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MARY McHARDY'S ELOCUTIONIST

A Collection of the Newest and
Most Attractive Recitations,
Comedies and
Tragedies

Fourth Edition

LONDON

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, LTD., 32, FLEET STREET

Liverpool PHILIP, SON & NEPHEW Ltd., 45-51, South Castle Street

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Preface to the Fourth Edition

THE continued demand for this book calls for a new edition. The present collection is almost an entirely new compilation. The same care has been exercised in the choice of the pieces which has contributed largely to the success of the former editions, i.e. all the selections are suitable for recitation on the platform, and in the class-room. Selections in many elocution books have undoubted literary merit, but literary merit alone is not sufficient. The speaker appeals to the intellect not through the eye, but through the ear; the eye must be satisfied by the pose and gesture, the ear by the harmony of sound, in perfect agreement with the sense. This fact has never been lost sight of by the compiler, who has submitted every piece to the test of public delivery. Many of the recitations have been especially written for this edition, while several authors have kindly given permission for the insertion of pieces which have not appeared in any other collection.

It has been suggested that it would be of advantage to devote some pages to the principles underlying the art of Elocution. A few pages would not be sufficient to even suggest the requirements of a public speaker. I have, however, elsewhere briefly set forth the necessary qualifications for the teacher of this art, and these should be largely shared by every good reciter. "The personal qualifications for a teacher of Elocution demand a mind capable of the highest training, and a body of perfect development; for the teacher should be the personification of what she professes. The mind unable to reach the plane of truly great minds never can interpret them,

nor can a body incapable of great physical work produce beautiful sounds, nor gracefully deliver eloquent thoughts. A personality of wide sympathies, vivid imagination, sound understanding, and clear judgment are absolutely requisite for a calling which places one in the front rank of the teaching profession.”¹

Again, I should be called upon to make frequent reference to the sister art song to illustrate what I mean by modulation, and this has been fully done by my husband in his class book, *Natural Elocution in Speech and Song*, from which I shall make one brief quotation : “While deprecating any attempt to mark the degree of emotional expression by fixed notes, as in music, on the ground of individual temperament, it is possible and helpful to suggest by these means the movements of the voice for the purpose of indicating expression in general. For this purpose I shall continue to draw comparison between the arts of speech and song, the singer and the speaker, the object being the same in both cases, viz. the interpretation of words by emotional expression. But while the singer is the instrument, so to speak, of the composer who has done the thinking, the speaker is, as it were, the architect of his discourse ; he it is who designs and plans. This fact is entirely lost sight of by those teachers of Elocution who would have every inflexion fixed for their pupils as they themselves would deliver the discourse or oration.”

I gratefully express my most hearty thanks to the authors, editors, and publishers who have shown me the greatest kindness in granting me every facility to make this compilation a success.

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT.

LADY PRINCIPAL,

DUBLIN SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART.

August, 1907.

¹ *Open Doors for Irish Women*, page 69.

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“ A MINOR PART ”

COMEDIETTA,

BY

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT.

Characters :

MOLLIE ROYSTON (*who has the principal part*).

ISOBEL ROYSTON (*another principal*).

CECIL MANDERS (*who is forced to take a minor part*).

GIBSON (*an old butler, who is pleased to play a minor part*).

SCENE—*Miss Isobel Royston's drawing-room.*

Enter ISOBEL.

Isobel. 10 o'clock! Almost time for Cecil Manders to be here. Was I foolish to promise him this interview? but he pleaded so I could not refuse. Indeed I could have promised him anything last night when the fascination of his presence was upon me; how handsome he looked; how soft and tender was his voice, filling my soul with rapture. What can he have to say to me! Only one thing, I think. How am I to answer him? Is it to be yes or no? Jack, dear Jack, sleeping in a foreign grave, shall I be untrue to you if I listen to love again? I know not what to do—what to say. Ah! there is Mollie. I forgot that she said she would be over early this morning, as she had something very nice to tell me. How pretty she looked last night, her cheeks so bright, and her eyes so sparkling. Now, when I think of it, I saw her three times coming from the conservatory, at the end of a dance, and when I tried to see who she was with I saw a man turn away, as if he did not wish to be seen.

Enter MOLLIE.

Mollie. Here I am at last, as wild as a hare, and as fresh as a daisy. I got into bed at four o'clock; could not sleep a wink, so up I jumped, saddled Bruno, and have been galloping all over the country ever since. Oh, what a ball! I never enjoyed myself so much. The last waltz! Was it not lovely? My feet are dancing yet. (*She dances round the room, then falls breathless into a chair.*)

Isobel. Why, Mollie, you are wilder than ever this morning—a regular madcap. How beautiful you looked last night!

Mollie. Wild! If you were as happy as I am you would be wild too. And as for being beautiful, my dear, I can return the compliment. But somehow, Isobel, you looked different. You had a new expression on your face—a—a—sweetly pretty—kind of shyness, which was very becoming to you, my dear. You looked as if some one had been saying something very, very nice to you. Did any one?

Isobel. Nonsense, Mollie, don't be ridiculous. I think some one must have been saying something very nice to you. If I am not mistaken you sat out three dances?

Mollie. And how many did you sit out?

Isobel. I! Oh!—I—I sat out one.

Mollie. Isobel! Isobel! Do you know where people go to who tell stories?

Isobel. Well, perhaps I—I——

Mollie. Perhaps! Isobel, I am ashamed of you. Who did you sit out the perhaps with?

Isobel. Oh, never mind. I shall tell you by and by. Do tell me who you were with, I am so anxious——

Mollie. Indeed! I am to give you his name. No, no, my dear, not until you do the same. I was with the handsomest man in the room.

Isobel. So was I!

Mollie. And the nicest and the cleverest, and the best dancer, and the——

Isobel. So was I.

Mollie. How could two men be the same thing at the same time?

Isobel. I should require to see them together and then

I should be able to decide which was the handsomest and the cleverest in the room.

Mollie. You should have heard all the pretty compliments he paid me. He said I danced like a fairy, that he had never spent such a happy evening in his life, and then he went on and on until I thought he was going to propose or say something dreadful ; but fortunately we were interrupted, and when we were alone again he asked if he could see me in the morning, and said, "Dear, dear Mollie, don't say no. Let me see you, and after I have seen you, may I speak to your father?" "My father!" I said, "what do you mean?" "Mean," he replied with a smile. "Why, My dear little Mollie, a man always speaks to a girl's father after he——" "But you can't speak to my father," I said, "he has been dead for ten years." Isobel, if you had only seen how his face changed. "Why, I thought that the Mr. Royston I met at Captain Blake's was your father," he said. "Oh, no," I replied, "he is my uncle ; he is Mr. Royston, of Royston Hall, and my cousin Isobel is his daughter. I am only Mollie Royston, of the Cottage. Then he asked me such a lot of questions about you. You know what a chatterbox I am. I just rattled on, told him you would have the Hall and £5,000 a year, and that you would also have £30,000 in your own right. He asked me if you could do what you pleased with the £30,000 and I said yes. Just then a partner claimed me and I did not see Mr. —, I mean the handsomest man again, and I did not hear any more about the morning call, nor the wish to see my father. I wonder if he—but do you know, Isobel, I thought I saw him with you when you were coming from the conservatory, and he turned away as I went towards you.

Isobel. It could not be. Cecil——

Mollie. Cecil !

Isobel. Well, Mollie, it was Cecil that I was with.

Mollie. Isobel, don't tell me that it was Cecil Manders who was with you.

Isobel. Why not, Mollie. He is coming here this morning. And Mollie, dear Mollie, I think that he is going to—to ask me to—to be his wife.

Mollie. Oh ! no, no. No, Isobel, don't say that

Isobel. Why not, Mollie ? He is so good, so kind, so true, and——

Mollie. Oh ! This is too dreadful. Why, it was Cecil Manders who was going to propose for me this morning.

Isobel. Mollie, Mollie ; for Heaven's sake don't tell me that. I—I—I——

Mollie. Isobel, don't faint, darling. I thank God that I came in time. I know now why he did not ask again if he could see me this morning. I am not the heiress.

Enter GIBSON.

Gibson. If you please, Miss Isobel, there is a gentleman downstairs who wishes to see you. Shall I show him up, miss ?

Mollie. Who is it, Gibson ?

Gibson. Mr. Cecil Manders, miss.

Mollie. Wait a moment, Gibson. (*MOLLIE AND ISOBEL whisper together.*)

Isobel. No, no, Mollie, I could not do it.

Mollie. You must do it, Isobel. Will you allow that man to tell every one that you are in love with him ?

Isobel. Oh, no, Mollie. I will do anything rather than he should say that.

Mollie. Gibson.

Gibson. Yes, Miss Mollie.

Mollie. Where is the gentleman ?

Gibson. In the morning-room, Miss Mollie.

Mollie. Did you tell him that I was here ?

Gibson. No, miss, I did not. I did not know myself. I suppose you came in through the window, as usual, Miss Mollie.

Mollie. Yes, Gibson, yes. This Mr. Cecil Manders has been staying at Captain Blake's, and we have met him at several houses. We are going to ask him to take part in some theatricals. Were you ever in a theatre, Gibson ?

Gibson. Eh ! Miss Mollie, that I was, when I was a young chap and me and the missus was courtin', I took——

Mollie. Yes, yes, Gibson. Did you ever hear of a play called "The School for Scandal ?"

Gibson. Why, Miss Mollie, that was the very play we seen, me and the missus, an' I've wished I was an actor ever since.

Mollie. Do you remember one part where the lady goes behind the screen?

Gibson. That I do, Miss Mollie; that I do. In Mr. Joseph's house. The old gentleman, Sir Peter, comes in and the young lady, his wife, she hides behind the screen, and then Mr. Charles comes in and he pulls down the screen and—

Mollie. Right you are, Gibson, that is it. Now we are going to have a screen scene in our theatricals, and we are going to have a rehearsal now. I shall go behind the screen, you will show Mr. Manders up; he will be Joseph——

Gibson. Eh! miss, eh! The villain o' the piece?

Mollie. Yes, he is the villain. Don't tell him that I am here, and what we are doing. I wish him to have a surprise. He thinks, Gibson, that he is a great actor, but I shall let him see that I am a greater actress. Now, Gibson, put the screen behind that low chair, Miss Isobel will sit in it, lower the blind a little, and give Miss Isobel her smelling salts, and then you can go for Mr. Manders.

Gibson. Lord! what a clever young lady you are, Miss Mollie. This minds me of the time when master come of age, nigh thirty years ago, and my old missus, master's mother, got up a play and the night it was played one of the gentlemen got sick, and the missus got me to take the part, and all the company said as I did it splendid. It were the part of a butler that I played, and I handed round the tea, I did. And a great actor who was there said as my part was the truest to nature of them all. Now, Miss Mollie, if you wanted anything done that way couldn't I do it for you?

Mollie. If we do, I shall ask you; at present it is only the principals who are going to play. The minor parts come in later on.

Gibson. Minor parts! Miss Mollie, what's them?

Mollie. Well, the part you played when you handed round the tea was a minor part. Now go and show Mr. Manders up.

Gibson. Yes, miss (*goes towards door and then returns*). Miss Mollie?

Mollie. Well, Gibson.

Gibson. In that play at the theatre Mr. Joseph had a

man who announced the visitors. Was his a minor part ?

Mollie. Yes, Gibson, it was.

Gibson. Well, miss, when I announce the gentleman won't I be playing a minor part too.

Mollie. You will, Gibson, and if you be quick and play your part well I'll give you another part very soon. Now your part *is*—to go downstairs, open the morning-room door, and say, in a big, deep voice—"Miss Royston will see you now, sir," come upstairs, open this door, and say, in the same big voice—"Mr. Cecil Manders," and then exit. You understand.

Gibson. Yes, miss ; thank you, miss. I've got a part at last. [Exit.

Mollie. Now, Isobel, quick, into the chair, assume a lackadaisical position. Here take a good whiff of the smelling salts, that will give your eyes a dewy expression.

Isobel. Oh, Mollie, don't, don't. I can't go on with this.

Mollie. Don't be a goose.

Isobel. Have you no regard for my feelings ?

Mollie. Oh, feelings be—be—breathed upon ! Quick, quick ; they come, they come.

Enter GIBSON followed by CECIL.

Gibson. Mr. Cecil Manders. [Exit.

Cecil. My dear Miss Royston, how kind of you to see me this morning. You are very tired and I have disturbed you so early. Miss Royston, Isobel, I may call you Isobel ? I said last night that I had something particular to say to you, something which means almost life or death to me. (*Mollie's head appears above the screen.*) I have seen you only a few times, the first time some wonderful magnetism drew me towards you——

Mollie. £5,000 a year.

Cecil. Until your presence filled my whole being. Isobel, do you know why I am here this morning. Can you guess what I am going to say to you ? Why do you turn from me and take away your hand ? Isobel, put your hand in mine and listen to me.

Isobel. No, no, no.

Cecil. I thought the night would never pass away, that this hour would never come when I should gaze on your

beloved face again. You said I might come. Why do you turn away? Speak to me, Isobel, speak to me.

Isobel. Oh, do not ask me. Leave me, leave me, and I shall write and tell you all.

Mollie. Isobel!

Cecil. Who spoke? Some one spoke?

Isobel. Who could speak? Leave me and I shall write to-night.

Cecil. I cannot leave you thus. I love you, Isobel; I love you. Isobel, you knew last night what I was going to say to you this morning, and you said that I might come. Isobel, let your heart plead for me. Your eyes told me you loved me. Speak, Isobel, say you will be my wife.

Isobel. I cannot, I cannot!

Cecil. What has changed you? Isobel, I love you. I cannot live without——

Mollie. The heiress.

Cecil. Who spoke? The voice came from behind the screen.

Isobel. Mr. Manders, come here, come here. I have had news this morning which has upset me dreadfully. Last night I was flattered and pleased by your attentions, and gave you permission to come this morning. If my manner to you last night led you to believe that I cared for you, I am very sorry; because I know now that I do not love you, and, what is more, I know that you are not sincere and that you do not love me.

Cecil. Isobel, Isobel, what has changed you? On my knees I swear I love you.

Isobel. Mr. Manders, rise, rise. This is very painful. You force me to tell what I would have spared you. You were seen and heard last night in the conservatory, when you were with my cousin.

Cecil. Your cousin!

Isobel. Yes, my cousin, Miss Mollie Royston. I do not require to repeat what you said to her, you know it too well. After you found out that she was not Miss Royston of Royston Hall, you transferred your affections to me.

Cecil. It is a lie, a base lie.

Isobel. Mr. Manders, my informant could not lie.

Cecil. Who was your informant ?

Isobel. My cousin, Mollie.

Cecil. Your cousin, Mollie ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! That silly little girl.

Mollie. You wretch !

Cecil. And what did she tell you ?

Isobel. She told me that you had asked if you could see her this morning, and that she understood by what you said that you were going to propose for her ; but that when you found that she was not the heiress you did not return to the subject.

Cecil. Ha ! ha ! ha ! The vain little child. I did pay her some compliments as any man would to a pretty child, but as to proposing for her, ha ! ha ! ha ! I did ask if I could call this morning—but it was—because—I—yes, I wished to see her ponies, and—now when I think of it, it was she who asked me to go over this morning.

Isobel. And your wish to see her father ?

Cecil. I was under the impression that the Mr. Royston I met at Captain Blake's was her father, and—I—I—asked to see him because I—I—well, merely from a sense of politeness.

Isobel. Mr. Manders, do you dare to say that that is the truth ?

Cecil. I will swear it if you wish. I would swear it if your cousin stood there before me.

Mollie. She stands before you, sir. Now, can you deny what my cousin has accused you of ! Look at him, Isobel. His face betrays him. You are a poor actor, sir ; you cannot sustain your part.

Cecil. Isobel, did you know that that girl was behind the screen ?

Isobel. I—I——

Cecil. Did you know that she was behind the screen ?

Isobel. It was all Mollie's doings.

Cecil. Answer me ! Did you know it ?

Isobel. Yes. (*Throws herself into a chair and bursts into tears.*)

Cecil. And you, you can speak to me of truth and honour. You who could place an eavesdropper there to listen to what I was going to say to you. Shame, shame

upon you, when you knew I loved you, when you knew I was going to ask you——

Mollie. For £5,000 a year.

Cecil. Peace, girl, peace. But for you Isobel would have been mine. (*To ISOBEL*)—False, heartless girl, I leave you for ever. When I am gone then will your heart speak, then will you know how you love me, then will you call, Cecil, Cecil, come back, come back; but you will call in vain, in vain. Farewell for ever, for ever. [*Exit.*]

Mollie. Ha! ha! ha! Mock heroics. Farewell for ever, for ever. Goodness gracious, Isobel, what are you crying for? Not for that wretch, surely? Isobel, Isobel, dry your eyes. Dry your eyes. I have glorious news for you. (*Sings.*)

"For Jack's come home to-day, ye-ho, ye-ho,
For Jack's come home to-day, ye-ho, ye-ho,"

Isobel. Mollie, you heartless girl, how can you mention dear dead Jack's name at such a time.

Mollie. But, Isobel, we never knew for certain that he was dead. Sometimes the dead are alive, and sometimes the drowned are saved, and sometimes—but, Isobel, if you go on crying about that—that vagabond—I'll—I'll—just go and—and marry Jack myself. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Isobel. Mollie, Mollie, Jack not dead. Can it be true?

Mollie. Yes, yes, it is true. (*Sobs.*) He was eaten by savages. No, no, captured by savages and taken up the country, and kept there for five years, and—and—I knew all this yesterday, but he said that I was not to tell you until to-day, as it was some anniversary of something or other, and you were to meet him in the cottage garden at twelve o'clock to-day, if you had been true to him.

Isobel. Jack, dear Jack, I have been true to you.

Mollie. True! and you crying about another man.

Isobel. I hate the other man.

Mollie. I am glad to hear it. Come along then, come.

Isobel. But I have not got a hat.

Mollie. Oh! What a girl to think about a hat at such a crisis. Here, take my cap and come on or we shall be too late.

Enter GIBSON.

Gibson. I heard the gentleman coming down, miss,

and opened the door for him. I asked him if the play-acting was over, and he told me to go to the devil ; so. I came up here——

Mollie. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Oh, Gibson, Gibson ! Fie, fie !

Gibson. Now, Miss Mollie, you know that I did not mean anything disrespectful ; forty years have I served the family, and Miss Isobel can tell you——

Isobel. Don't mind Miss Mollie, Gibson.

Gibson. I could not understand why the gentleman was in such a passion, miss.

Mollie. I'll tell you, Gibson. I found out that he was a very bad actor, very bad, indeed—so I gave him a minor part and he went away in a rage.

Gibson. And is that so, miss ? And are you not going to act any more to-day, miss ?

Mollie. Not here, Gibson. This part is over, we have got rid of the villain. Next scene will be love in a cottage. *Finale*, rice, old shoes, the parson, and the bridegroom and the bride. (*Sings.*)

“For Jack's come home to-day, ye-ho, ye-ho.”

Gibson. And is that so, miss. And will there be a part for me ?

Isobel. Indeed, there will, my good Gibson, and a principal part, too.

Gibson. And is that so, miss ? Well, Miss Mollie, and have you anything for me to do ?

Mollie. Yes, Gibson ; the play is ended. Ring down the curtain.

Gibson. Well, that is a minor part.

[*Exeunt.*

ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE

(*Presented to Mrs. McHardy-Flint by the Author.*)

Mrs. McH.-F. *advancing to speak*, Mr. McH.-F. *endeavours to prevent her.*

Mrs. McH.-F. Just wait a minute.

Mr. McH.-F. What's this sudden freak?
Come off instanter, you've no time to speak,
You've still another part to-night to play,
And there you stand to fritter time away.

Mrs. McH.-F. Pray keep your temper, sir, and you
shall hear
Why thus before the audience I appear.
Don't be alarmed, I'm sure you will agree
No curtain lectures you receive from me.

Mr. McH.-F. I never considered you a Mrs. Caudle.
What I complain of is you're such a dawdle.
Once you begin——

Mrs. McH.-F. You'll surely not prevent
My speaking, when you know with what intent
I've come to use my tongue :
Tho' be it known,
I'm here both in your interest and my own,
First comes my turn to speak and sure I am
That you'll respect the maxim "Place aux dames."
Then hear your better half to-night, I pray,
To speak her gratitude as best she may.
But I want words——

Mr. McH.-F. I'm sure you don't, my pet,
For words no woman wanted yet.

Mrs. McH.-F. But I do want them, "Beggar that I am,
I'm poor in thanks."

Mr. McH.-F. That's borrowed, ain't it, ma'am ?

Mrs. McH.-F. Pray hold your tongue. That phrase
but gives expression
To that which is most deeply my impression.
"I'm poor in thanks." To patrons such as you
Our debt of gratitude's for ever due.
Such debt in full we can't expect to pay——

Mr. McH.-F. Well, Mrs. Pratebox ! have you said your
say ?

If we can't pay in full why this 'tis plain
(*To the audience.*) Your debtors we must certainly remain,
The liability becomes so great
That no amount of thanks can liquidate
The debt we owe to such kind friends, and yet
We're always proud of owing such a debt.

Trying to pay it off is all in vain
 In debt we leave, in debt to come again.
 Yet never think we'll venture to petition
 For your acceptance of a composition.
 Partners in life it always thus must be
 That we're life's partners in insolvency.

Mrs. McH.-F. "Something too much of this." As I
 began I must conclude——

M. McH.-F. That's just a woman's plan.
 No race-horse beats your tongue, it runs so fast,
 You've had the first word, and you'll have the last.

Mrs. McH.-F. Be sure of that. Then cease this fruit-
 less strife,
 And let the audience listen to your wife.

(To the audience)

Of all the welcomes that our hearts can cheer,
 Highest we value that which greets us here.
 Long shall the memory last of this night's scene,
 'Twill live unfading as Ould Ireland's Green.

C. E. TISDALL, D.D. (*Chancellor Christ Church Cathedral,
 Dublin*).

A GIRL'S RETROSPECT

THE summer is over. The season
 Was cold at the seaside, you know ;
 This weather perhaps was the reason
 That none of us captured a beau.

For the men found it cool in the city,
 And the brokers were blue, it was thought,
 So we lost every chance (what a pity !)
 And no dashing fellow was caught.

So Maud, and Madola, and Lillie,
 Viola, Narcissa, and I,
 Were left in the shade (am I silly ?)
 To wait for next year—and to sigh.

For nothing is done in the winter
In town, with gay talk and fine clothes ;
No beau says, " My dear Araminta,"
And none is betrayed to propose.

But when you walk out by the water,
And moonlight falls soft on the shore,
The primmest mamma's plainest daughter
Some masculine heart will adore.

I hope if we go there next season,
We girls, by half-dozens and twelves,
Will not again need, in all reason,
To just simply waltz with ourselves.

How wearily all the long summer
We wandered by seashore and tide
And found no available comer—
A bridegroom, perhaps, *with his bride*.

We would stroll to the dépôt and steamer
To see what was rarer than pearls,
Each one a deliberate schemer,
And lo ! a new bevy of girls !

Another such year would be awful,
For what are fine feathers and clothes,
If Fate is to make it unlawful
For girls to be furnished with beaux ?

The summer has vanished and faded ;
The forests are withered and sere ;
No lover our hearts has invaded—
'Tis horrid to wait a whole year.

ANON.

A ?

A MAN, a maid, and a little grey cat,
A-sitting upon a wall ;
I'll tell you just what the two were at—
I know, although I didn't see all :

The man was scratching a puzzled head ;

While the maid, with a troubled air,
Was playing the catechist, blushing red ;
The cat was washing her hair.

"Now, don't you see," said the maid,

"That it is very wrong ?"

"I don't see why," said the man.

"You know we've not been acquainted long.

Well, I'm getting on as fast as I can."

"Why be stubborn ?" the catechist asked in despair.

The rest was the part I missed ;

But, the man kissed one of the two that were there,
Do you think it was the cat'echist (cat he kissed) ?

HUMOROUS SKETCH :

"AN INEBRIATE ORATOR,"

THE WAITER OF THE BLUE BELLS

BY

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT

"I AM the waiter of this 'ere house, 'The Blue Bells'.—Why they are called blue I do not know, as I never saw blue bells. I believe there is another waiter as has something of the same pretentions as myself, but—(*Sings.*)

"He dwells in merrie Scotland,
At the sign of the 'Blue Bells.'"

I was born hamongst bells hall my life. I mean I lived hamongst 'em, not the ladies, the dear creatures ! but bells, hordinary bells, hall kind of bells,

"Silver bells, golden bells, brazen bells,
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells,
In the startled ear of night
'Ow they scream out their affright,

Too much 'orried to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek
Out of tune,
Leaping, higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire——"

(Bells are rung violently outside and continue to ring. Waiter stops and listens.)

"There they go, No. 7, No. 5, No. 4 and 11,
'Ow they clang and crash and roar——"

(Exit—Enters with tray, tumbler, decanter. Looks sadly and disconsolately into the tumbler. Rubs finger round it, smells finger and then sucks it ; sighs deeply.)

