that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray ; and the dashing of the rain which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

VI.—ESCAPE OF A SLAVE.

(MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.)

Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe is daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, for some years Principal of the Theological College, Cincinnati. Her life has been devoted to the cause of the slave. Her works—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," and "Sunny Memories,"—are well known.

COMMUNICATING with the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Shelby was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet ; and she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear

pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation.

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress'. There was the pleasant sunny window where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers; here was, in short, her home, and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

"Poor boy! poor fellow!" said Eliza; "they have sold you! but your mother will save you yet!

No tear dropped over that pillow. In such straits as these the heart has no tears to give; it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence. She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote hastily:—

"O missus! dear missus! don't think me ungrateful—don't think hard of me, any way—I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and so fond is a mother's remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favourite toys, reserving a gaily painted parrot to amuse him when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after

some effort he sat up and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said; "musn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him."

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck. . . .

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend she ever loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the

hand ; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound ; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her ; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above, "Lord, help ; Lord, save me !"

If it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape—how fast could you walk ? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom—the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck ?

For the child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking ; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep,—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I ?"

"No, my darling ; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me ?"

"No ! so may God help me !" said his mother with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother ?"

"Yes, *sure* !" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself ; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her ; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that

came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty. . . .

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T—, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment, contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank to make a few inquiries. . . .

"Take him into this room," said the hostess, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thoughts of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty. . . .

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the pursuing party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat

blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once ; she drew suddenly back,—the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

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

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

VII.—DEATH OF EVA.

(MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.)

EVA after this declined rapidly ; there was no more any doubt of the event ; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room ; and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of nurse ; and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye,—such per-

fect adroitness and practice in every art that could promote neatness and comfort, and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time,—such a clear, untroubled head,—such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors,—she was everything to her. They who had shrugged their shoulders at her little peculiarities and setnesses, so unlike the careless freedom of southern manners, acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, and the child felt freshest in the morning, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns. . . .

Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated and her voice more natural than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight—strange, mystic hour, when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin!—then came the messenger.

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment!" said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

These words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakeable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of a child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression, the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

"Augustine!—Cousin!—Oh!—What?"—she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing: he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, "Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed; a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare; "this wrings my heart."

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted, the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare gently.

She did not hear.

"O Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly—"Oh! love—joy—peace!"—gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever!

VIII.—THE STAGE COACH.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

WHEN the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such

a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it ; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four greys, felt as if he were another grey himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out ; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman ; for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four greys were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road, could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again ; as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard too ! Seventy breezy miles a-day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter ; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road ; he was all pace. A waggon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated, London coach ; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a terrible life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way ; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four greys skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did ; the bugle was in as high spirits as the greys ; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice ; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison ; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells ; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling, smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees ; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow ; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards ; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho ! Yoho !

Yoho, among the gathering shades ; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring ; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue

them. Now with the clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it: making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counter-part of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon. Yoho, yoho!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

IX.—DAMON AND PHINTIAS.

(BROOKE.)

Dionysius the Elder was ruler of Syracuse, in Sicily, from 405 till 367 B.C. Damon had been condemned to death for engaging in a plot to overthrow the tyrant. The friend of Damon was called Phintias, *not* Pythias.

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Phintias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Phintias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Phintias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!" Dionysius was

awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered ; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Phintias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there ; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Phintias came ; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators :—“ My prayers are heard,” he cried, “ the gods are propitious ! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities ; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble ; that his truth is unimpeachable ; that he will speedily prove it ; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods ; but I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office.” As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, “ Stop, stop the execution,” was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach ; he was mounted on a steed of foam ; in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Phintias straitly embraced. “ You are safe,” he cried, “ you are safe. My friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe ! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.” Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Phintias replied, in broken accents, “ Fatal haste ! Cruel impatience ! What envious powers have

wrought impossibilities in your favour? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried; "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned; and oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

X.—THE MONK.

(REV. LAURENCE STERNE.)

The Rev. Laurence Sterne was born at Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in England for many years, and died in London in 1768.

A POOR monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure—a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it—might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them—which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years—could be no more than sixty. Truth might lie between—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance—notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time—agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat-contented ignorance looking downwards upon

the earth: it looked forwards; but looked, as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size—if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right, when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

“’Tis very true,” said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address, “’tis very true; and Heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world,—the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.”

As I pronounced the words, “*great claims*,” he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic; I felt the full force of the appeal. “I acknowledge it,” said I; “a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters; but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down

counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it ; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate." The monk made me a bow. "But," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right ; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore." The monk gave a cordial wave with his hand, as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent." "But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—“ we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*”

The poor Franciscan made no reply. A hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him ; he showed none ; but letting his staff fall within his arms, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. "Pshaw !" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times. But it would not do. Every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him ; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus ? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. "I have behaved very ill," said I within myself, "but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along."

SECTION III.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

(WASHINGTON IRVING.)

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—

extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties

of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

II.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(ADDISON.)

Joseph Addison was the son of a clergyman in Wiltshire. Born 1672; died 1719. He wrote a tragedy, "Cato,"—"The Campaign,"—"Letter from Italy," and other poems. But his fame rests on his essays in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, and his other prose works.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral,—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and pre-

bendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass,—how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contest and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together!

III.—THE HAND.

(GEORGE WILSON, M.D.)

Dr. George Wilson was born in Edinburgh, in 1818. His life was devoted to the study and elucidation of the principles and facts of Natural Science. He was appointed to the Chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh in 1855, and died in November, 1859, universally beloved and regretted.

IN many respects the organ of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive: the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open:

light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odours.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way: it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plough

into it, and it will till for him ; put a harp into it, and it will play for him ; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him ; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. What will it not do ? What has it not done ? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man ! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with ! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier ! What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace,—what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will !

When I think of all that man and woman's hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand, and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is ! What an instrument for evil ! and all the day long it never is idle. There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never in working hours be without one. We unwisely restrict the term handicraftsman, or hand-worker, to the more labourious callings ; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet. For the queen's hand there is the sceptre, and for the soldier's hand the sword ; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer ; for the farmer's hand the plough ; for the miner's hand the spade ; for the sailor's hand the oar ; for the painter's hand the brush ; for the sculptor's hand the chisel ; for the poet's hand the pen ; and for the woman's hand the needle. If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman there is a tool they may learn to handle ; for all there is the command, " Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

IV.—THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

(THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.)

Thomas Guthrie, D.D., senior minister of St. John's Free Church, Edinburgh was born in Brechin, Forfarshire, in 1803.

INSIDE those iron gratings that protect the ancient regalia of our kingdom, vulgar curiosity sees nothing but a display of jewels. Its stupid eyes are dazzled by the gems that stud the crown, and sword, and sceptre. The unreflecting multitude fix their thoughts and waste their admiration on these. They go away to talk of their beauty, perhaps to covet their possession; nor do they estimate the value of the crown but by the price which its pearls, and rubies, and diamonds, might fetch in the market.

The eye of a patriot, gazing thoughtfully in on these relics of former days, is all but blind to what attracts the gaping crowd. His admiration is reserved for other and nobler objects. He looks with deep and meditative interest on that rim of gold, not for its intrinsic value, but because it once encircled the brow of Scotland's greatest king,—the hero of her independence, Robert the Bruce. His fancy may for a moment turn to the festive scenes in yonder deserted palace, when that crown flashed amid a gay throng of princes, and nobles, and knights, and statesmen, and lords, and ladies all now mouldered into dust; but she soon wings her flight to the worthier and more stirring spectacles which history has associated with these symbols of power. She sees a nation up in arms for its independence, and watches with kindling eye the varying fortunes of the fight. It rages around these insignia. Now, she hears the shout of Bannockburn; and now, the long wail of Flodden. The events of centuries passed in weary war, roll by before her. The red flames burst from lonely fortalices and busy town; the smiling vale with its happy homesteads, lies desolate; scaffolds reek with the blood of patriots; courage grapples with despair; beaten men on freedom's bloody field renew the fight; and as the long hard struggle closes, the kingdom stands up like one of its own rugged mountains,—the storms

that expended their violence on its head, have left it ravaged, and seamed, and shattered, but not moved from its place. It is the interests that were at stake, the fight for liberty, the good blood shed, the hard struggles endured for its possession ; it is these, not the jewels, which in a patriot's eye make that a costly crown—a relic of the olden time, worthy of a nation's pride and jealous preservation.

V.—THE MEN AND THE DEEDS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(EDWARD EVERETT.)

The American Revolution may be said to have begun in 1773, by the attack of the populace on the tea-laden ships in Boston harbour. In 1776 (4th July) the thirteen United Colonies declared their *Independence*, which was at length acknowledged by England in a treaty ratified in 1784.

Edward Everett, one of America's most polished orators and writers, is the son of a clergyman in Boston. He has filled many and varied positions, and all with the greatest credit to himself. He has been Clergyman, Professor, Editor (of the *North American Review*), Member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, and United States' Minister in London.

OFTEN as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition ; it never ought to be omitted in the history of constitutional liberty ; it ought especially to be repeated this day ;—the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates, from 1764 to the Declaration of Independence, present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage, of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example.

This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid, it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees, and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams, the men who spoke those words of thrilling power, which raised and directed the storm of resistance, and rang like the voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to

witness some of the fruits of their labours—such fruits as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset,—too soon for their country, too soon for everything but their own undying fame.

But all are not gone ; some still survive among us, to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back, fellow-citizens, to that day, when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud, but anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honour and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality !

Venerable men ! you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed ; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated ! You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both ; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honourable name of the leader of a party, for that more honourable one, the Father of his Country. While this our tribute of respect, on the jubilee of our independence, is paid to the grey hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighbourhood (Adams), let it not less heartily be sped to him (Jefferson) whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious.

And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, in his own hand-writing ? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation ? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives ? Ought not the price, at which it is bought, to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it ? Ought not he who at the age of thirty declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own ?

Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavouring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colours of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day.

The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as council, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stations on the Mount of Remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war! With all their wounds and all their honours, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves!

VI.—TACT VERSUS TALENT.

(London Atlas.)

TALENT is something, but not everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Tact is all that and more, too; it is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five; it is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the

world ; it is useful in society, for it shows his way through the world.

Talent is power ; tact is skill. Talent is weight ; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do ; tact knows *how* to do it. Talent makes a man respectable ; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth ; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one. Talent will produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together ; hence we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the *bar*, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench, but tact receives fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically ; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster ; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast ; and the secret is that it has no weight to carry ; it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the *church*. Talent has always something worth hearing ; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one ; talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces ; tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession ; tact gains honour from the profession.

Take them to the *court*. Talent feels its weight ; tact finds its way. Talent commands ; tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation ; and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the *senate*. Talent has the ear of the house ; but tact wins its heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment ; but tact is fitted for it. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served

an invisible and extemporaneous apprenticeship. It needs no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom ; it has no air of profundity, but plays with the detail of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte.

It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason ; tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted ; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs ; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows ; tact follows where the humour leads.

Talent is pleased that it *ought* to have succeeded ; tact is delighted that it *has* succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it ; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity ; tact for a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from ; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert, marketable ; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.

SECTION IV.—ORATORY.

I.—PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

(WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.)

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was born in Cornwall in 1708. For a short time he held a commission in the dragoons, but soon abandoned the profession of arms for that of politics. In the House of Commons he occupied a foremost place. In consideration of his eminent services he was, in 1766, elevated to the House of Lords. On concluding the following speech, he sank down exhausted, in a convulsive fit, and expired a few weeks afterwards, 1778. In reading the Parliamentary debates of the middle of the 18th century, it must be remembered that newspaper reporting was not then what it is now, and that the speeches of honourable gentlemen owe more to Dr. Samuel Johnson than to their reputed authors.

On the American Revolution, see Introduction to No. V. of Sect. IIL

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them,—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence.” The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is

in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent,—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms;—never!—never!

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation; I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! “That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not;

but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn,—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood!—against whom? Our brethren!—To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico! We, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity! I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the State, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity: let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

II.—SHERIDAN AGAINST HASTINGS.

(RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. After a brilliant career as a dramatist, as a wit, and as a statesman, he spent the latter years of his life in difficulties and sorrow. Died 1816.

For a history of Warren Hastings' trial, see No. IV. of Sect I.

HAD a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character ; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil,—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages?—what disputed succession?—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning

monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation! They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! these are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country;—will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which Nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being;—that feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man, but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty;—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed;—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation! to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man;—

that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act; which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

III.—BURKE AGAINST HASTINGS.

(EDMUND BURKE.)

Edmund Burke, the greatest orator of modern times, was born in Dublin in 1730, and was educated at Trinity College. He died in 1797. He was distinguished as a writer, as an orator, and as a statesman. His private history is also the political history of his country during many years.

MY LORDS,—What is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of desolated provinces, and wasted kingdoms. Do you want a criminal, my lords? Where was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

Is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? No example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. Here we see that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority what we all feel in reality and

life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of His Majesty. We have here the heir apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people would have the heir apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject ; offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. We have a great hereditary peerage here ; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors, and of their posterity to guard ; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. We have here a new nobility, who have arisen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun ; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects ; and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters that were the other day upon a level with them now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from a place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion ; you have the bishops of England. You have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institutions is charity ; a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of

the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all government ; since the person who was the Master of nature chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them against all oppression ; knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed, and of those that feed it, made himself the "servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanours.

I impeach him, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him, in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted ; whose properties he has destroyed ; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

IV.—AMERICA'S DUTY TO GREECE.