About half of this 'ere glass was rum
When the bell tolled the hour for departure,
And I heard the distant and lusty call
And hoped 'e'd forget the decanter.
Slowly and sadly I laid it down
'Mong the remains of an early dinner,
For he left not a drop not a shadow of one
To bless a poor thirsty sinner.

Well let me resume my narria—tive. Where was I when these d——ahem !——bells interrupted. I was—oh, yes !—I was born. My father was a Bell-founder, we was a family of Bills—bells—he foundered the Inchcape Bell, and my mother was a—a—Bella donna, no, I mean a Prima Donna. My father hintended me for an Horator. I was particularly gifted, he said, with my—my—hintel—hinte——hintel-lec—hin-tellectual—I have it now—*(smiles)* face and clear voice—*(Bells ring again.)*—

I go and it is done ; the bell invites me——
Fear it not, Thomas *(strikes his breast)* for it is a bell
That summons thee to—*(up above)*,
Or, to Mistress Nell—Nell-son, no, Nell Gwin."

Shakespeare's not hin it.

(Goes out and returns with a bottle of Bass and a corkscrew.)

"Is this a corkscrew that I see before me,
The 'andle towards my hand ?
Come let me clutch thee."

(Lets the corkscrew fall and staggers over it.)

I 'ave thee not and yet I see thee still (*kicks corkscrew across the stage*).

Art thou not fatal vision sensible
To feeling as to sight? (*Picks it up.*)
I have thee now in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

(*Draws the cork, pours out and drinks the beer, then smacks his lips and grins.*)

"The cup which cheers but does not inebriate."
That is not original, it is a quoit-a-tion.

But what does inebriate mean? A fellow told me once that I was an inebriate. I knocked him down for it, and I will knock down any man, woman or child, if I am called that again. (*Goes sparring round the stage at imaginary foes. Then sits down, removes his wig and wipes his bald head.*) Let me resume my na-rar-riative. I was intended for an Horator. I had lessons from Mr. Bell, studied Bell's Speaker, recited "The Bells," but as I was a re-bell-ous pupil I gave it up and became a bell-ringer at Bowbells. (*Sings.*)

I set the bells a-ringing
When—when—te tum, te tum,
Tum tumtum, te tum tum tum tumtum."

I was a great *puller* of bells, but Henry Irving *drew* so many with his bells I 'ad to give it up. I couldn't keep an hopposition shop altho' I was intended for an Horator—now I am only—only (*weeps*) a bell-ous, a billous Beadle, only a—a (*Falls into a chair and goes to sleep. Bells ring violently—he mutters in his sleep—*) Bells, bells, bells, bells. (*Opens his eyes, comes forward and points at audience.*)

What, what are you,
Live you or are you ought
That man may question?

I am an horator, an inebriate horator and you are the cup—the cup—(*Bells ring and continue to ring violently until exit.*)

Stop those confounded bells,
Stop those bells,
I dances and I yells

To the rolling and
The tolling of the bells,
Bells, bells.

[Exit—great crash of trays, bottles and bells.]

"A FORLORN HOPE"

"TEN thousand a year, and so fair and *petite* ;
Well, a cottage with Jessie, and all things *en suite* ;
By Jove ! I'm hard up, and the end of my rope
I must shape in the conjugal noose," said Fred Hope.

They had many a tryst, 'neath a shady old ash,
Where he played his fine eyes, pulled his tawny moustache.
Jessie shook her small head, all radiant with curls :
"Ah ! you've said the same thing to a thousand young
girls."

But Fred placed his hand where his heart ought to be,
Said he flirted, but ne'er been in love until she
Crept into his heart, and he blessed his dear Fate !
"If you're earnest," said Jessie, "we're young, we can
wait."

Alas ! many are promised that never are match'd,
And chickens are counted that never are hatched.
Even mice have outwitted the wisdom of man,
And Fred's castle buildings are Châteaux d'Espagne.

On the hotel piazza, 'neath midnight's bright stars,
Sipping "Widow Criquot," smoking fragrant cigars,
Sit Fred and his crony, young Tony McVay,
And the confab grows louder, more rapid and gay.

Do listeners ever hear good of themselves ?
And why should dear Jessie, most wakeful of elves,
Be sitting behind her own green jealousy,
And hear her name spoken by Tony McV. ?

"Now tell me about her—here fill your glass, Fred :
The girl with the big eyes and jolly red head."

"Well, she's not over-bright," said the hopeful young
roué,

"And," tapping his head, "there's apartment à louer."

"I've been very spooney, made love to her aunty.
She's an orphan, you know, we've read Byron and Dante.
She's ten thousand a year. I was getting the blues,
Et que voulez-vous, Tony ? 'Le roi il s'amuse.'"

Ten o'clock the next morning, the stage to the west
Swings up to the porch and, like bird to her nest,
Sinks Jessie, all smiling, not sad and forlorn,
Unconscious that ever Fred Hope had been born.

Till he stammers, "Why, Jessie, there's something amiss !"

"Yes, sir, I am a miss, and I'll stay one till this
Not over-bright head shall be furnished with brains
That may prompt me to keep within doors when it rains."

"So good-bye ! we are starting ; for your kindness to
aunty,

I really must thank you. When next you read Dante
Don't forget the inscription, 'twill bring me to mind :
'All ye who here enter leave hope—Fred—behind !'"

ANON.

A LEGEND OF TYRONE

AMONG those green hills, where O'Neill in his pride
Ruled in high state with his fair English bride,
A quaint cottage stood, till swept down by some gale ;
And of that vanished home the old wives tell this tale.

* * * *

Crouched round a bare hearth in hard, frosty weather,
Three lone, helpless weans cling close together ;
Tangled those gold locks, once bonnie and bright—
There's no one to fondle the baby to-night.

"My mammy I want ; oh ! my mammy I want !"
The big tears stream down with the low wailing chaunt,
Sweet Eily's slight arms enfold the gold head :
"Poor weeny Willie, sure mammy is dead—

And daddy is crazy from drinking all day,
Come down, holy angels, and take us away !"
Eily and Eddy keep kissing and crying—
Outside, the weird winds are sobbing and sighing.

All in a moment the children are still,
Only a quick coo of gladness from Will ;
The sheiling no longer seems empty or bare,
For, clothed in soft raiment, the mother stands there.

They gather around her, they cling to her dress ;
She rains down soft kisses, for each shy caress,
Her light, loving touches smooth out tangled locks,
And pressed to her bosom the baby she rocks.

He lies in his cot, there's a fire on the hearth ;
To Eily and Eddy 'tis heaven on earth,
For mother's deft fingers have been everywhere,
She lulls them to rest in the low suggaun chair.

They gaze open-eyed, then the eyes gently close,
As petals fold into the heart of a rose.
But ope soon again in awe, love, but no fear,
And fondly they murmur, "Our mammy is here."

She lays them down softly, she wraps them around,
They lie in sweet slumbers, she starts at a sound !
The cock loudly crows, and the spirit's away—
The drunkard steals in at the dawning of day.

Again and again 'tween the dark and the dawn
Glides in the dead mother to nurse Willie bawn :
Or is it an angel who sits by the hearth—
An angel in heaven, a mother on earth ?

ELLEN O'LEARY.

ABANDONED

A BROAD prairie, with blue-topped mountains fifty miles to the right—a column of cavalry riding by fours at a walk—a dozen white-topped waggons—a rear guard—and while you are looking at the picture you notice a slight commotion among the score of troopers following the waggons.

What is it ?

Nothing—nothing but a troop-horse taken suddenly ill after days of hard riding and poor provender. The cruel spur urges him along for a few rods further, but then he stops and groans and shivers, and it is evident that he will soon fall. Trooper and saddle are off in an instant, and the gallant old horse, bearing the scars of war and faithful to the end, falls to the ground, and seems to be struggling with death. In five minutes the marching column has passed almost beyond hearing, and in another five the body of the poor old horse on the grass is almost hidden from the view of the men in the saddle.

The waggons are not three miles away when strange shadows begin to dance about on the grass around the horse. He is not dead. The terrible pains which racked him, caused, perhaps, by a poisonous weed, have passed away, and though dripping perhaps with perspiration, he feels life coming back to him. He raises his head to look at the shadows. How swiftly they flit to and fro ! How curiously they cross each other's track ! Shadows, and yet the horse sees nothing but grass and flowers and weeds on every side.

“Croak ! Croak ! Croak !”

Ah ! there is the clue to the strange shadows ! Five hundred feet above his head there are a score of buzzards sailing to and fro, and the horse is on his feet before the last hoarse note has been uttered. Does he realize that the buzzards saw him from afar off, and called each other to the feast ? If not, why did their direful croaks bring him to his feet, and why does he tremble as he gazes after the disappearing column ?

“Croak ! Croak ! Croak !”

The tone has changed. The call betrays surprise and anger, and the birds rise a little,

The horse is moving away. His steps are slow and short, but his eyes are fastened on the far away waggons. He trembles with fear as he hears the flap of wings above his head, and sees the strange shadows flitting over the grass before him, but desperation has nerved him as it nerves the man who sees but one chance for life. His steps grow steadier, and his limbs feel stronger as he moves onward, and the angry and disappointed buzzards are rising higher and higher, when the horse suddenly stops.

What is that ? Off to the left, and a hundred rods ahead, a grey object comes creeping out of a hidden ravine and skulks through the grass. Then a second—a third—a dozen. Shadows ?

No ! They are wolves !

As long as he kept moving the buzzards dared not descend, but here was a new and savage foe from which the fleetest horse could hardly escape. Now they divide to the right and left to form a circle, and the buzzards descend and unnerve the poor beast with their ominous cries.

Is there hope ? Bracing himself, just as a man would to take advantage of a desperate chance, the horse suddenly darted forward on the trail at a gallop. To reach the waggons was to live on. To fail now was to be dragged down and torn to pieces while alive. A sharp cry from the buzzards—a howl from the wolves—and the race had begun. Brave old troop-horse ! Every leap was a gain on the waggons, every rod opened a new chance for life. Fear made him forget those racking pains—terror gave him such speed as he had never shown. He was out of the circle. With ears laid back and head pointing straight for the waggons, he was leaving the red-mouthed wolves behind. Hurrah !

No ! Out from the grass, from hidden gulch or grass-grown buffalo wallow, more wolves appear, as if stationed there and told to wait their time. They are right ahead of him. With a groan of despair the horse swerves to the right, but it is too late. The old pains come back—great clouds of foam fly from his mouth to stain the grass, and all of a sudden he plunges forward to rise no more.

Next instant there is a struggling, fighting, yelping mass of grey covering the spot, and the air is rent with one long,

quivering shriek of agony, which the buzzards catch up in wild delight.

An hour hence a trampled spot, a stain of blood, and a few bones will catch the red man's eye for an instant as he rides apace, but the gorged wolves will have hidden away and the buzzards be watching elsewhere.

Detroit Free Press.

"A GREEDY LITTLE GIRL"

I AM going to tell you about a fight which took place one day. Where do you think it happened? I am sure you could never guess, so I must tell you all about it.

Well, once upon a time a greedy little girl went to a party, and because she was a greedy little girl she ate too much; and late at night, when she had gone to bed, all the things that she had eaten commenced to fight, away down in her poor little inside.

The first to begin was a large piece of Plum-cake. "I won't stay down here," said he, "with all you fellows on the top of me. So move out of the way and let Me to the top."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Seed-cake, "I am much lighter than you, and ever so much better, so if you go to the top I go up with you."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a big Banana, "I've got that place as I was the last to arrive, so I'll stick to it."

"Just hear him talk," sneered the Orange; "I have six oranges along with me, so we'll soon displace him."

"I quite agree with you," cried the Apple; "there are only three of us, but we shall join you and chuck him out!"

Here the Grapes looked up and remarked: "That's right."

"You need not interfere," growled the Figs; "for you are just as sour as sour can be."

"I am not—I came down——"

"I know where you came from, you cost only sixpence

a pound and you come down here and interfere with us. You with your nasty skins and pips."

"Just so," said the Pear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Cheese-cake, "look at him, he came down in his rough old jacket."

"I'm no worse than Mr. Mrs., and Miss Apple, for they had their coats on too."

"And if we did come down in our coats," retorted the Apple, "we left our seeds behind, which you did not do."

"Look here!" called out the Tea threateningly, "I'll drown you if you don't stop your arguments."

"He! he! he!" chuckled the Lemonade, "call yourself tea! You came down three times, whilst I came down twelve times."

"I fear," sighed the Soda-water, "that all of us are diluted with Lemon-squash."

"Speak for yourself," screamed the Coffee, "I am stronger than any of you, and I'll have my own way."

"You are an impudent upstart," shouted a large piece of Pine-apple; "take that!" said he, and he threw a Date at the Coffee.

Then all the others began to jump and yell and pick up pieces of Orange Peel, Raisins, Jam Tarts, Currants, Nuts, Almonds, Biscuits, Sweets, Ham, Chicken, Tongue, Mince-pies, Salad-sandwiches, and a host of other things, and throw them at each other. In vain did the Ice-cream, Jellies and Trifles come in between and try to soften matters. The battle *raged* and *raged* and *raged*.

Above it all was heard a child's shrill cry, "No, no, mammy, I won't take it! I won't!"

Then the mother's voice came firm and clear, "You must take it, you naughty, greedy child. It will teach you not to be greedy again. Nurse, hold her hands; Cook, catch her feet; Mary, hold her nose. Now down it goes!" And all over the fighting mass came beautiful soothing castor oil and in a moment the fierce battle was at an end.

I am glad to say that the little girl never ate too much again, and I hope that all my little friends who have been listening to my story will think of this little girl when they go to the nice Christmas parties.

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT.

{Reprint from "Irish Society."}

" BRIAN BORU " : A TRAGEDY

ADAPTED BY MARY MCHARDY-FLINT

SCENE I. *Brian Boru's Tent*

Brian. Great is my glory in our Irish land ;
Yet greater is the pain that gnaws my heart
Than power or praise of men. I have brought low
The race that held the sceptre over Erin
From age to age till I arose ; nor did I
Subdue on battlefields alone their clans ;
They are become my followers ! On this spot,
Before the haughty city of the Danes,
Stand the Hi-Neill in array beside me,
And at my right hand, Malachi himself—
The man from whom I tore the crown of Erin—
Is ready to do battle at my call
As bravely as when, leading on the hosts,
His strong sword won the early victory
Over the golden-collared Danish King.
Yet in his hour of honour, full and might,
My heart can find no peace. One great dread fear
Pursues me, that I did what was not just
In raising up my power to this high state.
Perhaps this strong right hand seems stained with guilt
To the clear eyes of God, and therefore now—
Perhaps in hour of victory
His vengeance will descend upon my head !
Oh ! what a torture it is to feel remorse—
Often and often as I swiftly ride
In progress through the land, and see the people
Gather in crowds along endless paths,
And all together join to bid me hail,
I hear a voice yet louder than their shouts
Within myself that shakes like sudden thunder ;
And it cries : " Guilty, guilty, Brian ! Thou
Art here unworthy ; thou art guilty, Brian ! "—
And when I sit in silent loneliness
I hear the same voice crying on for ever—
" Guilty, Brian ! Thou art guilty."

(*Laiten, in the distance sings :—*

" *Has sorrow thy young days shaded ?* ")

Brian. Child, child, what hast thou done ?
Thou hast unmanned me !

Enter LAITEN.

Laiten. High King of Erin,
A Danish herald awaits,
And fain would speak with thee.

Brian. The foreigner shall have what he demands—
And even more. He shall not merely treat
With me, Chief Sovereign of the land, but even
With all the Monarchs present in our host.

Laiten. My Sovereign Liege, the Danish envoy holds
No parley with thy subject Kings ;
Audience with thee alone he seeks, and none but thee.

Brian. We will see him. Have him ushered in with-
out delay.

[Exit LAITEN.

Brian. Sitric's crafty purpose full well we know,
Neither guile, nor force shall now avail
To stay his tottering power.

Enter LAITEN and HERALD.

Brian. Well ! What from the Danish King ?

Herald. Peace if you will. Your son and great-sons
hostages.

If not, why, war ! Battle exterminating
Till of *your* people not a man remains
To face our hosts, but all the land's our own.
Disband your forces, nor delay departing hence :
The proffer of our amity rejected ;
The sword's unsheathed ere the earth
Glows with the dawning of another day.

Brian. Chieftain, observe ! This envied island sought
Your ancestors for its allies ; because
It *prized* them for their *prowess* and their *skill*
In arms. From the *rough* seas it *welcomed* them !
To *cheer* them, *dressed* its halls with *jovial* banquets ;
For their repose, prepared its softest couches,
And, while they slept, its honour was their guard,
That still they woke in safety. Here they sojourned.
We gave them lands, we gave them homes—we said,
" Remain with us—let us become one people."

Now mark the contrast, Chieftain !

These strange friends,

Through avarice of power, became our foes ;

They strove to turn their hosts into their slaves.

We spurned them, smote them, crush'd them,

We were free !

Now come the sons of these ungrateful guests

To subjugate us, and outdo their fathers.

Hence to your King ! Tell him, he shall as soon

Pierce through and through this land as penetrate

Its children's ranks ! Walls more impregnable

Than ever quarry rais'd. Tell him to fear.

The fight belongs to him, not us ! And more—

Tell him we *know* the faith of *Danish* tongues,

And will *not* treat on other terms than these.

Let him *depart* the land, we *sheath* our swords,

Let him *remain*, we'll give him *graves* for beds.

Herald. High King of Erin ! Why pervertest thou

The history of thine own nation, and ours ?

Will falsehood give thy people virtues

They ne'er possessed, or derogate from those

The Danes are teachers of unto the world ?

Your tale would brand, as vilest miscreants,

The noblest and most valiant race

That treads the earth,

And glorify most contemptible cowards—

Men unworthy to be thought or called

A nation. Are we merciless marauders—

Treacherous, heartless, spoilers of our friends ?

Not so. As combatants we came ; but when

We conquered in the open field

Mercy we showed and friendship. Admitting

Your tribes to all the privileges, and high prerogatives of

our superior, triumphant race ;

Full sharing with you all the boons of peace,

And amity, till pride and perfidy,

Engendered your ambition to bring our power

To nought, and raise your own, upon its

Shattered ruins. Shall I rehearse your nation's

Infamous story ; the treacherous deeds

Of blackest perfidy ? The covenants broken,

The generous trust betrayed ? The engagements
Of honour repudiated, and massacres and
Rapines both designed and willed ?

Ah ! the catalogue of crime's too great
That even Sitric, merciful though he be,
Could e'er forget, howsoe'er he wished it.

Brian. Pagan, begone ! Your Chieftain little knows
The soul of Brian. For his country's cause,
On Clontarf's broad plain, he'd smile to die.

Herald. King, I depart ; but soon again I come.
Observe me well, that then thou'lt recognize
The man, who on the unnumbered bands
Of craven slaves, who grovel 'neath thy yoke,
And own thee Lord, utter destruction hurls.

Brian. We'll meet you bravely, Dane, as oft before.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

But is this threatening real, or simulated ?
Perhaps Fingal in flames has flashed the news
Of Donough's secret expedition thither,
And so they'd force my hand to fight
While yet

My bravest troops are unavailable.
It may be thus, and therefore, the issue is
For the decision of the Kings and Chiefs.
Ho ! Ho there ! Laiten, Laiten !

Enter LAITEN.

Go, let the herald summon here the Kings,
And call my guard—no time's to lose.

Laiten. High King of Erin, thy son, Prince Morrough,
with

All the assembled Kings waits in the presence.

Brian. Go, bid them come, we will receive them here.

[*Exit* LAITEN.]

GRAND MARCH—

"Avenging and Bright."

Enter PRINCE MORROUGH, KINGS, CHIEFS, ATTENDANTS, etc.

Morrough. Here, Kings and Chiefs,
My royal father stands.

Malachi. We greet thee, Brian, in the name of all the hosts

Of Erin, gathered to thy standard.

Brian. Acceptable's thy greeting and theirs.
Thanks, my brave confederates.

O'Ruarc. How fare you, Sir ?

Brian. Why, well.

That is, if he who bears the weight of years
Can e'er be well, then call me well, good friends.
But if my years were greater still, and bore
Me down to very earth, this cause would make
New blood to course within these olden veins,
And bring new light to eyes fast growing dim—
Aye, make those withered limbs to wear again
The garb of youth. And you, noble friends,
I see the fire dart from each flashing eye,
That tells the dauntless spirit deep concealed,
Which now impatient waits the hour to strike ;
And when we strike, let's strike,
Good sirs, a blow
Which shall be felt beyond our well loved isle,
In every haunt of Danish power and pride ;
Into those Northmen's breasts, a biding fear
Our willing swords must strike, and fiercely strike
We stand for right, for motherland and faith ;
For that fair land where first our eyes saw light,
For that fair land where lies our fathers' dust,
Which sacred makes the very soil we tread.
Land of the Sage and Saint ! polluted long
By foreign foes, thy fields laid waste,
The sacred temples of our faith profaned,
Thou shalt not call in vain, O motherland !
Upon thy sons to-day. With faithful hearts,
And willing hands we trusty weapons grasp,
Prepared to fight, prepared to die, for thee !

O'Ruarc. Then give the word, my liege, and let our
troops advance. See how they stand
Impatient for the fray ! They chafe, as chafes
The blooded horse, who feels the staying curb,
And paws the ground impatient for the race—
So stand our troops. Say then shall we advance ?

Brian. We must not fight to-day. Nay, do not frown ;
'Tis prudence speaks ; and though our hearts be brave
And arms be strong, we must be prudent too.

Morrrough. Where is the cause ?

Brian. Your question's just, my son ;
Then know ye, we wait brave Donough's troops,
To Leinster sent to strike a secret blow,
And make more sure the issue of the fray
When it shall come.

O'Kelly. And scourge a traitor, too.
God-speed brave Donough in his noble work,
Which strikes alike at traitor and at foe !
These Northmen fight, at least an open war,
'Gainst foreign foes. But Leinster's Prince, vile wretch,
Makes war upon his own fair native land ;
Forgets his race, forgets his faith, and all
To join these foreign hordes.

Brian. Too true, alas !
That evil passions thus should blind the heart,
And make men wear the hated traitor's name.
O Treason ! crime of crimes ! Though high of birth,
Who takes the life of fellow-man does that
Which on his brow doth place the brand of Cain,
And calls God's curse upon his guilty head,
With justice, too, for he, vile wretch, has robbed
The precious gift of life, and may not give
The treasure back. The crime is great ; and yet
Methinks the crime is white as driven snow
Compared to that foul deed the traitor does—
He takes a nation's life ; his dagger falls
Into the very vitals of the land
That gave him birth. He strikes a fatal blow,
Which oft is felt through ages yet to come,
In foreign rule, in cruel blows, in wrongs
Which eat into the very soul, which makes
A welcome guest the Messenger of Death.
What say you, noble friends, shall this sad fate
Be Erin's lot ?

All. No ! No !

Malachi. Fear not, my liege,
That day is distant yet, when treason's wiles

Shall place beneath the stranger's feet our isle.
Let Treason and Invasion join their ranks,
In Ireland's sons they'll meet a fearless foe.

Brian. Well spoken, Sir.

O'Kelly. And truly spoken, too.

Brian. I doubt it not.

Morrrough. And could he doubt
Who sees our island ranks to-day? Behold
These men, at once our country's hope and pride!
What though the foeman's ranks be full?
Cheer still!

What though foul Treason stalks abroad?
Fear not!

What though our ranks depleted stand?
Hope on!

These noble troops who now expectant wait
For call to war, will doubtless *well* supply,
By *willing* hearts, and *grim* resolve, all wants.

Brian. God grant it so! Seek now your tents, good
friends.

Morrrough. Not yet, my liege. Here comes, methinks,
a truce.

O'Kelly. Why, as I live, the Prince of Leinster comes!
But comes to death! I'll hew the traitor down!

Brian. Stay you, good Sir, we must respect the truce.

O'Kelly. What! traitor's truce? My liege, you ask
too much.

With men who *keep* their faith, let *faith* be kept,
But *not* with him who bears a *traitor's* name.

Brian. Be calm: two wrongs can never make a right,
We must not stain our noble cause by wrong.

O'Kelly. But, mark you, Sir, how good a deed I do
To strike this traitor down, 'twill help us well.

Enter LEINSTER and DANE.

Leinster. In goodly time, I come
To greet the noble Brian and his chiefs.

O'Kelly. We seek
No greetings from such men as you.
You, Sir, are Danish, I believe! If so
You're welcome here. For you 'twere better far

You kept your lines. We wish no traitors here.

Leinster. Come, Connaught, let your rising temper cool,
I wish no speech with you; the King I seek.

Brian. Speak on! Though painful be the task to hear,
We'll bear it all.

Leinster. O gracious Sir! All thanks,
Your kindness robs me of the gift of speech,

Morrrough. Come, Sir, no sneers. What brings you
here?

Leinster. Impatient, too? A sorry welcome this.