(HENRY CLAY.)

Henry Clay, one of America's most famous statesmen, was born in 1776, and died in 1851. The independence for which Greece struggled so valiantly, and which is referred to in this speech, was acknowledged by the Turkish government in 1830.

ARE we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most

brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high Heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that in this distant extremity there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give her but little aid—that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for *America* herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make:—"In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Saviour—that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress, to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her

state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected !”

Go home, if you dare—go home, if you can—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down ! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments ; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you ; that the spectres of scimitars, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you ; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity ! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this house.

V.—LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

(LORD BROUGHAM.)

Henry Brougham was born in Edinburgh in 1778. His father was an Englishman, but his mother was the daughter of a Scottish clergyman, and niece to Dr. Robertson, the historian, Principal of the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1868.

I TRUST that at length the time is come when Parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery—no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim ! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world—the same in all times ;—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes—such is it at this day ;—it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man ; and by that law, un-

changeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the Government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God.

VI.—TRANSITORY NATURE OF EARTHLY THINGS.

(MEMOIRS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., BY WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D.)

Thomas Chalmers, D.D., was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, in 1780. His name and history are too fresh in the minds of all to require further remark. He died in 1847.

ONE fearful winter day, the intelligence circulated through St Andrews that a vessel had been driven upon a sand-bank in the bay to the eastward of the town. A crowd of sailors, citizens, and students soon collected upon the beach; for the vessel had been cast ashore but a few hundred yards from the houses, and she lay so near, that though the heavy air was darkened by the driving sleet, they could see at intervals

the figures of the crew clinging to rope or spar ere each breaker burst upon her side, and shrouded all in surfy mist and darkness. In a calm sea, a few vigorous strokes would have carried a good swimmer to the vessel's side ; but now the hardiest fishermen drew back, and dared not face the fearful surge. At last a student of divinity volunteered. Tying a rope round his waist, and struggling through the surf, he threw himself among the waves. Forcing his slow way through the raging element, he was nearing the vessel's side, when his friends on shore, alarmed at the length of time and slow rate of recent progress, began to pull him back. Seizing a knife which he carried between his teeth, he cut this rope away, and reaching at last the stranded sloop, drew a fresh one from her to the shore ; but hungry, weak, and wearied, after four days' foodless tossing through the tempest, not one of the crew had strength or courage left to use it. He again rushed into the waves—he boarded the vessel, he took them man by man, and bore them to the land. Six men were rescued thus. His seventh charge was a boy, so helpless that twice was the hold let go, and twice he had to dive after him into the deep. Meanwhile, in breathless stillness, the crowd had watched each perilous passage, till the double figure was seen tossing landward through the spray. But when the deed was done, and the whole crew saved, a loud cheer of admiring triumph rose around the gallant youth.

This chivalrous action was performed by Mr. John Honey, one of Mr. Chalmers' early and cherished college friends, afterwards ordained as minister of Bendochy, in Perthshire. Though his great strength and spirit bore him apparently untired through the efforts of that exhausting day, there was reason to believe that in saving the life of others he had sacrificed his own. The seeds of a deceitful malady were sown, which afterwards proved fatal. Mr. Chalmers was asked, and consented to preach his funeral sermon, on the 30th of October, 1814, the Sabbath after his funeral. It was a brilliant autumn day. The number being too great to be accommodated in the church, one of its windows had been taken out, and a few boards thrown across the sill to form a platform, from which the preacher, while standing but a

yard or two from Mr. Honey's grave, might be heard both by those within the building, and by those seated on the scattered tombstones of the churchyard. A hum in the crowd (I now speak on the authority and almost in the words of an eye-witness), and a melancholy tolling of the bell, announced the approach of the preacher, who seated himself for a minute or two in an old elbow-chair, took the psalm-book from a little table before him, turned hastily over a few of the leaves, and then rose in the most awkward and even helpless manner. Before he read the lines which were to be sung, his large and apparently leaden eyes were turned towards the recent grave, with a look wildly pathetic, fraught with intense and indescribable passion. The psalm was read with no very promising elocution ; and while the whole mass of the people were singing it, he sunk into the chair, turned seemingly into a monumental statue of the coldest stone, so deadly pale was his large broad face and forehead. The text was read : Deut. xxxii. 29—" O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" The doctrinal truth which he meant to inculcate being established on a basis of reasoning so firm that doubt could not move or sophistry shake it, he bounded at once upon the structure which he had reared ; and by that inborn and unteachable power of the spirit, which nature has reserved for the chosen of her sons, and which shakes off all the disadvantages and encumbrances of figure, and voice, and language, as easily as the steed shakes the thistle-down from his side, carried the hearts and the passions of all who heard him with irresistible and even tremendous sway. " It strikes me," said the preacher—and as the words were spoken there was a silence among the living almost as deep as that which reigned among the dead who lay beneath—" It strikes me as the most impressive of all sentiments, that it will be all the same a hundred years after this. It is often uttered in the form of a proverb, and with the levity of a mind that is not aware of its importance. A hundred years after this! Good heavens! with what speed and with what certainty will those hundred years come to their termination! This day will draw to a close, and a number of days makes up one revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, and a number

of years makes up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears to the fancy so big and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come, and they will see out the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on his mother's bosom will only live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and of intelligence that is now before me will be changed into the dark and loathsome forms of corruption. The people who now hear me will cease to be spoken of; their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured with worms; the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in the new-made grave. And is this the consummation of all things? Is this the final end and issue of man? Is this the upshot of his busy history? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture, to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep for ever in the dust, and bid an eternal adieu to the light of heaven?"

LORD BROUGHAM ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The following is an extract from a letter of Lord Brougham, to Zachy. Macaulay, Esq., father of Lord Macaulay:—

NEWCASTLE, March 10, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise.

What I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points:—

1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking*; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so), it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this; I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently, as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt; but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence or good public speaking what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young, therefore let it be by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten

hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and mere love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say. This is the first requisite, to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

2. The next step is the grand one—to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*; *Speech on the American Conciliation*, and *On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt*; Fox's *Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny* (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); *On the Russian Armament*; and *On the War, 1803*; with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's; but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the *Milo*, *Pro Ligario*, and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect, and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking, with writing beforehand, is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now, would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.

Believe me, truly yours,

H. BROUGHAM

POETRY.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.—BOADICEA.

(WILLIAM COWPER.)

William Cowper, author of "Table Talk," "The Task," "Tirocinium," and many minor poems, was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in 1731; and died in 1800, after a life of much suffering.

Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, who occupied the district now known as the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, having rebelled against the Romans, was overpowered by Suetonius Paulinus, and in despair committed suicide in A.D. 61.

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 !

II.—HOHENLINDEN.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

Thomas Campbell, so well known by his "Pleasures of Hope," and his many spirited lyrics, was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in Boulogne in 1844. The Battle of Hohenlinden (a village in Upper Bavaria) was fought in 1800. The Austrians were defeated by the combined armies of the French and Bavarians. The Iser is a tributary of the Danube; it flows at a considerable distance from Hohenlinden.

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank,¹ and fiery Hun,²
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich !³ 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.

III.—DE BOUNE AND ROBERT BRUCE.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

The incident described in the following extract took place on the eve of the
 Battle of Bannockburn, in 1314.

OH ! gay, yet fearful to behold,
 Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
 And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
 With plumes and pennons waving fair,
 Was that bright battle-front ! for there
 Rode England's king and peers ;
 And who, that saw that monarch ride,
 His kingdom battled by his side,
 Could then his direful doom foretell ?
 Fair was his seat in knightly selle,⁴

¹ The French.

² The Austrian.

³ Capital of Bavaria

⁴ Saddle, or seat on horseback.

And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.¹
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Knowest thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals Scotland's line?"
"The tokens of his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well."
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"
"So please, my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."
"In battle-day," the king replied,
"Nice tourney² rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame:
He burned before his monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast. Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye;
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war-horse came!—
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock.—
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.

¹ King Edward's family name.² Tournament.

Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!
 High in his stirrups stood the king,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing:
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
 Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shivered to the gauntlet-grasp;
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
 First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

IV.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(REV. CHARLES WOLFE.)

The Rev. Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, in 1791, and after a brief but promising career as a poet and as a clergyman, he died of consumption in 1823. His poems, essays, and sermons, have been collected under the title of "Wolfe's Remains."

Sir John Moore met his death at the Battle of Corunna in 1809. He was a native of Glasgow.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart 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,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we bound 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,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

V.—THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

Felicia Dorothea Browne, Mrs. Hemans, was born in Liverpool, in 1793, and died in Dublin in 1835. She is best known by her minor pieces, which have always been highly popular; but some of her more ambitious efforts, such as the "Forest Sanctuary," and "Vespers of Palermo," are no less deserving of favour.

In the memorable Battle of Morgarten 1300 Swiss entirely defeated 20,000 Austrians, as described in the poem. The date is 1315—the year after the victory of Bannockburn.

THE wine-month¹ shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage music, rung—

¹ That is, October.

A sound, through vaulted cave,
A sound, through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'Twas the tread of steel-girt men !

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

In Hasli's¹ wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian pass'd;
And the Shreckhorn's² rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up 'midst the Righi's³ snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

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

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

¹ In the Canton of Berne.

² Peak of Terror, also in Berne

³ In the Canton of Schweitz.

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

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

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

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
Oh, the herdsman's arm is strong !
They came like Lauwine¹ hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world
And the pines are borne away.

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

¹ That is, Avalanche.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then
From its place of waving free
Went down before the shepherd men,
The men of the Forest Sea.¹

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

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

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

¹ The lake of the Four Cantons.

VI.—BETH GELERT.

(HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.)

The Hon William Robert Spencer (born 1770, died 1834,) was the younger son of Lord Charles Spencer. He was gifted with an extraordinary memory. He is best known by his occasional pieces and his translation of "Bürger's Lenore."

The faithfulness of the hound of Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales, is a favourite subject of story among the Welsh peasantry.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound, and cheerily smiled
the morn,

And many a brach and many a hound attend Llewelyn's horn;
And still he blew a louder blast, and gave a louder cheer,—
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last Llewelyn'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 Llewelyn's board the faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord, and sentineled
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 Llewelyn little loved the chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved—for Gelert was not
there.

Unpleased Llewelyn 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!

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise;—unused such looks to
meet,

His favourite checked his joyful guise, and crouched, and
licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed—and on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast, fresh blood-gouts
shocked 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!

“Monster! 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 Llewelyn's pain! for now the truth was
clear,—
The gallant hound the wolf had slain, to save Llewelyn's heir.
Vain, vain was all Llewelyn'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 Llewelyn'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.

VII.—JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

(THOMAS E. WEBB, A.M.)

The incident on which this spirited piece is founded is said to have occurred while our countrymen were besieged in Lucknow, during the late Indian mutiny, and when despair was at its height. Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal, had all through the siege been in a state of high excitement, and was labouring under a constant fever. "At last," says the lady correspondent of the *Pays*, "she lay down on the ground and fell into a profound slumber, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance: she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin': it is the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!'" It is to be regretted that subsequent information threw discredit on this romantic story; yet even with this drawback the editor cannot refrain from inserting the poem. The author of these touchlog verses is Mr Thomas E. Webb, A.M., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin.

In her veins the red river is fast running high,
 The bale-fire of fever is lit in her eye;
 And by Reason unmastered her truant thoughts roam—
 Roam o'er the ocean-wave, back to her home.
 There, where the gowan-gem spangles the lea,
 There, where the laughing burn flits to the sea,
 There is she waiting the set of the sun,
 For the ploughman's return when the ploughing is done!
 "Wake me," she said, "when the ploughing is done,
 And my father returns at the set of the sun."

Wrapped in her Highland plaid, sunk on the sod,
 She's asleep—she is still—Is her spirit with God?
 Breathless and motionless, there doth she lie,
 While the boom of the battle-field hurtles on high;
 And still as she lies, round the walls of the dwelling
 All wildly a host of black demons is yelling.

Why springs she from earth as the hind from her lair ?
 What meaneth that scream as an eagle's in air ?
 "Dinna ye hear it ? What ! dinna ye hear ?
 O God ! we are saved ! for the clansmen are near."

Was it only an echo borne down on the air ?
 Was it only the hope that is born of despair ?
 Was it only the dream that delirium may bring—
 When the wild brood of fancy is all on the wing ?
 Was it only—'Tis false ! She's awake ! She is sane !
 "What ! dinna ye hear it ? I hear it again !
 'Tis the pibroch Diarmid played ages ago—
 'Tis the slogan Clan Alpine still hurls on the foe !
 The Campbells are coming—M'Gregor is near !
 Oh ! dinna ye hear it yet ? dinna ye hear ?"

They are come, the avengers ! Their bayonets gleam !
 It was not delirium, it was not a dream.
 They are come ! They are come ! Of that Highland array
 Is it maid, is it matron, that pointeth the way ?
 Shamed—outraged—maimed—murdered—their Phantoms
 arise,
 But shrink in their shame from their countrymen's eyes !
 By each warrior's side a child-cherub hath stood,
 And it pointeth—"its bright hair" all "dabbled with blood ;"
 And the bayonet gleams, and with yell of despair,
 At each thrust a swart demon flies back to his lair.

VIII.—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.)

The chequered and eventful history of Mary, Queen of Scots, is well epitomised in the following stanzas. The poet, however, has given too favourable a colouring to the life and acts of the ill-fated lady. Mary was born in Linlithgow Palace in 1542, and was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle in Northamptonshire in 1587.

Mr. Henry Glassford Bell is the author of a *Life of Queen Mary*, in two volumes. He is at present one of the Sheriffs of Lanarkshire.