Malachi. What welcome couldst thou
Ask from Ireland's sons, thou traitor to her cause?

O wretched man! have you the heart to raise
Unholy hands against the land that gave you birth?

Leinster. Go on. If preaching be your work, preach on.

Malachi. If preaching were my work 'twere lost on you,
Ignoble scion of a noble race.

It fires my blood to see an Irish form
Enclose a foreign heart.

Leinster. If you have done
With empty speech, we'll treat of business now.
We tread Clontarf's wide plain. The time has come
When blood shall wash all bitter wrongs away.

You call me traitor, noble Sirs, what then?
Have I not ample cause for that I do?

Brian. What cause can justify such wrong?

Leinster. What cause?

You ask me this, who *drove* me to the work
I do this day, by gross and grievous wrong.

Brian. That you have suffered private wrongs, is true,
From those of Brian's blood. But one slight wrong
Cloaks not foul Treason's hideous form. Alas!
That men should heed the fiery passion's voice,
And trample reason low! For private wrong
You seek to crush your native country down.

Leinster. I seek to crush my foes.

Brian. But in those foes—

Which your blind fury only makes your foes—
You strike your country too.

Leinster. I shall forget

My errand here, if further time be lost

In useless speech. Are you for fight to-day ?

Brian. No, not to-day ; we hold our tents to-day.

Leinster. Not ready yet ! Has Irish valour cooled
Before the numbers of our valiant troops ?
Perhaps you seek for peace ?

Brian. Yes, with the sword.

That potent pen shall trace for us a peace.

Leinster. Then haste the fray ! If fear rules not your
course,

Come forth to-day ! Defiance here I give.
If you refuse my call, go hide your heads
Within your tents, and wear a coward's name.

O'Kelly. 'Tis well you trust in Irish faith, vile man !
And bear that spotless flag ; for, by my soul !
Thy worthless life-blood quick should flow
On sacred Irish soil.

Leinster. Keep your rage
For battle when it comes : you'll need it then.
Well, Sir, what answer shall I bear ?

Brian. Go back
And tell your new-found Danish friends
We will not fight to-day. Be calm, good friends,
Nor taunts, nor threats shall change me in my course.

Leinster. Then, countrymen, farewell ! When next
we meet
'Twill be to feel a Leinster's strong revenge.

[*Exit* LEINSTER.]

Brian. Misguided man, farewell !

O'Kelly. O surely, Sir,
You will not let this haughty challenge pass !
If so, what triumph for our foes ! 'Tis true
We lack the numbers of those Northern bands ;
But, battle is not ever to the strong
In *brutal* strength alone.

Brian. We cannot fight to-day.

Morrrough. Why not, my liege ?

Brian. O Sirs, can you forget what day is this ?

Malachi. 'Tis Friday, Sir.

Brian. What else ?

Morrrough. Good Friday, too.

O'Kelly. Auspicious day to meet a pagan foe.

Brian. Nay, Sirs ; we must not fight this hallowed day,
Else we were pagans, too. What ! fight this day,
Which marks the greatest deed of truest love—
The Saviour's death ! What ! Shall men war this day,
Which brought a peace between our God and us.
As we are faithful sons of Holy Church
We shall respect this day by acts of peace,
There's time enough for war.

O'Kelly. But how, my liege ?
If they shall force the fight what would you do then ?

Brian. Our course is plain—we must resist the foe.

Morrough. Then look you, Sir ; behold the foeman's
camp !

The Northmen seek the fray ; the standard's up
Which calls the troops to war. Shall we lie down
While wrong doth rear on high its haughty head ?
Your scruple's just which seeks for peace to-day.
Now see you, Sir, we do not battle give ;
If then it comes, what better day than this
For Christian troops to fight ?

Brian. Well said, my son.
And since it must be so, that 'gainst our will
We needs must fight, the day will bless our cause.
Now hence, good Sirs, seek every man his post—
You, noble Prince of Meath, shall hold the left ;
And you, good son, command the right of line,
The centre leave to me and Connaught's Prince.
O'Ruarc, you your station know. Farewell !
When next we meet, may victory crown our brows !—
Stay you, my son.

Princes. Farewell, my liege, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Brian. Farewell ! How sadly sounds that word to-day.
What if it were a last farewell ! My son,
I feel I stand within the gloomy shade
Of death. This day, perhaps shall end a life
Whose work is done.

Morrough. Nay, father, speak not thus,
Your words of gloom do rive my soul with grief.

Brian. We cannot change our fate. 'Tis well, my son,
That man should feel the coming step of death

Ere falls the blow. I feel my voyage o'er,
The haven comes in view. When I am gone——

Morrrough. O spare me this sad blow!
You cannot die——

Your country needs your noble service yet.
Why seek this fight? Let younger men control
The field, and bear the brunt of fight to-day.

Brian. Why, son, what nobler place than this to die,
Where Erin meets her foes? What fitter time
Than the great day, which saw our Saviour die?

Morrrough. If you should fall, the cause is lost, my liege.

Brian. Nay, son, the cause of Ireland does not rest
Upon one feeble man; if so, 'twere weak,
And well might fall. But you, my son, shall fill
Your father's place. God grant you fill it well.

Morrrough. But if I, too, should fall?

Brian. Yet Erin stands.

Her cause is just, and justice never needs
For noble hearts to fight injustice down.
Hence now, my son, farewell! And if for aye,
Why then, for aye, farewell!

Morrrough. Father, dear father, farewell, farewell!

Brian. Light of my life, my noble child, farewell!

(*They embrace; then MORROUGH falls on his knees; BRIAN
blesses him as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE II. *Brian's Tent*

All Assembled

Music. "*Brian Boru's March*" before the curtain rises,
then continued very softly at a distance.

Brian. Sons of Erin, faithful soldiers,
Loving subjects true and brave,
Once again for *Freedom's* cause
Dark rolls the dreadful battle-wave.
Once again the savage Danes
Whom ye have vanquished o'er and o'er,
Form their lines to *seize* our freedom
On the far-extending shore.
See they raise their bloody banners
Floating ghastly in the gale

Now they *shout* ; but e'er the even,
 In their *anguish* shall they wail,
 Cry upon their gods that hear not
 Silent as the lifeless stones,
 And the woods shall roll the echoes
 Of their *unlamented* moans ;
 Far from fatherland and parent
 Rolling in the bloody clay,
 Thinking of their wives and children,
 Shall they *curse* the fatal day,
 When, with Hope's uncertain standard
 Gaily flaunting o'er the heart,
 With the quiver and the arrow,
 Bow, and life-destroying dart,
 From their shores they sent their galleys
 Roaring thro' the wafting gale,
 Or with hands that felt impatience
 Set the snowy-floating sail.
Curs'd be the heart that loves
 To trample on our Freedom's flower,
 Ever *curs'd* the foreign weeds
 They set in Erin's peaceful bower,
 Where the shamrock and the lily
 Wave together in the breeze,
 And the sweet carnation sendeth
 Fragrance o'er the rushing seas.
Curs'd ah ! for *ever curs'd*,
 Be the sad and sunless day
 When they came—then gentle Peace
 On wings of fleetness fled away,
 And bright Hope her fairest sister
 Quickly followed in her train,
 Fled before the frowning aspect
 Of the blood-polluted Dane ;
 But not many years had followed
 Ere she came to earth once more,
 Spake to us the words of comfort,
 Pointed to the sounding shore ;
 " There," she cried, " Ye favoured warriors,
 By the ever moaning Sea
 Shall the sway of savage Dane

In peaceful Erin cease to be !
There—in Battle's flood—the foe
Shall sink, nor evermore shall rise,
Till the Earth shall see its ending,
And the flames devour the skies ! ”

See the Danes in pride advancing,
Hear the sounds they vainly raise !
Now, my soldiers, fight the battle
As ye did in former days !
Turn their shouting into wailing !
Give them to the roaring sea !
I shall be the *first* to lead
The glorious way to Liberty.

D. R. W.

Curtain.

SCENE III. *Brian praying in his Tent.*

Brian. How stand the battalions, Laiten ?

Laiten. They are mixed, and one side has come into close quarters with the other. The blows on the heads of both sides are as loud in my ears as would be the echoes from yonder Tomar's wood, were seven battalions cutting it down.

Brian. And brave Morrough's standard ! Where stands it now ?

Laiten. It is standing still, with many of the Dalcassians round it, and many heads are falling around it.

Brian. That is good news.

(Having prayed some time he speaks again.)

How stand the battalions now ?

Laiten. Not one alive can distinguish them from the other. The greater part of the hosts on both sides are fallen ; and those that remain are so covered with blood on body, head and clothing, that a father could not know his son.

Brian. And Morrough's standard, is it standing yet ?

Laiten. It is at a distance from him, and he has passed to the westward, but still is standing.

Brian. While stands the standard, all is well for Erin.
[Prays again.]

How stand the forces now ?

Laiten. They appear to me as if Tomar's wood were on fire, and all its young shoots, and underwood had been cut away ; so that only its stately trees and immense oaks were standing, for I can see only the brave men and heroes of the armies standing on either side, and they are wounded, pierced through and dismembered, and the confusion among them is like the grinding of a mill turning the wrong way. The foreigners are defeated, but Morrough's standard has fallen !

Brian. Woe, woe to Erin. The honour and valour of Erin have fallen. Alas ! What avails it for me to live ? Woe, woe to Erin. (*Falls on his knees and buries his face in his hands.*)

Laiten. I see people coming towards us. They—they are Danes. The Danes—the Danes are upon us.

Danes rush in, Laiten gets between them and the King. They drag Laiten away and strike him down, then strike Brian as he kneels ; he staggers to his feet, and then comes forward and mutters :—

Brian. Erin——Erin my—country——for——you I die——(*falls*).

O'Ruarc and O'Kelly (rush in). The King—the King is slain.

(*Chorus, in unison, behind the scenes.*)

Chorus—" Weep, Erin, Weep."

Enter MALACHI and others.

Malachi. Where stays our King ?

I long to press his valiant hand, to see
The smile of triumph light his face, to hear——

O'Kelly. Hush, hush, my liege, the King is dead.

Malachi. Dead !

God rest his soul.—How fell the King ?

O'Kelly. Why in

That very hour when fled the foe.

Within his tent he sought his God in prayer,

There passed a band of flying Danes——

Malachi. What then ?

O'Kelly. They did the fatal deed.

Malachi. Where were the guards ?

O'Kelly. They followed up the foe.

What pleasures you ? You hold the sceptre now.

Malachi. Honour show
To all that's left of Brian now.

(Kneels in prayer, beside Brian for a few minutes.)

Well may I speak of Brian's golden deeds.
His name among earth's mighty names shall stand,
And justly stand, for that he did in us
Can ne'er too oft be told. Beneath his rule
Has prospered well our land. Have we not heard
Our fathers tell how many years of peace
Did bless our land while noble Brian ruled ?
Let, then, those years of peace be told for him
As brighter deeds than *all* his deeds of war.
Yet was he valiant, too. Let history say
How well he fought those fierce and warlike men,
Who for three hundred years have cursed our land.
Mark where the temples of our Holy Faith,
By those vile pests destroyed, have raised again
Their sacred spires, 'neath Brian's fostering care !
Science and art in him have ever found
A noble friend. Look o'er this lovely isle,
And see the many schools that owe him life !
A Christian, too, the Church e'er found him true,
And she'll lament the fate of Ireland's King.
Where'er this tale of gloom be told will rise
From faithful Irish hearts the prayer
"God rest brave Brian's soul !"

All. Amen, Amen,

"God rest brave Brian's soul !"

Chorus in unison—"Weep, Erin, Weep."

CURTAIN.

THE BALLAD OF THE BLIND BEGGAR

A BLIND man sat for alms one day,
Amid the city's roar ;

And none of them that passed that way
Had seen his face before,
He did not sue with clamorous cries,
Nor stretch abroad his palms ;
Only the darkness of his eyes
Did crave good Christian's alms.

The schoolboy passed with noisy laugh,
The sempstress hummed a lay ;
The old man crept upon his staff,
And did not look that way.
The miser mused upon his gold,
The spendthrift on his lust ;
The dame drew close her vesture's fold
In delicate disgust.

The City magnate ambled by,
With reverend paunch and round ;
And as he met the rayless eye,
He pursed his lips and frowned.
The deep projector formed his schemes ;
The clerk must keep his time ;
The peevish poet nursed his dreams,
Or struggled for a rhyme.

Not far from where the blind man sate
A solemn mansion stood—
A solid house, with brazen plate,
And palings tall and good ;
And anxious men, with formal coats,
The door swung to and fro :
You heard the rustling of the notes
In hands that let it go.

The doctor drove at formal pace.
His arms across his chest,
To welcome in a baby face
Or speed a parting guest.
Along the pavement creaked the wain,
With all the day to spare ;
The cabman whipped to catch the traif.
And earn an extra fare.

The lady cantered, gay and fast,
Her footman somewhere near ;
The actress whipped her ponies past,
With bells that jingled clear.
On road and path were crush and roar,
And tramp of horse and man ;
The tide had reached the full at four,
And now the ebb began.

And still the blind man kept his place,
While life throbb'd hot and loud,
One patient, mute, unchanging face,
Amid the changing crowd.
Anon a child would stop to stare,
A grim policeman frown ;
But few had time or pence to spare,
Of all the bustling town.

A wretched girl was rustling by
In faded splendours dressed,
That told to every casual eye
What calling she professed.
She paused, a pitying word to speak
And while she lingered there
The tear-drops smeared her painted cheek,
Her poor lips moved in pray'r.

With gaunt white face and footsore tread
A tramp was limping past,
And he had bought a slice of bread
To break his long day's fast.
At that same place he slack'd his pace,
To eat his sorry meal
And felt a gaze upon his face
In sightless mute appeal.

"Poor friend," he said, "I have to spare,
And thou shalt dine with me ;
And thou, my lass, shalt have thy share—
The bread will serve for three."
While idlers stopped their sport to make,
Those outcasts took their seat.

The blind man blessed the bread and brake—
And so they three did eat.

And while he blessed the slice of bread,
Lo, all men grew aware,
A halo spread around His Head,
His vesture glittered fair.
He passed—there fell a moment's hush
Upon the City's roar,
Then waxed again the whirl and rush,
And all was as before.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

'By kind permission of the Author and Messrs. Routledge.)

THE CHINESE LILY : A SYMBOL

I

(A Month Ago.)

AN ivory table, carved and chaste,
Whereon a jewell'd hand hath plac'd
A brazen bowl, with pebbles filled,
Brimming with water thrice distill'd,
Where floats a bulb, unsightly, brown,
Brought from a far-off Chinese town.

The wintry twilight clouds the room,
And, on her couch, amid the gloom,
A small, distorted figure lies
Beside the fire. With dreaming eyes,
Watching the bulb, she murmurs low:
"Dear Master, bid Thy lily blow!"

II

(To-day)

The room is rosed with vernal light.
Like lances, stack'd by fairy knight,
The serried blades of living green
Rise from the bulb in brilliance keen,

Each emerald glory lifting up,
A lily shrining a golden cup!

The couch stands vacant near the door,
The little dwarf dreams there no more!
Out of suff'ring's stony bed,
Out of the tears in patience shed,
Her bulb of a warped life hath given
The gold of its lily-bloom to Heaven!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(From "*The Irish Monthly*," by kind permission of the Editor.)

CONSTANCY

Oh, maidens all, both short and tall,

Come list unto my lay,

Quite lost you'll be in ecstasy,

You cannot say me nay.

This lay is writ—for you I wit—

Upon the tender passion,

And you with me will quite agree

We must be in the fashion.

Some people say—'tis just their way—

To one we're never true,

But love still clings and sometimes stings,

'Tis so with me—and you?

If with one swain we can't remain

But seek some sweetheart new;

Still with some love we're hand and glove,

To *Love Himself* we're true.

The old, old love to some sweet dove

We feel is on the wane,

A new, new love now comes above;

We suffer once again

Poor maids we are with jolt and jar,

And hearts that thumping go;

We're never free from passion's sea,

Though it may ebb and flow.

When fresh from town in country gown
We seek a rustic swain ;
And we enjoy without alloy
A pleasant country lane ;
But when at tea beside the sea
The rustic's not in place
We then shall find more to our mind
A sailor's honest face.

And now once more our town house door
Has closed upon the blue.
We leave our "Tar" by wave afar
To waive a fond adieu.
We think we may without delay
Transfer our constant passion.
We find it fit and—you'll admit,
We're *bound* to love the fashion.

McHARDY-FLINT.

SELECTION FROM DOMBEY & SON

(CHAS. DICKENS).

ARRANGED AS A DUOLOGUE BY MARY McHARDY-FLINT.

Mr. Dombey. Mrs. Dombey, I must beg leave to have a few words with you.

Mrs. D. To-morrow.

Mr. D. There is no time like the present, madam. You mistake your position. I am used to choose my own times ; not to have them chosen for me. I think you scarcely understand who and what I am, Mrs. Dombey.

Mrs. D. I think that I understand you very well.

Mr. D. (*Sits.*) Mrs. Dombey, it is very necessary that there should be some understanding arrived at between us. Your conduct does not please me, madam—I repeat, Mrs. Dombey, does not please me, madam. I have already taken occasion to request that it may be corrected. I now *insist* upon it.

Mrs. D. You chose a fitting occasion for your first

remonstrance, sir, and you adopt a fitting manner and a fitting word for your second. You *insist*! To me!

Mr. D. Madam, I have made you my wife. You bear my name. You are associated with my position and my reputation. I will not say that the world in general may be disposed to think you honoured by that association; but I will say that I am accustomed to "*insist*" to my connexions and dependents.

Mrs. D. Which may you be pleased to consider me?

Mr. D. Possibly I may think that my wife should partake—or does partake, and cannot help herself—of both characters, Mrs. Dombey.

Mrs. D. Florence! Florence! (*Aside.*)

Mr. D. You are too expensive, madam. You are extravagant. You waste a great deal of money—or what would be a great deal in the pockets of most gentlemen—in cultivating a kind of society that is useless to me, and indeed, that upon the whole is *disagreeable* to me. I have to *insist* upon a total change in all these respects. I know that in the novelty of possessing a title of such means as Fortune has placed at your disposal, ladies are apt to run into a sudden extreme. There has been more than enough of that extreme. I beg that Mrs. Granger's very different experiences may come to the instruction of Mrs. Dombey.

Mrs. D. Florence! Florence! my good angel, help me.
(*Aside.*)

Mr. D. You will further please, madam, to understand *distinctly*, that I am to be deferred to and obeyed. That I *must* have a positive show and confession of deference before the world, madam. I am *used* to this; I *require* it, as my right. In short, I *will* have it. I consider it no unreasonable return for the worldly advancement that has befallen you; and I believe nobody will be surprised, either at its being required from you or at your making it. To me—to me!—I have made arrangements that my establishment shall go down to Brighton for some time. Mr. Carker (*Mrs. Dombey turns on him with flaming eyes*) has secured a house there. On the return of my establishment, to London, I shall take steps for its better management. One of these will be to engage a housekeeper. An establishment, like mine, requires a competent head.

I observed, madam, that my allusion to Mr. Carker was received in a peculiar manner. I have found it necessary to entrust Mr. Carker with a message of objection and remonstrance to you, as it would be derogatory to my position and reputation to be frequently holding trivial disputes with a lady upon whom I have conferred the highest distinction that is in my power to bestow. I shall not scruple to avail myself again of his services if I see occasion. (*Rises and goes towards the door.*)

Mrs. D. Wait! For God's sake! I must speak to you. (*After a long inward struggle.*) Did I ever tempt you to seek my hand? Did I ever use any art to win you? Was I ever more conciliating to you when you pursued me, than I have been since our marriage? Was I ever other to you than I am?

Mr. D. It is wholly unnecessary, madam, to enter upon such discussions.

Mrs. D. Did you think I loved you? Did you know I did not? Did you ever care, man! for my heart, or propose to yourself to win the worthless thing? Was there any poor pretence of any in our bargain? Upon your side or upon mine?

Mr. D. These questions are all wide of the purpose, madam.

Mrs. D. (*Goes between him and the door.*) You answer each of them. You answer me, before I speak, I see. How can you help it; you who know the miserable truth as well as I? Now, tell me. If I loved you to devotion, could I do more than render up my whole will and being to you, as you have just demanded? If my heart were *pure* and all *untried*, and you its *idol*, could you *ask* more could you *have* more?

Mr. D. Possibly not, madam.

Mrs. D. You know how different I am. You see me looking on you now, and you can read the warmth of passion for you that is breathing in my face. You know my general history. Do you think you can *degrade*, or *bend*, or *break me* to submission or obedience? If there is anything unusual here (*indicating her brow*), as I know there are unusual feelings here (*raising the hand, she pressed upon her bosom and heavily returning it*), consider that there is

no common meaning in the appeal I am going to make you. Yes, for I am going to appeal to you. (*Mr. Dombey sits down to hear the appeal.*) If you can believe that I am of such a nature now, as would make what I now say almost incredible to myself, said to any man who had become my husband, but, above all, said to you, you may, perhaps, attach the greater weight to it. In the dark end to which we are tending, and may come, we shall not involve ourselves alone (that might not be much) but others. (*He knew at whom that word pointed, and frowned heavily.*) I speak to you for the sake of others. Also your own sake ; and for mine. Since our marriage, you have been arrogant to me ; and I have repaid it in kind. You have shown to me and every one around us, every day and hour, that you think I am graced and distinguished by your alliance. I do not think so, and have shown that too. It seems you do not understand, or (so far as your power can go) intend that each of us shall take a separate course ; and you expect from me instead a homage you will never have. I feel no tenderness towards you : that you know. You would care nothing for it, if I did or could. I know as well that you feel none towards me. But we are linked together ; and in the knot that ties us, as I have said before, others are bound up. We must both die ; we are both connected with the dead already, each by a little child. Let us forbear.

(*Mr. Dombey took a long respiration as if he would say, "Oh ! was this all !"*) There is no wealth (*growing more and more earnest*) that could buy these words of me, and the meaning that belongs to them. Once cast away as idle breath, no wealth or power can bring them back. I mean them ; I have weighed them ; and I will be true to what I undertake. If you will promise to forbear on your part, I will promise to forbear on mine. We are a most unhappy pair, in whom, from different causes, every sentiment that blesses marriage, or justifies it, is rooted out ; but in the course of time, some friendship, or some fitness for each other, may arise between us. I will try to hope so if you will make the endeavour too ; and I will look forward to a better and a happier use of age than I have made of youth or prime.

Mr. D. (with his utmost dignity and rising as he spoke). Madam, I cannot entertain any proposal of this extraordinary nature. I cannot consent to temporise or treat with you, Mrs. Dombey, upon a subject as to which you are in possession of my opinions and expectations. I have stated my *ultimatum*, madam, and have only to request your very serious attention to it.

Mrs. D. Go, sir, our first and last confidence is at an end. Nothing can make us stranger to each other than we are henceforth.

Mr. D. I shall take my rightful course, madam, undeterred, you may be sure, by any general declamation. But before I go, madam, I wish to remind you that there will be some company to dinner here to-morrow.

Mrs. D. I do not dine at home.

Mr. D. Not a large party, merely some twelve or fourteen.

Mrs. D. I do not dine at home.

Mr. D. If you have no respect for yourself, madam——

Mrs. D. I have none.

Mr. D. Madam, I say, if you have no respect for yourself——

Mrs. D. And I say I have *none*.

Mr. D. If you have no respect for yourself, madam, I have some respect for myself, and therefore insist on my arrangements for to-morrow.

Mrs. D. And I tell you that I do not dine at home to-morrow and that I will *not* listen to you.

Mr. D. I have authority to speak to you, madam, when and where I please; and it is my pleasure *here* and *now*.

Mrs. D. You shall.

Mr. D. There is a threatening appearance in your manner (*she laughs sardonically*) which does not become you. You will not conciliate me, or turn me from any purpose by this line of conduct.

Mrs. D. It is the only true, although it is a faint, expression of what is within me. But if I thought it would conciliate you, I would repress it, if it were repressible by any human effort. I will do nothing that you ask me.

Mr. D. I am not accustomed to ask, Mrs. Dombey, I direct.

Mrs. D. I will hold no place in your house to-morrow, or on any recurrence of to-morrow. I will be exhibited to no one, as the refractory slave you purchased, such a time. If I kept my marriage-day, I would keep it as a day of shame. Self-respect, appearances before the world ! What are these to me ? You have done all you can to make them nothing to me, and they are nothing.

Mr. D. Madam, you are so forgetful of yourself and me in all this, that I must bring this state of matters to a close.

Mrs. D. Release me then from the chain by which I am bound. Let me go.

Mr. D. Madam !

Mrs. D. Loose me. Set me free !

Mr. D. Madam !

Mrs. D. I wish for a separation. It may take place on your own terms. Wealth is nothing to me.