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 noon-day 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 holy 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 :—
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 bril-
liant 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 armed 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 dashed 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 ;—

Alas ! to think what she has lost, and all that 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.

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 gray, 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 the 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 has 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!

IX.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather—

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should he our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So—though the waves are raging white —
I'll row you o'er the ferry !"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men !—
Their trampling sounded nearer !

"Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries ;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When—oh ! too strong for human hand !
The tempest gathered o'er her !

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover !
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—oh ! my daughter !"

'Twas vain !—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

X.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

Don Sancho Count Saldana of Spain had for many years been kept in prison by King Alphonso of Asturias; but at length his son, Bernardo Del Carpio, on coming to maturity, took up arms to effect his father's release. The people of the land, after suffering severely from the effects of the war, united with Bernardo in demanding the liberation of Saldana. Alphonso promised compliance on condition that Bernardo should deliver up to him his castle of Carpio in exchange for his father's person. To this Bernardo at once consented, and surrendered the castle in all simplicity of heart. But the treacherous king had caused Count Saldana to be slain, and his dead body to be placed on horseback, to deceive for a time the dutiful son.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord,—oh! break my father's chain."

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his way;"
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed;
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father,—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took ;
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing—it dropped from his like
lead ;

He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead ;
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—the brow was fixed
and white ;

He met at length his father's eyes, but in them was no sight :

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed ; but who can
paint that gaze ?

They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze :
They might have chained him, as before that noble form he
stood ;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek
the blood.

“ Father ! ” at length he murmured low, and wept like child-
hood then—

(Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men—)

He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown ;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down ;

And, covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly mourn-
ful brow,

“ No more, there is no more,” he said, “ to lift the sword for,
now ;

My king is false ! my hope betrayed ! my father—oh ! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth ! ”

Up from the ground he sprang once more, and seized the
monarch's rein

Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse
led,

And sternly set them face to face, the king before the dead.

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss!
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is
this?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where
are they?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still, keep down thine
ire,—

'Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my
sire!

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed!

Thou canst not,—and a king?—His dust be mountains on
thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that
sad place:

His hope was crushed,—his after-fate untold in martial
strain,—

His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain!

XI.—BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.¹

(JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.)

John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, is author of several novels, the best known of which are "Valerius, a Roman Story," and "Reginald Dalton." He was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 to 1852. His translations of the Spanish Ballads are remarkable for spirit and elegance. He died at Abbotsford in 1854.

This ballad is a natural sequel to that which precedes. The meeting of Bernardo and Alphonso is supposed to follow the events described in the foregoing piece. The time is about the beginning of the 9th century.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath
appeared

Before them all in the Palace hall, the lying king to beard:

¹ Bernardo del Carpio, the illegitimate son of Donna Ximena (the sister of King Alonzo, or Alphonso the Chaste), and of Don Sancho Count Saldana, is supposed to have the interview, described in the ballad, with the king, after Alphonso's treacherous execution, or rather murder, of Bernardo's father. The period is contemporaneous with that of Charlemagne.

With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend
guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who com'st unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors
like to thee?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion
brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland¹ did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the
falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured
mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's
bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free,
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did
see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb,² were all they gave
to me.

¹ The tradition is, that Roland or Orlando, the celebrated peer of Charlemagne, fell by the hand of Bernardo in the defeat of the French monarch at Roncesval.

² See Introduction to "Bernardo del Carpio," the foregoing piece. An incident similar to that here mentioned occurs in Scottish history; see Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," *cn. xxi.*—Carpio joined the Moors.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stained his
purple black,—
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the king doth scream—"There
are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! caitiffs, do
ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger
dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he
bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on
high,
And all the hall was still as death: cries Bernard, "Here
am I;
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven
and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or
Grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his
cloak)—
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring
they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the
circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to
quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike
guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

XII.—LAY OF HORATIUS.

(MACAULAY.)

Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh and last king of Rome, was driven from the throne in 509 a.c. Lars Porsena, an Etrurian chief, espoused his cause, and endeavoured to reinstate him, but without success. During the war the Battle of the Bridge took place, according to the legend.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more
By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage have heard the trumpet's
blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place; from many a fruitful
plain;

From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ, where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants for godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia, whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ, queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders through corn and vines
and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs of the Ciminian
hill;

Beyond all streams Clitumnus is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves the great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman is heard by Ausus's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water fowl may dip in the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium, this year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro shall plunge the struggling
 sheep;
And in the vats of Luna, this year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls, whose sires have
 marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets, the wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white by mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena; go forth, beloved of
 Heaven;
Go, and return in glory to Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars the golden shields of Rome."

* * * *

But hark! the cry is Astur: and, lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none but he
 can wield.

Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the
 height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breathing-space :
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds, sprang right at
Astur's face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he
sped,

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind the Tus-
can's head.

And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest the giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low, gaze on the blasted
head.

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 further 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.

" Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber ! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this
day ! "

So he¹ spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by
his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the
tide.

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.

“ 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.

XIII.—ELLEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

On Sir W. Scott see above, No. III.

NEVER did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown ;
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,

¹ Horatius.

Served, too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace ;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
E'en the slight hair-bell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue ;
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.
A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxurious ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care ;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the banks in shapes more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O need I tell that passion's name ?

XIV.—ELIZA.

(DARWIN.)

Dr. Erasmus Darwin was born at Newark in 1731, and died at Derby in 1802.

His "Botanic Garden" is the most celebrated of his numerous poems.

The battle of Minden, in Prussia, was fought in 1759. The French were defeated by the English, Hessians, and Hanoverians.

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 lispng 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 in 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!"
 "O Joy!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
 A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
 (Some Fury wings 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!
 O 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 !" loud 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,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand.
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 a while 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 Heaven !" 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.

XV.—THE ARCHERY OF WILLIAM TELL.

(BAINÉ.)

"PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said ;
"Fix me the apple on his head :
Ha ! rebel—now !
There is a fair mark for thy shaft,—
There, try thy boasted archer craft !"
And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.
With quivering brow
The Switzer gazed—his cheek grew pale—
His bold lips throbbled, as if would fail
Their labouring breath.
"Ha ! so ye blench ?" fierce Gesler cried :
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride !"

No word to that stern taunt replied—

All still as death.

“And what the meed?” at length Tell asked.

“Bold fool! when slaves like thee are tasked,

It is MY WILL;

But that thine eye may keener be,

And nerved to such nice archery,

If thou succeed'st, thou goest free.

What! pause ye still?

Give him a bow and arrow there—

One shaft—but one.” Madness, despair,

And tortured love,

One moment swept the Switzer's face;

Then passed away each stormy trace,

And high resolve reigned like a grace

Caught from above.

“I take thy terms,” he murmured low;

Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;

The quiver searched;

Chose out an arrow keen and long,

Fit for a sinewy arm and strong—

Placed it upon the sounding thong,—

The tough yew arched.

Deep stillness fell on all around;

Through that dense crowd was heard no sound

Of step or word:

All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,

To see that fearful arrow fly;—

The light wind died into a sigh,

And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute—

He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,

Yet never moved!

He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned

The daring coolness of that hand;—

He knew it was the father scanned

The boy he loved!

Slow rose the shaft:—it trembled—hung.

“My only boy!” gasped on his tongue:

He could not aim!

“Ha!” cried the tyrant, “doth he quail?

He shakes ! his haughty brow is pale !"
"Shoot !" cried a low voice ; " canst thou fail ?
 Shoot, in Heaven's name !"
Again the drooping shaft he took—
Cast to the heaven one burning look,—
 Of all doubts reft :
" Be firm, my boy !" was all he said :
He drew the bow—the arrow fled—
The apple left the stripling's head—
 "'Tis cleft ! 'tis-cleft !"
And cleft it was—and Tell was free.
Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
 With flushing cheek ;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,
" An arrow in thy belt is placed—
 What means it ?—speak !"
" To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart
Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
 Touched this, my boy !"
" Treason ! rebellion ! chain the slave !"
A hundred swords around him wave ;
And hate to Gesler's features gave
 Infuriate joy.
They chained the Switzer, arm and limb ;
They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
 And reeled his brain :
Nor groan, nor pain-wrung prayer gave he
But smiled beneath his belt to see
That shaft, whose point he swore should be
 Not sped in vain !
And that one arrow found its goal,
Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
 When Lucerne's lake
Heard him his felon soul out-moan ;
And Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown,
 Her fetters brake.
From hill to hill the summons flew—
From lake to lake that tempest grew
 With wakening swell—

Till balked oppression crouched in shame,
And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
And Freedom's watchword was—the name
Of William Tell!

XVI.—BANISHMENT OF MAZEPPA.

(LORD BYRON.)

“BRING forth the horse!”—the horse was brought
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught;
With spur or bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught.
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on!
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind;
All human dwellings left behind,

We sped like meteors through the sky.
Town—village—none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black.
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by—
 I could have answered with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away.
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career.
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed ;
But no—my bound and slender frame
 Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became ;
Each motion which I made to free
My swollen limbs from agony
 Increased his fury and affright.
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang :
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.
We neared the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze ;
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green :
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine ;
 But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear

My wounds, already scarred with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind, I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood;
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground,—
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed a while, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no further: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

XVII.—SACK OF BALTIMORE.

(DAVIS.)

This piece describes an attack by Algerine pirates on the small town of Baltimore, on the west coast of Ireland. The author, Mr. Thomas Davis, was a native of Ireland. Many of his poems were contributed to the *Nation* newspaper. Born 1814; died 1845.

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

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:

The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray :—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.

The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.

So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few— against the ebbing tide.

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

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

A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “ The roof is in a flame ! ”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire,
and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold-stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—

The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer, and shriek,
and roar—

Oh, fearful fate ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son
was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutch-
ing wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the
child:—
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splash-
ing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian
steel!—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their
store,
There's *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore!

Mid-summer morn!—in woodland nigh, the birds begin to
sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Mid-summer day!—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from
Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood
besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly
went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw, five
leagues before,
The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

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

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

 XVIII.—THE FOUNTAIN.

(ROGERS.)

Samuel Rogers was the son of a banker in London. He was born in 1763, and died in 1855. He wrote "Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," "Human Life," and many other poems.

It was a well
 Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry ;
 And richly wrought with many a high relief,—
 Greek sculpture ;—in some earlier days perhaps
 A tomb, and honoured with a hero's ashes.
 The water from the rock filled, overflowed it ;
 Then dashed away, playing the prodigal,
 And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
 Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
 Of aged trees—discovering where it ran
 By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
 I threw me down, admiring, as I lay,
 That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
 That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,—
 More than enough to please a maid a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
 Ringing the *Angelus* ; and now approached
 The hour for stir and village gossip there ;
 The hour Rebecca came, when from the well
 She drew with such alacrity to serve
 The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard

Footsteps ; and, lo, descending by a path
 Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,—
 Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
 Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
 Ulysses landed there ; and long I gazed,
 Like one awaking in a distant time.
 At length there came the loveliest of them all,
 Her little brother dancing down before her ;
 And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
 Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
 And brotherly affection. Stopping there
 She joined her rosy hands, and, filling them
 With the pure element, gave him to drink ;
 And while he quenched his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
 Looked down upon him with a sister's smile,
 Nor stirred till he had done,—fixed as a statue.

Then, hadst thou seen them as they stood, Canova,
 Thou hadst endowed them with eternal youth ;
 And they had evermore lived undivided—
 Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

XIX.—INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

(WORDSWORTH.)

William Wordsworth was a native of Cockermouth, in Cumberland. He was an intimate friend of Coleridge and Southey, and on the death of the latter in 1842 he succeeded to the Laureateship. Born 1770 ; died 1850.

IN Bruges town is many a street
 Whence busy life hath fled ;
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a convent-tower,
 A harp that tuneful prelude made
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng ;

Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song,
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire ;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state ;
And, if the glory reached the nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be !
Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee ?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the maiden at my side ;—
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of *English* liberty ?

XX.—THE ARMADA.

(MACAULAY.)

When the Netherlands, formerly an appanage of the Spanish crown, revolted from Spain, Queen Elizabeth of England warmly supported the struggling people. During the war some of the Spanish possessions in America were captured by Sir Francis Drake; and to retaliate for these injuries King Philip of Spain fitted out his "Invincible Armada." It consisted of 150 ships, with 27,000 men, and 3000 pieces of cannon. The English fleet attacked this large armament during the night, and destroyed a great part of it; a storm completed the ruin, and there returned to Spain only 50 shattered ships, and 6000 men. This happened in 1588.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise:
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth
bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's
isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcombe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff
comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums.
The yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace:
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard'
 field,
 Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow and Caesar's eagle shield :
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws the princely hun-
 ters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight ! Ho ! scatter
 flowers, fair maids !
 Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your
 blades !
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !
 Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
 fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of
 gold.
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea ;
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
 bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy, as the day ;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance
 spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy
 Head.
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points
 of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
 caves :
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
 herald flew—
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of
 Beaulieu.

¹ Battle of Cressy, 1346.

Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night, from
Bristol town ;
And, ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-
red light.
The bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence
broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of
fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each
rousing street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight for wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went ;
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent ;
Southward for Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
coursers forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from
hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky
dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales ;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of
light.
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain:
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

XXI.—LADY OF PROVENCE.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

This piece is founded on an incident in early French history. It has been
necessarily curtailed.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had stilled the harp of the troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.
The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore:
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpets' breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn passed,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—
So knelt she in her woe;

A weeper alone with the tearless dead!—
Oh, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirred below!

Hark! a swift step; she hath caught its tone
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?—
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
“Hast thou been on the field? art thou come from the
host?”

“From the slaughter, lady! all, all is lost!
Our banners are taken—our knights laid low—
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe—
And thy lord”—his voice took a sadder sound—
“Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom!”

A change o'er her mien and spirit passed:
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast;
She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty.
“Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
Away!—he is lying by lance and shield:—
Point me the path to his battle-field!”
Silently, with lips compressed,
Pale hands clasped above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Death-like cheek, but dauntless eye:—
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady, 'midst the slain.
She searched into many an unclosed eye,
That looked without soul to the starry sky;
She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
Not there, not there he lay!
“Lead where the most has been dared and done
Where the heart of the battle hath bled;—Lead on!”
And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red ;
Oh, swiftest *there* had the current free
From noble veins been shed !
Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
And the scattered plumage streamed,
And the broken shields were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed—
HE WAS THERE ! the leader amidst his band
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasped !—
She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—
The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turned to her followers—" Your lord is there !
Look on him ; know him by scarf and crest !
Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend—
No brother of battle—no princely friend :—
By the red fountain the valiant lie—
The flower of Provençal chivalry.
But *one* free step and one lofty heart
Bear through that scene to the last their part.
" I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong ;
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong ;
Now call me hence by thy side to be :
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
Give me my home on thy noble heart !
Well have we loved—let us both depart !"
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;
The *living* cheek ! oh, it was not in vain
That strife of the spirit, to rend its chain !—
She is there, at rest, in her place of pride !
In death, how queen-like !—a glorious bride !
From the long heart-withering early gone :
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done !

XXII.—THE VILLAGE INN.

(GOLDSMITH.)

Oliver Goldsmith was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. After a life of great hardship, owing largely to his own improvident nature, he died in London in 1774. The scenery of the "Deserted Village," from which this extract is taken, represents that of Lissoy, where the poet spent many of his youthful years.

NEAR yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear.

* * * *

Alas ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With loudest plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

XXIII.—BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(BENTLEY BALLADS.)

The Battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. king of England was slain, and his army entirely defeated, was fought in 1066. Thereafter William, Duke of Normandy, called "The Conqueror," ascended the throne. This poem is taken from a collection of Ballads, first published in Bentley's Magazine.

ACROSS the ocean's troubled breast
 The base-born Norman came,
 To win for his helm a kingly crest,
 For his sons a kingly name ;
 And in his warlike band,
 Came flashing fair and free
 The brightest swords of his father's land,
 With the pomp of its chivalry.

What doth the foe on England's field ?
 Why seeks he England's throne ?
 Has she no chiefs her arms to wield,
 No warrior of her own ?

But lo ! in regal pride
Stern Harold comes again,
With the waving folds of his banner dyed
In the blood of the hostile Dane.

The song—the prayer—the feast were o'er,
The stars in heaven were pale,
And many a brow was bared once more
To meet the morning gale.
At length the sun's bright ray
Tinged the wide east with gold,
And the misty veil of the morning grey
Away from his forehead rolled.

And all along each crowded track
His burning glance was thrown,
Till the polished armour sent him back
A lustre like his own.
Still flashed his silver sheen
Along the serried lines,
Where the deadly wood of spears was seen
To rise like forest-PINES.

In either host was silence deep,
Save the falchion's casual ring,
When a sound arose like the first dread sweep
Of the distant tempest's wing ;
Then burst the clamour out,
Still maddening more and more,
Till the air grew troubled with the shout,
As it is at the thunder's roar.

And the war was roused by that fearful cry,
And the hosts rushed wildly on,
Like clouds that sweep o'er the gloomy sky
When summer days are gone.
Swift as the lightning's flame
The furious horseman passed,
And the rattling showers of arrows came
Like hailstones on the blast.

The island phalanx firmly trod
On paths all red with gore;
For the blood of their bravest stained the sod
They proudly spurned before.
But close and closer still
They plied them blow for blow,
Till the deadly stroke of the Saxon bill
Cut loose the Norman bow.

And the stubborn foemen turned to flee,
With the Saxons on their rear,
Like hounds when they lightly cross the lea
To spring on the fallow-deer.
Each war-axe gleaming bright
Made havoc in its sway;
But in the mingled chase and flight
They lost their firm array.

From a mounted band of the Norman's best
A vengeful cry arose,
Their lances long were in the rest,
And they dashed upon their foes
On, on, in wild career;
Alas for England, then,
When the furious thrust of the horsemen's spear
Bore back the Kentish men.

They bore them back, that desperate band,
Despite of helm or shield;
And the corslet bright and the gory brand
Lay strewed on the battle-field.
Fierce flashed the Norman's steel,
Though soiled by many a stain,
And the iron tread of his courser's heel
Crushed down the prostrate slain.

But still for life the Saxons ply,
In hope, or in despair,
And their frantic leader's rallying-cry
Rings in the noontide air.

He toils ; but toils in vain !
 The fatal arrow flies,
 The iron point has pierced his brain,
 The island monarch dies.

The fight is o'er, and wide are spread
 The sounds of the dismal tale ;
 And many a heart has quailed with dread,
 And many a cheek is pale.
 The victor's fears are past,
 The golden spoil is won,
 And England's tears are flowing fast,
 In grief for England's son.

XXIV.—THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

(CROLY.)

The Russian campaign of Napoleon, which ended so disastrously for France, took place in 1812. This extract is from Dr. Croly's "Paris in 1816."

MAGNIFICENCE of ruin ! what has time
 In all it ever gazed upon of war,
 Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
 Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare ?
 How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar !
 Like pampered lions from the spoil they came ;
 The land before them silence and despair,
 The land behind them massacre and flame ;
 Blood will have tenfold blood.—What are they now ? A
 name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column deep,
 Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
 When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
 Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
 Billow on endless billow : on through wood,
 O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
 The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
 Of drum and horn and dissonant clash of mail,
 Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino ! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay ;
In vain the startled legions burst away ;
The land was all one naked sepulchre,
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering
drear.

The field was as they left it : fosse and fort
Streaming with slaughter still, but desolate,—
The cannon flung dismantled by its port ;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone ;
But death was at their heels, they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale !
As it burst hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon ; and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness ! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness,—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze ;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man ;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night,—before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
 Could bear them from the rushing of his wheel
 Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
 At once is covered with a livid veil,
 In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel.
 Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
 In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
 The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun
 Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
 And it is answered by the dying roar
 Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
 Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
 Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
 Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
 Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
 Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
 And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
 Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
 Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low,
 And all be stilled. But thou! thy battle-plain
 Was a whole empire; that devoted train
 Must war from day to day with storm and gloom,
 (Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain,)
 Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
 Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

XXV.—DOWNFAL OF POLAND.

(CAMPBELL.)

Poland was finally dismembered in 1795. Kosciusko was the great hero and leading spirit in the final struggle which the Poles made for their independence.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,

When leagued oppression¹ poured to northern wars
Her whiskered Pandours² and her fierce Hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man !

Warsaw's last champion³ from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid ;
Oh, Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live ! with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death, the watchword and reply ;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew :
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time.
Sarmatia⁴ fell unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career :
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there !
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air ;
On Prague's proud arch⁵ the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;

¹ Austria, Russia, Prussia.

² Austrian foot soldiers.

³ Kosciusko.

⁴ Poland.

⁵ From the massacre that took place on the bridge.

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ; as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Oh, righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance, where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ?
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon¹ and Leuctra² bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
Oh, once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,³—the Bruce⁴ of Bannockburn !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free !
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire from heaven !
Prone to the dust, Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

¹ Greeks defeated Persians, 490 B.C. ² Thebans defeated Spartans 371 B.C.

³ Tell, the Swiss patriot, who released his country from the Austrian yoke.

⁴ Bruce, who defeated the English at Bannockburn 1314.

XXVI.—GINEVRA.

(ROGERS.)

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,
 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; but, before thou go,
 Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
 And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;
 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 heirloom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm.

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.
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 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 sat 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 mightst thou have 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 !

XXVII.—THE DRUM.

(JERROLD'S MAGAZINE.)

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall ;
Dusty wreaths, and tattered flags, round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills, watched the sheep
whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its
din.

Oh, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure
spread,
And pleasant 'tis, among its heath, to make your summer
bed ;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to its
vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
And thus hath felt the Shepherd-boy whilst tending of his
fold ;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like Cheviot's
wold.

And so it was for many a day!—but change with time will
come ;
And he—(alas for him the day!) he heard the little drum !
“ Follow,” said the drummer-boy, “ would you live in story !
For he who strikes a foeman down, wins a wreath of glory.”
“ Rub-a-dub !” and “ rub-a-dub !” the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot wildly
stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying ;
Around him many a parching tongue for “ Water !” faintly
crying :
Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure
spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his
bed :

Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its
vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain
gales !

At length, upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—till wakened by the drum !
"Take arms ! take arms !" his leader cries, "the hated foe-
man's nigh !"
Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall
to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand : "Oh ! water—give
me some !
My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that little
drum !"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his
way,
And many a one by "glory" lured did curse the drum that
day.
"Rub-a-dub !" and "rub-a-dub !" the drummer beat aloud--
The shepherd died ! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his
shroud.
And this is "Glory ?"—Yes ; and still will man the tempter
follow,
Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound—and
hollow !

XXVIII.—THE BONFIRE OF CRAIG-GOWAN.

(W. S. DANIEL.)

The news of the capture of Sebastopol (8th September 1855) was conveyed from Banchory, the nearest telegraph station, to her Majesty at Balmoral, a distance of thirty-one miles, by a special messenger on horseback. On the receipt of the intelligence, a bonfire was, by the Queen's orders, immediately kindled on Craig-Gowan Hill, overhanging the Royal Castle.

Mr. William S. Daniel, the gifted author of "Lays of the (Crimean) War," and other fugitive poems, died recently in Edinburgh, where he was well known to literary men.

A HORSEMAN sweeps at the dead of night
Through the forest braes of Mar ;
And headlong is his star-lit flight—
The messenger of war !

Wildly panteth his foaming steed,
Yet for brae nor bank stays he,
But flies, with a Highland eagle's speed,
By the rushing waves of Dee.
In the cot the herd-boy lifts his head
At the strange and startling sound ;
And stares, with slumber's wondering dread,
As the hoof-sparks flash around.
The roe-buck springs from his lonely lair
Beneath the birch-tree's branches fair,
While down his sides the fear-drops stream ;
And the white owl sails through the troubled air,
Like the creature of a dream !

But on flies the steed, with flowing mane,
On his dark and desolate track,
And proudly he champeth the useless rein,
For Vict'ry rides on his glossy back !
On to the gentle lady's halls,
Who wears old Scotland's crown ;
And " Hurrah, hurrah," the horseman calls,
" Sebastopol is down !"
Swift as light
Is the tidings' flight,
And, with beating heart, but air serene,
'Neath the glorious stars of a Highland night,
Forth steps the Queen !

" Fire the pile on Craig-gowan height !"
The fair Victoria cries,
While the triumph-glance of Britannia's might
Beams through her queenly eyes :—
" Light the pile on Craig-gowan high,
Light the mountain's head,
Till every peak 'neath my Highland sky
With the victory-fire is red !
Let it tell with its mighty tongue of flame
To Scottish heath and town,
That my foot stands on the proudest gem
Of the Russian tyrant's crown !

Let it flush the glens with its glorious light,
 Where my kilted lads were born,
 Who led the fight
 Up Alma's height,
 On the dreadful battle morn;
 The men who nobly know to die,
 But cannot learn to flinch or fly—
 Who, on Balaklava's plain,
 When the death-shot poured like rain,
 Bore the waving feathers high
 In face of Russia's chivalry;
 And bade them in their might come on,
 Till the fiery horsemen's shock
 Broke like spray on granite rock,
 Where my Highland bayonets shone!
 Oh! that yonder flame could light
 The hill-tops of the world,
 Till sighing and down-trodden Right
 Its sunny flag unfurled—
 Till, with the bonds of serfdom riven,
 By his own triumphant sword,
 Man proudly raised his eyes to heaven—
 The freeman of the Lord!
 But fire the pile on Craig-gowan height,
 Light mountain, glen, and sky—
 Right tramples on the throat of might—
 Light, light the bonfire high!"

XXIX.—THE DEATH OF MURAT.

(ATKINSON.)

Joachim Murat, one of Napoleon's most valiant officers, was the son of an inn-keeper, and was born in 1771. He married Maria Caroline, Napoleon's youngest sister, and was placed by his brother-in-law on the throne of Naples in 1808. He was expelled from his kingdom in 1815, and in an attempt to regain his crown, he was driven by a storm on the coast of Calabria, seized, tried by court martial, and executed, 1815.

Thomas Atkinson, bookseller and author, was born in Glasgow in 1801, and died on his way to Barbadoes in 1833.

"My hour is come!—Forget me not!—My blessing is with
 you;
 With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's
 adieu.

Farewell—farewell, my Caroline! my children's doting mother;

I made thee wife, and fate a queen—an hour, and thou art neither.

Farewell, my fair Letitia! my love is with thee still;
Louise and Lucien, adieu! and thou, my own Achille!"

With quivering lip, but with no tear, or tear that gazers saw,
These words to all his heart held dear thus wrote the brave
Murat.

Then of the locks which dark and large o'er his broad
shoulders hung;

That streamed war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings
clung

In peace around his forehead high, which, more than diadem,
Beseeemed the curls that lovingly replaced the cold hard gem;
He cut him one for wife—for child—'twas all he had to will;
But, with the regal wealth and state, he lost its heartless
chill!

The iciness of alien power, what gushing love may thaw?

The agony of such an hour as this—thy *last*—Murat!

"Comrade—though foe!—a soldier asks from thee a soldier's
aid—

They're not a warrior's only task that need his blood and
blade—

That upon which I latest gaze—that which I fondest clasp,
When death my eye-balls wraps in haze, and stiffens my
hands' grasp!