Mr. D. Madam ! Good heavens, madam ! Do you know who I am, madam. Did you ever hear of Dombey & Son ? People to say that Mr. Dombey—Mr. Dombey was separated from his wife. Common people to talk of Mr. Dombey's domestic affairs. Pooh, pooh, madam ! Fie, for shame ! You're absurd ! ha ! ha ! ha ! A separation ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[Exit

Mrs. Dombey laughs wildly with a fearful meaning in it and then sinks into a chair.

Mrs. D. I have dreamed of a pride that is all powerless for good, all powerful for evil ; of a pride that has been galled and goaded through many shameful years, and has never recoiled except upon itself ; a pride that has debased its owner with the consciousness of deep humiliation, and never helped its owner boldly to resent it or avoid it, or to say, 'This shall not be !' a pride that, rightly guided, might have led perhaps to better things, but which, misdirected and perverted with all else belonging to the same possessor, has been self-contempt, mere hardihood and ruin. I have dreamed of such indifference and callousness, arising from this self-contempt ; this wretched, inefficient, miserable pride ; that it has gone on with listless steps even to the altar, yielding to the old familiar, beckoning finger,—Oh

mother ! oh mother ! while it spurned it ; and willing to be hateful to itself for once and for all rather than to bestung daily in some new form. Mean, poor thing ! And I have dreamed, that in a first late effort to achieve a purpose, it has been trodden on, and trodden down by a base foot, but turns and looks upon him. I have dreamed that it is wounded, hunted, set upon by dogs, but that it stands at bay, and will *not* yield ; no, that it cannot if it would ; but that it is *urged* on to *hate* him, *rise against* him, and *defy* him——You have done your best to humiliate me——*Carker* has been *your* tool——I shall now make him *mine* to *humiliate* you. I fly with him to-night. Henceforth I *defy* the world and *you*.

Florence, Florence, thou wert my only hope in this wild storm of life : thou art shipwrecked too. Never to meet again——never——never (*sobs*). When I leave this dark and wretched house, think that I am in my grave. Sweet girl, farewell. These kisses for a blessing on your head, my own——own dear girl——farewell——farewell.

[*Exit, weeping wildly.*]

DOROTHY DIMPLE'S SEWING LESSON

DOROTHY DIMPLE must learn to sew,
For Dorothy Dimple is six, you know ;
And a lady of six with dollies three
A first-rate workwoman ought to be ;
Or else those children, so young and dear,
Will have to wear rags, 'tis very clear.

Dorothy Dimple, so gay and sweet,
Possesses a work-box all complete ;
A silver thimble that fits in a shoe,
Needles, and cotton, and scissors too ;
A bag full of buttons of every size,
And a nice little packet of hooks and eyes.

Dorothy Dimple begins to sew,
Hobbledy-cobbledy, to and fro ;

It looked so easy, she can't think why
The stitches persist in going awry,
Nor why her fingers have suddenly grown
As awkward as pieces of stick or stone.

Dorothy Dimple is sure that she
And that tiresome needle will never agree ;
Poor little worker, she, losing heart
At sight of those stitches so far apart.
The cotton has got in another knot !
She's tired of sewing, and oh ! so hot !

Dorothy Dimple, dear little maid,
Hasn't much patience I'm afraid ;
She takes off her thimble, puts it away,
Thinks she has done enough for to-day ;
Says that her dollies in rags must go,
Because their mother can't learn to sew

Dorothy Dimple, if you but try,
Work will come easier by and by ;
Then try with a will, and soon I know
Dorothy Dimple will learn to sew.

ANON.

THE FURLOUGH

I WAS standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman ; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady. Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones o' ye. Come down, Thady, darlin' !"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the

soldier ; and, with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down, come down, ye fool of the world, come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last ; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced—

"It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O, Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down, then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before—

"It's *honour*, honour *bright*, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, my honey!"—"Thady, ye fool, come down!"—"O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family ; and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honour—of all the black days in the world ; and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March? why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then ; the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck. "Twenty-nine days, is it? You're sartin of that same? O mother, mother!"

fly away wid yer ould almanack ; a base cratur of a book, to be decavin' one afther livin' so long in a family of us ! ”

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud hurrah ! his second was to throw himself into the arms of Kathleen ; and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

“ It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's manes. Long life to your honour for the same ! May ye live a long hundred, and lape years every one of them.”

THOMAS HOOD.

GRAND MEETING OF SCOTTISH SONG

THERE was once held a grand meeting of Scottish song. The date thereof was sometime before or after the year “ Aughty-nine ” ; the place cannot be fixed with the same exactness, but it was probably near “ The Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon,” in honour of the “ Lad that was born in Kyle.” “ Macgregor's Gathering ” was nothing to this. Songs came pouring in from every quarter. Here, came “ Jolly Shepherds that Whistle thro' the Glen,” and “ Braw, braw lads from Gala Water ” ; and there, abundance of national music in the shape of “ A hundred pipers, an' a', an' a', ” accompanied by “ The Pibroch o' Donal' Dhu ” ; while yonder, in gallant array, “ The Campbells are Coming,” “ The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee,” and a numerous company of others. It was moved by “ Auld Robin Gray,” and seconded by the “ Laird o' Cockpen,” that “ Logie o' Buchan ” take the honoured place in “ The Old Arm Chair.” The repast that followed was not what mortals would be apt to think the choicest, the delicacies being such as “ The Haggis o' Dunbar,” “ Bannocks o' Barley Meal,” “ Caller Herrin',” and “ Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.” For this meeting, however, “ Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut ” ; and Neil Gow had not yet bade “ Farewell to Whisky,” so that after all they might have sung something else on that occasion than “ Contented wi' Little, an' Cantie wi' Mair.”

Among the ladies of high rank present were “ Annie

Laurie," "Mary Morrison," "Bonnie Bessie Lee," "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," "Highland Mary," "Bonnie Jean," "The Lassie wi' the Lint White Locks," "Maggie Lauder," and "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie"; while prominent among the other sex were "John Anderson, my jo, John," "Duncan Gray," "Tam Glen," "John Grumlie," "Wandering Willie," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "The Rantin' Roarin' Hielanman," "Johnnie Cope," "Alistair McAlister," and "The Soldier Laddie."

The chairman gave an account of his wanderings, which had extended from "Maidenkirk to John o' Groats." He had seen "The Bonnie Woods o' Craigielea," had wandered by the banks of "Afton Water," among the "Braes of Ballochmyle," and "The Birks o' Aberfeldy." Many hours had he spent "Amang the Bloom of my ain native Heather"; he had plucked many "A rosebud by his early walk," and knew by name all "The Flowers of the Forest." But wherever he strayed he had never forgotten that he was "Woo'd and Married and A'," and that "For the sake o' Somebody," he loved best "My ain Fireside."

At every point of the compass he had consoled himself with "I'll awa to Nannie, O," and, indeed, he hoped they would all be able to say at the close of life, "Happy we've been a' Thegither." "Duncan Gray," having just been rejected by "Maggie," was in a very morose mood—wished he was "Where Helen lies," said "She was fair and fause that caused his smart," and to cheer himself up sang "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" at the end of which "Maggie Lauder" requested him to "Behave himsel' afore folk." "John Grumlie swore by the licht o' the moon" that "Once he wished he'd ne'er been married," and for that reason he had "Gone o'er the water to Charlie," but that now he had learned that his wife was "A Winsome Wee Thing," and that as she "Lo'ed him best o' a'," he should henceforth go "Marching along," with the motto, "O'er the Muir amang the Heather."

At this stage entered "Dainty Davie," accompanied by "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," and "When she cam' in she bobbit, she bobbit." Envious a little of her

sister, "Annie Laurie," whispered "Gang Down the Burn, Davie," and then "Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my Lad." Davie took her at her word, and in going hummed "Dinna think, Bonnie Lass, I'm Gaun to leave You." The "Laird o' Cockpen" thought there was "Nae Luck about the Hoose," where such sentimental songs were sang; he didn't care for "A Kiss ahint the Door," "Come under my Plaidie," "Dinna ask Me Gin I Lo'e Thee," "My Nannie O," "O could I with Fanny Stray," and such like. He preferred something he could clutch; for instance, "Gie me a Lass with a lump of Land," "Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher," and "Jennie's Bawbee."

"The Rantin' Roarin' Hielanman," suggested that for the remainder of the evening the laird should be tied up in "Rab Rorrison's Bonnet," but Rab interposed, saying, "It canna, maunna, winna be." After this there was a dance. "John Anderson" began to play "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Toon," when he was interrupted by "Jock o' Hazeldean," who wished him to play first "God Save the King." "Never mind the King," cried "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who was immediately knocked down with a branch of the "Auld Oak Tree," by "Johnnie Cope." As he recovered he grumbled out that he didn't like "A' that and a' that," when he was politely requested to "Whistle ower the lave o't."

So the evening passed away till the chairman intimated that, as he "Saw the Mune, and kent her horn," and as some of them had evidently rather more than "A wee drappie in their e'e," it was time to break up, because it was not becoming for such celebrities as them to sing "We'll not go Home till Morning." They took the hint, but before leaving they had a final chorus to "Meet again some ither nicht," for the days o' "Auld Lang Syne."

ANON.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

(Old Version)

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, unto the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that wakened the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, unto the maiden all forlorn, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

R10 C0063989.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

(Up to Date)

THIS is the edifice which John erected.

This is the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the canine quadruped, who lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the quadruped with rectangular excrescences, who elevated the canine quadruped, who lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the interesting desolate spinster, who lactiated the quadruped with rectangular excrescences, who elevated the canine quadruped, who lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the dilapidated individual who greeted with osculatory salutation the interesting desolate spinster, who lactiated the quadruped with rectangular excrescences, who elevated the canine quadruped, who lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the ecclesiastical functionary, denuded of hirsute appendages, who united in the bonds of hymen the dilapidated individual who greeted with osculatory salutation the interesting desolate spinster, who lactiated the quadruped with rectangular excrescences, who elevated the canine quadruped, who lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin, who devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

This is the two-winged feathered biped, whose shrill clarion waked from his peaceful slumbers the ecclesiastical functionary, denuded of hirsute appendages, who united in the bonds of hymen the dilapidated individual who greeted, with osculatory salutation, the interesting desolate spinster, who lactiated the quadruped with rectangular excrescences, who elevated the canine quadruped, who

lacerated the feelings of the feline domestic animal, who destroyed the noxious vermin which devoured the agricultural produce deposited in the edifice which John erected.

ANON.

"HE AND SHE" : HUMOROUS SKETCH

(From "The Strand Magazine" by kind permission of the Editor.)

She. He is late again. He promised faithfully to come home at—(clock strikes eleven) Eleven o'clock ! Eleven !! (*He is heard singing in the distance.*) Ah ! at last ! (*Takes up newspaper. Enter He—rushes towards her.*) All is now over between us. [*Exit she.*]

(*He stares in astonishment at the closed door, then shrugs his shoulders, picks up the paper, seats himself and begins to read.*)

Enter She (after a pause). So you think that we are to go on like this ? Do you think that having spent the whole evening waiting for you to come home, that I ought to be only too happy to sit down quietly and watch you read the newspaper ? (*He puts the paper down and turns towards her.*)

Oh ! pray don't rise ! I should be sorry to disturb you ! I quite understand that having been out the whole day long you are naturally tired and wish to rest. (*He makes a gesture of denial.*) I am only sorry I have waited for you. Had I known you were not coming home till midnight—(*He looks in direction of the clock.*) Excuse me that clock is at least an hour too slow. But that doesn't matter to you. What do you care about the time. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock, it's all the same so long as you are enjoying yourself. (*He makes a deprecatory gesture.*) It greatly amused you, I daresay, to keep me waiting for you all this long time, and to make me miserable on my birthday. For this is my birthday, though you have forgotten it.

But you don't deceive me. (*He smiles.*) Yes! smile! Though it scarcely becomes you! (*He looks at the paper.*) You know you met Miss Verney at the station when the London train came in. (*He makes a gesture of denial.*) I feel sure of it. No! don't make matters worse by denying it. And you drove back in the cart with her and dined at "The Hollies" with her people. Horrid designing girl! I know her too well. (*He tries to speak.*)

Oh! I know what you were going to say; that you had been up to London, for the annual dinner of the members of the Board of Trade. And all the members married and venerable! The President himself an octogenarian. Had it only been allowed the members would have liked to have brought their wives with them (*sarcastically*). You were bored? But I daresay you made yourself most agreeable. You can be so agreeable when you like—at least I have been told so. You keep your amiability for others than me. (*He goes towards her—She turns away.*) No! don't speak to me. I am only your wife after all! And not altogether plain enough, I suppose to please you. (*She throws herself into a chair. He does the same. After a pause, she continues.*) To please you, one must be pale, thin, hideously dressed. Having once seen Flora Verney, it is easy enough to judge of your taste in women. It is evident you like a tailor-made gown, bought at a country linendraper's.

And that girl actually dared, yes dared! to call upon me yesterday! (*She rises. He goes towards her and tries in vain to speak.*) You do well to seem as if nothing were the matter!—Yet wasn't Dr. Verney, Flora's own father, one of your kindest friends?—Didn't he come three times a day to see you when you had the measles? And didn't Flora and I play together as children? You can't be aware how every one remarks upon your being seen so often at the Verneys' house—whilst I am here all alone, dull, miserable, fretting myself to death (*sobs*) from—morning—until night. (*He holds out his arms and goes towards her. She repulses him.*) If Dr. Verney likes to keep open house, he is very welcome. Everybody is master of his own. (*She sits. He sits.*) It is strange when one comes to think of it, that you should find so

much to admire in the mind and manners of the daughter of a dancing mistress. You are surprised! Why I remember well that mother told me Mrs. Verney really did teach dancing, until she met the doctor, and he proposed to her. Yes, she was a wonderful teacher of the gavotte, the minuet, the waltz—(*He shakes his head incredulously.*) You don't believe me? No! such a thought would quite disturb your peace of mind and destroy your great ideal. (*He throws down the newspaper in a rage, and walks up and down. She follows him.*) Oh! I beg many pardons. In future I will say no word excepting in praise of Flora. Everything she does shall be as perfect in my eyes as in yours. She may steal my husband's heart; she may tear a father away from his only child! She may bring ruin and despair upon this home, once so happy. I will not complain, I will say nothing, I will try to look upon it as thoroughly right, thoroughly natural. Is not this enough for you? or must I throw myself at the feet of Flora Verney, and tell her I admire her conduct above all things? (*He remains silent.*)

Virtuous indignation well becomes you, since you haven't a word to say for yourself! (*He goes towards her.*) Not a word! Not a word!! Not a single word!!!

Do you mean to use personal violence? Ah! that is right! quite right! I won't prevent you! (*He gives her a contemptuous look, turns away and takes up paper again.*) Ah! you haven't the courage! You are afraid I shall ring up the maids for help.—But you are wrong; I should be ashamed to make a scandal and show you in your true light to our own servants. (*He reads the paper.*) To show you in your true light to our own servants! Do you hear what I say? (*He continues to read the paper.*) Oh you refuse to answer me! You read your paper. An easy way of shirking unpleasant truths.

Some men would have the heart to speak, seeing a woman—a wife—sad, driven, wretched, almost in despair—would try to reason with her by a friendly gesture, a gentle word, a look of kindness. Is it so hard to show a little pity for the woman who loves you? And, after all, what do I ask you? Only to tell me, in a few words, where you have been since the morning—(*He turns to her and*

tries to explain.) Yes, and to admit that it is a little mistake to come home at midnight—although the London train does come in at 6.30——You looked out that train yourself, yesterday—and—of course, I was surprised—and—worried! (*sobs*) And you—won't give me an answer. (*Throws herself into a chair and sobs hysterically.*) Oh! Mother! Mother! Had you known my heart was to break; and this is only the beginning of my misery. (*He places his hand on her shoulder. She shakes it off.*) Leave me! I don't wish for your false pity! your hypocrisy! You wish to make me cry! You have your wish! What more can you want? (*He turns away.*)

Oh! I know I am perfectly absurd. Crying is the proper thing for me, and I ought to begin by accustoming myself to it. How many women have wretched lives and are neglected by their husbands? But one can't break up every home! And every one so believed in you, excepting poor dear old Aunt Rose, who saw more clearly. (*He looks at her in surprise mingled with contempt.*) Yes, in spite of her seventy-nine years, she was able to look into the future and said, "Fanny darling, take care! That man is not all he seems; but a good-for-nothing who will make your young life a burden to you." There isn't anything you wouldn't do to grieve me. And (*sobs*) you—you—choose—to make me wretched to-day, on the very day of all others—my birthday. (*He goes near her and tries to speak.*) Ah! don't make matters worse by denying it! Don't tell a falsehood, don't tell a lie!

Well! What is it? Why won't you speak? (*He gives her a small packet. She opens it.*) Oh! "To Fanny on her birthday, from her devoted husband, Dick." Oh! Dick. And you went up to London to get this for me, and were kept until the last train? Only for that! (*Throws her arms round his neck.*)

Oh! Dick! How good of you! Oh forgive me! I do love you, Dick! Dear! dear!! dear Dick!!!

DREFUS.

JONES MINOR'S RECITATION

THE celebrated recitation that Jones Minor gave, at the breaking-up Entertainment at the Muddleton School, came about in this way. Sinclair, who was responsible for getting up the programme, declared that he was in need of one more recitation.

"Now then, you fellows, who'll volunteer? Don't all speak at once."

"All right, Sinclair; I'll do it for you."

There was a perfect roar of laughter, when Jones Minor made the offer. He was known to be rather a nervous fellow, with the worst memory in the school.

"Why! what can you do, Jones?" asked Sinclair.

"Oh, I think I could manage a recitation all right."

"Put him down, Sinclair," shouted one of the boys; "it will be worth hearing."

"Perhaps you think I can't do it."

"Not a bit, old chap; you're as good as Tree any day."

"Very well, young 'un, I'll put you down," said Sinclair; "but don't go and make a fool of yourself, that's all."

In his calmer moments Jones rather regretted his rash promise. "I say, you fellows," he remarked, a day or two afterwards. "I'm in a beastly hole over that recitation."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know what to recite."

"What do you know?"

"Well, I've learnt 'The Inchcape Rock' and 'The Schooner *Hesperus*.'"

"Won't one of them do?"

"I don't quite know; it's such a bother remembering them. Are there any easier pieces?"

"I'll tell you what," said Blake, a boy with a keen sense of humour, "your best way, if you haven't a very good memory, is to learn a dozen different pieces."

"Why?"

"Because then you'll be able to give them the thing you know best when the time comes."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm certain of it. Tell Sinclair not to put the name

of your piece on the programme, and then you can settle at the last moment, what's the best."

"What other pieces would you learn?"

"Oh! there's 'Horatius keeping the Bridge,' that ought to go down, and 'The Battle of Blenheim,' and 'The Village Blacksmith,' and 'The Goodwin Sands,' and the latest version of 'The Boy stood on the Burning Deck.'"

"What's that?"

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Complaining of the heat;
He turned and stood upon his hands
And tried to cool his feet."

The end of it was, from that moment every boy in the school was continually suggesting a fresh recitation to the unhappy Jones, and the more he worked the more Blake, who kept him up to it, saw he was getting helplessly confused with the various pieces.

At length the eventful night arrived, the guests assembled, the entertainment began.

Jones was more nervous and confused than ever. At Blake's suggestion he had spread all the various pieces out on a table in the green room and was reading them all over, "Just to put a finishing touch to them," as Blake remarked.

It was nearly time for him to go on; half a dozen fellows clustered round him.

"Well, old man, which piece are you going to give them?"

"Oh, don't bother me; I don't know. I can't make up my mind. I'm getting mixed. I thought I was all right with Horatius, but now I've forgotten the end."

"Give 'em 'Queen of the May,' Jones," suggested one, "or 'The Inchcape Rock,' old chap, or 'My name is Norval'; you said that all right last night, you know."

"No, try the 'Schooner's *Hesperus*,' that's a fine thing."

"For goodness' sake, don't bother me any more!" cried the unfortunate Jones, stuffing his fingers in his ears. Just at this moment, in rushed Sinclair.

"Come along, Jones; they're waiting for you."

"Half a moment, Sinclair, please; I don't know"—

"Can't wait, I tell you. Come along."

"But I—I——"

"Come along."

"Yes—I—I—I——"

"Come along." He seized the unhappy reciter by the arm and dragged him to the platform.

If Jones Minor was confused before, he became hopelessly muddled now, when he found himself face to face with the audience and heard the clapping purposely started by his schoolfellows. His brain was in a whirl. Every piece he had ever learned mixed itself in his mind.

"Go on, you duffer," said Sinclair.

Driven to desperation, Jones advanced a step or two and began : "Ladies and Gentlemen, I—I'm going to—to—to give you a recitation ; it's—it's called e——e—'The Schooner Horatius'—no—no—I mean 'The Village Rock'—no, that isn't it ; it's—e—e—'How the Blacksmith kept the Bridge.'"

"The Boy stood on the burning deck," whispered Blake.

"Yes, that's it," said Jones.

Then he blurted out in jerks and starts, as the odd lines came before him, the following effusion :—

"The boy stood on the burning deck ;

He—he stood upon his head,

Because his arms and legs were off,

So he waved his sword, and said,

My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills

The village smithy stands.

The smith, a mighty man, was—was

Wrecked on the pitiless Goodwin Sands,

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

Then we rushed for the signal rockets,

'Let's fire them quick,' he cried.

And the good Abbot of Abberbrothock

plunged headlong in the tide,

I with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play,

For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother ;

I'm to be Queen of the May."

" JERRY "

" Buy a paper plaze ! She is froz a' most,
Here's the *Express*, and the *Evening Post*,
And the *Commercial, News and Mail*,
And every one has a terrible tale,
A Shipwreck, a Murdher, a fire alarm,
Anything you like. Buy a paper, ma'am ;
Thin buy it plaze o' this bit o' a girl.
She's new in the business, and all of a whirl.
We must lind her a helpin' hand," said Jerry.
" There's plenty of thrade at Fulton Ferry.

" She's wake in nade of the tay and toast,
The price of a paper ! Plaze, sir, buy a *Post*.
As throe as me name is Jeremiar,
There's a fine report of a dreadful fire,
A child that was lost ; the smash of a thrain.
Indade, sur ! the paper's just groaning wid pain !
Spake up, little girl, and don't be afraid,
I'm screeching fur two ; to start yez in thrade.
While I yell, ye can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak and the wind was high.
A shivering crowd went hurrying by.
Some bought papers and some bought none.
But the boy's shrill voice rang merrily on—
" Buy a *Post*, or a *News* or a *Mail* as you choose,
Me arm just aches wid the weight of the *News*.
Express ! not a single one left for to-night !
But buy one of this little girl, she's all right.
A regular seller here at the Ferry.
I recommend her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
" Here, girl ! *Commercial* ! as quick as you can,
The boat's waiting, don't make me late."
While with a spring through the closing gate
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting at Fulton Ferry.

The wee girl following close behind
After the penny he couldn't find,
"Wan cint from the man wid the big fur coat.
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."

Up from the boat rose a cry and a cheer ;
It changed to a shudd'ring cry of fear,
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then, like a wild bird on the wing,
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands and clung
Panting and white to the rail and cried,
"Where's that mane old man, who thried
To stale one cint from a girl at the Ferry,
A poor little girl with no friend but Jerry."

Over the boat went a hundred hands.
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands :
"Pull him in." "Stop the boat." "Take his stock."
"Buy all the papers he has got."

"No," said the boy. "That's not what I meant.
I don't want your money. I want one cint
From the man in the warm fur coat and hat,
Who could stale a cint from a girl like that.
If ever he thries that game again,
He'd better take me and not Marjory Flynn."

Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry,
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

ANON.

THE LAIRD'S WOOING

(The Gudewife.)

The auld Laird again!—keep us a' !
Whan the house is in sic a like steer !
An' ilka ane says it's oor Jeanie
That brings him sae aften down here.
Gudeman ! ye're a fusionless crater !
That pipe's never oot o' yer 'mow' !

To see ye sit dosin' awa' there
 A bodie wad think ye were fow!
 Fo'k needna be puir an' puirlike, man,
 Ye've nae glisk o' speerit ava!
 Noo, what wad ye say gin oor Jeanie
 Was Leddy o' Featherstane Ha'?

(*The Gudeman.*)

Hoot-toot, noo, guidewife! ye're aye ettlin'
 At gear that's ower hie for your haun';
 It's no for a lass like oor Jeanie
 To wed wi' the grit o' the laun'.
 An' troth we'd hae mickle to brag o'!
 Ye've waled us a *bonnie* gudeson,
 To give oor bit winsome young lassie
 An auld wizened bodie like yon.
 Na! na! there's nae lack o' braw wooers:
 There's Jamie, the flower o' them a'—
 I'd 's lief see her wife to the pleughman,
 As Leddy o' Featherstane Ha'.

(*Jeanie, sol.*)

Tho' faither an' mither may wrangle,
 I'd snood up my bonnie bright hair.
 The Laird says my een are like di'monds,
 An' mony a ane I micht wear.
Me to wear jewils sae costly!
Me to wear satins an' silk!
 An' ne'er put a haun' to the spinnin',
 Or fash wi' the butter an' milk.
 The linties sang loud at the dawnin',
 I heard but ae sang frae them a',
 It was "Welcome to bonnie young Jeanie,
 The Leddy o' Featherstane Ha'."