With these love-locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see
them sent—

Need I say where?—Enough!—'tis kind!—to death, then—
I'm content!

Oh, to have found it in the field, not as a chained outlaw!
No more!—to Destiny I yield—with mightier than Murat!"

They led him forth—'twas but a stride between his prison-
room

And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's
doom.

"Soldiers!--your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space
 for pain :
 Strike to the heart!" His last behest was uttered not in
 vain.
 He turned him to the levelled tubes that held the wished-for
 boon ;
 He gazed upon some love-clasped pledge--then vollied the
 platoon ;
 And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers
 saw,
 In the dear image of a wife, thy heart's best trait, Murat !

 XXX.—POMPEII.

(ANONYMOUS.)

On the events connected with this poem, see No. II. in Section II. of Prose
 Selections, p. 30.

IN the halls of Pompeii resounded the song,
 And the lovely were there, and the brave, and the strong ;
 From the minstrel's sweet lyre flowed the measure of glad-
 ness,
 And far, far away fled the demon of sadness.
 But an hour--and crushed was the might of the bold,
 And the heart that just bounded lay senseless and cold ;
 The pæan no longer was heard in the grove,
 And hushed was the choir in the temple of Jove ;
 For there burst from the deep yawning caves of the moun-
 tain
 A torrent of fire like the stream of a fountain,
 Like the wide-flaming flood of the terrible rain,
 Which the Lord in his wrath poured on Sodoma's plain :--
 Ay, rent was the womb of the mountain asunder,
 Crash pealed upon crash like the deep rolling thunder,
 And the waters of Sarn and the waves of the ocean
 Were lashed into foam by the dreadful commotion ;
 And the caves of Caprei were felt to rebound,
 And the rocks of Misenum re-echoed the sound,--
 The black heavens lowered, and the pestilent air
 Was filled with wild tumult and shrieks of despair.

In vain the bold rider urged forward his steed—
In vain the fleet courser exerted his speed,
For the blast of destruction came fast as the wind,
Or the dreadful simoom in the desert of Ind.
There the warrior lay stretched in the midst of his pride,
And the bridegroom fell dead by the corpse of his bride ;
Unswept was the lyre, and forsaken the lute,
And the lips of the minstrel for ever were mute.
But who can describe the wild anguish and sorrow,
And the sighs and the tears that were poured on the morrow
When the horrible night of destruction was past,
And the dawn sadly smiled o'er the desolate waste ?
Or who can describe the poor wanderer's despair,
When with heart full of love and bright visions so fair,
He turned to his home, all his wanderings o'er,
But found his poor home and his country no more ?
What a feeling of lonely desertion came o'er him,
As he gazed on the soul-rending prospect before him !
And the heart at that moment remembered too well
His wife's sad adieu, and his children's farewell ;
And he struck his sad breast in the depth of his woe,
And the big drops of anguish burst forth from his brow,
And he turned once again from the land of his birth
To wander forlorn on the face of the earth.

XXXI.—DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

(BYRON.)

George Lord Byron was born in London in 1788. His father was Captain John Byron of the Guards, and his mother, Miss Gordon, of Gight, in Aberdeenshire. He succeeded his grand-uncle, William Lord Byron, in the title and estates, when eleven years of age. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, in 1824. The subject of this piece is too well known to require comment.

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.

XXXII.—DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(DRUMMOND.)

WHEN Israel's host in Elah's valley lay,
O'erwhelmed with shame, and trembling with dismay
They saw how fierce Goliath proudly trod
Before their ranks, and braved the living God.

On Israel's ranks he cast a withering look,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke :

“ Ye slaves of Saul, why thus in proud parade
Of martial threatening stand your ranks arrayed ?
Though high your vaunts, and unsubdued your pride,
A single arm the contest may decide.
Send forth the best and bravest of your hosts,
To prove in me what might Philistia boasts ;
And if your champion fall beneath my hand,
Let Israel own Philistia's high command ;

But if his better arm the triumph gain,
Her yielding sons shall wear the victor's chain.
You, and your God who rules the cloudy sky,
Armies of Israel, I this day defy!"

Through Israel's curdling veins cold horror ran,
And each sunk warrior felt no longer man;
One heart alone its wonted fire retains—
One heart alone the giant's threats disdains:
David, the last of Jesse's numerous race,
Deep in his bosom feels the dire disgrace,
That e'er a godless Philistine so proud,
His single prowess thus should vaunt aloud.

Before his prince magnanimous he stands,
And lifts the imploring eye and suppliant hands,
With modest grace, to let him prove the fight,
And die or conquer in his country's right.

The king and nobles with attention hung
To hear the aspirings of a mind so young,
But deem his darings in the unequal strife
Were but a fond and useless waste of life.

Then David thus: "As erst my flocks I kept,
Pale shone the moonbeam, and the hamlet slept;
In that still hour a shaggy bear I spied
Snuff the night-gale, and range the valley-side;
He seized a lamb,—and by this hand he died.
And when a lion, made by hunger bold,
From Jordan's swelling streams o'erleaped the fold—
The brindled savage in my hands I tore,
Caught by the beard, and crushed him in his gore,
The God that saved me from the infuriate bear
And famished lion still has power to spare;
And something whispers, if the strife I meet,
Soon shall the boaster fall beneath my feet."

Moved by his words the king and chieftains yield,
His spirit laud, and arm him for the field;

In royal mail his youthful limbs they dressed,
The greaves, the corslet, shield, and threatening crest.
But ill those youthful limbs with arms accord,
And ill that hand can wield the imperial sword ;
Whence wisdom cautions—these to lay aside,
And choose the arms whose power he oft had tried.
Straight in his hand the well-proved sling he took,
And in his scrip five pebbles from the brook,—
These all his earthly arms ; but o'er his head
Had Faith divine her sheltering ægis spread.
His bosom beats with generous ardour high,
And new-born glories kindle in his eye ;
Swift o'er the field he bounds with vigour light,
Marks the gigantic foe, and claims the fight.

Now, men of Israel, pour your ardent prayer :
“ God of our fathers, to thy sovereign care
We trust our champion ; for to thee belong
Strength for the weak, and weakness for the strong
Arm him with might to vindicate thy name,
To smite the proud, and blot out Israel's shame ;
Let angels round him spread the guardian shield,
And oh, restore in triumph from the field !”

Philistia's chief now marked with high disdain
The light-armed stripling rushing to the plain ;
Saw with a scornful smile his airy tread
And downy cheek suffused with rosy red ;
His pliant limbs not cased in shining mail,
No shield to ward, no sabre to assail :
But clad like shepherd-swain—when swains advance
To hand the fair, and frolic in the dance.
Fierce from his breast the growling thunder broke,
And Elah's valley trembled as he spoke.

“ O powerful Dagon ! wherefore was I born ?
Am I a dog ?—the theme of children's scorn ?
Cursed be thy God ! cursed thou, presumptuous boy !
But come—draw nigh—and glut my furious joy.
Thy feeble body, crushed beneath my power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.”

Then Jesse's son : " Accoutred for the field,
Proudly thou marchest with thy spear and shield ;
But I, unarmed, yet reckless of thy boasts,
Approach, protected by the God of hosts ;
That righteous power, whom thy infuriate pride,
With tongue blaspheming, has this day defied.
Me, of our race the humblest, has He sped,
From thy broad trunk to lop thy impious head,
And through thy armies wasting vengeance spread ;
That all may know, through earth's wide realms abroad,
To trust the righteous cause to Israel's God.
He saves not by the shield, by spears, or swords—
No more. Advance—the battle is the Lord's."

With giant-stride the lowering foe draws nigh,
Strength in his arm, and fury in his eye ;
In thought already gives the ruthless wound,
And the scorned youth transfixes to the ground.
While David, rapid as the fleetest wing,
Whirls round his head the quick-revolving sling ;
Aims, with experienced eye, the avenging blow
At the broad visage of the advancing foe.
How booms the thong, impatient to be free,
Winged with resistless speed, and armed with destiny !
'Tis gone—loud-whizzing flies the ponderous stone !
That dirge of death—hark ! heard ye Dagon groan ?
It strikes—it crashes through the fractured bone !
Struck in his full career the giant feels
The bolt of death ; his mountain-body reels—
And nerveless, headlong, thunders to the ground.
Loud bursts of joy along the vale resound ;
Shout ! men of Israel, shout—till earth and sky,
With replication loud, re-echo victory !
See, see him now, as flushed with honest pride
He draws the sabre from the giant's side ;
Now on the groaning trunk behold him tread,
And from the shoulders lop the ghastly head !

Shout ! men of Israel—shout your hero's praise !
Send it immortal down to future days !

Let furthest Dan his triumph loud proclaim,
And Sheba's springs resound his glorious name :
In Jesse's son, O Bethlehem ! rejoice ;
And Salem, thou exalt thy grateful voice ;
Thy victor hail triumphant in the Lord ;
Girt with the grisly spoils, he waves the reeking sword

Daughters of Israel, loud his praises sing !
With harp and timbrel hail your future king.
By mighty Saul a thousand bite the plain—
But mightier David has ten thousand slain !

XXXIII.—THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

(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, or 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 bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast !
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guest the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side—
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed, and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its 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 passed, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Even 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.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew !
'Twas certain he could write and cipher to ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But passed is all his fame—the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

XXXIV.—THE SHIP FOUNDERING.

(BYRON.)

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash

Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

XXXV.—THE SHUNAMITE.

(NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.)

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born at Portland, Maine, United States of America, in 1817. He was for a time Editor of the *New York Mirror*, and afterwards of the *Home Journal*. His sketches of a European tour, entitled "Pencilings by the Way," are well known.

The story of Elisha and the Shunamite need not be repeated. See 2 Kings iv.

CHILDHOOD is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw—
Cheering their labour on, till they forgot
The heat and weariness of their stooping toil
In the beguiling of his playful mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon, and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye;
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—

His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy.

“—So still!

’Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! O God.
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart; and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness.

“—Yet so still!

How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there?
And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him? and prayed
Morning and night for him? And *could* he die?
No; God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and his fair hair
Will darken like his father’s, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He* to die!”
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if ’twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish.

—Suddenly

Her hand shrank from him, and the colour fled
From her fixed lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched

His forehead, as she dallied with his hair,
 And it was cold, like clay! Slow, very slow
 Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
 She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
 In a dumb prayer for strength; and then she took
 His little hand, and pressed it earnestly,
 And put her lip to his, and looked again
 Fearfully on him; and then, bending low,
 She whispered in his ear, "My son! my son!"
 And as the echo died, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
 Motionless on her knee, the truth *would* come!
 And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
 Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
 Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
 As if death had no power to touch him there!

* * * * *

The man of God came forth, and led the child
 Unto his mother, and went on his way.
 And he was there—her beautiful, her own—
 Living and smiling on her, with his arms
 Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
 Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
 The music of his gentle voice once more!

XXXVI.—FUNERAL OF WELLINGTON.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

Alfred Tennyson was born at his father's parsonage in Lincolnshire. In 1810.
 He was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth.
 The poem from which the following verses are extracted was composed in 1852,
 on the death of the Duke of Wellington.

* * * * *

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman,¹ this is he
 Was great by land, as thou by sea.

¹ Nelson, whose body was buried in St. Paul's.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land, as thou by sea !
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
This he that far away,
Against the myriads of Assaye,
Clashed with his fiery few, and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works,¹ the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines ;
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew ;
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms—
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew,
Past the Pyrenean pines ;
Followed up in valley and glen
With blow of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon, and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again the ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe—shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;

¹ The lines of Torres Vedra.

Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown,
 On that loud Sabbath¹ shook the spoiler down.
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dashed on every rocky square,
 Their surging charges foamed themselves away.
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Through the long tormented air,
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept, and charged and overthrew.

* * * *

Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council hall
 For ever, and, whatever tempests lour,
 For ever silent; even if they broke in thunder,
 Silent. Yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Through either babbling world of high and low
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spake against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers, trampling on the right.
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light,
 He never shall be shamed.

* * * *

Hush! the dead-march wails in the people's ears,
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
 The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears!
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seemed so great—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him

¹ The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sabbath, 18th June 1815.

Of the fame he made his own
 Being here ; and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast Cathedral leave him :
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

XXXVII.—BATTLE OF MARATHON.

(PROFESSOR BLACKIE.)

The battle of Marathon was fought in 490 B.C., between the Greeks under Miltiades and the Persians under Datis and Artaphernes, generals of King Darius. Mr. Blackie is at present Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

FROM Pentelicus' pine-clad height a voice of warning came,
 That shook the silent autumn night with fear to Media's
 name ;
 Pan from his Marathonian cave sent screams of midnight
 terror,
 And darkling horror curled the wave on the broad sea's
 moonlit mirror.
 Woe, Persia, woe ! thou liest low, low ! Let the golden
 palaces groan !
 Ye mothers weep for sons that shall sleep in gore on Mara-
 thon !

Where Indus and Hydaspes roll, where treeless deserts grow,
 Where Scythians roam beneath the pole o'er fields of hard-
 ened snow,
 The great Darius rules ; and now, thou little Greece, to thee
 He comes ; thou thin-soiled Athens, how shalt thou dare to
 be free ?
 There is a God that wields the rod above ; by him alone
 The Greek shall be free, when the Mede shall flee in shame
 from Marathon.

Who shall number the host of the Mede? Their high-tiered
galleys ride,
Like locust-bands with darkening speed, across the groaning
tide.
Who shall tell the many-hoofed tramp that shakes the dusty
plain?
Where the pride of his horse is the strength of his camp,
shall the Mede forget to gain?
O fair is the pride of those turms as they ride, to the eye of
the morning shown!
But a God in the sky hath doomed them to lie in dust on
Marathon.

Dauntless beside the sounding sea the Athenian men reveal
Their steady strength. That they are free they know; and
inly feel
Their high election on that day in foremost fight to stand,
And dash the enslaving yoke away from all the Grecian land.
Their praise shall sound the world around who shook the
Persian throne,
Where the shout of the free travelled over the sea from
famous Marathon.

From dark Cithæron's sacred slope the small Platean band
Bring hearts that swell with patriot hope, to wield a common
brand
With Theseus' sons, at danger's gates while spell-bound
Sparta stands,
And for the pale moon's changes waits with stiff and stolid
hands;
And hath no share in the glory rare that Athens shall make
her own,
When the long-haired Mede with fearful speed falls back on
Marathon.

"On, sons of the Greeks!" the war-cry rolls, "the land that
gave you birth,
Your wives, and all the dearest souls that circle round each
hearth—

The shrines upon a thousand hills, the memory of your sires—
Nerve now with brass your resolute wills, and fan your
valorous fires !”

And on like a wave came the rush of the brave—“ Ye sons
of the Greeks, on, on !”

And the Mede stept back from the eager attack of the Greek,
in Marathon.

On, son of Cimon, bravely on, and Aristides just !
Your names have made the field your own, your foes are in
the dust !

The Lydian satrap spurs his steed, the Persian’s bow is
broken ;

His purple pales ; the vanquished Mede beholds the angry
token

Of thundering Jove who rules above ; and the bubbling
marshes moan

With the trampled dead that have found their bed in gore
at Marathon.

The ships have sailed from Marathon, on swift disaster’s
wings,

And an evil dream hath fetched a groan from the heart of
the king of kings.

An eagle he saw, in the shades of night, with a dove that
bloodily strove ;

And the weak hath vanquished the strong in fight—the
eagle hath fled from the dove.

Great Jove that reigns in the starry plains, to the heart of
the king hath shown

That the boastful parade of his pride was laid in dust at
Marathon.

But through Pentelicus’ winding vales the hymn triumphal
runs,

And high-shrined Athens proudly hails her free-returning
sons.

And Pallas, from her ancient rock, with her shield’s reful-
gent round

Blazes ; her frequent worshippers flock, and high the pæans
sound,

How in deathless glory the famous story shall on the winds
 be blown,
 That the long-haired Mede was driven with speed by the
 Greeks, from Marathon.

And Greece shall be a hallowed name, while the sun shall
 climb the pole,
 And Marathon fan strong freedom's flame in many a pilgrim
 soul ;
 And o'er that mound where heroes sleep, by the waste and
 reedy shore,
 Full many a patriot eye shall weep, till time shall be no more.
 And the bard shall brim with a holier hymn, when he stands
 by that mound alone,
 And feel no shrine on earth more divine than the dust of
 Marathon.

XXXVIII.—ISAAC ASHFORD.

(CRABBE.)

The Rev. George Crabbe was a native of Aldborough, in Suffolk. Born 1754;
 died 1832. This extract is from his "Parish Register." It describes an
 honest English peasant.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene :
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace :
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seemed and gentleness he loved :
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none ;
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast,
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed ;
 (Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
 To miss one favour which their neighbours find :)
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried :
 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few ;
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
 Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim ;
 Christian and countryman was all with him :
 True to his church he came ; no Sunday shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour ;
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
 By the strong glare of their new light direct ;
 " On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
 But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain ;
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

* * * * *

I feel his absence in the hour of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;

I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till Master Ashford softened to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there ;
 But he is blessed, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

XXXIX.—OUTALISSI.*

(CAMPBELL.)

NIGHT came ; and in their lighted bower, full late,
 The joy of converse had endured ; when, hark !
 Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate ;
 And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
 A form has rushed amidst them from the dark,
 And spread his arms, and fallen upon the floor :
 Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ;
 But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
 As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched :
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first !
 To speak he tries ; but quivering, pale, and parched,
 From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
 Emotions unintelligible burst ;
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;
 At length, the pity-proffered cup his thirst
 Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
 When Albert's hand he grasped ; but Albert knew not him.

" And hast thou then forgot ! " he cried forlorn,
 And eyed the group with half indignant air ;
 " Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,

* Outalissi, a savage chief, hastens to warn his former friends of the approach of a hostile tribe. The piece is taken from " Gertrude of Wyoming," which see.

That now is white as Apalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy, and he will his deliverer know!"

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew;
"Bless thee, my guide!" but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through
'Twas strange; nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view.
At last, delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own!" he cried, and clasped him to his soul

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bow-string of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foemen then, nor cougar's couch I feared,
For I was strong as mountain cataract!
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared?

"Then welcome be my death-song and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced!"
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath,
But, with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds, with fevered joy that more profusely bled.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand,—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup!
The Mammoth comes!—the foe!—the monster Brandt!—
With all his howling, desolating band!

These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence,—half your land!
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine!
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

“Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
’Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!
All perished! I alone am left on earth,
To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

“But go and rouse your warriors! for—if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of stripped and starred banners—on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock and palisaded lines.
Go, seek the light its warlike beacons show!
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance and the foe!”

XL.—THE LEGEND OF THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

(EDWIN ARNOLD.)

It is related by Herodotus that a king of Egypt, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, lost by death his only surviving child, a daughter. The father’s grief was intense; and wishing to have his favourite entombed in a more sumptuous manner than usual, he caused the wooden image of a cow to be made, and to be overlaid with gold. In this he placed the body of his child, and set it in a chamber gorgeously ornamented, in which perfumes were burned during the day, and a lamp lighted at night. The golden cow was brought forth at a certain festival, in compliance with the dying wish of the princess, “to see the sun once a year.”

THERE was fear and desolation over swarthy Egypt’s land,
From the holy city of the sun to hot Syene’s sand;
The sistrum and the cymbal slept, the merry dance no more
Trampled the evening river-buds by Nile’s embroidered shore,
For the daughter of the king must die, the dark magicians said,
Before the red sun sunk to rest that day in ocean’s bed.

And all that day the temple smoke loaded the heavy air,
But they prayed to one who heeded none, nor heareth earnest
prayer.

That day the gonfalons¹ were down, the silver lamps un-
trimmed,

Sad at their oars the rowers sat, silent the Nile-boat skimmed;
And through the land there went a wail of bitterest agony,
From the iron hills of Nubia to the islands of the sea.

There, in the very hall where once her laugh had loudest
been,

Where but that morning she had worn the wreath of Beauty's
Queen,

She lay, a lost but lovely thing—the wreath was on her
brow,

Alas! the lotus might not match its chilly paleness now;
And ever as that golden light sank lower in the sky,
Her breath came fainter, and the beam seemed fading in her
eye.

Her coal-black hair was tangled, and the sigh of parting day
Stirred tremblingly its silky folds as on her breast they
lay;

How heavily her rounded arm lay buried by her side;
How drooping her lashes seemed those star-bright eyes to
hide!

And once there played upon her lips a smile like summer air,
As though death came with gentle face, and she mocked her
idle fear.

Low o'er the dying maiden's form the king and father bows,
Stern anguish holds the place of pride upon the monarch's
brows—

"My daughter, in the world thou leavest so dark without
thy smile,

Hast thou one care a father's love, a king's word may be-
guile?

Hast thou one last light wish? 'Tis thine, by Isis' throne
on high,

If Egypt's blood can win it thee, or Egypt's treasure buy."

¹ Ensign or standard.

How anxiously he waits her word ; upon the painted wall
In long gold lines the dying lights between the columns fall ;
It lends her sinking limbs a glow, her pallid cheek a blush,
And on her lifted lashes throws a fitful lingering flush,
And on her parting lips it plays : oh ! how they crowd to
hear

The words that will be iron chains to bind them to her
prayer :

“ Father, dear father, it is hard to die so very young,
Summer was coming, and I thought to see the flowers sprung ;
Must it be always dark like this ? I cannot see thy face—
I am dying, hold me, father, in thy kind and close embrace ;
Oh ! let them sometimes bear me where the merry sunbeams
lie ;

I know thou wilt ; farewell, farewell ! ’tis easier now to die ! ”

Small need of bearded leeches there ; not all Arabia’s store
Of precious balm could purchase her one ray of sunlight
more ;

Was it strange that tears were glistening where tears should
ever be,

When death had smitten down to dust the beautiful and
free ?

Was it strange that warriors should raise a woman’s earnest
cry

For help and hope to heaven’s throne, when such as she
must die ?

And ever when the shining sun has brought the summer
round,

And the Nile rises fast and full along the thirsty ground,
They bear her from her silent home to where the gay sun-
light

May linger on the hollow eyes that once were starry bright,
And strew sweet flowers upon her breast, while grey-haired
matrons tell

Of the high Egyptian maiden-queen that loved the light so
well !

SECTION II.—DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL.

I.—HOME.

(MONTGOMERY.)

James Montgomery was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born in 1771 and died in 1854.

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 beautiful 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,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way 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 fireside pleasures gambol at her feet:

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

II.—ENGLAND AND HER QUEEN.

(M. A. STODART.)

HURRAH! hurrah for England!
Her woods and valleys green;
Hurrah for good old England!
Hurrah for England's Queen!

Strong ships are on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores;
Peace, peace within her borders,
And plenty in her stores.

Right joyously we're singing,
We're glad to make it known,
That we love the land we live in,
And our Queen upon the throne.

Then hurrah for merry England!
And may we still be seen
True to our own dear country,
And loyal to our Queen!

III.—THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

(ANONYMOUS.)

AWAY with bayonet and with lance, with corslet, casque,
and sword,—
Our island king no war-steed needs, for on the sea he's lord;
His throne's the war-ship's lofty deck, his sceptre is the mast,
His kingdom is the rolling wave, his servant is the blast.
His anchor's up, fair freedom's flag proud to the mast he
nails;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads, for there your ter-
ror sails!

I see fierce Prussia's chargers stand, her children's sharp
swords out ;
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red, when rose the
closing shout.
But soon the steed rushed masterless, by tower, and town,
and wood,
For lordly France her fiery youth poured o'er them like a
flood.
Go hew the gold spurs from your heels, and let your steeds
run free,
Then come to our unconquered decks, and learn to rule at sea.
Behold yon black and battered hulk that slumbers on the
tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern, for peace has plucked
her pride ;
Her masts are down, her cannon mute, she shows nor sheet
nor sail,
Nor starts forth with seaward breeze, nor answers shout nor
hail ;
Her merry men, with all their mirth, have sought some other
shore,
And she, with all her glory on, shall rule the seas no more.
So landmen speak ; lo, her topmast is quivering to the sky ;
Her anchor's raised, her sails are spread, there sweeps the
gallant by ;
A thousand warriors fill her deck, within her painted side
The thunder sleeps, man's might has nought can match or
mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth, her stainless flag flies free ;
Kings of the earth, come and behold how Britain reigns at
sea !
When on your necks the iron foot of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea, where we triumphant
rode,
He launched his terror and his might, your free-born hearts
to tame ;
He came, and got the Nelson touch, and vanished as he came.
Go hang your bridles in your halls, and let your steeds run
free ;
The world has one unconquered king, and he reigns on the sea

IV.—ENGLAND'S DEAD.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

SON of the ocean isle ! where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile is reared o'er Glory's
bed.

Go, stranger, track the deep—free, free the white sail
spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep, where rest not
England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains, by the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noontide reigns, and the palm-trees
yield no shade :

But let the angry sun from heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—*there* slumber Eng-
land's dead !

The hurricane hath might along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night is heard the tiger's roar ;
But let the sound roll on ! it hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;—*there* slumber
England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods the western wilds among ;
And free in green Columbia's woods the hunter's bow is
strung ;

But let the floods rush on ! let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should *they* reck whose task is done ? *There* slumber
England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high in the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky, like rose-leaves
on the breeze ;

But let the storm rage on—let the fresh wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—*there* slumber England's
dead.

On the frozen deep's repose 'tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close, and the northern
night-clouds lower ;

But let the ice drift on! let the cold blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done; even *there* sleep
 England's dead.

The warlike of the isles—the men of field and wave—
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles? the seas and shores
 their grave?

Go, stranger, track the deep—free, free the white sail
 spread!
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep, where rest not
 England's dead.

V.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

(HON. MRS. NORTON.)

Caroline Elizabeth Sheridan, better known as the Honourable Mrs. Norton, is grand-daughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, mentioned in *Prose Selections*, p. 75 above. She is a copious writer, both in prose and verse.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing there was dearth of
 woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
 away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native
 land;
 Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
 crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard
 ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was
 done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
cline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

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

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

“There's *another*—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

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

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

VI.—A WINTER EVENING.

(COWPER.)

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,—
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou holdest the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyment, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
No powdered pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed

Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still ;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry ; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed—spare feast ! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth ;
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found,
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O evenings worthy of the gods ! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

SECTION III.—SACRED AND MORAL.

I.—GOD HATH A VOICE.

(ELIZA COOK.)

Eliza Cook, the daughter of a tradesman in Southwark, London, was born in 1817. The "Old Arm Chair," "Old Farm Gate," and many other of her pieces, are universally admired.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they all tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

II.—THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

(POPE.)

Alexander Pope was the son of a merchant in London. From his earliest years he manifested a most extraordinary power of poetic composition; he literally "lisp'd in numbers." He was born in 1688, and died in 1744.

No more shall nation against nation rise;
Nor ardent warriors meet, with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er:
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,—
From every face He wipes off every tear.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
Discarding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!

III.—THE FUTURE MERCIFULLY CONCEALED.

(POPE.)

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

IV.—HUMAN LIFE.

(ROGERS.)