The Laird he whiles tells me o' Lun'non,
 An' a' the braw sights he has seen;
 It's like to the Court he maun tak' me,
 An' aiblins I'll crack wi' the Queen.
 The countryside a' will be glowerin'
 To see my braw carriage an' pair

Gang by wi' a dirl an' a clatter,
To stoun the gude folk at the fair!
My heid's rinnin' roun' just wi' thinkin',
An' yet the bit tear-drap maun fa'
For ane I maun think on nae mair, when
I'm Leddy o' Featherstane Ha'!

I fetch'd hame the kye at the gloamin'—
The gloamin' sae sweet an' sae free!
An' down by the side o' the plantin'
Was somebody waitin' for me.
O! wan as a ghaist was my Jamie,
A wan an' a waesome-like sicht!
His stern look gaed straicht thro' an' thro' me,
An' maist garr'd me swarf wi' the fricht;
But never a word spak the laddie
That lo'ed me the best o' them a';
Never a word, but this ae word—
“Ma Leddy o' Featherstane Ha'.”

I plighted my troth e'er we pairted—
I plighted it ance an' for a',
An' aye I'll be faithfu' to Jamie,
My ploughman—the flow'r o' them a'!
Was't *me* thocht to wed the auld carle—
Yon puir, pookit bodie, indeed!
Na! the fause fiend himsel' maun hae thocht it,
An' syne slipt it into my heid!
I trow he'll be daunderin' doun, noo,
But blithely I'll bid him gae wa',
An' fetch, frae the braw Lun'non lasses.
A Leddy to Featherstane Ha'!

THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII

THE coloured gleams of evening fall
Fainter and fainter on the wall;
Darker the cypress columns rise
Against the pallid twilight skies;
O'er the hushed fields, unceasingly,
There comes the murmur of the sea.

Glaucé, it was a year to-day
We first met on the Appian Way.

A month—and from your lips I'd learned
The words that long before had turned
Your young heart from our worn-out creed.
They seized you : you were doomed to bleed—
A Christian to the lions thrown.
I sorrowed for you—I alone.
The cruel lictors mocked my woe,
Or bade me unto Nero go.

Hark how the fountain babbles sweet,
Like Clepsydra with measured beat !
God ! how unlike this hour of rest,
That brings a balm to every breast,
Was that when the fierce thousands came,
Shouting the Christian's hated name :
While, from the cell's low grated door,
Loud boomed the lion's long bass roar.

Fast as around a circled mould
Diffusive runs the molten gold,
So the wild multitude sought place—
A hellish hate in every face.
I, driven by the Furies, too,
Struggled among the brutal crew,
Till brazen trumpets clamoured shrill,
And all that wicked world grew still.

They brought the Christian virgin bound ;
The savage lictors dragged you round.
" Where's now your Jewish God ? " they cried.
Dread Cæsar, in his purple pride,
Sat eying you with snakish glance—
One hand upon his gilded lance ;
His parasites stood by his chair,
And all those cruel priests were there.

You spoke not, Glaucé, but you gave
One look to God, who still could save ;
As I prayed for the lightning's fire,
With all Olympian Jove's fierce ire,

To smite the Cæsar ; and just then
Stood up two fierce Dalmatian men ;
As each blew harshly on his horn,
The cruel courtiers laughed in scorn.

You knelt down—Nero waved his hand,
And stealthy o'er the unstained sand
A lion came, his tawny mane,
Terror of many an Afric plain,
Trailed slow across that fatal floor ;
And scarcely had you heard his roar
Ere a huge leopard flew at him—
And rolled and grappled limb to limb.

They drew apart, their hungry gaze
Fixed upon you with wild amaze ;
Another moment they would spring !
But I, all maddened where I cling
Unto a pillar, force a way
Past Cæsar and his proud array ;
Like diver from a cliff I dart,
Leap down, and clasp you to my heart.

One blow, I strike the leopard dead ;
Then, with my keen blade dripping red,
Run at the lion ; cheer on cheer
From the vast multitude I hear.
He has me down, a sun-lit sword
Drives him from off me, gracious Lord !
Some angel saved me, as I lay
Clasping you round, who bid me pray.

Nero had spared us, Glaucé. Hark !
Philomel singing through the dark :
And over yon gray cloudy bar,
Rises the first bright evening star.
God send us peace ! How calm the night :
The mountains murmuring in its sleep.
Good angels, watch above us keep.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
 away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an'
 sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-
 an'-keep ;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him
 bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at
 all !
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
 an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbley flue, an' ever'wheres, I
 guess ;
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout ;
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin ;
 An' onc't, when they was " company," an' some ole folks
 was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care !
 An' thist as she kicked up her heels, an' turn't to run an'
 hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
what she's about !

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, and the wind goes *woo-oo* !

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,

An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll get you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

" LOVE'S MART "

SUPPOSE I put it up for sale to public competition,
A heart as yet untouched by man, in excellent condition.
Who'll bid ? Ah ! some one offers

Wealth. A thing that makes life pleasant

And softens all its rougher ways. What ! no more bids
at present ?

It's going then ; ah, you, sir, there I think you said
" Position."

A place in circles most select, a name above suspicion.

Going again, the hammer's down,

Nay ! Just a moment stay it,

Yon handsome stranger proffers " Love," and I cannot
gainsay it.

It's going this time : going, gone, the Auctioneer's been clever.

Wealth and position these may fail, but " Love " lives on for ever.

ANON.

LULLABY

REST, little head, so sweet and fair
On mother's dear arm reclining ;
Those deep blue eyes in the tangle of hair
Like stars in a cloud are shining,
Shining with sleep, little golden head—
The Sandman is ready to take you,
So mother will waft to the tiny white bed,
And a little night fairy will make you.

A Fairy Queen to reign o'er the land
Where no playthings are soiled or broken,
And bright-faced children roam hand in hand,
And never a cross word is spoken :
Where meadows are covered with fairest flowers,
And the little ones gather so gladly,
And the birds on the boughs thro' the sunlit hours
Are twittering and carolling madly.

So come, little Dear Heart, come away,
To the hush of the Dreamland golden ;
Mother will wake you when it is day
And you'll lie in her arms enfolden.
Angels will hover about your nest,
And guard you sleeping or waking ;
Then, dear little tired one, sweetly rest,
Till the rosy dawn is breaking.

EDYTH S. BEVES.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

" HADST thou stayed, I must have fled ! "
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown
Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I , that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou should'st enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,

With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When, alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,

With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :

“ Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me ! ”
Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar’s clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,

When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown ;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired ;
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower,
Is a worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates,
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies ;
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

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

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

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers ;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,

You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

TENNYSON.

MISS HONOR'S PATIENT

(Condensed)

THE news of the probable resignation of the dispensary doctor was received with marked disapprobation by the gossips of Duntobber. For thirty-five years had Doctor Boyce faithfully laboured amongst them. A jovial, kind-hearted little man, he understood their peculiarities, and humoured them. He knew all their affairs ; alternately scolded or sympathized with them. But the hand of age was beginning to lie heavily upon him, and at length the old doctor was obliged to resign. The dispensary tickets for Duntobber district are issued by a Mr. Kirwan, the owner of the hamlet and the land surrounding it. At least, said gentleman is commonly supposed to dispense them ; but he usually contents himself by signing the books of tickets, and giving them into the care of his daughter Honor. She is a merry, good-looking girl of about one-and-twenty, and an especial favourite of Doctor Boyce's. He has known Honor from her birth ; and she, knowing she is a privileged person, often wickedly tries his temper by giving verbatim, upon the tickets, the words of the patients.

It is a "dispensary morning" in early March, and Honor sits in the breakfast-room in Duntobber House, whilst the applicants for tickets are one by one ushered in.

"Well, Molly—how are you to-day?"

"Troth, only middlin', Miss Honor. I kem for another ticket, miss."

"Why, Molly, you don't want a second one. You had a ticket on Tuesday. What did the doctor say to you?"

"Troth, I dunno, miss. Shure he didn't know what was the matther wid me at all; so I jist want yeh t' write it down more perticklar this time."

"I cannot possibly do so, Molly," says Miss Honor. "Did Doctor Boyce give you any physic?"

"Yis, honey—yis; but the sorra taste o' good it did me."

"You don't know. You might have been worse if you hadn't taken it."

"The nerra fear o' me, miss; shure, here it is. I'm sure this white lookin' stuff wouldn't do me no good, Miss Honor, so where was the use in dhrinkin' it."

"Well, really, Molly, you ought to have had more sense. Do you fancy you know better than the doctor?"

"There now, Miss Honor, jewil! Yer gettin' crass, an' all for nothin' at all—only a bottle av dirty physic! Ye'll give us another ticket, honey, an' yeh'll put in it that the docthor didn't know what was the matter wid me the last time, an' that me ailment is the same as Peggy Cluskey's, an' that I want a good rattlin' bottle av blak-lookin' physic like hers? It was grand stuff, miss. Peggy went t' bed, an' tuk it; and in less nor no time there was a dhrop o' sweat an the ind av iviry hair an her head."

"Don't be ridiculous, Molly! Go and tell that to the doctor yourself. Go now; there are others waiting to be attended to."

"I'm goin', Miss Honor, darlint—I'm goin', agra! But shure yer goin' t' give me the laist taste o' writin' for the docthor?"

Knowing from experience that she may as well yield, Miss Honor writes a few lines in which she strictly adheres to Molly's statement. The latter goes on her way rejoicing, and the next applicant for relief is ushered in. She is a tall, untidy, elderly woman, with a swarthy skin, piercing blue-black eyes, and grizzled hair, almost concealed beneath a large white cap with deep muslin borders.

She is no other than Bridget Morris, the wife of Con Morris, the bellows-maker. Bridget is a power in Duntobber; unlike the generality of women of her class in Ireland, she has no respect for her superiors; and the priest, the doctor, and even Miss Honor herself not unfrequently received from her what she graphically calls "the linth an' breth av her tongue." Secretly, Miss Honor is rather afraid of Bridget.

"It's not for meself I want the ticket, Miss Honor; it's for Con, the omadhawn!"

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Keep yer pity for them that wants it. Con catched cowl'd be his own gallivantin'! Will yeh write the ticket, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, Bridget; what am I to say? How old is Con?"

"Fifty, or thereabouts," responds Bridget.

"Fifty," repeats Miss Honor as she writes.

"Or thereabouts. Mind, Miss Honor, Tom Blake can read writin', an' av yeh don't put down exact what yer towld, I'll tell the doctor an' yeh—so put down the 'thereabouts,' for Con might be sixty for all I know!"

With a mirthful twinkle in her eye, Miss Honor obeys.

"Now read it, miss."

"Age—fifty, or thereabouts; might be sixty for all his wife knows."

"Och! shure, that's splindid! the docthor can't make no mistake now."

"But what is the matter with Con, Bridget?"

"I'm comin' t' that, Miss Honor, I'm comin' t' that. First an' foremost he has a quareness in his head, an' a rumblin' an' rowlin' in his inside; an' his brathin's short, miss, for all the wurruld like an ould bellis athout a snout. Put that all down, miss, for Con said himself that's exact how he felt, an' sure he ought t' know, miss, bein' a bellis-maker. Is that all down, miss?"

"Yes; don't you think it is enough to say?"

"Arrah, Miss Honor, that's not the half av it! Say his skin's as hot as a biled platee."

"Skin burning," writes Miss Honor.

"Is that done, miss?"

"Yes—skin burning."

"Put like a hot platee! Shure how's the doctor t' know av yeh don't tell him?"

"There's no more room on the ticket, Bridget."

"Thim that med thim ought t' make thim bigger thin! Yeh'll come up an' see Con, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, after you come and tell me if the doctor says I may."

"He may tell us t' put an a blisther, or a poultice, an' av coorse yeh'll come an' do it, Miss Honor?"

"To be sure." Miss Honor is looked upon as being the doctor's assistant and the common property of the hamlet.

Two hours have passed away. Miss Honor going towards the gate, and seeing Bridget advancing in an excited manner, naturally concludes Con must be worse.

"Throth, Miss Honor, it's Docthor Boyce ought t' be ashamed av himself!"

"Why?—what's the matter now?"

"Matther enough! Why, afther Docthor Boyce makin' his livin' out av us for thirty odd years, he pays us the disrispect av puttin' a young chap into the dispensary."

"What!" exclaims Miss Honor in dismay, as she thinks of some half-dozen verbatim tickets which she has written that morning; "surely the new doctor has not come. We heard nothing about it from Doctor Boyce, and he was here the other day. We knew there was a new doctor to be appointed soon, but did not know he had come yet."

"'Deed an' he's there, Miss Honor—a sawney-lookin' chap, not a bit bigger nor me own Mick."

"Doctor Boyce is not very big either."

"But av he's little, he's ould, an' he has the larnin'."

"Oh! well, you mustn't take a dislike to the new doctor because he's not very tall. You know I'm not very big myself, Bridget."

"No, indeed, miss," says Bridget, "an' whin ye wor a weeshy, dawney little thing, I thought ye'd be a fine girl, but throth, Miss Honor, yeh grew up mighty brief afther all."

"Yes, indeed," says Miss Honor. "Is the doctor—the new doctor, I mean—coming to see Con?"

"Yis, he's comin', but I'm thinkin' the nerra much use he'll be."

After-events prove that Doctor Walker is inclined to look with a certain amount of disgust upon his decidedly eccentric patients.

Miss Honor, too, is beginning to act strangely; she actually refuses to write the verbatim dispensary tickets.

"Well, Miss Honor, the short an' the long av it is that we don't think the new docthor'll shoot us by no manner o' means. We do be all talkin' a power about it; an' yeh see, Miss Honor, he doesn't undherstand our ailments."

"That's nonsense, Con."

"Not a bit av it, Miss Honor. Shure, he doesn't give us no medicine at all hardly."

"Well, perhaps that is Doctor Walker's way of curing people. Perhaps he does not approve of much medicine."

"It won't do, Miss Honor—it won't do; but listen t' me, agra. The docthor doesn't undherstand our ailments, an' you do, miss. An' shure, miss, Bridget an' a lot of the wimmin wint up t' the dispensary this mornin', an' towld the docthor that the only thing for him t' do is for you an' him t' put up yer horses t'gether."

Miss Honor looks aghast. She knows that to put up their horses together is the vernacular for being married.

"They towld him, Miss Honor, that it 'ud be a good thing for him, for you knewn a power about our ailments, an' cud put him in an thim: an' that we'd spake t' yeh, miss, an' that av yeh wor agreeable, we'd be willin' t' give him another thrial."

"An', shure he's not bad t' look at, an' he has a dacent little place an' a nice bit o' land; av coorse, the mather'll give yeh a bit 'o' money, Miss Honor, so that, troth, we think yeh cud be very comfortable."

Not daring to trust herself to make any reply Miss Honor decamps precipitately. A turn in the road brings her face to face with Doctor Boyce.

"Well, my pet, and where are you coming from?"

"I have just been to see Con Morris."

"Then I presume you have heard of the deputation to the dispensary. Poor Walker is nearly at his wits' end amongst all the women."

“It’s horrible! Of course Doctor Walker doesn’t understand what an extraordinary set of people they are in Duntobber. What will he think of me?”

“Make your mind perfectly easy, my child,” says the old man, looking very knowing. “Time will tell what his opinion is. Judging by my own feelings, I’d rather marry a female gorilla than incur the wrath of Bridget Morris.”

We have the information from the most authentic source, that two months ago Doctor Walker formally and legally took Miss Honor as a partner, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of Duntobber, who freely expressed their opinion to him, through Bridget Morris—

“Faith an’ ye’re not half good enough for Miss Honor; but she was borned an’ reared among us, an’ knows our ways an’ our ailments; an’ it ’ud go hard on her but she’ll make a man av you yit.”

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

“MA’S LODGER”

MONOLOGUE

Enter ETHEL with a telegram.

Ethel. Well! really I do not know whether to be angry with Gordon or to laugh heartily. Such a telegram! (*reads*) “Ma’s Lodger can’t go home to dinner. Arrange to dine at St. James.’ Secured box for Tree.” How could he wire such nonsense! “Ma’s Lodger!!” Could you believe that my mother ever kept a lodger? Could you imagine that I—I waited upon that lodger, cleaned his boots, carried up his coal, listened to his complaints?

Well mother *really* had a lodger and I *really* did all these things.

A few words of explanation will suffice. Mother was left comfortably off; but by the advice of a *dear* friend who took a particular interest in us, mother handed the dear man her fortune to be invested.

No doubt the money was securely invested, for we have never been able to touch a penny of it since, and our solicitor says we never shall.

Our house was sold and we retired to a little cottage, built for a faithful servitor, who had recently ceased to take an interest in mundane affairs.

Here we settled down, discharging the last domestic, as a luxury too great to be indulged in. Even this retrenchment was not sufficient, and after consultation as to ways and means we decided to put a card in the window.

Oh! how I hated that card—dear little card! I kiss it now—but I am anticipating. Well the day the card appeared an old gentleman called to look at the rooms.

What a queer old man he was! Rusty old clothes, bushy grey hair, old-fashioned collar covering up his chin. He had a sharp voice, was half blind and half deaf; had a habit of peering at you through his huge blue spectacles and of holding his hand to his ear every time he asked a question, and before you could answer he would ejaculate "Eh!"

He went over the rooms with mother, poked the mattress with his stick, then smelt it, muttering that he was afraid of damp musty beds! Ran his fingers along the mantle-piece to see if there was any dust on it, finally said they would do.

"What do you want for them? Eh!"

Poor mother asked ten shillings per week.

"Ten! did you say? Eh!"

"Yes. I hope you do not think it too much."

"Does it include coal? Eh!"

"If you do not burn very much."

"But I do burn very much. Just come from India; beastly climate this, must have fires night and day. I'll give you ten shillings per week for rooms and ten for coal. Will that satisfy you? Eh!"

"Oh! I could not think of it; it is too——"

"Too what? Eh!"

"Too much."

"Are you a fool? Eh?"

"I hope not."

"If you don't care to accept, there's an end of it. Good morning."

"Excuse me, what I meant was——"

"Don't want to know what you meant. Take it or leave it? Eh!"

"Yes, but——"

"I'll have no buts. Yes or no? Eh!"

"Yes."

"I'll be here at six o'clock this evening. Have tea ready."

"Your name, please?"

"My name! What do you want to know my name for? Eh!"

"It is customary."

"Hang your customs. Any other lodgers? Eh!"

"No."

"Left? Eh!"

"I have never had a lodger."

"So I thought. Mind you are attentive and you may have me long enough."

"I'll do my best."

"If you don't I'll go. So there! Tea at six o'clock. Don't forget."

When mother came into the parlour where I was waiting impatiently, she said, "Ethel, dear, I have let the rooms; but I fear the man is mad."

"Mad!" I ejaculated in dismay.

"Perhaps 'mad' is too strong a word; but he is decidedly eccentric, and may be troublesome."

"Oh! never mind the trouble, mother dear. How thankful I am that we can take that hideous card out of the window. There," said I, as I threw it into a drawer, "stay there forever."

"When is he coming, and what is his name?"

"He is coming at six o'clock. He would not give his name."

"Would not give his name! How queer! What are we to call him?"

"I don't know. There is the milk-cart! Go, dear, and take two jugs, you will require some milk for the old gentleman."

When I presented the two jugs to the man, he said, "I suppose you want milk for your ma's lodger, miss. I seen the gentleman comin' out an' you a-takin' the card out o' the winder."

Just then the baker's van came up and the dreadful

man called out : " Has yer ma got a lodger, miss ? I suppose ye'll want a hextra."

To my horror the sweep and an old laundress who were conversing at the other side of the road came across and greeted me with, " Glad to hear, miss, that yer ma's got a lodger, will you recommend me for the washin' ?"

" I'm sure the chimney wants sweepin' before yer ma's lodger arrives."

" Yes, thank you—No thank you—I am obliged," I muttered disjointedly ; then I rushed into the house, dashed the jugs on the table—making the milk fly in all directions—and burst into a peal of wild hysterical laughter.

" Ethel," cried mother in alarm, " what is it, love ? What is it ?"

" It's the old gentleman's name !"

" The old gentleman's name ?"

" Yes, I know it now—Ma's Lodger." Ma's Lodger ! Only think of it. Ma's Lodger !!! Flinging myself into a chair with my arms on the table, regardless of the milk which bespattered it, and with my head resting on them, I sobbed long and passionately.

Dear mother stood by me, her gentle hand stroking my head, but she said not a word.

When the storm was spent, and I had raised a tear-stained and repentant face to hers, she only smiled sadly and kissed me.

" Mother ! mother !" I cried, " Can you forgive me ? I am so sorry ; but you know how proud and hot-tempered I am, and these awful people with their dreadful ' Ma's Lodger ' were more than I could bear. Forgive me, mother dear ? Do forgive me ?"

" My darling, I have nothing to forgive. Go and lie down and I shall prepare——"

" Indeed you shall not. You will see how good I shall be. I'll go now and lay the table for (*my voice shook*) for—' Ma's Lodger ! ' "

* * * * *

On the stroke of six o'clock the old gentleman arrived. Mother received him. I took up his tea.

" Who are you ?" he said gruffly, as I put down the tea-pot. " Not the slavey ? Eh !"

"Sir!" I cried indignantly; all my good resolutions forgotten.

"Sir! is no answer. If you are not the slavey, who are you? Eh!"

"I'm Miss Gibson."

"Miss Gibson!" he sneered, "Miss Gibson! What's your Christian name? Eh!"

"Ethel."

"Ethel! Well, I'll call you Ethel."

"Indeed you shan't!"

"Indeed, I shall. Who are you that you should be called miss! A landlady's daughter!"

"I am not," I cried, now thoroughly angry.

"Oh! you are not! Who am I? Eh!"

"You are——" the hateful words "Ma's Lodger" rose to my lips, and I stopped, my eyes flashing with passion. "You—I don't know who you are."

"Well, I'll tell you who I am. I'm just your ma's lodger. Don't try on your airs with me Miss Ethel, or I'll speak to your ma, and——"

The mention of mother brought me to my senses, and I said very humbly: "I'm sorry. I'll try to make you comfortable, and——"

"Very well. Go away and don't slam the door after you. Bad-tempered people always do."

I shut the door very softly and had to take out my pocket handkerchief and press back the tears before I ran down to mother and gave her an amusing description of my first encounter with our lodger.

* * * * *

"Ma's Lodger!" stuck to the old gentleman. We did not know his name; and if we made allusion to it he would fly into a dreadful rage. We had no friends, and after a little while we became accustomed to the tradespeople calling him by the once hated name. Often, to make mother laugh, I would say, "Ma, your lodger wants you!"

He did me good as gradually I quelled my rebellious spirit and used to sing over his dirty boots as I polished them up. I think he purposely walked in the mud after

if I had cooked a certain dish ; if I had he would say it was " beastly." He often ordered me to take his tea away ; watching me keenly ; if I resented it, then it had to be made a third time.

When he had been with us about three months, mother got a bad cold. She coughed so much one evening that I was alarmed and made her go to bed. In my anxiety all else was forgotten. As I was going to my room, I suddenly remembered that I had not taken up coal to the old gentleman. I opened the front door and looked at his window. Yes, his light was still burning ; so up I went. The coal was heavy ; placing it on the landing I knocked at the door. Again and again I knocked. No answer. Thinking that he must have gone out and left his lamp burning I tried the handle ; the door opened ; I looked in. As long as I live I shall never forget what I saw. What appeared to be the old gentleman—for I saw every detail, dressing-gown, high collar and all—was standing with its back to me and its face towards the large mirror over the mantelpiece ; but the face reflected in the glass was not that of the old man, it was that of a young and handsome man with large beautiful dark eyes, and soft curling rich brown hair. Our eyes met in the glass. I was spellbound. Could not speak, could not move. How long I remained thus with the unmovable eyes fixed upon me I know not ; at last with a supreme effort I pulled the door to me, shut it and fell over the coal-scuttle ; the coals tumbled out and went bounding and rebounding downstairs ; then the door flew open and the old gentleman came out and asked what all the noise was about.

I picked myself up and said, " Who is he ? "

" Who is who ? Eh ! "

" The man I saw in your room ! "

" Is the girl mad ? There is no one in my room. Go in and see for yourself."

" You go in first."

" Come along then. Now are you satisfied ? Eh ! "

I glanced fearfully round. There was no one to be seen. Then I turned to go downstairs. " Oh ! sir, will you please leave your door open until I get down to mother. I am afraid."

"You silly child! Shall I go down with you? Eh!"

"Oh no! only hold the light!"

"Good-night," he called out, when I got to the foot of the stairs. It was the first time he had spoken kindly to me; his voice sounded strange and frightened me again. I rushed into mother's room, crept in beside her, clothes and all. She was fast asleep; but I could not sleep, the eyes I had seen in the mirror were everywhere, waking and sleeping, even more vivid when mine were closed.