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby
Still, in the vale, the village bells ring round,
Still, in Llewelyn-hall, the jests resound:
For, now, the caudle-cup¹ is circling there;
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle, to admire
The babe,—the sleeping image of his sire!

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran:
Then, the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale (now brewed) in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The Nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled!"

And soon, again, shall music swell the breeze:
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round: and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves, in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When, in dim chambers, long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard, where only joy hath been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth, with them who went before.

And such is Human Life! So gliding on,
It glimmers, like a meteor—and is gone!

¹ Warm drink mixed with wine

V.—SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

(RUFUS DAWES.)

Mr. Dawes is an American poet. He is the son of Judge Thomas Dawes, and was born in Boston in 1803.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight!
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there:
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy!

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles as it curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
When the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
Where their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape and crowds the stream
With the shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

VI.—PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

(ANONYMOUS.)

VOYAGER upon life's sea, to yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"
Never, though the winds may rave, falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm, you will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark, keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon-mark "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Every wave that bears you on to the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone, to return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

If your birth denied you wealth, lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health are a better dower.
But, if these will not suffice, golden gain pursue;
And to gain the glittering prize, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Would you wrest the wreath of fame from the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name with the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men? Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Would you crush the tyrant wrong, in the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong, battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind the many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—" *Paddle your own canoe!*"

Nothing great is lightly won, nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done, will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust, all you will to do;
But, if you succeed, you must "**PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE!**"

VII.—BRUCE AND THE SPIDER; OR, TRY AGAIN.

(ELIZA COOK.)

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think;

'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people glad,

He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could be;

And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped, with its silken cobweb clue,

And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it hung by a rope so fine,

That how it would get to its cobweb home, King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong endeavour,

But down it came, with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the least complaint,

Till it fell still lower, and there it laid, a little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a half yard higher,

'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below. but again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts
were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no
more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every
time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an anxious
minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will he lose
or win it?
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch, put him into his
native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honour to those
who try,
The spider up there defied despair, he conquered, and why
shouldn't I?"
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips tell the
tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before, and that time he
did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of saying,
"I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness, Folly,
and Want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some goodly
thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remember the
Spider and King.

VIII.—THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

(RICHARDSON—*German Ballads*).

BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;

Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if you seek for giants there, they are all dead and gone.
The giant's daughter once came forth the castle-gate before,
And played with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;

Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood;

At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt,
she stood;

And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me;"

Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough, all gently on her arm,

She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm!

She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),

And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar;

"O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy child,
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?

Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl; come, open, let us see."
She opens her kerchief carefully, and gladly you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team;

And when she'd placed before his sight, the new-found pretty
toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for
very joy.
But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his
head,
"What hast thou brought me home, my child?—this is no
toy," he said ;
"Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below ;
The peasant is no plaything, girl,—how could'st thou think
him so ?
So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said ;
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had
bread ;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are ;
The peasant is no plaything, child—no—God forbid he were !"

IX.—THE LAST MAN.

(CAMPBELL.)

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands¹
Still rusted in their bony hands ;

¹ Brands, swords.

In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet prophet-like that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere¹ leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath the man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day,
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go,—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

¹ *Sere*, withered.

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death,—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast,
 The eclipse of Nature spreads thy pall,
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!
 The spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death!
 Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste;
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou sawest the last of Adam's race
 On earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

 X.—THE INQUIRY.

(CHARLES MACKAY.)

Charles Mackay, LL.D., is a native of Perth, but his boyhood was spent partly in England and partly in Belgium. He was for some years editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, and afterwards of the *Illustrated London News*. He was born in 1812.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,

Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—“No.”

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favoured spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—“No.”

And thou serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded,—“No.”

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—“Yes,
IN HEAVEN!”

XI.—ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

(MILTON.)

John Milton, the son of a London scrivener, was born in 1608. He engaged briskly in the religious and political controversies which agitated the latter part of the reign of Charles I., and the times of the Commonwealth; and for several years after the execution of the king he acted as Latin Secretary to the Council of State. His noble poems, *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*, were composed, in great part, after the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660. Milton had been blind for several years previous, and never recovered his sight. He died in 1674.

HAIL, holy light, offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene¹ hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. . . . Thus with the year

¹ I.e., *Gutta serena*, a disease of the eyes otherwise called *amaurosis*.

Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

XII.—SAMSON'S SELF-REPROACH

(MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.)

O GLORIOUS strength,
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased
 Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was, that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction ; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfilled but through mine own default ?
 Whom have I to complain of but myself ?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom ! vast, unwieldy, burdensome,

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties ; not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace ! I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries :
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :
 They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !

XIII.—EVE'S ADDRESS TO ADAM AFTER HER DREAM.

(MILTON.)

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day passed, or morrow's next design ;

But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song : now reigns
 Full-orbed the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard : heaven wakes with all his eyes ;
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not :
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I passed through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seemed,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 One shaped and winged like one of those from heaven
 By us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled
 Ambrosia : on that tree he also gazed :
 And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so despised ?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offered good : why else set here ?
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
 He plucked, he tasted : me damp horror chilled
 At such bold words, vouched with a deed so bold :
 But he thus, overjoyed : O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt !
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !
 Partake thou also : happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part

Which he had plucked : the pleasant savoury smell
 So quickened appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide,
 And various, wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly
 My guide was gone ; and I, methought, sunk down
 And fell asleep : but O, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream !

SECTION IV.—MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

I.—THE SEA GULL.

(GERALD GRIFFIN.)

Gerald Griffin, well known as the author of "The Munster Tales," "The Collegians," and other stories illustrative of Irish character, was born in Limerick in 1803. Tired of the bustling world, he entered a monastery in Cork, in 1838, and two years afterwards died of typhus fever.

WHITE bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing;
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn;
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the Spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours, that fly
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,
Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!
Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,
On the sweet winds of Heaven, to thine own brilliant skies;
Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee,
Must long for that moment—the joyous and free—

When the soul, disembodied from Nature, shall spring,
Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;
When the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor, serene on the world!

II.—THE BELFRY PIGEON.

(WILLIS.)

On the cross-beam under the Old South Bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well;
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,

Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smoothe his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee !
With wings to fly to wood and glen ;
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smoothe the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

III.—THE KING OF THE WIND.

(ELIZA COOK.)

HE burst through the ice-pillared gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane wings he rushed forth :
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,
He mocked at the Lion, and taunted the steed :
He whistled along through each cranny and creek ;
He whirled o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek ;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind !

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laughed, as they crumbled, with maniac yell ;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
Till, wild in his fury, he hurled it in twain :
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind :
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind !

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair ;
He wrecked the proud ship—and his triumph was there !

The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid :
He rocked the staunch light-house, he shivered the mast ;
He howled ;—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast ;
And he roared in his glory, “ Where, where will ye find
A despot so great as the King of the Wind ? ”

IV.—SONG OF THE STARS.

(W. O. BRYANT.)

William Cullen Bryant, one of the most popular, perhaps *the* most popular, of living American poets, was born in the State of Massachusetts in 1794. He studied for the profession of the law, but turned journalist, and in 1828 became co-editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung :

Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie :
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the Source of Glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play !
Away, on your joyous path, away !

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass,
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
 When the small waves dance, and the young woods lean

And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower !
 And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
 Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews !
 And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
 With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away, away !—in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres !
 To weave the dance that measures the years.
 Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

V.—THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

(MOTHERWELL.)

Thorstein Raudi was one of the famous Norse pirates, or sea-kings, of former days, whose descent on France, and afterwards on England, had so great an influence on the destinies of our country.

'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 drank 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 have 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 ills wax in number,
 Thy love will not slumber,
 But, star-like, burns fiercer, the darker the night.
 HEART GLADENER! 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.

VI.—THE FATE OF THE OAK.

(B. CORNWALL.)

Bryant Walter Procter, better known by his *nom de plume*, Barry Cornwall, has published a goodly number of poems, though harassed with the care of professional life. He is now a Commissioner of Lunacy.

THE owl to her mate is calling;
 The river his hoarse song sings;
 But the oak is marked for falling,
 That has stood for a hundred springs.
 Hark! a blow, and a dull sound follows;
 A second—he bows his head;
 A third—and the wood's dark hollows
 Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven ;
 His body all barked and squared ;
 And he's now, like a felon, driven
 In chains to the strong dock-yard !
 He's sawn through the middle, and turned
 For the ribs of a frigate free ;
 And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned ;
 And now—he is fit for sea !

Oh ! now, with his wings outspread,
 Like a ghost (if a ghost may be)
 He will triumph again, though dead,
 And be dreaded in every sea.
 The lightning will blaze about,
 And wrap him in flaming pride ;
 And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
 In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
 And been honoured from shore to shore,
 And his journey on earth is done,—
 Why, what can he ask for more ?
 There is nought that a king can claim,
 Or a poet or warrior bold,
 Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
 And to mix with the common mould !

VII.—THE DESERTED MILL.

(SCHNEZLER.)

This ballad, by August Schnetzler, a German poet, was translated in the *Dublin University Magazine*, from which it is now extracted.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal, at the base of Elsberg
 hill ;
 It stands as though it fain would fall, the dark deserted mill.
 Its engines, coated with moss and mould, bide silent all the
 day ;
 Its mildewed walls and windows old are crumbling into
 decay.

So through the daylight's lingering hours it mourns in weary
rest ;

But soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers begin to fade in
the west,

The long-dead millers leave their lairs, and open its creaking
doors,

And their feet glide up and down its stairs, and over its
dusty floors.

And the miller's men, they, too, awake, and the night's weird
work begins ;

The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake, the flour falls
into the binns.

The mill-bell tolls agen and agen, and the cry is, " Grist
here, ho !"

And the dead old millers and their men move busily to and fro.

And ever as night wears more and more new groups throng
into the mill,

And the clangor, deafening enough before, grows louder and
wilder still.

Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ; the wheels
redouble their din ;

The hoppers clatter, the engines roar, and the flour o'erflows
the binn.

But with the morning's pearly sheen this ghastly hubbub
wanes,

And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen through the meal-
dulled window-panes.

She opens the sash, and her words resound in tones of un-
earthly power, —

" Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground ; come hither
and take your flour !"

Thereon strange hazy lights appear a-flitting all through the
pile,

And a deep, melodious, choral cheer, ascends through the
roof the while.

But, a moment more, and you gaze, and hark, and wonder
and wait in vain ;
For suddenly all again is dark, and all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal, at the base of Elsberg
hill ;
It stands as though it would rather fall, the long-deserted
mill
Its engines, coated with moss and mould, bide silent all the
day ;
And its mildewed walls and windows old are crumbling fast
away.

SECTION V.—DIALOGUE.

I.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(CAMPBELL.)

The battle of Culloden, near Inverness, in which the cause of the Pretender, Prince Charles Stuart (grandson of James II. of England), was entirely ruined, was fought in 1746. Cameron of Lochiel, one of the Highland chiefs who joined in the rebellion, is here warned of the issue of the struggle.

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, O 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, Albyn! to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
 For a merciless sword o'er 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 eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's 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 Albyn her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald 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 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 Albyn 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.

II.—DALILA AND SAMSON.

(MILTON.)

Dal. WITH doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge.

Conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou sufferest, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyena ! these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change ;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson ; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults :
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ?
 To what I did thou showedst me first the way.
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not :
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.

Sams. That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou sayest, the example,
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me :
 Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it ; weakness to resist
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,

Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness : that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.

Dal. It was not gold, as to my charge thou layest,
That wrought with me : thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion ; pressed how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroyed
Such numbers of our nation : and the priest
Was not behind, but, ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that *to the public good*
Private respects must yield, with grave authority,
Took full possession of me, and prevailed ;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end ;
In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy !
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st ;
Too well ; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpowered
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed ?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave

Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods, unable
 To acquit themselves, and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
 Less, therefore, to be pleased, obeyed, or feared.
 These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

Dal. In argument with men, a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives!
 Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

III.—FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

(SIR W. SCOTT.)

"Fitz-James" represents James V. of Scotland, who was fond of wandering among his subjects in disguise, to study their habits and modes of life, or to judge for himself how the laws were administered; or, it may be, from motives not quite so laudable.

Fitz. BRAVE Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;

Yet, sooth to tell,
I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said at least my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied.

Rod. Yet why a second venture try?

Fitz. A warrior thou, and ask me why?
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.

Rod. Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?

Fitz. No, by my word; of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.

Rod. Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe!

Fitz. Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Nought of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who in the Regent's court and sight
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.

Rod. And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood!
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.

Fitz. Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.

Rod. Saxon, from yonder mountain high
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay
Extended in succession gay
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.

Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
“To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.”
Pent in this fortress of the north,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend his prey?
Ay, by my word!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

Fitz. And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?

Rod. As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.

Fitz. Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:

Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace; but when I come agen,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel chieftain and his band.

Rod. Have, then, thy wish!

[*Roderick "whistled shrill," and his followers at once appear.*]

. . . . How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!

Fitz. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I. . . .

Rod. Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford:
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on;—I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

[*Having now arrived at the ford, Roderick resumes:—*]

Bold Saxon! to his promise just
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself with single brand:

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

Fitz. I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?—

Rod. No, stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel :
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead :
“ Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.”

Fitz. Then by my word,
The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.

Rod. Soars thy presumption, then, so high ?
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared ? Ah, then, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,

Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.

Fitz. I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not,—doubt not,—which thou wilt,—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.

SECTION VI.—THE DRAMA.

I.—THE SEVEN AGES.

(SHAKSPERE.)

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, in 1564, and died in 1616. He has been deservedly called the "Prince of Dramatists."

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 ;
And then, the whining school-boy, 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, the 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 shanks ; 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 every thing.

II.—MARULLUS TO THE MOB.

(SHAKSPERE.)

C. Epidius Marullus was one of the tribunes of the plebs in 44 B.C., and in this capacity attempted to prosecute those who had addressed Julius Cæsar as king. For this Cæsar "deprived him of the tribunate, and expelled him from the Senate."

WHEREFORE rejoice? that Cæsar comes in triumph!
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
Oh, 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 live-long 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 a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his 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?
Begone!—
Run to your houses! fall upon your knees!
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

III.—SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR,

CONTAINING BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR, AND
ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

(SHAKSPERE.)

THE FORUM.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear *me* speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

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 freemen?
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 are 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 bond-
man? 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.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should 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.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

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.

1st Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.

1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Ant. 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 to 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.

1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3d Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor as 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 ; 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead 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.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Ant. 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?

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. 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-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed 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,
While bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint 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, by traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—
burn, fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable :
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :
 But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet 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.

IV.—WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY, AND HIS ADDRESS TO CROMWELL.

(SHAKESPEARE.)

Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in 1471, of humble parents. He rose rapidly in the service of Henry VIII., becoming, finally, Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor. He was a cardinal of the Romish Church, and was also Pope's Legate. He fell into disgrace with Henry in consequence of his conduct in the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, and being stripped of all his honours, died at Leicester Abbey in 1530.

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was the son of a blacksmith, at Putney, in Surrey. He rose to be Secretary of State to Henry VIII., but fell, like Wolsey, from his high position, and in 1540 was beheaded on a charge of treason.

Wolsey. FAREWELL! a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 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 ; O, 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.

Enter CROMWELL. amazedly.

Addressing Cromwell. 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 must more 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 ; 'tis 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 !

V.—BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

(PAYNE.)

The historical tragedy of *Brutus*, or *the Fall of Tarquin*, from which this specimen is taken, was published in 1820. The author is Mr. John Howard Payne

THUS, thus, my friends ! fast as our breaking hearts
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story :
 And now, to say one word of the imposture—
 The mask necessity has made me wear.
 When the ferocious malice of your king,—
 King ! do I call him ?—when the monster Tarquin
 Slew, as most of you may well remember,
 My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
 Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long ?

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 !

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 !—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!

Say—would you seek instructions! would you seek
What ye should do?—Ask ye yon conscious walls
Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!—
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 lie his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven,—
The gods themselves,—will justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

SECTION VII.—COMIC PIECES.

I.—MORNING VISITS.

(DR. NARES.)

Dr. Nares was a clergyman of the English Episcopal Church. He established the *British Critic*, in conjunction with Mr. Beloe, and was the author of some valuable works. He died in 1829. The following extract is from his novel, "*Thinks I to myself*."

ONE day, when I was sitting quite snug with my mother, and she was occupied in writing to my sister who was absent from home, I spied at the end of the avenue a group of pedestrians slowly making up to Grumblethorpe Hall, apparently dressed in their best bibs and tuckers for a morning visit. *Thinks I to myself*, here's some agreeable company coming to my dear mamma! how kind it is of her neighbours to call in upon her thus, and not leave her to mope away her time by herself, as though she were buried alive!

Not being willing, however, to run any risk of *disappointing* her, I waited patiently till I saw them *happily* advanced beyond the turning to the village, and was, therefore, certain that they were really coming to see my dear mother; and then I hastily turned round to her, exclaiming, "Here's ever so many people coming, mamma;" thinking to delight her very heart. "People coming," says she; "I hope not." "Yes, indeed they are," says I; "one, two, three, four ladies, a little boy, and two pug dogs, I do declare!" "Bless me," says my mother, "how provoking! it is certainly Mrs. Fidget and her daughters, and *that* troublesome child, and now I can't finish my letter to your sister before the post goes! I heartily wish they would learn to stay at home, and let one have one's time to one's self!" *Thinks I to myself*, my poor mother seems *not* much

to like their coming ; I am afraid that Mrs. and the Misses Fidget will meet with rather an unkindly reception ; however, I plainly saw that there was no stopping them—they got nearer and nearer—the walking was not over clean, and my mother was the neatest woman in the world. *Thinks I to myself*, the *pug dogs* will dirty the room. At last they arrived ; the servant ushered them in ; sure enough it was Mrs. and the Misses Fidget, and the troublesome child, and all. Mrs. Fidget ran up to my mother as though she would have kissed her, so glad did she seem to see her. My mother (bless her, *honest creature*) rose from her seat, and greeted them most civilly. “ This is *very kind* indeed, Mrs. Fidget,” says she, “ and I esteem it a great favour. I had no idea you would have walked so far ; I am *delighted* to see you.”

Mrs. Fidget assured her she *might* take it as a *particular* favour, for she had not done such a thing, she believed, for the last six months, and she would never have attempted it now to visit *anybody* else !

Thinks I to myself, then Mrs. Fidget you have lost your labour. “ And now,” says she, “ how I am to get home again I am sure I cannot tell, for I am thoroughly knocked up.” *Thinks I to myself*, my dear mother won’t much like to hear that ; but I was mistaken ; for turning to Mrs. Fidget she said with the greatest marks of complacency, “ That’s *good hearing* for us ; then we shall have the *pleasure* of your company to dinner ; Mr. Dermot will be *delighted* when he comes home to *find you all here*.” “ Oh, you are very good,” says Mrs. Fidget, “ but I *must* return, whether I can walk or not ; only I fear I must trouble you with a longer visit than may be agreeable.” “ The *longer* the *better*,” says my dear mother. *Thinks I to myself*, that’s a *bouncer* ! !

While my mother and Mrs. Fidget were engaged in this *friendly* and *complimentary* conversation, the Misses Fidget were lifting up the little boy to a cage in which my mother’s favourite canary-bird hung, and the boy was sedulously poking his fingers through the wires of the cage, to the great alarm and annoyance of the poor little animal. *Thinks I to myself*, my mother will wish you behind the fire presently, young gentleman ; but *no such thing* ; for just at that moment she turned round, and seeing how he was

occupied, asked if the cage should be taken down to amuse him. "He is a sweet boy, Mrs. Fidget," says she; "how old is he?" "Just turned of four," says Mrs. Fidget. "*Only four*," says my mother; "he is a remarkably *fine, strong boy* for that age!" "He is indeed a fine child," says Mrs. Fidget; "but don't, my dear, do that," says she, "you frighten the poor bird." As the Misses Fidget were about to put him down, my mother ventured to assure them that he would do no harm; "*Pretty little fellow*," says she, "pray, let him *amuse* himself."

Mrs. Fidget being rested, they all prepared to go. My mother, however, urged that if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be come home from his ride, and he would be *greatly mortified* to miss seeing them; but nothing would do—go they must. *Thinks I to myself*, now a fig for your friendship, Mrs. Fidget. What! not stay when my mother so earnestly presses it! Not stay when she declares your going will mortify my worthy father! No; nothing would stop them. Away they went. Not, however, indeed without sundry promises on their part soon to call again, and divers *most earnest entreaties* on my mother's on *no account to forget it*.

They were scarce got out of the front door before my father entered. "Are they really all gone at last?" says he; "I thought they would have stayed till doomsday. Who in the world were they all?" "O dear," says my mother, "why, Mrs. Fidget and all her tribe—girls and boy, and two pug dogs." "Thank my stars *I escaped* them," says my father. *Thinks I to myself*, great symptoms of *mortification* my dear father shows at having had the *misfortune* to miss seeing them. "I declare," says my mother, "it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner; it was impossible to entertain such a group, so while Mrs. Fidget and I were engaged in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird and dirty the furniture. That little monkey of a boy is always in mischief,—I could freely have boxed his ears for him. I thought he would have killed my poor bird. I think she'll lose that boy; I never saw such a *puny, sickly looking child* in all my life." *Thinks I to myself*, O poor Mrs. Fidget; *finest out* boy of its age!

II.—TAKING A MEASURE.

(C. DICKENS.)

I WANTED a pair of boots at a certain town,¹ for I had none to travel in, but those with the memorable cork soles, which were much too hot for the fiery decks of a steam-boat. I therefore sent a message to an artist in boots, importing, with my compliments, that I should be happy to see him, if he would do me the polite favour to call. He very kindly returned for answer that he would "look round" at six o'clock that evening.

I was lying on the sofa with a book and a wine glass, at about that time, when the door opened, and a gentleman in a stiff cravat, within a year or two on either side of thirty, entered, in his hat and gloves; walked up to the looking-glass; arranged his hair; took off his gloves; slowly produced a measure from the uttermost depths of his coat pocket; and requested me, in a languid tone, to "unfix" my straps. I complied, but looked with some curiosity at his hat, which was still upon his head. It might have been that, or it might have been the heat, but he took it off. Then, he sat himself down on a chair opposite to me; rested an arm on each knee; and, leaning forward very much, took from the ground, by a great effort, the specimen of metropolitan workmanship which I had just pulled off, whistling pleasantly as he did so. He turned it over and over; surveyed it with a contempt no language can express; and inquired if I wished him to fix me a boot like *that*? I courteously replied, that provided the boots were large enough, I would leave the rest to him; that if convenient and practicable, I should not object to their bearing some resemblance to the model then before him; but that I would be entirely guided by, and would beg to leave the whole subject to, his judgment and discretion. "You an't partickler about this scoop in the heel, I suppose, then?" says he. "We don't foller that here." I repeated my last observation. He

¹ In the United States of America.

looked at himself in the glass again; went closer to it to dash a grain or two of dust out of the corner of his eye; and settled his cravat. All this time my leg and foot were in the air. "Nearly ready, sir?" I inquired. "Well, pretty nigh," he said. "Keep steady." I kept as steady as I could, both in foot and face; and, having by this time got the dust out, and found his pencil-case, he measured me, and made the necessary notes. When he had finished, he fell into his old attitude, and taking up the boot again, mused for some time. "And this," he said at last, "is an English boot, is it? This is a London boot, eh?" "That, sir," I replied, "is a London boot." He mused over it again, after the manner of Hamlet with Yorick's skull; nodded his head, as who should say, "I pity the institutions that led to the production of this boot!" rose; put up his pencil, notes, and paper,—glancing at himself in the glass all the time,—put on his hat; drew on his gloves very slowly; and finally walked out. When he had been gone about a minute, the door re-opened, and his hat and his head re-appeared. He looked round the room, and at the boot again, which was still lying on the floor; appeared thoughtful for a minute, and then said, "Well, good arfternoon." "Good afternoon, sir," said I, and that was the end of the interview.

III.—PATENT AND DOWLAS.

(CAREY.)

"Patent," the Lessee and Manager of a Theatre, is applied to by a country clown, Dowlas, for an engagement.

Pat. Walk in, sir; your servant, sir, your servant—have you any particular business with me?

Dow. Yes, sir, my friends have lately discovered that I have a genius for the stage.

Pat. Oh, you would be a player, would you, sir?—pray, sir, did you ever play?

Dow. No, sir, but I flatter myself—

Pat. I hope not, sir; flattering one's self is the very worst of hypocrisy.

Dow. You'll excuse me, sir.

Pat. Ay, sir, if you'll excuse *me* for not *flattering* you.—I always speak my mind.

Dow. I daresay you will like my manner, sir.

Pat. No manner of doubt, sir,—I daresay, I shall,—pray, sir, with which of the ladies are you in love?

[*Looking round.*]

Dow. In love, sir!—ladies!

Pat. Ay, sir, ladies—Miss Comedy or Dame Tragedy?

Dow. I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, sir.

Pat. Very well, sir; and where is your forte?

Dow. Sir?

Pat. I say, sir, what is your department?

Dow. *Department*?—Do you mean my lodgings, sir?

Pat. Your lodgings, sir?—no, not I;—ha, ha, ha, I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess in the tragic walk—the sighing lover, the furious hero, or the sly assassin.

Dow. Sir, I would like to play King Richard the Third.

Pat. An excellent character, indeed—a very good character; and I daresay you will play it vastly well, sir.

Dow. I hope you'll have no reason to complain, sir.

Pat. I hope not. Well, sir, have you got any favourite passage ready?

Dow. I have it all by heart, sir.

Pat. You have, sir, have you?—I shall be glad to hear you.

Dow. Hem—hem—hem— [Clearing his throat.]

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;
Oh! may such purple tears be always shed
For those who wish the downfall of our house;
If there be any spark of life yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
I that have neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*.

Pat. Hold, sir, hold—in *pity* hold, za, za, za, sir—sir—why, sir, 'tis not like humanity. You won't find me so great a barbarian as Richard:—you said he had neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*,—now, sir, you will find that I am possessed of all these feelings for you at present,—I *pity* your *conceit*, I

love to speak my mind ; and—I *fear* you'll never make a player.

Dow. Do you think so, sir?

Pat. Do you think so, sir?—Yes, I know so, sir!—now, sir, only look at yourself—your two legs kissing as if they had fallen in love with one another ; and your arms dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle ! [*mimics him*] 'pon my word, sir, 'twill never do,—pray, sir, are you of any profession?

Dow. Yes, sir, a linen-draper!

Pat. A linen-draper! an excellent business ; a very good business,—you'll get more by that than by playing,—you had better mind your thrums and your shop—and don't pester me any more with your Richard and your,—*za, za, za*,—this is a genius!—plague upon such geniuses, say I.

I V.—L A W.

(STEVENS.)

LAW is law—law is law ; and as in such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow ; law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it : it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum*:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers: farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo*

vocato, a hay-band; as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, went up town to dinner: farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat being eaten from its moorings floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat: And thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel!—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour: and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, that the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved that the tide of the river

carried them both away: upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus rivers, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boatis; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus; that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, that upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.*