Next morning, mother was so poorly that I had to call in a doctor. He said that she must stay in bed for some time. What awful days these were to me. I dared not trouble her with my fears. I could not eat, could not sleep, starting at every sound, haunted by the vision of the face in the mirror; my eyes fixed upon it every time I entered the old gentleman's room, dreading yet longing to see the face again.

The old gentleman was actually kind to me. He dined in town and did not walk in the mud. Strange to say, although his fire burned night and day, he always seemed to have a supply of coal. Sometimes, with my hands pressed to my throbbing head, I would gaze at it and say, "Can it be possible that my memory is failing me? Have I carried it up this morning and forgotten that I did so."

One morning, starting from a dream of the beautiful face, I thought I heard some noise in the house. What could it be! Yes, it was the sound of a soft footstep. I rose—threw on my dressing gown and looked out.

My ears had not deceived me, for there was the old gentleman, his head bent down, labouring up the stairs with his coal box. "Oh! how good he is!" I murmured; "he must have done this every morning to help me!" Obeying an irresistible impulse I cried out: "You are too kind! too kind!"

He started violently and looked down. I stood transfixed, for the face turned towards me was not that of the old gentleman; it was the face which I had seen in the mirror. Uttering a long moaning cry I fell to the floor in a dead faint.

I seemed to be recalled to consciousness by a far distant voice. "Ethel! Ethel darling!" it cried. "Speak to me! Oh! speak to me!"

Opening my eyes I found that I was lying on the sofa in our little parlour, the old gentleman bending over me.

"Where is he?" I cried.

"Where is who? Eh!"

"The man on the stairs!"

"There is no one on the stairs. You saw me, only me."

"Then I must be going mad!" I wailed. "I see him everywhere, night and day. Am I going mad?" I cried, springing up and clinging to him.

"No, no, no," he said soothingly. "Come now, tell me. Who did you see? Eh!"

"I thought I saw you, but it was not you. It was the face of a young man, the face of the man I saw in your mirror. Oh! if you know anything about him, tell me, tell me."

"It seems to me, young woman, that you have fallen in love with this face you are raving about. Is that so? Eh!"

"I don't know! Let me see him or I shall die!"

"Would you know him again if you saw him? Eh!"

"Would I know him?"

"Is he anything like me? Eh!"

A disdainful retort rose to my lips; but I suppressed it. "No, not like you," I said.

"Now lie quiet, and I'll be back in a moment." Soon he returned with some photos in his hand: "Is he like that? Eh!" He held up the portrait of a hideous fat man.

"No, he is not!" I said indignantly.

"Or that? Eh!"

"No."

"Or that? Eh!"

"Yes, yes," I cried, snatching it from him. "That is he! The face of my dreams! The beautiful eyes! Who is he? Tell me! Oh! tell me!"

"Gordon Lennox."

"Gordon Lennox! My godfather's son?"

"Yes, his father sent him home, to look after you and your mother, when he heard of your misfortunes. He came home, saw you, fell in love with you——"

"How could he?"

"He and I are fast friends. I have told him all about

you. My first report was that you were a proud, bad-tempered girl and——”

“How could you be so cruel?”

“The last report was that you are an angel.”

“You are good! When and where shall I see him?”

“You will see him soon, on the condition that you will listen favourably to his suit, that you are not to refuse him on account of money matters; because your godfather makes over to you on your wedding day twenty thousand pounds, if the bridegroom is Gordon Lennox.”

“I will promise; only let me see him! Do let me see him!”

“I will let you see him if you place your hand on my head; shut your eyes *and* pull my hair.”

“Are you insulting me or are you mad?”

“Neither the one nor the other. Can’t you do a little thing to oblige an eccentric old man. Will you? Eh!”

Half vexed and half amused I placed my hand on his head, took hold of his hair and gave it a strong pull! Then I gave a fearful cry. What have I done? What is this? What have I in my hand? What! a long grey wig! and who is this smiling upon me. It cannot be! Yet it is the face of my dreams—the face of Gordon! Gordon Lennox.

What we said and what we did then need not here be related; what I did three months afterwards I’ll tell you with pleasure, I married “Ma’s Lodger,” and am now Mrs. Gordon Lennox. Dear me! I have forgotten the telegram. I must be off—so good-bye—as I never keep any one waiting for me, particularly “Ma’s Lodger.”

MARY MCHARDY-FLINT.

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN

WHEN I was young I used to hear
That “Manners makyth man”—
Now travel far and travel near,
Find “manners” if you can.

We're all in such a hurry now
For business or for place,
Not one has time to make a bow
Or greet a friendly face.

When I was young I used to hear
Such words as "thank you," "please";
But now, alas! we hold most dear
Our comfort and our ease.
To snatch, to push, to rush, to jeer,
Was thought beneath the ban,
For man still said what man should hear
That "Manners makyth man!"

We're catching trains and sending "grams"
And fussing all day long,
We teach our little schoolboard lambs
That they can do no wrong:
I saw one knock an old man down
As playfully it ran,
But no one thought it right to frown
That "Manners makyth man!"

The Differential Calculus
Is interesting, no doubt:
But what is to become of us
Who lived so long without?
I'd rather be a pleasant fool
Than crush into the van;
I learnt in my old simple school
That "Manners makyth man!"

When I was young we used to greet
The rich as well as poor,
Rejoicing young and old to meet
Around the old church door:
But now we toss our heads and sneer,
Push in as best we can,
For no one cares one jot to hear
That "Manners makyth man!"

When I was young, with loving smiles
We heard the aged talk—

Now "buffers," "duffers" and "old files"
 Are pushed out of the walk;
 "They're useful when they pay a debt,
 And help us when they can,"
 O youths and maidens, why forget
 That "Manners makyth man!"
 O! for the ancient "gentillesse"
 Of days long, long ago—
 O! for the old world courtliness
 So sweet to high and low,—
 O! for the grand old reverence
 That honours all it can,
 Displaying in the truest sense
 That "Manners makyth man!"

E. H. MITCHELL.

(From "*The Harvest*." By kind permission of "*The Editor*.")

SELECTION FROM SCOTT'S "OLD MORTALITY"

ARRANGED AS A DIALOGUE BY MARY MCHARDY-FLINT.

Lady Margaret Bellenden. Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you hae taen it upon you, contrary to the faith you owe to God and the King, and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappenschaw held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armour and abulyements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonour as hasna befa'en the family since the days o' Malcolm Canmore?

Mause. I am sure—my leddy—hem! hem!—I am sure I am sorry—very sorry that ony cause of displeasure should hae occurred—but my son's illness—

Lady M. Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would hae been at the Tower by daylight to get something that wad do him

gude ; there are few ailments that I havena medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel.

Mause. O ay my leddy ! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures ; the last thing ye sent Cuddie, when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm.

Lady M. Why then, woman, did ye not apply to me if there was ony real need ?—but there was nane, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are !

Mause (bursting into tears). Your leddyship never ca'd me sic a word as that before. Ohon ! that I suld live to be ca'd sae, and me a born servant o' the house o' Tillie-tudlem ! I am sure they belie baith Cuddie and me sair, if they said he wadna fight ower the boots in blude for your leddyship and Miss Edith, and the auld Tower—ay suld he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it, than he suld gie way ; but thir ridings and wappen-schawings, my leddy, I hae nae broo o' them ava—I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever.

Lady M. Nae warrant for them. Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to be liege vassals in all hunting, hosting, watching and warding, when lawfully summoned thereto in my name ? Your service is no gratuitous—I trow ye hae land for it. Ye're kindly tenants ; hae a cot-house, a kale-yard, and a cow's grass on the common. Few hae been brought farther ben, and ye grudge your son suld gie me a day's service in the field ?

Mause. Na, my leddy—na, my leddy, it's no that, but ane canna serve twa maisters ; and, if the truth maun e'en come out, there's Ane abune whase commands I maun obey before your leddyship's. I am sure I would put neither king's nor kaisar's, nor ony earthly creature's, afore them.

Lady M. How mean ye by that, ye auld fule woman ?—D'ye think that I order onything against conscience ?

Mause. I dinna pretend to say that, my leddy, in regard o' your leddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, wi' prelatie principles ; but ilka ane maun walk by the light o' their ain ; and mine tells me that I suld leave a'—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause.

Lady M. Unlawfu' ! the cause to which you are called by your lawful leddy and mistress—by the command of the king—by the writ o' the privy council—by the order o' the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant o' the sheriff ?

Mause. Ay, my leddy, nae doubt ; but no to displeasure your leddyship, ye'll mind that there was ance a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday ; and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themsells, forby the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound o' the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music.

Lady M. And what o' a' this, ye fule wife ? Or what had Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappen-schaw of the Upper Ward o' Clydesdale ?

Mause. Only just thus far, my leddy, that prelacy is like the great golden image in the plain o' Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddie Headrigg, your leddyship's poor pleughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgeons or Jenny-flections, as they ca' them, in the house o' the prelates and curates, nor gird him wi' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettledrums, organs, bagpipes, or any other kind of music whatever.

Lady M. I see which way the wind blows. The evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-twa is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley neuk will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the Church.

Mause. If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the kirk o' Scotland. And since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi' a newfangled machine for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will

o' Divine Providence by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead o' soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy—

Lady M. The woman would drive ony reasonable being daft. Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I suld hae begun—ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say,—either Cuddie must attend musters when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner he and you flit and quit my bounds the better;—there's na scarcity o' auld wives and ploughmen, but if there were, I had rather that the rigs o' Tillietudlem bare naething but windle-straes and sandy lavrocks than that they were ploughed by rebels to the king.

Mause. Aweel, my leddy, I was born here and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for you and yours, that ye may be brought to see the error o' your ways. But still—

Lady M. (much incensed). The error o' my ways! The error o' my ways, ye uncivil woman, ye!

Mause. Ou, ay, my leddy,—we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony errors, grit folks as weel as sma'—but as I said, my puir bennison will rest upon you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blithe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I canna prefer the commands o' an *earthly* mistress to those o' a *heavenly* master and sae I'm e'en ready to suffer for righteousness sake.

Lady M. (as she turns away). Very well. Ye ken my will, Mause, in the matter. I'll hae nae Whiggery in the barony o' Tillietudlem; the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very with-drawing-room. *[Exit.*

Mause (bursting into tears). I canna murmur at—the dispensations o' Providence—I'll never—grudge—suffering in a gude cause. *[Exit sobbing.*

"OUR SCHOOL BOARD ON ELOCUTION"

At an important meeting of our School Board Committee the special subject for consideration was: That, in the opinion of the Committee, elocution should be introduced into the schools under its care. The meeting was large and influential. The speeches were pronounced admirable; and the members dispersed well satisfied with themselves.

What their horror was may well be imagined when on the following morning the papers characterized the whole proceedings as "twaddle," and proceeded to criticize the speakers. The audacity of a reporter to say that our Chairman was indistinct—that only one word in three hundred could be heard! Now let me put it to you: a chairman is supposed to be ornamental, and you cannot expect him to be both ornamental and useful at the same time.

We had a powerful advocate in Major Bouncer. The Major has a big voice, and a very impressive manner. I grant his one fault of wandering from the subject to the Army and Navy; but his enthusiasm for the service is his excuse.

Our little medical man followed. Now, the doctor has, I admit, an impediment, and when he waxes warm the impediment is more pronounced; but his zeal is unquestionable. Our Secretary—I must not pass him by—was suffering from a severe cold in his head, but these are difficulties which were unavoidable and should not have been mentioned by the press.

I shall briefly give you a sketch of what took place and allow you to judge for yourselves. Our Chairman took the chair in the usual way. He rises. (*Great applause.*) While he bows his acknowledgments he dusts his lips with his pocket-handkerchief. This, I have noticed, is an honoured custom, and dates back to time immemorial, and that is pretty far back indeed!

Assuming a graceful attitude by placing his hands on the table with his finger tips running parallel, his elbows forming complete angles, he begins. His voice is high and choppy, and he emphasizes his words by swaying his body backwards; and forwards, and nodding his head. His speech is punc-

tuated by a troublesome little cough, the consequent adjunct of a voice too highly pitched.

"There are moments in the lives of men—hum—hum—(cheers) hum—their country! (*Great cheering.*) Such a moment is—hum—hum—this present! (*Pocket-handkerchief in requisition to mop the perspiration which breaks out freely.*) May I not say—hum—hum—with the poet—Art is long and time is fleeting? (*Here he raises his voice still higher and gesticulates wildly. His face is suffused with a deep crimson, he becomes inarticulate, but the tones and gestures are impressive and vehement. Renewed cheering.*)

"I shall now (*his voice drops to a whisper*) ask our Secretary to read letters of apology from one—hum—or two who should have been with us to-day."

The Secretary rises, his eyes suffused with tears—the result of the cold mentioned heretofore. "Bister Chairman and gentlement, I 'ave receivet the followink letter from Bister Bram Stoker, Tur Henry Irvink's secretary, he zes—a—a—a—shish—(*sneezes*) he zes Tur Henry is truly sorry to say—(*sneezes again*) that he cannot have the honour on dis occazion. The zecont letter is fromb Bister J. L. Doole. Zorry can'd be wid you. Truly yours, J. L. a—a—(*sneezes*) Doole.

The Chairman rises. "I shall now call on Major Bouncer to put the resolution to the meeting." He motions to Major Bouncer to come forward.

Major Bouncer. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, we are called together this evening, and—and we are—are here. (*Cheers.*) My task is—a—a comparatively easy one—having the honour of addressing men of such undoubted—a—and unquestionable—and—shall I say it—magnificent powers of head and heart. (*Loud applause.*) Gentlemen (*warming to his subject, then lacking words*), we know where we are! (*Here! Here!*) Yes, we are here, as future generations shall find—generations yet unborn. We have provided them with mental sustenance! (*Cheers.*) There are few of us who do not—ah—appreciate the value of education and of the noblest of arts—and—and—ah—few who do not know and feel the educative effect of elocution! Speaking for myself I may say—ah—ah—I have, since my retirement from active service—some twenty years ago

—paid close attention, and have—ah—assiduously cultivated the art. I may say that it is twenty years since I left the Army—which, I may mention in passing, is not the Army of to-day, nor is the Navy of twenty years ago the Navy of to-day—neither the Army nor the Navy. I beg your pardon, sir. (*To Chairman.*) Ha! The Chairman has called my attention to the fact that I have wandered from the subject. Well, gentlemen, perhaps I have; but, gentlemen, when I touch on one subject near my heart, it revives another subject near my heart, and elocution and the Army are indissolubly linked in my mind." Here a cry of "Halt!" from the gallery.

"But, gentlemen, I return to my subject—shall I say great subject. I have prepared most carefully some notes, to which I shall ask your attention, and for which your kind indulgence. (*The Major takes out notes, fixes his eyeglass, turns notes to and fro.*) Gentlemen, I find my notes are rather mixed. I shan't trouble you with my notes. Suffice it to say, as I remarked before, we know where we are.

"Need I detain you further? Have I not laid the case clearly before you? Could I have laid the matter more clearly or potently than I have done? (*No, no.*) Gentlemen, if I have omitted one point, even one, I feel sure my omission will be supplied by the seconder, my worthy friend, if he will permit me to call him so, the doctor. But I rather flatter myself I have left little, very little, for the doctor to say. In conclusion, well—I—I—really don't think I have anything further to say—in fact I have nothing more to say except—well—yes—we—we—know where we are."

Chairman. "Gentlemen, we—hum—hum—listened—hum—with pleasure—hum—to the eloquent speech of Major Bouncer. I now call on the doctor to second the resolution."

Doctor. "M-m-m-ister Ch-Ch-airman and gentlemen, we have listened w-w-with d-d-light to-to-the able speech of M-M-M-Major—B-B-B-Bouncer with d-d-delight and p-p-p-p-rofit. We all know t-t-the importance of f-f-f-f-luency of speech, a-a-a—it is the soul of man in w-w-wa-ur-ds. M-M-Major B-B-B-Bouncer has said he left little for me t-to say, t-tis

t-t-true, b-b-but he has used one phrase which I—I—th-th-ink bears repetition; it is this: we know where we are. That phrase should live, and I associate myself and you w-w-ith that sentiment. I have p-p-plea-sure in seconding the proposal that we should have speech t-t-t-aught in our schools, so ably laid b-b-b-fore you by my esteemed f-f-f-riend, M-M-Major B-B-bouncer." (*An interruption from end of hall.*) "Aw rawse, Mester Chairman, to say that if this be brought into aur skulboard. —aw—aw."

Doctor. "B-b-b-b——"

Major. "I throw myself on the Chair and appeal to the Chair to restore order. This interruption is most unseemly——"

Interrupter. "Aw aubject to pay taxes—aw——"

Chairman. "Gentlemen, under the circumstances we must consider the resolution not put. I regret that there is a want of unanimity. Can there be a doubt in the mind of any here—that speech is the great, the indelible line which is drawn between the brute creation and man. May I not say with the poet—

"When man great power of reason got,
To place him, o'er the brute,
His intellect was mighty then,
Of which we see the fruit.
We see him rising, towering, high;
So mighty is his station,
He rules the land, he rules the sea,
He rules the brute creation,
The cat may mew, the lion roar,
The mouse may squeak and squeal,
But think of man's superior power
To minds of men appeal.
That gift—the greatest he can have,
It marks the wide, wide breach
Between the *high*, and *lower* forms—
That gift is—*perfect* speech."

McHARDY-FLINT.

THE PRIEST'S BOY

It's no lie t' say Owney McGurk, of Kilsadden, was always a dacint, honest man, an' a good nabour, an' as for Mrs.

McGurk, why, wasn't she wan of ould Phil Delaney's daughters, from beyant the mountains over there? An' that's sayin' enough, so yeh see there was good blood on both sides. It was the sin o' the world whin their fine sthrappin' boy, Tim, was sint beyant the says for thryin' t' do a little bit ov distillin' unbeknownst.—It was a black day for Mrs. McGurk an' Owney whin Tim was tuk; for as I sed afore, he was a fine clane boy, and Brian, his brother, was a soart av 'quarther-clift—people sed he wasn't all right in his head. He was very partial t' book larnin', an' whin he ought t' be landin' the pratees, why, it's gommochin' wid a book he'd be. Iviry wan used t' say that he was as bad as a field o' black pratees. For there 'ud be our brave Brian wid a bit o' chalk, makin' all soarts av quare curey-carey things on the sphade; an' if any wan axed him what he was doin', he'd tell them he was makin' *ponds asses snorin'*; an' shure it's as plain as the nose on yer face, that no wan wid brains enough in their head t' make it ache, 'ud ivir talk sich nonsense! Anyhow, there's no denyin' it, but Brian knewn plenty av hard words. An shure he used t' make poethry, God help him! about the sun, moon, an' stars, an' the mountains, too! bless the mark! an' sorra lie in it, but sometimes av a fine summer's evenin', there ye'd see Brian sthretched along an' the rocks down be the say, an' he watchin' the waves comin' rumblin' an' rollin' in.

Wan evenin' I was comin' along, quite compunctous-like, an' there he was, wid the two eyes av him watchin' the wather, like a hungry pig at a pot o' stirabout.

"God bless ye, Brian," sez I, but the never a heed he tuk o' me, but kep an talkin' t' himself, an' rantin' av him about some wan he called *Eddy Pus*. I knewn it wasn't wan av the nabours, and I was a bit cur'ous t' know who it was; so I sez again, "Brian, agra, who's Eddy Pus?"

Och, widdy eelish! all av a suddint he got as bright as a new noggin' an' sez he t' me—

"Eddy Pus was a larned, ould, anschint man, Mrs. Moran; he wrote a whole lot about the sun whin it was lookin' just as its lookin' this minit, d'ye see, wid just wan spike av its bames above the wather."

"Arrah, Brian, avick!" sez I, "an' who tould ye that?"

"I heerd it the other day whin I wint up t' the big house wid some stoak the gintleman that's tuthorin' Masther Willie was tellin' it t' him."

"It was mane of yeh t' listen t' what people was sayin'," sez I.

"Yer right there," sez he; "but I'd do anythin' for the larnin'. See there, sthraight fornint yeh, Mrs. Moran, there's caves an' castles down there an' undther the wather, an' beautiful mermaids combin' their golden hair wid di'mond combs."

"Brian, acushla, what's a mermaid?"

"A lovely *colleen dhas*," sez he, "for all the world like Miss Grace, up at the big house, wid long beautiful hair an' wan ind av her is a fish."

"Did yeh ivir see wan?" sez I.

"No," sez he, "but I'm sartin Miss Grace is like wan."

"Ye'd betther not let any wan hear yeh say it; an' as for sayin' wan ind of her is like a fish, shure there's no sinse in that, for she has as purty a face an' as purty a pair o' feet as ye'd meet wid in a day's walk."

"Why, Mrs. Moran, I didn't mane no offence; it was poethry I was talkin'; it's as thue as yer standin' there, Mrs. Moran, what I tould ye about the mermaids, an' shure they do be playin' an' goold harps' an' singin'. Whisht! don't yeh hear thim, roun' the point there beyant?"

"Arrah, be sisy, Brian," sez I, fit t' split wid the laughin', "shure them's the curlews!"

"Not a bit av it!" sez he; "it's the mermaids. I heerd Miss Grace singin' in a' through the windy wan day, an' her goold curls all down her beautyful white neck, an' it was thin I thought she was like the mermaids."

Well, yeh see, me back was gettin' up agin, like the feathers an' a turkey's tail, at hearin' him spake that-a-way about a young lady, an' I sez—

"There, yer spakin' about Miss Grace agin, an' sayin' that she has a voice like wan av thim schreechin' curlews!"

But, save us! the crathur was listenin' to thim noisy saybirds skylarkin' roun' the p'int, an' I cudn't help thinkin' it was a cryin' sin t' hear a fine boy of eighteen like him spakin' such foolishness.

"She's like an imp," sez he, quite suddint.

"Dear save us! who?" sez I.

"Miss Grace, av coorse," sez he. "Grace be name, an' Grace be nathur, she goes along like an imp av the mountains."

I got mad intirely now, out-an'-out. It was bad enough what he sed afore, but this was beyant the beyants, and I cudn't stand it; so I ups an' I sez—

"Ye'd bettther keep a civil tongue in yer head, Brian McGurk. Miss Grace an' all belongin' t' her is good t' you and yours, an' it ill becomes yeh t' call her a divil."

"What!" he roars; "show me the man or mortal that sed Miss Grace was a divil, an' I'll put daylight a' through him."

"Yeh sed it, yerself," sez I. "Yeh sed this minnit that Miss Grace was an imp, an' shure I've Father Pat Flynn's own words for it that the imps is the young divils!"

Well, will yeh b'lieve it? The poor foolish crathur cudn't see it, and he kep' sayin' somethin' about imps and imps; so, I was gettin' afeard, for he was talkin' away as if he had a whole faction roun' him. So aff I wint.

The very Sunda' afther, Father Pat Flynn gev out that he wanted a boy. Shure ivry wan knows that t' be "the priest's boy" is a sitawation fit for a gentleman! Father Pat sed the boy was t' dhrive the jaunтин' car, look afther the mare, an' sarve mass, an' for that he was t' get his lyin' an' risin', aitin' an dhrinkin', an' four pounds a year. If that wasn't doin' the thing dacint, why lave it there! Aw! more betoken, av the boy wor a janius, Father Pat 'ud give Greek an' Latin an' the use av the globes into the bargain! Well, jist as his rivirence sed it, I seen Brian McGurk give his mother a pull by the back o' the cloak, an' whisper somethin' t' her. I was thinkin' in me own mind that gommochin' Brian 'ud be thryin' for the place, whin Father Pat sed—

"Is that Brian I see behind yeh, Mrs. McGurk?"

"Yis, yer rivirence."

"Is it thrue he's a janius?" sez Father Pat.

"Troth, I dunno, yer rivirence; but he's quare."

"All janiuses is," sez Father Pat.

"The nabours sez he's skupid, yer rivirence."

"Well, we'll ax himself. Stan' up, Brian. Now, Brian, are yeh skupid?"

"I dunno, your rivirence," sez Brian.

"More shame for yeh, thin. How does your head feel?"

"Jist like a well-made stack o' whate, yer rivirence," sez Brian.

"I b'leeve yeh, for there's plenty o' tatch an it."

"Och, yer rivirence, I was mainin' that it feels that tight-packed."

"Tight-packed wid what—skupidness is it?"

"No, yer rivirence, I'm thinking its top-heavy I am in regard of 'cuteness."

"Brian, Brian, I'm afeared yer a janius."

"I'm afeared so too, yer rivirence," sez Brian.

"I suppose yeh'll want Latin an' Greek, an' the use av the globes in, Brian?"

"Av ye plaze, sir, an' maybe yer rivirence 'ud throw in a sketch av poethry an' a taste av jomethry."

"Troth, nabours, yeh war all right," sez Father Pat, t' the whole chapel; "Brian McGurk's a janius—there's more in his head nor a curry comb 'ud take out."

Well t' make a long story short, Brian wint as the boy t' Father Pat's.

I think it was about a twelvemonth afther, come Candlemas, that I met Mrs. McGurk dhrivin' the ass's cart home from Dhrogheda fair. She an' me was always nabourly, so she gev me a lift home wid me basket, an' sez she—

"Arrah, Mrs. Moran, did yeh hear the news?"

"Arrah, no," sez I.

"Oh! it's a grate day entirely for us," sez she. "Shure Brian's such a janius that Father Pat sez we must sind him t' College, and make a gentleman av him?"

"Throth, I'm proud for yeh, Mrs. McGurk," sez I; "an' when did Father Pat say it?"

"A' yisterday," sez she. "See them?" an' wid that she pulled a lot o' papers out av her back pocket—that poethry Brian med, an' its all about the ould churchyard, an' the crosses, an' the saygulls, an' Miss Grace. Father Pat sez it's grand, he showed it t' the masther up at the big house, an' he's goin' to give somethin' a' tost payin' for Brian's

edication. But shure, Brian's comin' in this evenin', so yeh must come an' hear him readin' them!"

Well, av course it was only nathral I'd like to hear what Brian wrote, an' I wint home wid Mrs. McGurk. But yeh nivir saw anythin' like the grandeur of Brian! He had a bran-new shoot av black clothes, an' a shirt as white as the dhriven snow!

"Go manee Dia in sho!"¹ sez he, comin' in an' takin' off his hat, quite the gntleman.

"Amin!" sez I, for his mother was tyin' up th' ass at the back o' the house. "Good luck t' ye, Brian."

"Thank yeh kindly, Mrs. Moran," sez he; "the same t' you."

Afther the aitin was over, Mrs. McGurk axed Brian to give us a sketch av the poethry, an' for two full hours he rowled it out av him as 'cute as a stone furlin' down a hill. But, saints above us! yeh nivir heerd sich nonsense! He sed in one part that the waves down at Kilsadden Bay was like big white horses, and that he was dressed up in fancy—in fancy, mind yeh, whatever sort av a coat that is—an' was ridin' an thim. But it was all sinse to what he sed about Miss Grace! Av he called her a divil wanst, he did it a hundherd times. First she was a divil an the mountains, thin she was a divil an the say, an' behold yeh! thin she was a divil up in the threes, and whisperin' to him!

"Arrah, Brian, jewel!" sez I, "shure yeh hadn't the impidence t' call Miss Grace a divil up t' her face?"

"No," sez he, "I only called her an imp. It was Father Pat showed her the pomes."

"An' what did she say?" sez I.

"That they were grand all out."

"Well, throth, quolity is quare," sez I; "'av any wan called me all the divils yer callin' Miss Grace, I wouldn't thank him for it."

Very shortly afther, Brian wint to collidge.

It was a mortal hard winther—that winther—poor Mrs. McGurk an' Owney found it hard enough t' do.

Shure it wud be all right av Brian was educated. But, lo and behold yeh! wan day Father Pat got a letther t' say

¹ God save all here.

Brian was comin' home dying wid a decline ! He nivr was a sthrong boy, and thin he got a cough, an' stuck too close t' his books, an' betchune all poor Brian kem home t' die. For five long weeks there he lay an the broad av his back, talkin' so nice an' so simple-like, that there wasn't wan in the parish that wouldn't run from this to Dublin for him. Meself used t' be in there night an' day, for poor Brian had a grate regard for me ; an' more betoken, he used t' rimimber me av me own fine boy that was killed at the Rooshian War. So that's how it was that I was there the evenin' Father Pat kem t' give Brian the sacrimints. The poor boy was axin' t' see Miss Grace wanst more afore he died, so I threw an me cloak, an' wint off for her. She was standin' in the windy, smilin' an' laughin', an' talkin' t' a lot av quality ; but whin I tould her what I wanted the tears kem into her purty blue eyes, an' she just put an her hat in the hall, an' kem off wid me.

An' thin, shure, poor Brian tould her out quite brave-like that he wasn't sorry he was goin', for that he'd niver be very happy av he was t' live, an' he tould her that the raisin he med the pomes about her was in regard av him bein' very partial t' her.

"An'," sez he, "I thought may be av I was eddicated like a gintleman, that I'd be nearer t' yeh. But somethin' tould me how foolish it was, an' I saw the thruth ; but from that out I had no heart in me at all, an' I got waker an' waker until I kem t' this. I hope I give no offince, Miss Grace !"

Well, what d'ye think ? Och ! throth I'm an ould fool t' be cryin' whin I think av it now ! but purty Miss Grace stooped down, an' she kissed poor dyin' Brian's forehead, an' she said, quite soft—

"You never did anything to offend me, Brian ; I always admired your poetry very much and I am very grateful to you for your love."

An' thin she sat down be the bed, an' held Brian's big hand in her two little white ones, an' she kep' whisperin' t' him that she'd always look afther ould Mrs. McGurk an' Owney ; an' a lovely colour kem into his face, an' he sez to Father Pat—

"Yer rivrence, will Miss Grace get to heaven ?"

Not a lie I'm tellin' whin I say ould Father Pat was cryin' like a child. Howsomediver he sed—

"Troth, she will, Brian; she's only wan av the angels that's here for a little while."

That was enough for Brian, for he knew Father Pat knew for sartin, an' he closed his eyes, an' in less time nor I'm tellin' it, he wint off, quiet an' aisy like a lamb.

There was a grand wake, an' the funeral was wan av the biggest ivir seen in that part o' the counthry. Miss Grace and the fine handsome gintleman she was goin' t' be married t', kem t' the funeral; an' shure she nearly cried her purty eyes blind; an' very respectful t' Mrs. McGurk and Owey it was too; an' she put up a tombstone over the grave, an' the writin' an it sed Brian was a grate janius intirely.

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

PADDY

"WILLIAM O'GRADY, bachelor, and Mary Lee, spinster," so His reverence call'd us in the church, it's just five years ago; Three times the banns was put up for us; but the day that follow'd the third,

I meets my Mary an' says, "Let us each give back the other their word."

She knew why I spoke out then to her; it was growin' for many a day

Afore at last it lep into speech, as we stood among the hay, Down in the half-mown meddas: the sun was gone to rest, An' the corncrake was crakin' an' croakin'—I knew where she had her nest.

It wasn't a sharp, quick quarrel iv ours, to blaze up strong an' die out;

It wasn't doubtin' each other we was, we never had had a doubt;

But a thing that had smowldher'd an' smowldher'd until I'd made up my mind at last,

The love I'd been buildin' my future on must be a thing of the past.

"Mary," says I, "there's a word, a name, that comes
 between us two,
 A name that slips like a bit iv a sting from that purty mouth
 in you ;
 Ah, my child ! I know it well, so where's the good iv a fuss :
 Say good-bye, an' let it all be as it never had been for us.
 Ye never would call me Paddy as ye do, if ye didn't despise
 Somethin' about me or in me ; an' it doesn't seem right in
 my eyes
 A girl should look down in anny way on the man she's
 goin' to wed—
 That's enough ; ye know how the' say, soonest mended
 where laste is said ;
 Ye're bettther nor me a hoonderd times, but only bettther
 becos
 Ye're a woman—the sweetest woman on earth, the dearest
 that ever was—
 An' not becos iv yer English blood, for, were ye a man, it's
 throe,
 I'd look ye sthaight in the face and say, ' I'm as good,
 every bit, as you.'

"What right had ye, Mary, I axe, to have that look in
 your face, an' spake
 O' my counthry in words ye shouldn't ha' us'd, not for my
 sake, but right's sake ;
 Ring out yer scornful Paddy ! as if my Irish blood was a
 taint
 The Lord 'ud have to burn out o' me afore he could make me
 a saint ?
 Counthry ! What good's in a counthry ? Why this, I
 take it, indeed—
 God made us all wan flesh and blood—that's throe, but
 God decreed
 Father an' mother, an' family o' brothers an' sisters then,
 An' next the clan, an' next, I think, the counthry was made
 for men.
 An' I love my father and mother well, an' my brothers an'
 sisters too,
 An' I love my people, and love my land, like a loyal man
 an' throe.

Maybe it's proud ye're thinkin' me ? I think there's some
things, dear,
God manes us all to be proud about, an' I think I've wan iv
'um here.

I don't deserve to be despis'd ; I'd be wrongin' God if I said
That becos He made me an Irishman I ought to hang down
my head.

England says, where's Ireland's wrongs ? They're all in
the long ago ;

We're thratin Ireland handsome enough ; an' all the while,
ye know,

Englishmen, wid a laff an' a sneer, or a pat on the back
that's worse,

Talks o' the Paddies they've got to manage, an' turns their
good to a curse.

Ireland's wrongs ! Well, Mary—no, I am not goin' to jaw ;
I'm sore all over—too sore to scold ; it's a long while since
I saw

Ye look't down on me becos o' my blood ; I thought I
could make it right ;

But I couldn't—it wasn't anny use ; so I say good-bye
to-night.

It was only yester-eve, my dear, ye thrated me just like
this ;

An' I lay awake all night, an' I made up my mind that
betther it is,

Ay, maid an' bachelor's better we part, nor go through a
maybe long life,

A wife that despises her husband, a husband despised by
his wife !

I've spoke about it manny a time ; ye know I have, my
dear ;

I wouldn't take y' up short like this, I wouldn't coome to
ye here,

After the banns was call'd, an' all, if I hadn't ha' spoke
afore ;

I know it's dreadful breakin' the plight, an' it's dreadful
ten times more

To go through wed life wid broken peace, they'll know it's
all my fault ;
They'll never wrong ye, Mary dear, wid the shadda iv a
thought.
Forgive me touchin' at such a thing, but I know what things
they say—
They'll never dare to say mor' o' you, that's all : ye can
thrust me ? Eh ? "
Then I turned away, an' left her there, who never had said
a word ;
An' I listen'd, but grasshoppers' chirrup and cry of corn-
crake only I heard.
I gather'd up my horribble grief, an' sthrode away from the
place,
An' left the girl who had been my girl, wid a trust an' fear
in her face.

An' I wisht I might be a woman for wonst, ay, so from my
heart did I ;
For a woman might ease her heart wid tears, but a man
have no call to cry.
Crake ! crake ! crake ! she called, that bird, an' the grass-
hopper chirrupped so strong,
An' the jew was fallin' heavy an' thick, as, alone, I walked
along.
The air was dhrenched wid the sweets o' the flowers, for, all
the way as I went,
The roses, an' woodbine, an' manny more, was givin' out
such a scent.
An' afther a while I stopt my walk, an' down with weary
limb,
An' wearier heart, I sat on a stone, an' life look't sthrange
an' grim ;
The flower breath seem'd to choke me a'most, an' even the
feel o' the jew
Was like a fever an' not a cool, an' the moon came out an'
grew,
Sailin' along in the big blue sky, she grew to an awful size ;
An' all the stars seem'd starin' down on me wid their pitiless
eyes :

Eyes o' fire, an' eyes o' fire, an' eyes o' fire they were,
Till I hid my face—an' when I look't up, her eyes was
shinin' there.
She puts her two arms round my neck, and says, "My love,
forgive."
An' I put her gently aside just to see if my hope, new born,
might live.
"Then, are we equals in God's sight?" "No, love," says
she, "becos
Ye're better nor me, for ye wouldn't give up yer manhood
for me that was
Silly an' stupid enough——" but here I stopt her words wid
a kiss—
"Are we equals now in blood an' birth?" an' Mary
answered, "Yes."
An' I held out my arms, an' she flung herself on my breast
in sobs an' tears.
I wouldn't ha' made her cry like that for the joy in a
thousand years.
But then, for the right, it's a different thing—she cried that
night, I say;
But never a tear since thin for me, an' we're married five
years to-day.

E. H. HICKEY

"THE QUARE GANDER"

(Condensed)

TERENCE MOONEY was an honest boy an' well-to-do, and he rinted the biggest farm on this side of the Galties, an' bein' mighty cute an' a sevore worker it is small wonder that he turned a good penny every harvest; but unfortunately he was blest with an illegant family of daughters, an' his heart was bruck strivin' to make up forchines for thim all. An' there wasn't a contrivance of anny sort for makin' money out of the farm but he was up to. Well,

amongst the other ways he had of getting up in the wurld, he always kept a power of turkeys an' all sorts of polthry, an' he was out of all raison partial to geese; an' small blame to him for that same; for twiste a year ye can pluck them as bare as the palm o' me hand, an' get a good price for the feathers and plenty real good sizeable eggs, an' whin they're too ould to lay anny more ye can sell them to the Englishmen an' Scotchmen for gossilins, de ye see!

Well, it happened in the course of time that one ould gander tuk a wonderful liken to Terence, and sorra a place he could go serenadin' about th' farm or lookin' after the men, but the gander would be after him an' rubbin' his head agin his legs an' looking up in his face, just like anny another Christian would do. At last the burd became so engagin' that Terrence wouldn't allow him to be plucked anny more; but kept him from that time forth out of love and affection, just like one of his childer.

But happiness in perfection never last long, an' the neighbours begin to suspect the nature and intentions of the gander, and some of them said it was the devil, and more of them that it was a fairy; well, it couldn't but happen that Terence should hear something of what was goin' an, an' from one day to another he became more and more uncomfortable in himself until he detarmined to send for Jer Garvin, the Fairy Doctor of Garryowen. And it's himself was an illegant hand at the business an' sorry a spirit wou'd say a cross word to him; and, moreover, he was well acquainted wid ould Terrence Mooney—this man's father that was.

So widout more about he was sent for, an' not long was he about it, for he came back that very evenin' along wid the boy that was sent for him; an' he begin at once to look into the gander. Well, he turned it this a way an' that a way, an' to the right an' to the left, an' straight ways an' upside down, and when he was tired handelín' it he said, sez he, "You must remove the burd into the next room an' put a petticoat or anny other convenience over his head."

"And why so?" sez Terance.

"Bekase," sez Jer.

"Bekase what?"

"Bekase, if you don't ye'll never be easy or pusillanimous in yer mind again. So do my bidin'," sez he, "an' ask no questions, an' ye'll be told no lies."

"Have yer own way," sez Terance. Then he bid one of the boys take the burd into the nex' room, an' put a petticoat or anny other convenience over its head. "An' mind that ye don't smother the creature," sez he.

Well, as soon as the ould bird was gone, sez Jer Garvin, sez he, "Terence Mooney, do ye know what that ould gander is?"

"Sorra a taste," sez Terance.

"Well, then—that auld gander is yer own father."

"It's jokin' ye are! How can an ould gander be my father?"

"I'm not funnin' ye at all. It's yer father's wanderin' soul that's naturally taken possession of the ould gander's body. I know him manny ways; an' I wonder ye don't know the cock of his eye yerself."

"Oh! whatever will I do at all—at all? for I've plucked him ten times at the very least!"

"It was a severe act surely; but there's no use to lament for it now. The only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it afore it happens."

"Oh, murther! murther! isn't it often I've plucked him, an' tare an' ages! might I not have eaten him." And wid that he fell into a could perspiration—savin' yer presence! an' was at the point of faintin' away at the bare notion of it.

Well, when he was come to himself agin, sez Jer Garvin, sez he, "Terence Mooney, don't be agravatin yourself; for I've a plan composed that will make him speak out an' tell us what in the world he's wantin'. And mind ye, don't come in with anny of your *ghoster* or say annything against what I tell you; but just pretend, as soon as the ould burd is brought back, how we are goin' to send him to Tipperary to be sould for roastin', and if he doesn't gother himself out of the place, put him in the hamper early an' send him straight to Tipperary, an' my name isn't Jer Garvin," sez he, "if he doesn't speak out afore he is half-way, an' the moment he sez the furst word, that very moment," sez he, "take him off to Father Crotty's,

an' if his reverence doesn't make him retire, like the rest of his parishoners, there's no vartue in my charms ! ”

Well, wid that the ould gander was let into the room agin, and they all begin to talk about him bein' sold for roastin' ; but not a heed the gander took, no more than if they was speakin' o' the Lord Lieutenant.

And Terence desired the boys to get ready the kish for the poultry, an' to settle it out soft and shnug ; for it's the last jauntin' the poor ould gander will be gettin' in this world.

Well, as the night was gettin' late, Terence was gettin' mighty sorrowful an' downhearted at the notion of what was goin' to happen and—as soon as the wife an' the little ones was fairly in bed—he brought out some illegant poteen, an' himself an' Jer Garvin sat down to it, an' the more aneasie Terrence became the more he drunk, an' himself an' Jer Garvin finished a quart between them.

Well, when Terrence finished his pint he bid Jer Garvin a good-night an' wint off to his bed ; but didn't he go out at the wrong dhoor, bein' a trifle hearty in himself an' not knowin' whither he was on his head or his heels, or the both of them at the same time. And where do you think he turned himself but into the kish the boys had set out for the gander, an' he sunk down in the hay to the bothom ; an' wid the turnin' an' rollin' o' the night not a bit of him but was covered up as shnug as a lumper in a potatoe furrow afore mornin'.

Well, wid the first light up gets the two boys who war to take the spirut—as they conceived—to Tipperary, and they cotched the ould gander and put him in the hamper and put a good wisp o' hay on the top of him, an' tied it down strong wid a bit o' cord an' put it upon the car, wonderin' all the time—“ What in all the world was makin' the ould burd so surprisin' heavy ! ”

Well, they went along the road towards Tipperary, wishin' they'd meet some o' the neighbours bound the same way, for they did not half like the notion of no company but a bewitched gander, an' altho' they were tremblin' with dread in fear of the ould gander beginnin' to converse wid them, they did not let on to one another,

but kept whistlin' an' singin' like mad to keep the dread out of their hearts.

Well, when they were on the road more than half-way, they come to a bad bit near to Father Crotty's, an' there was one rut three feet deep at the very least; an' the car got such a wonderful chuck goin' through it that it wakened Terence widin the basket—"O-o-o! O-o-o! Me bones is broke wid your tricks! What are ye doin' wid me?"

"Did ye hear annythin' quare, Thaddy?" said the boy that was sittin' next the hamper, turnin' as white as the top of a mushroom; "did ye hear annythin' quare soundin' out o' the hamper?"

"No; nor you. It's the ould gander gruntin' wid the shakin' he's gettin'."

"Let me out, ye murderers!"

"Saints above us! but the gander's spakin'."

"I'm at the point of snuffication! Let me out, I tell ye!"

"Hould yer tongue, ye unnatural gander!"

"Who is that, that dare to call me nicknames. Let me out, I tell ye, or by this and by that I'll stretch yez!"

"Who are ye?"

"Who would I be but Terence Mooney! It's myself that's in it. Let me out or sorra a bone in yer bodies but I'll powder when I get at yez." Well, wid that he begin kickin' an' flingin' like mad, and drivin' his legs agin the sides of the hamper that it's small wonder he didn't knock it to pieces.

Well, as soon as the boys seen that, they skelpt up the ould horse as hard as he could peg through the ruts an' over the stones, an' ye'd see the hamper flyin' up three feet high wid the joutin'; so it was small wonder that the breath was fairly knocked out of poor Terence, and by the time they come to Father Crotty's door he was lyin' speechless at the bothom of the hamper.

Well, as soon as Father Crotty come down, they up an' they told him all about it. How they put the gander in the hamper, how he begun to speak, and how he confessed that he was ould Terence Mooney. And they asked the priest how they were to get rid of the spirit for good and all.

So sez his reverence, sez he—"Do you take a rope and bring the hamper down to the runnin' water, an' small blame to me if I don't take the spirit out o' him."

Well, wid that the priest got on his horse, an' the boys followed his reverence down to the bridge, and sorra a word out of poor Terence all the way; for he was afeared that if he made anny more noise they might treat him to another gallop and finish him intirely.

Well, when they come to the bridge the boys took the rope they had wid them and made it fast to the hamper and swung it over the bridge, about twelve feet out o' the water.

Well! all at wanst if the bothom didn't come out of the hamper, an' down went Terence splash, dash, into the wather, wid the ould gander on the top of him, down the both went wid a splash ye'd hear half a mile away. An', afore they had time to rise agin, Father Crotty, wid the fair astonishment, give his horse one dig of his spurs an' down they both went into the wather together.

Up they all came agin an' off wid the current under the arch o' the bridge until they come to the shallow wather.

The ould gander was the first out, and Terence an' the priest come next, an' the horse after them, gaspin' and puffin', an' more than half drowned.

When Terence could speak he said he'd have the life of the two gossoons. But Father Crotty wouldn't let him have his way; an' as soon as he was got quieter they all endeavoured to explain.

But Terence swore that he only went to his bed the night afore; and the boys swore that they only put the gander into the hamper. So his reverence said that it was a mystery; and he thought the best thing for Terence to do was to take the "Pledge," an' he'd never be taken for an ould gander agin.

LE FANU.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A BALL

TEN o'clock ! Well, I'm sure I can't help it !
 I'm up—go away from the door !
 Now, children, I'll speak to your mother
 If you knock there like that any more.
 I wish I'd not danced quite so often—
 I knew I'd feel tired !—but it's hard
 To refuse a magnificent dancer,
 If you've got a place left on your card.
 I was silly to wear that green satin—
 It's a pity I've spotted it so—
 All down the front breadth—it's just ruined—
 No trimming will hide *that*, I know.
 That's me ! Have a costume imported,
 And spoil it the very first night !—
 I might make an overskirt of it.
 That shade looks so lovely with white.
 How horrid my eyes look ! Good gracious !
 I hope that I didn't catch cold,
 Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy ;
 If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold !
 She says he's so fast—well, who isn't ?—
 My ! where *is* Marie ?—how it rains !—
 I don't care ; he's real nice and handsome,
 And *his* talk sounds as if he'd some brains
 I do wonder what *is* the reason,
 That good men are all like Joe Price,
 So mooning and stiff and conceited,
 And fast ones are always so nice.—
 To think how Joe acted last evening !
 He didn't come near me at all,
 Because I danced twice with Will Stacy
 That night at the Charity Ball.
 I didn't care two pins about it ;
 But Joe said I mustn't,—and so—
 I just did—he isn't my master,
 Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know.
 I don't think he looked at me even,
 Though just to please him I wore green,—

And I'd saved him three elegant dances,—
I wouldn't have acted so mean.
I'm getting disgusted with parties ;—
I think I shall stop going out ;
What's the use of this fussing for people
One don't care the least bit about ?
I *did* think that Joe had *some* sense once ;
But, my ! he's just like all the men !
And the way that I've gone on about him,—
Just see if I do it again !
Only wait till the next time I see him,
I'll pay him back ; won't I be cool ?
I've a good mind to drop him completely—
I'll—yes, I will—go back to school.
The bell !—who can that be, I wonder !—
Let's see—I declare !—why, it's Joe !
How long they are keeping him waiting !
Good gracious ! why don't the girl go ?—
Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—
Quick, Marie, and do up my hair !—
Not *that* bow—the *green* one—Joe likes it—
How slow you are !—I'll pin it—there !
GEORGE BAKER.

ROGER AND DOLLY

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window—
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump ;
He begged for admittance—she answered him “no—
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
No, no, Roger, no—as you came you may go—
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump.”
“Oh, what is the reason, dear Dolly ?” he cried—
“Humpaty, humpaty, hump—
Why am I cast off, and unkindly denied ?
Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump ;
Some rival more dear I guess has been
Crumpaty, crumpaty, crump.”

"Suppose, there's been two, pray what's that to you ?

Numpaty, numpaty, nump."

Wi' a disconsolate look his sad farewell he took—

"Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump"—

And all in despair jumped into a brook—

Jumpaty, jumpaty, jump—

His courage did cool in a filthy green pool—

Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump—

So he swam to the shore, but saw Dolly no more—

Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.

He did speedily find one more fat and more kind—

Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump—

But poor Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid—

Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.

BLACKWOOD.

REHEARSING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS

(From the Spoopendyke Papers)

Mr. Spoopendyke. Now, my dear, we'll rehearse our parts for Specklewottle's theatricals. I'm to be Hamlet, and you're to be the Queen, and we want this thing to go off about right. The hardest part we have to play together is where I accuse you of poisoning my father, and we'd better try that until we get it perfect. I'll commence—

"Now, mother, what is the matter?"

Mrs. S. Well, I was thinking whether I had better wear my black silk or my maroon suit. Do queens wear—

Mr. S. Will you be kind enough to tell me what pack of cards you got that idea of queen from? Do you suppose that the Queen sent for Hamlet to get his opinion about bargains in dry goods? When I say that, you must say, "Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended!"

Mrs. S. Oh, I understand. I thought you asked me what I was thinking about. I didn't know you had commenced to play. Try it again.

■ *Mr. S.* Will you be careful this time. This is a play. Think you know the difference between a play and a bankrupt sale? Know the difference between a play and a millinery shop opening? Now, I'll begin again, and you try to do it decently. "Now, mother, what's the matter?"

Mrs. S. There's nothing the matter now. Go on, dear, I understand it now.

Mr. S. Say it, can't ye. Haven't ye studied this business? Don't ye know your confounded part?

Mrs. S. What shall I say, dear?

Mr. S. Sing a hymn. If you don't know your part get off a psalm. Didn't I tell you what to say? Look here, have you ever read this play? Have you conceived any kind of a notion of what it's all about?

Mrs. S. Why, yes. You come in and stab Mr. Specklewottle between the ears, and I scream. Isn't that right, dear?

Mr. S. Hear her! Stab Specklewottle behind the ears! That's all right; now you scream; scream, why don't you? When you know so much about your measly part, why don't you play it?

Mrs. S. We-e-e-e. I knew I could do it right as soon as you showed me how. Will that do?

Mr. S. Oh, that was queenly. Just do that again. Four of those dramatic efforts will make this play the greatest of modern entertainments. Do it once more!

Mrs. S. It hurts my throat; can't we make it do with one scream, dear?

Mr. S. Mrs. Spoopendyke, there's been some mistake in this thing. You should have been cast for Ophelia. That was the part for you.

Mrs. S. I would just as soon play it. What does he do?

Mr. S. He was an idiot from his birth, and afterwards went crazy. That was the part for you.

Mrs. S. Then I'd rather be Queen. Now, dear, let's commence all over again, and I'll do it right this time.

Mr. S. You can't do it worse. I'll try it once more just to see what kind of foolishness you can work off. "Now, mother, what's the matter?"

Mrs. S. We-e-e-e—— Hamlet, oh! Hamlet!

Mr. S. Turn it off. Be quick and break off the end. What's the matter ?

Mrs. S. We-e-e-e——

Mr. S. What's the matter with you, anyway ?

Mrs. S. We-e-e-e—— My dear, you are splendid as Hamlet ; you should have been an actor.

Mr. S. Will you ever shut up ? Who ever told you to yell like that ? Don't ye know anything at all scarcely ? Think Hamlet's a lunatic asylum ? Got some kind of a notion that the Queen's a fog-horn ? Where'd ye get your idea of this thing, anyway ?

Mrs. S. I did just as you told me, dear. You said I was to scream when you asked me what the matter was. Didn't I do it right ?

Mr. S. Oh, that was right ! You struck the keynote of high art both times. With that yell and your knowledge of the text, all you want now is a fire and a free list to be a confounded theatre with a restaurant attachment. The first time a show comes round this way, I'm going to fit you out with a pair of hoofs and a hair trunk, and start you for a menagerie ! Such talent as that can't be wasted on any cheap Shakespeare plays, while I've got the money and influence to get you a job in the legitimate circus.

[*Exit.*

! *Mrs. S.* I don't care. I don't think they would let me wear my lace bonnet as a Queen, anyway ; and if I don't play I can sit in the audience with it on, and that's a great deal better than being a Queen and squealing like a pig every time any one asks me " What's the matter ? "

THE RAPIDS

(*Adapted*)

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, " What river is that, sir ? "

" That is the Niagara river," he said.

"Well, it is a beautiful stream; bright and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two."

"Is it possible, that only a mile from here, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, young men, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, it is smooth, beautiful, and glassy. The ripple at the bow, the silvery wake you leave behind, add to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sail, and helm, in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank—"Young men, a-hoy!!"

"What is it!"

"The rapids are below you."

"O, we've heard of the rapids, but we're not such fools as to get there! If we go too fast, we'll up with the helm, and steer for the shore; we'll set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys, on! don't be alarmed—there's no danger."

"Young men, a-hoy!"

"Well, what is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! ha!! Another old fool told us that—Bother the rapids—We'll laugh and quaff—All things delight us—What care *we* for the future? No man ever saw it—Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof—We'll enjoy life while we may—We'll catch pleasure as it flies—This—this is enjoyment—"

"Young men, a-hoy!!!"

"Well, well, what is it now?"

"Beware! beware!! The rapids are below you!! Look how fast you pass that point!! See the water foaming all around you there!!"

"Ah!!! So it is!!! Up with the helm!! Now turn!! Pull hard—quick! quick! Pull for your lives—pull! till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand

like whipcord upon the brow. Set the mast—pull ! pull ! !
hoist the sail—pull ! ! pull ! ! ! ”

Ah ! ! It is too late ! ! too late ! ! Shrieking ! howling !
cursing ! blaspheming !—OVER THEY GO.

J. B. GOUGH.

SYMPATHY

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

“ Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore ! ”

“ Oh, never was maid so deserted before ! ”

“ From life and its woes let us instantly fly
And jump in together for company.”

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
“ How tiresome it is ! ” said the fair with a sigh ;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height !
“ One mournful embrace,” sobb'd the youth, “ ere we die ! ”
So kissing and crying kept company.

“ Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you ! ”

“ Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true ! ”

“ To miss such perfection how blinded was I ! ”

Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear
“ The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company.”

REGINALD HEBER.

SHAMEEN DHU

Now God watch over you, Shameen,
An' His blessed mother, Mary !
'Twas you that had the lightest heart
In all sweet Tipperary ;
'Twas you could sing the blackbird's song
In dry or rainy weather ;
Avic, the long road wasn't long
Whin we thravelled it together.

Sure, scores of times in the mornin' bright
You sung this very road,
You med the mare's heart beat so light
She never felt her load ;
'Twas you could lilt wid the thrush's trill ;
Ah, well, avic machree !
God grant you may be singin' still
In that lonely far counthric !

'Tis ten long, weary years, Shameen,
I recollect it well,
The last time that we druv this road,
The fair-day of Clonmel ;
The lark sang wild an' clear on high
In hopes your tune to drown,
An' there wasn't a cloud in the blue, blue sky,
But the wan above the town.

Mavrone ! there wasn't a sign that day,
Or else our eyes wor blind,
Of the bittther storm-cloud, wild an' grey,
Comin' fast on the wind.
Avic, it broke on your little home,
The landlord's will was done,
An' ere the harvest time was come
You sailed to the settin' sun.

I think your big heart broke, agra !
The hour you said good-bye ;

I druv you for the last sad time,
The tear stood in my eye.
I stopped the mare while you looked wanst more
On hill, an' vale, an' plain ;
The burstin' sobs—they shook you sore,
An' your face was grey wid pain.

The girl you loved—sure, you wor poor,
An' so too proud to spake,
Though the manly heart inside your breast
Was breakin' for her sake.
Her father's pastures, wide and green,
Fed many a flock an' herd,
You kissed her mouth when you went, Shameen,
But you never spoke the word.

She'd rather have had you, Shameen,
Thin lands an' wealth galore ;
She never smiled her own bright smile,
Wanst you turn'd from her door.
God bless her curls o' the misty gold,
A darlin' girl was she,
This many a year she's lyin' cold
Under the whitethorn tree.

An' no word came from you, Shameen—
I don't think you'd forget ;
Perhaps long years ago in heaven,
You an' the colleen met ;
Perhaps hand locked in hand ye go
Through a better land than this ;
Perhaps you've broken the silence now,
You kep wid that last kiss.

'Tis Patrick's day, to-day, Shameen,
The baby flowers are fair,
An' Spring—the sweetheart—is laughin' clear,
Wid the shamrock twined in her hair :
An' the shamrock set on her bonny breast,
She is facin' the windy weather—
You always loved the Spring the best—
In the days we wor together.

Ah, God be wid you, avic machree !
To guide you an' to save,
Whether you thravel a hard road still,
Or lie at rest in your grave !
God keep you still wid the same throe heart,
An' the soul so crystal clear,
An' the thrush's note, an' the blackbird's throat,
You had whin you wir here !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE SILVER-PLATED TEAPOT

I've got some news to tell you that will give you quite a thrill—

The silver-plated teapot has been taken very ill !
I passed the kitchen dresser, and I saw her there myself :
It's very sad to think of her, quite laid upon the shelf.

I'm not at all surprised, you know ; I feared it weeks before,

When Susan blew right down the spout because it wouldn't pour ;

And when the tea just trickled through, it grieved me much to note

How the poor teapot seemed to feel a choking at the throat.

Her complexion, too, is gone ; she's just a perfect fright,
With streaks and patches of dull brown where all was once so bright ;

And Susan used to say to me in tones of sad complaint,
" This silver-plated teapot's come all over very faint ! "

Faint ! and no wonder, when that Susan used to rub and scour

Enough to make the poor thing's cheeks to burn for quite an hour,

And then go filling her inside with water scalding hot—
You'd faint, I tell you, if you'd suffered half like that poor pot

I've seen the steam come fizzing out, all round her little
nob
When Susan set her down to draw right on the kitchen
hob ;
Hot tears would trickle down her cheeks, she'd spasms fit
to choke,
And all one side her face and mouth got blackened with
the smoke.

Well, now she's gone at last, poor thing ! she's had a fear-
ful time ;
She's such a shocking sight to those who knew her in her
prime :
When fresh and sparkling she would stand upon a silver
tray
And fill the ladies' cups with tea in quite a handsome way !
But when her beauty faded, and dark spots began to show,
A newer pot supplanted her, and she was sent below,
No more upon that silver tray to issue forth in state ;
And now you see she's quite worn out, and that's her
doleful fate.

What else can you expect, though, of a silver-plated
pot ?
You can't go on for ever with the surface coat you've
got ;
Time shows what stuff we're made of, and I'd rather—
wouldn't you ?—
Be a simple earthen pitcher, *all the same right through and
through !*

AUTHOR OF "THE GATE OF GOLD," ; "TWO LITTLE PITCHERS."
(By kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;

Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the Child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast, as have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain ;
We know of no king but Herod the Great !"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, "Go down unto Belthehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still of its own
free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The City of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard.

Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,

In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,
The Child that would be King one day.
Of a Kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,

Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet ;

The gold was their tribute to a King ;
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete ;
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,

And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the City gate,

With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

LONGFELLOW.

SELECTION : " TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA "

(SHAKESPEARE)

ACT I, SCENE II

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone.
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love ?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

Luc. Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best ?

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason :
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*,—Say, from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Proteus :

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love, deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again.

And pray her to a fault for which I chide her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid.

And would not force the letter to my view ?

Since maids, in modesty, say, *No*, to that

Which they would have the proff'rer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love.

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforced my heart to smile !

My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past :—

What ho ? *Lucetta* !

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time ?

Luc. I would it were.

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up so gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then ?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
Give me a note : your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation !—(*Tears the letter.*)

Go, get you gone : and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleased.

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same.
O hateful hands to tear such loving words !
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And here is writ, *kind Julia*—unkind Julia !
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ, *love-wounded Proteus* :—
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down ?
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name, that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea !
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Juliu ; that I'll tear away ;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names :
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, wilt please you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

THE THREEPENNY BIT**SUNDAY MUSINGS.¹**

OH! Blessings on the threepenny,
And Blessings on the man,
Who hit, to help our poverty,
On this ingenious plan.

Our gifts must need be silvery
For bronze is vulgar money;
Your neighbour from the house hard by
Might deem your offering funny.

On Easter Day or Christmastide
The Florin might go down,
It's solid and your neighbour thinks
You put in half a crown.

The Priests of course will ask for more,
But always my defence is—
Such mateless beings cannot know
How great are our expenses.

For surely with Society
We all must keep in touch;
So how can people give to God
When Fashion costs so much?

Your Offertory gift is free—
The Priest will never know;
But if you live in Fashion's stream,
You must be in its flow.

Our Sweetmeats and our Bric-à-brac,
Our Brooches and our Rings,
Our Dresses and our Chariots,
Are necessary things.

The latest style of dainty hat—
Lace brim and parrots' wings,
Why these, unlike our charities,
Are necessary things.

¹ Said to be written in the Notebook of a Lady of Fashion.

Then Blessings on the Threepenny
And Blessings on the Florin ;
With these sweet coins within my purse
My Dress may still be foreign.

In days before the Threepenny
Poor Ma, though most unwilling,
Was forced to put upon the plate
A Sixpence or a Shilling.

So Blessings on the Threepenny,
I love it more than any,
But only wish the thoughtful Mint
Would coin a silver penny.

(From the "Harvest." By kind permission of the Editor.)

THE UNRULY MEMBER

A COMEDY OF THE DUBLIN ELECTRIC CAR

SCENE—*The Dalkey Electric Car.*

By MARY McHARDY-FLINT

1st Lady. If you please, conductor, when does this car start for Dalkey ? In five minutes ! How long does it take to go down ? A little over an hour ! Thank you. Now I shall get a seat in the far corner and have a nice quiet hour with this new book.

2nd Lady. *(Enters and takes a seat at the door ; as her eye travels down the car it rests on the lady in the corner. She exclaims)* Oh ! that is surely some one I know, her face is familiar. Where did I meet her ? At some At Home or another. I wish she would look this way. If she does I shall smile and bow, and then go down and speak

to her. It will pass the time nicely until we get to Dalkey. I shall cough and attract her attention. (*Coughs two or three times.*) She sees me now. (*Bows.*)

1st Lady. (*Returns the bow, a slightly puzzled expression on her face as she says to herself*) I wonder who that is. I can't remember the face. Somebody I ought to recognize. It is dreadful. I can never remember faces. She is coming to speak to me. I'll just pretend I know her.

2nd Lady. How do ye do? Hope you are quite well. (*They shake hands.*)

1st Lady. Oh, very well, thank you. Delightful day, isn't it? (*Aside.*) Where have I met her?

2nd Lady. (*Aside.*) I wish I could remember her name. (*Then aloud.*) Yes, it is a delightful day. Quite an age since we have met.

1st Lady. Yes. Quite—quite an age. The last place was—eh—was—eh—

2nd Lady. Oh, at Mrs. E—e—e—e, Mrs. E—e— I can't remember her name. Don't you know her? A little dark woman. She keeps third and fourth Fridays. She has a house over at Palmerston. I forget the name of the road. A pretty woman with bright eyes and a winning smile.

1st Lady. I am afraid I do not remember her. I never can remember faces.

2nd Lady. And I can never remember names, but I I always remember faces. I recognized you the moment I came into the car.

1st Lady. How nice of you. (*Aside.*) Who can she be?

2nd Lady. (*Aside.*) I wish to goodness I could remember her name. It is rather embarrassing. (*Aloud.*) How beautiful the sea looked this morning, but it is always beautiful from Sorrento Hill. Did you remark it?

1st Lady. I did not see it this morning. What hill did you say?

2nd Lady. Sorrento.

1st Lady. Sorrento! I can't remember having seen it. Where did you say it was?

2nd Lady. At Dalkey. How stupid of me. Of course you could not have seen it this morning. (*Aside.*) Evidently does not live at Dalkey.

1st Lady. (*Aside.*) A Dalkey woman! And I know so few people in Dalkey. I am more mystified than ever.

[*There is an awkward pause for a few minutes, and the two ladies pretend that they are deeply interested in the pedestrians. A gentleman raises his hat, and 1st Lady bows and smiles.*]

2nd Lady. You know that gentleman? Mr. E—e, Mr. E—e. I forget his name.

1st Lady. Mr. Taylor.

2nd Lady. Oh, yes! How stupid of me! Have you met his brother, Mr. Tom Taylor?

1st Lady (*in a tone of surprise*). I have.

2nd Lady. Have you seen his wife? Tom Taylor's wife, I mean?

1st Lady. Yes, I have seen her. (*Then dryly.*) Have you?

2nd Lady. I have seen her, but have not been introduced. She was at one or two "At Homes" where I was, but always left early, and I was never quite certain which was she. She was discussed pretty freely after she left, so I am rather curious to see her.

1st Lady. Indeed!

2nd Lady. (*lowering her voice*). Of course, you won't repeat what I am going to tell you, particularly when you know the Taylors. They might not care to have their private affairs spoken about.

1st Lady. I understand. Particularly in a public car.

2nd Lady (*who does not see the sarcasm*). Just so. Well, as I was saying, you know how handsome Tom Taylor is, but he is an awful flirt, although I can't say he flirted with me. He was thoroughly in earnest. I never gave him any encouragement. If I had just held up my little finger I could have got him, but I can't say that I care for a man who runs after every pretty face he sees.

1st Lady. Does Mr. Tom Taylor do that?

2nd Lady. He did do it. It is to be hoped that he has given it up now that he is married. He married an awful dowdy after all.

1st Lady. Did he?

2nd Lady. Oh, yes! They say he was forced to marry her—in fact, could not get out of it.

1st Lady. Could not get out of it ! What do you mean ?

2nd Lady. He met her at a watering-place in England—Margate or Blackpool—one of these common places. His people tried to hush it up, but you know how gossip flies. She was his landlady's daughter or a barmaid, some very undesirable person. Most people think that she was the landlady's daughter, and that it was the old woman who managed it all. Gave him a bottle of champagne one evening and got him to say before witnesses that he would marry the girl, and threatened him with a breach of promise when he tried to get out of it. But you are very white. Are you sick ?

1st Lady. Just a little faint. What a disgusting story ! Where did you hear this ?

2nd Lady. Last Tuesday at Mrs.—eh—Mrs. Thing-a-Merry-Jig's At Home—that big musical affair.

1st Lady. Oh, you don't say so ! Why, I was there.

2nd Lady. Yes, but it was after the crowd went away. A few intimate friends remained for a friendly chat.

1st Lady. And did they all believe this ?

2nd Lady. Oh yes. One lady said that a friend of hers had seen the girl's mother.

1st Lady. Oh, how disgusting, uncharitable, and untruthful !

2nd Lady. What did you say ?

1st Lady. I said that all your statements are disgusting, uncharitable and untruthful. You ought to be ashamed to spread such unkind and wicked stories. You are a very unkind and rude person.

2nd Lady. Person ! person !! Do you know who you are speaking to, madam ?

1st Lady. No, I do not. I don't know you at all. I do not wish to know you. You do not know me either I am Mrs. Tom Taylor.

2nd Lady (aghast). What ! Mrs. Tom Taylor ! Conductor, stop the car. I wish to get off here. Do you hear me ? stop the car. What ? Not the stopping place. Stop the car or I shall take your number and report you. What ? You are a most insolent man. *[Exit.]*

1st Lady. Oh, what a dreadful creature. How could she say such horrible things about me. A barmaid ! Really

it is too ridiculous. I hope she has got a good lesson that will prevent her from repeating such uncharitable gossip again. What trouble the unruly member can get us into. Oh, there is Tom waiting for me. If you please, conductor, will you stop here. A friend is waiting for me. Yes, the gentleman waving his handkerchief. Thank you very much. You are so good. Good-morning. *[Exit.]*

WIDOW M'CRAW

(Presented to Mary McHardy, by the Author)

Oh! aften I mind me o' him that's awa'—
My cannie auld man—my ain Johnnie M'Craw!
He was dour at a time, like the feck o' our men,
An' aye wad be maister an' mair, but an' ben;
But wi' hoose, an' wi' land, an' some siller laid past,
As ilka ane said, my lot wasna ill cast!
The ten year that tethered us quately gaed bye;
I ne'er took the rue, tho' whiles I micht sigh
When I thought to mysel' hoo our buirdly ruif-tree
Was the shelter o' nane but auld Johnnie an' me.
But little I kent that the warst was to fa'
When ance I wad come to be Widow M'Craw!

The craps werena gaithered—the craps he had sawn—
Or they yokit on me about takin' a man!
Ane cam' frae the east, an' ane cam' frae the wast—
(I'm no sure e'en noo that I've come to the last!)
And wha wad ye think was the foremost o' a',
But the minister's sel'—oor ain Doctor Carlaw!
He stepped in ae day as the denner gaed ben;
An' we twae set us down to a bonnie fat hen,
Wi' a dish o' green peas, then a gude cup o' tea,
An' syne he lat oot that he cam'—to coort *me*.
Deed! I thocht ance or twice or I fairly said “Na!”
And declared I wad aye be jist—Widow M'Craw!

An' wha suld come neist but auld Dominie Dodd,
 That keepit the schule on the Nether Toll-road !
 Sae prood an' perjink—sae trim an' sae trig,
 Wi' his lang-nebbit words an' his new yallow wig !
 Aye I think to mysel', when the cratur I see,
 "Ye were blate as ye're bonnie, my man, to seek *me* !"
 But I never lat on it was aught but a joke,
 An' aye leuch the langer the langer he spoke ;
 Sae when he was through wi' his bite an' his dram,
 He gaed, honest man, as weel pleased as he cam'.
 An' says I to him, "Dominie Dodd, when ye ca',
 Ye will aye get a welcome frae Widow M'Craw !"

The Dominie wasna weel down the approach
 When Lawyer M'Lees rattled up in his coach ;
 Wi' his deeds, an' his pairchments, an' papers to sign,
 He sairly perplexit this puir head o' mine ;
 An' syne wi' a smirk an' a smile he began :—
 "I'm thinkin' ye've need o' some sensible man.
 I've heard the folk say ye're some fashous to please,
 But what wad ye think to be *Mistress M'Lees* ?"
 "Sir," says I, wi' a birr, "there's some things I can tell
 That e'en a lone woman can settle hersel' !
 Ye'r opinion is welcome on matters o' law,
 But that's a' that is wanted by Widow M'Craw !"

Then Sandy the Keeper, an' Jock o' the Lowes—
 The Miller down bye, an' the Laird o' Bareknowes,
 An' a hauntle mair wearied me oot o' my life,
 But nane o' them a' could get me for a wife.
 For, says I to mysel', when they cam' wi' their blaw,
 An' praised me for this thing, an' that thing an' a',
 "It's my auld Johnnie's land an' his siller they see,
 An' they'll neither get ane nor anither frae me !"
 Sirs ! the time's wearin' on ! It's twae years, or near
 three,
 Since I bade him fareweel that was aye kind to me !
 Still I keep on the mutch, and I say to them a',
 "I'll bide as ye see me—jist Widow M'Craw !"

ROBINA HARDIE.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON

REMEMBER, Denis, all I bade you say ;

Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord ;
But of our troubles since he went away,

You'll mind, avick, and never say a word.
Of the cares and troubles, sure we've all our share ;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May—

She died, poor thing, but that you needn't mind ;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay ;

But tell him God to us was ever kind ;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came

And cut the corn ; and stored it in the barn ;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—

Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCarin,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill ;
But say, agra—O, say I missed him still.

They came with ready hands our toil to share—

'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand ;
I felt, although kind hearts were round me then,

The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand ! brave heart ! oh ! severed far from me,
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell him she was with us—he'll know who ;

Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue

I ever saw, except in summer skies !
And such black hair ! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die ;
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light ;
But, maybe, 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight ;
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night ;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God ;
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

WHAT WILL BE WORN ?

(WHAT THE GIRLS THINK ABOUT AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR)

In Spring youth's fancy turns, they say,
To his own love—or loves,
The maidens to the latest thing
In frocks and frills and gloves.

What will the Summer's fashion be ?
Will pink be worn, or blue ?
Will last year's costume do again ?
Oh, if I only knew !

Will picture hats come in again ?
That's what I think about ;

I'd get the one I wore last year
And turn it inside out.

I hope loose sleeves will be the thing,
And not those short and tight,
Because in blouses such as these
I look a perfect fright.

Then hats again how much I pray
They won't be worn too high,
Those toques about a yard in length
Make me a perfect guy.

I simply love the Yankee ones,
So chic they make me seem.
I saw a girl with one in town,
She looked a perfect dream.

And husbands, fathers, what of them ?
In that they do not count,
Let woman order all day long
And man get the account.

While wives and daughters make things hum
And dress to cut a dash,
The household heads look sad and glum,
For they must find the cash.

M. P. B.

(From " The Leprechaun." By kind permission of the Editor.)

" WHY THE DOG'S NOSE IS ALWAYS COLD "

" What makes the dog's nose always cold ? "
I'll try to tell you, curls of gold,

If you will good and quiet be,
And come and stand by mamma's knee :
Well, years, and years, and years ago—
How many I don't really know,
There came a rain on sea and shore,
Its like was never seen before
Or since. It fell unceasing down,
Till all the world began to drown,
But just before it 'gan to pour,
An old, old man—his name was Noah—
Built him an ark, that he might save
His family from a watery grave ;
And in it also he designed
To shelter two of every kind
Of beast. Well, dear, when it was done,
And heavy clouds obscured the sun,
The Noah folks to it quickly ran ;
And then the animals began
To gravely march along in pairs—
The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,
The deer, the hippopotamuses,
The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses,
The camels, goats, and cats and donkeys,
The tall giraffes, the beavers, monkeys,
The rats, the big rhinoceroses,
The dromedaries and the horses,
The sheep, the mice, the kangaroos,
Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,
And hundreds more—'twould take all day,
My dear, so many names to say—
And at the very, very end
Of the procession, by his friend
And master, faithful dog was seen.
The livelong time he'd helping been
To drive the crowd of creatures in ;
And now, with loud, exultant bark,
He gaily sprang aboard the ark.
Alas ! so crowded was the space,
He could not in it find a place ;
So, patiently, he turned about—
Stood half-way in and half-way out.

And those extremely heavy show'rs
Descended through nine hundred hours,
And more ; and, darling, at their close,
Most frozen was his honest nose ;
And never could it lose again
The dampness of that dreadful rain :
And that is what, my curls of gold,
Makes all the doggies' noses cold !

MARGARET EYTINGE.

